

Acoma

1883-1901

by stock and tribe



PUEBLO OF ACOMA AND THE MESA ENCANTADA.

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Ties for second, five birds, twenty-six yards:

Stice	1111-5	Strawn	1111-5
Dr. Hutchinson	1111-5	Henry, F.	1111-5
Sexton	1111-5	Loveday	1111-5
Foss	1111-5	Lincoln	1111-5
Gillespie	1111-5	Orvis	1111-5
Howe	1111-5	Sands	1111-5
Doxey	1111-5	Sloan	1111-5
Fulton	1110-4	Turtle	1110-4
Stevens	1110-4	Thompson	1110-4
Helland	1110-4	Mosher	1110-4

Second ties for second, three birds, thirty-one yards:

Stice	111-3	Gillespie	111-3
Foss	110-2	Howe	110-2
Dr. Hutchinson	109	Doxey	109
Sexton	09		

J. R. Stice, of the Audubon Club, Jacksonville, Ill., w

Ties for third, five birds, twenty-six yards:

Kleinmann, J. J.	1111-5	Brady	1111-5
Taylor	1111-5	Jaeger	1111-5
Watts	1111-5	Miller	1111-5
Willard	1111-5	Gammom	1111-5
Payson	1111-5	Bushnell	1111-5
Morris	1111-5	Hotchkiss	1111-5
Tunncliffe	0111-4	Christian	0111-4
Palm	1110-4	Wheeler	1110-4
Hauworth	1110-4	Boeber	1110-4
Sargent	1110-4	Gore	1110-4
Johnson	1110-4	Airey	1110-4

Second ties for third, three birds, thirty-one yards:

Kleinman, J. J.	111-3	Willard	111-3
Taylor	110-2	Payson	110-2
Watts	110-2	Morris	110-2

J. J. Kleinman, of the Audubon Club of Chicago,

Shooting Club, won third.

Ties for fourth, five birds, twenty-six yards:

Rowe	1111-5	Kleinman, A.	1111-5
Comley	1111-5	Silby	1111-5
Dr. Henry	1101-4	Lydston	1101-4
Dr. Britton	1010-3	Clark	1010-3
Cleaver	0100-2	Cannfield	0100-2
Allen	1110-4	Burton	1110-4

N. C. Rowe, of the First Lee County Gun Club, ar

vided fourth.

SHOOT NO. 2.—Teams of four, members of same club each contestant, plunge traps, twenty-one yards rise birds, twenty-six yards, balance of ties, three birds, Entrance, price of birds. First prize, gold medal on championship, value \$100, and four gold medals, value \$75 and 1,200 U. S. paper shells, value \$34.60 and 800 U. S. paper shells, value \$56.40; fourth prize S. paper shells, value \$28.20; special prize, gold medal score, value \$25.

FORESTER CLUB.

W. G. Payson	1111 1011
E. Price	1111 1111
G. C. Mosher	1111 1111
A. Price	1111 1111

SOUTH END SHOOTING CLUB.

W. L. Church	1111 1110
J. H. Palm	1111 1111
G. N. Lydston	1010 1111
M. J. Elch	1111 1111

CHICAGO SHOOTING CLUB.

C. E. Willard	1111 1011
R. B. Organ	1111 0111
J. J. Kleinman	1111 1011
A. Kleinman	1111 1111

AUDUBON CLUB, OF JACKSONVILLE.

T. W. Taylor	0111 1011
C. Strawn	1111 1111
J. M. Sargent	1010 1111
J. R. Stice	1111 0111

MAKSAWA GUN CLUB.

J. B. Wiggins	1111 0101
W. H. Haskell	1111 0111
Henry Sloan	1111 1111
C. H. Mears	1111 1111

DELAVER PRAIRIE SHOOTING CLUB.

P. Clark	1111 0101
J. Haines, Jr.	1111 1111
D. G. Cunningham	1111 0111
T. Watts	0111 1111

DIANA HUNTING CLUB.

H. Ehlers	1011 1111
L. Heisler	1010 1110
A. M. Heisler	0101 1111
H. F. Neidhardt	1110 1111

LAKE GEORGE SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

R. A. Turtle	1111 0011
E. Hunter	1101 1011
J. H. Brady	1111 1111
C. N. Holden	1111 1011

CUMBERLAND GUN CLUB.

Dr. J. M. Hutchinson	0110 1111
C. D. Gammom	1111 1110
H. W. Loveday	1101 0111
J. A. Sexton	1110 1111

BLUE ISLAND GUN CLUB.

Geo. Airey	1101 1111
F. L. Bushnell	1111 1111
G. H. Hausberg	1011 1111
G. Boeber	1110 0110

AUSTIN GUN CLUB.

M. J. Ballou	1011 1011
G. M. Davis	1111 1111
J. R. Mayberry	1111 0110
A. Redfern	1111 1111

SPORTSMEN'S CLUB, OF CHICAGO.

H. F. Orvis	1111 1111
Phillips	1011 1110
A. J. Jaeger	1111 1111
F. Barnard	1111 0100

PEORIA SHOOTING CLUB.

Geo. Hotchkiss	1111 0110
V. M. Lincoln	1101 1001
C. F. Stock	1101 0111
F. Kimble	1111 1111

AUDUBON CLUB, OF CHICAGO.

H. Silby	1001 1111
C. E. Fulton	0111 0011
W. W. Foss	1111 1110
W. T. Johnson	1111 1111

QUINCY SHOOTING CLUB.

Dr. C. Henry	1101 1011
Dr. O. F. Britton	1111 1011
D. G. Tunncliffe	1101 0100
W. B. Hauworth	1111 1111

MACOMB GUN CLUB.

Fahnestock	1101 1101
Watson	1111 1111
Thomas, Jr.	0111 1010
McArthur	1011 1101

FIRST LEE COUNTY GUN CLUB.

Eri Bates	1001 0101
J. O. Allen	1111 0111
P. Stevens	1111 1110
N. C. Rowe	1111 1111

GENESEE SPORTSMEN'S CLUB.

Wm. Morris	1111 1011
Wm. Harbaugh	1010 0111
B. Sands	1110 1011
N. Doxey	1101 1111

son refused \$1,000 for his dog, Cavalier. Mr. Kraft has offered a reward of \$100 for any information that may lead to the conviction of the scoundrel who committed the deed. In this, it is hoped, he will prove successful, as he will test the laws of Indiana and let the scoundrel know the value of a good and noble dog. HINDOO.

CORPUS CHRISTI, TEXAS.—There has been a good deal said by Mr. Arnold Burges about choosing puppies, but he failed to state how to know and select the best puppy in a litter. What I am about to say concerns breeders only, as outsiders do not have the chance. When puppies are about six weeks old, observe them closely, and you will see at feeding time, when called, one out of every litter will be the first to come. It will always be the same puppy first out to meet you. This is the puppy to choose without regard to color, for he will make the best dog in the litter. I have tried it for many years in Prussia, and also in America, and find this mode of choosing never to fail.

J. N. RAUDNER.

THE EASTERN FIELD TRIAL DERBY ENTRIES.—Mr. W. A. Coster, Secretary of the Eastern Field Trials Club, writes us that by a delay in going to the Brooklyn post office, the following additional entry was not received in time to appear in the list sent for publication: Mr. E. S. Wannmaker's lemon and white pointer dog Evening Star, by Robert Lee—Darkness. Mr. Jesse M. Whaites entry, May Dawn, is a dog instead of a bitch as appears in the list of entries. One of Mr. J. M. Aven's entries should be Countess C., entered by Messrs. Isaac Yearsley, Jr., and J. M. Aven.

THE NATIONAL TRIALS.—Mr. D. Bryson, the secretary of the National American Kennel Club, writes us that Captain Patrick Henry, Clarksville, Tenn., Dr. Wm. Jarvis, Claremont, N. H., and Captain W. H. Key, Florence, Ala., have accepted the invitation to judge the club's trials to be run at Grand Junction, Tenn., commencing December 3. Certainly three better judges could not be found. Mr. Bryson also writes that the quails on the grounds preserved are more plentiful this year than ever before, and are doing well, the weather having been very favorable for hatching and raising. Some beves are large enough to fly now.

HORICON, WIS.—I lost my foxhound bitch Starlight July 15, from poisoning. She had just weaned a fine litter of puppies by Watchman, and was allowed unusual liberty in order to recuperate for the Fall campaign. Venus, another imported foxhound bitch, was let out of my kennel about one year ago, under the same circumstances, having reared a litter by Watchman. Thus the dog killer has been able to do his work the second time on the sly. It is perhaps well that I do not know who the fiend is.

W. A. VAN BRUNT.

BRADNER, OHIO.—To those whose dogs and kennels are infested with fleas, I can recommend the free use of coal oil. I can exterminate more fleas with one gallon of coal oil than with any amount of insect powder. My method is to sprinkle, with a brush, the ground around the kennel, and a little inside the kennel as well. Then I mix the oil with lard, and with a comb dipped into the mixture, comb up through the hair of the dog. If this is done once a week, there will be no further annoyance from fleas.

J. HASKELL.

St. LOUIS, MO.—In looking over the pedigree of Lorne, I find that he is out of June, and not the bitch I supposed, when I wrote a few lines in defense of Faust in the AMERICAN FIELD of July 7. Of course the description I gave of his dam then does not fit June at all. I make this correction in justice to all concerned.

CANTS.

LANCASTER, PA.—I have sold all my puppies advertised in the AMERICAN FIELD, with entire satisfaction to the parties who purchased them. But I am still receiving letters, and if it not asking too much, I wish you would make a small note of the fact, as it would save me lots of time in answering letters.

JOS. R. TRISSLER.

NAMES CLAIMED.

SALES, NAMES CLAIMED, ETC.—We make no charge for inserting sales, names claimed, visits, whelps, deaths; and all owners and breeders of dogs are requested to send them in.

Col. B. Ridgway, Philadelphia, Pa., claims the name Pocoon, for lemon belton setter dog puppy, whelped April 12, 1883, by Jester—Kathleen.

MILLBOURNE, for black and white setter dog puppy, whelped April 12, 1883, by Jester—Kathleen.

DARBY, for black and white setter dog puppy, whelped April 12, 1883, by Jester—Kathleen.

IDLEWOOD, for black and white setter bitch puppy, whelped April 12, 1883, by Jester—Kathleen.

CASINO, for black and white setter bitch puppy, whelped April 12, 1883, by Jester—Kathleen.

MINNE-HA-HA, black and white setter bitch puppy, whelped April 12, 1883, by Jester—Kathleen.

BESSIE, for black and white setter bitch puppy, whelped April 12, 1883, by Jester—Kathleen.

KATE, for black and white setter bitch puppy, whelped April 12, 1883, by Jester—Kathleen.

JERSEY BEL, for black and white setter bitch puppy, whelped April 12, 1883, by Jester—Kathleen.

Mr. J. A. Rockwood, West Medford, Mass., claims the name LADY BERWYN, for black, white and tan setter bitch puppy, whelped June 2, 1883, by Dashing Berwyn—May Druid.

MAY BERWYN, for black, white and tan setter bitch puppy, whelped June 2, 1883, by Dashing Berwyn—May Druid.

Mr. Otto Moebes, Rowland, Ala., claims the name ROLLO JR., for black, white and tan setter dog puppy, by Rollo (Lifty Maud Muller) Margo—(Lincoln—Queen).

MAUD BRUMBY, for black, white and tan setter bitch puppy, by Rollo (Lifty—Maud Muller)—Margo (Lincoln—Queen).

PRINCE LOFTY, for lemon and white setter dog puppy, by Rollo (Lifty—Maud Muller)—Margo (Lincoln—Queen).

COUNT LINCOLN, for lemon and white setter dog puppy, by Rollo (Lifty—Maud Muller)—Margo (Lincoln—Queen).

FANCY M., for black, white and tan setter bitch puppy, by Gleam (Lincoln—Blaze)—Lady Elgin (Carlowitz—Queen Bess).

FLIRT M., for lemon belton setter bitch puppy, by Gleam (Lincoln—

Blaze)—Lady Elgin (Carlowitz—Queen Bess).

DAISY M., for lemon belton setter bitch puppy, by Gleam (Lincoln—Blaze)—Lady Elgin (Carlowitz—Queen Bess).

BELLE M., for lemon belton setter bitch puppy, by Gleam (Lincoln—Blaze)—Lady Elgin (Carlowitz—Queen Bess).

SMART M., for lemon belton setter bitch puppy, by Gleam (Lincoln—Blaze)—Lady Elgin (Carlowitz—Queen Bess).

Mr. Wayne Choate, East Saginaw, Mich., claims the name

ORONON, for black, white and tan setter dog puppy, whelped Aug., 1882, by Count Noble—Rosalind.

TITANIA, for black, white and tan setter bitch puppy, whelped July, 1882, by Dashing Berwyn—Prairie Belle.

HIPPOTYTO, for liver and white pointer bitch puppy, whelped Feb., 1883, by Hindoo—Princess Bow.

Mr. E. S. Bird, Rockland, Me., claims the name

DOUBLE DAZZLE, for black and white cocker spaniel bitch, by Snipe—Arthia.

DELIGHT, for black and white cocker spaniel bitch, by Snipe—Arthia.

DISCOUNT, for brindle bull terrier bitch.

CLIPPING, for black and white bull terrier bitch.

Mr. E. D. Shultz, Danville, Ill., claims the name

NEPTUNE II, for Irish water spaniel dog puppy, whelped June 5, 1883, by Neptune—Daisy.

RIVAL JR., for liver and white pointer dog puppy, whelped May 15, 1883, by Croxteth—Countess Rival.

Mr. T. H. Gibbs, Colusa, Cal., claims the name

BEL, for black, white and tan setter dog puppy, by Rex—Bess.

LOU, for English setter bitch puppy, by Rex—Bess.

BONNIE, for English setter bitch puppy, by Rex—Dot.

Mr. R. L. Henry, Hamden, Conn., claims the name

BLUE VICTRESS, for blue belton setter bitch, whelped Jan. 2, 1883, by Lava Rock—Lady Beaconsfield.

Mr. Wm. Jenkins, Mendota, Ill., claims the name

PATTI PEMBROKE, for black, white and tan setter bitch puppy, by Pembroke (Gladstone—Blanche)—Lady Rake (Rake—Phyllis).

Mr. Frank Mastin, Huntsville, Ala., claims the name

COLES, for liver and white pointer puppy, whelped April 3, 1883, by Mac D.—Meg C.

Mr. W. J. Raymond, San Antonio, Texas, claims the name

LORD TRAVA, for red Irish setter dog puppy, by Border Ruffian—Lucy.

Colonel John M. Barbour, Louisville, Ky., claims the name

FLY II, for black, white and tan setter bitch puppy, by Pembroke (Gladstone—Blanche)—Lady Rake (Rake—Phyllis).

Mr. Harry Woodman, Harrisburgh, Pa., claims the name

MCINTYRE, for red Irish setter dog puppy, whelped April 27, 1883, by Irish Chief—Pride.

Mr. A. Wyness, Jr., Toronto, Can., claims the name

CAMBRIDGE II, for English setter dog puppy, by Cambridge—Belle.

Dr. S. E. Burroughs, Allison, Iowa, claims the name

DULA, for black and tan setter bitch, by Judg—Floss.

SALES.

SALES, NAMES CLAIMED, ETC.—We make no charge for inserting sales, names claimed, visits, whelps, deaths; and all owners and breeders of dogs are requested to send them in.

Mr. H. H. Winslow, Liberty, Mo., has sold

BUCKLEW—SALLY, orange and white setter dog puppy, to Mr. J. D. Blood, Hannibal, Mo.

BUCKLEW—SALLY, orange and white setter bitch puppy, to Mr. J. D. Blood, Hannibal, Mo.

BUCKLEW—SALLY, orange and white setter bitch puppy, to Mr. C. A. Branscom, Maysville, Mo.

BUCKLEW—SALLY, lemon belton setter dog puppy, to Mr. A. Wylly, Savannah, Ga.

BUCKLEW—SALLY, lemon belton setter dog puppy, to Mr. H. Barpey, Ashland, Wis.

BUCKLEW—SALLY, orange and white setter dog puppy, to Mr. W. A. Coster, Flatbush, L. I.

Mr. J. R. Trichter, Lancaster, Pa., has sold

IRISH CHIEF—PRIDE, red Irish setter dog puppy, to Mr. John Noble, Jr., Greenwood, Ind.

IRISH CHIEF—PRIDE, red Irish setter dog puppy, to Mr. Harry Woodman, Harrisburgh, Pa.

IRISH CHIEF, red Irish setter puppies, a brace of dogs and a brace of bitches, to Mr. E. W. Jester, St. Georges, Del.

IRISH CHIEF—PRIDE, red Irish setter bitch puppy, to Mr. A. P. Hart, Charlevoix, Mich.

IRISH CHIEF—PRIDE, red Irish setter bitch puppy, to Mr. H. H. Hawman, Sioux City, Iowa.

RED CHIEF, red Irish setter dog puppy, to Mr. H. H. Hawman, Sioux City, Iowa.

Mr. H. H. Winslow, Liberty, Mo., has presented a

BUCKLEW—SALLY, orange and white setter dog puppy, to Mr. J. M. Sturges, Philadelphia, Pa.

BUCKLEW—SALLY, orange and white setter dog puppy, to Dr. E. H. Miller, Liberty, Mo.

BUCKLEW—SALLY, orange and white setter bitch puppy, to Mr. G. Markland, Warrensburg, Mo.

Mr. W. C. Niblett, Dundas, Can., has sold

ARGUS—MEDEA, black and tan setter dog puppy, to Mr. E. R. Niblett, Dundas, Can.

ARGUS—MEDEA, black and tan setter bitch puppies (a brace), to Mr. E. J. McKill, Simcoe, Can.

ARGUS—MEDEA, black and tan setter bitch puppy, to Mr. R. V. Somerville, Dundas, Can.

Mr. J. A. Rockwood, West Medford, Mass., has sold

LADY BERWYN, black, white and tan setter bitch puppy, by Dashing Berwyn—May Druid, to Mr. W. B. Peck, Pawtucket, R. I.

MAY BERWYN, black, white and tan setter bitch puppy, by Dashing Berwyn—May Druid, to Mr. C. Fred Crawford, Pawtucket, R. I.

Mr. Otto Moebes, Rowland, Ala., has sold

ROLLO JR., black, white and tan setter dog puppy, by Rollo—Margo, to Mr. T. M. Brumby, Marietta, Ga.

COUNT LINCOLN, lemon and white setter dog puppy, by Rollo—Margo, to Major E. D. Lawrence, Louisville, Ky.

Mr. E. S. Wannmaker, Elmwood, N. C., has sold

DUSK, black and white ticked pointer dog puppy, by Robert Lee—Darkness, to Mr. B. F. Long, Pittsburg, Pa.

TWILIGHT, black and white ticked pointer puppy, by Robert Lee—Darkness.

Mr. Ed Shultz, Danville, Ill., has exchanged

substantial purse and the good will of the people can give him in the desert.

The next morning was cool and delightful, in the air there was something like the volatile essence of champagne which, when drawn into the well-expanded lungs vivified the blood and caused a mild feeling of exhilaration to pervade the whole system. I mounted my broncho with a feeling akin to delight, and leisurely started southwardly across that valley, not forgetting to pluck a wild red rose on the banks of the stream as I crossed it.

I had intended to procure a guide, but the fortunate owner of the broncho assured me that the road was plain, and a guide quite unnecessary. I had some slight misgivings, nevertheless, and when I met with a picturesque group of Accomas at a spring, I managed after a fashion to ask them whether I was taking the right course. Reassured on this point, I proceeded at a fair gallop, sometimes near a wagon track, sometimes following one of the numerous trails of the Accoma flocks. My broncho was barefooted and tender of hoof, and I allowed him to take such a course as was most merciful to his feet. The high eroded walls were ever changing in form, and the monotony of the valley was also relieved with the dwarf cedar, the cane cactus and other bushes and plants that struggle for existence in a dry land.

I had never had an opportunity to examine the cane cactus before and it interested me much. Let the reader imagine a slender cucumber, some four or five inches long, of the dull green color of the sage leaf, its warts of an oval shape three times as long as they are wide, and its little thorns elongated and strengthened into formidable weapons. This seems to be what I may call the unit of growth of the cane cactus. On the end of this formidable little woody cucumber grows another, and another on that, till the string of cucumbers reaches from five or even six feet in height. At the base other little cucumbers start out sidewise, joint after joint, and grow nearly as high as the central series. And occasionally at various distances from the ground, erratic cucumbers will start out sidewise from the cucumber joints of the cactus stems. The result is a thick bush of thorns without leaves, bearing yellow flowers on its terminal points, and having a circumference four to six times its height. When it dies and the softer parts decay, the woody fiber is found to be a strong and beautiful open network, the intricacies of which remind one of the elaborate carving of India and China. I imagine that it is but seldom that any of the stems are straight and perfect, and of the proper size, but when such ones are found they make strong and serviceable and most beautiful canes.

In a little while I found the wagon trail at times entirely obliterated by drifting sand, but the general direction of the valley seemed to me to be correct, and I followed it till in an hour or so after starting I found that the wagon trail was entirely gone. What was to be done? Should I retrace my steps and start again with a guide? No; I would rather gain the high table land to the right and take an observation. Accoma is upon a lofty rock. Perhaps my field glass will enable me to see it in the distance, and thus to find my way. There was a break in the wall to the right where a side cañon came down, and toward that there seemed to be a concentration of sheep trails. Thither I picked my way, and found in the cañon a well-beaten trail of sheep and of horses. This trail grew more and more difficult, and in some places my horse refused it till I dismounted and led him, while in other places I must needs dismount because the close low limbs of the cedars would not otherwise permit me to pass. The last portion of the ascent was the worst of all, but this surmounted in safety, I found no signs of ancient Accoma. The table land was covered with dwarf cedars obscuring the view; but from its highest points I could see over the tops of the cedars for many miles. In front, however, it rose gently into a hill, beyond which only the tops of some mountain tables were seen in the far distance. And to the left at the distance of perhaps a mile was a lofty table towering above this a thousand feet at the least. That was the direction in which I had hoped to find the object of my search. Should I mount that table and find it? Was it not impossible? I could not tell. Near the top was a wall, perpendicular, at least 100 feet high, and I could not see a break in it for a mile or more, the whole distance that I could cover with my glass. But beyond that there was a long ridge which seemed to unite the table on which I stood with the one I would like to surmount. At the top of the ridge there might be a gap through that perpendicular wall. Could I but reach the high table, I was satisfied that the extended view to be obtained would well reward the effort, and that I should have an excellent chance of finding Accoma into the bargain. My own powers of climbing are good. I had no misgiving as to my being able to mount to the upper table myself. But I could not carry the broncho, although he was of moderate size, nor could I leave him behind to return and find him in the cedar brush with nothing but a broken pocket knife with which to blaze my trail upon the trees for miles. I galloped my broncho to the crest in front, perhaps a couple of miles. No sign of Accoma was there, and I turned to thread my way through the thick growth of cedars on the ridge. Sometimes the interlocking branches were impassable, and I had to get around them as best I could. Sometimes I had to remove a fallen cedar; sometimes to roll away the larger stones of a rocky slide before my horse would venture his feet upon it. Here and there I descended into an unexpected gulch to toll up the opposite side in the blazing sun. And at last as I neared the great perpendicular wall, and saw with pleasure what might prove a passable gap, I came to a heavy slide of large rocks. It would have been a trifle for me to climb over; and I have ridden an animal that could take me safely over it on his back. My broncho was not a bad one, but for him this slide was utterly impassable, and I was compelled to return after I had almost gained the summit of my hopes. And the return itself, though more rapid than the ascent, was none too easy. I could not very well return upon my trail. I came upon a perpendicular wall which I had avoided in the ascent and upon the top of which I had to thread the mazes of a stout growth of cedars till I found a gap. But I gained the plain at last, my horse felt happy in being turned from the difficulties of the mountain climb. I made for the open, found my back trail, reached the cañon and descended again to the valley. My mouth was parched, my lips were cracked; it was with some difficulty that I could move my tongue. But I sped on, and at the end of two long miles I came across four Accomas herding a drove of horses, some of them quite fine ones. One of the men bore a flat jug, which contained the elixir of life, of which I partook freely and was happy again. The bearer of the water jug was a strongly-built, good-looking, intelligent young fellow, and I tried to

make him understand that I was looking for Accoma—that I had lost my way—and that I had a dollar for him if he would ride with me to the town. The only words we knew in common Accoma and the Spanish for horse, water, and dollar. But pantomime and good will helped us out. He said he couldn't go with me because he had to take care of the horses. I told him the horses weren't worth a button, and I would give him a whole dollar if he would go with me, and besides that, if he cared for those miserable brutes, there were three other fellows to leave with them, anyhow. Perhaps it was just as convenient that he didn't understand the whole of this; but he understood *pecos* (dollar), and he good-naturedly told me he would show me the way. A brisk gallop soon put us in a well-defined wagon track, and he told me that Accoma was over the hill. I urged that he should go clear to Accoma with me, but on that point he was inflexible, he could not leave the horses. So I gave him his dollar and went it alone. The hill was a long one. It brought me almost out of the valley on top of the next table land. At the top I fully expected to see Accoma in the distance, but I did not, the road was plain, and I galloped down another long slope into another deep valley, also bounded by high tables with inaccessible walls. Out of the deep valley again a long upward slope brought me to the high table with still a plain road.

Here for the first time I saw in bloom a most beautiful cluster cactus with, as it seemed to me, a thousand buds and velvet flowers of the richest crimson. Full of rich juices in a land of poverty and utter drouth, it reclined in more than regal splendor, and my fancy recalled the churlish words of the Khan Allgetti of eastern fame:

"I have gathered and I keep,
Hunger, thirst, are naught to me;
Passer by, you must not touch,
But my glory you may see."

But there is a marked difference between the royal cactus and the regal Khan, for the former has gathered by the proper and most wonderful use of its own natural powers, and is so terribly armed only in self defence; while the war-like array of the Khan was for robbing his weaker fellows; and for holding as his own what he could never have claimed as a matter of right.

But I had little time for the beautiful cactus; I urged on my maddened beast till on reaching the highest point on the table, I saw a deep valley ahead in which were many detached towers and lofty pinnacles of rock. Somewhere among these, said I, is the rock of Accoma. But now my road turned off far to the right, and I dared not forsake it, although a very distinct trail led straight for the valley, which contained these wonderful erosions. Onward I galloped, mile after mile, and at last, by a steep descent, I turned into the head of this same valley, which I followed down for some miles. The road bore again to the right, toward a huge rock, and still I could see nothing of Accoma, nothing that to my eye resembled a place of human habitation. I passed some of the wonderful pillars and rocks, I passed through a field of corn, and Accoma was on the rock before me. To the right, partly buried, in a sand drift, was a wagon, and beyond it extended nearly to the top of the rock, a huge drift of sand, for a distance of three hundred yards. I climbed the sand drift, following the tracks of burros and of horses that had gone before me; but at the very top my broncho was confronted by a perpendicular wall. What should I do? Tired, hungry and thirsty, my horse played out, I must retrace my steps and hunt for the entrance to Accoma? Not if I could help it. On a rock I discovered three timbers. I mounted to them, turned one so as to overhang, and to it I fastened my horse. I then climbed to the top, saw the town, and made my rough way over the rugged rocks toward it. At a little distance I saw some of the picturesque belles of the town. I called and beckoned, and made the pleasantest face I could possibly muster, but all in vain. They scampered away like a herd of young colts from a big, black, snorting locomotive. I saw others, and tried with no better success. But I came to a house where a man was standing outside. In pantomime and bad Spanish I asked him to show me the way to "la casa de Signor Bibo," the house of Mr. Bibo, the trader. But he understood neither the Spanish nor the pantomime. Luckily another man came down from the roof, or to speak more accurately, from the house above, built upon the roof of that one, and whether he understood my Spanish or my pantomime, or both, or whether he sagely concluded that whatever my desires Mr. Bibo was the man to understand them; he took me at once to the store of the trader, and this store, by the way, is on top of a house. It was just upon 5 o'clock. I and my poor beast had been broiling in the hot sun the livelong day, and we had got just about sixteen miles from our starting point. A man was dispatched for the horse, and I speedily assumed a recumbent position while a substantial repast was being prepared.

When thirst was assuaged and hunger appeased, and I was somewhat rested withal, I learned what I could of queer old Accoma. Like the castles on the high hills of the Rhine, Accoma was built on a rock in the ages before the advent of the Spaniard, the better to protect it from the attacks of its enemies. But its natural defences are far better than theirs ever were. The little town might easily be laid in ruins by modern artillery, but the rock itself and the lives of its people, well defended even with small arms, would be safe against any assaults. The rock is, I should think, about 300 feet high; it is perpendicular, irregular, and eroded into bastions, and pinnacles, and arches, and various fantastic forms. In some places great clefts run from the top to the bottom. The top is flat, but by no means smooth. It is of some fifty or sixty acres in extent, and the town is built on the smoothest part of it. Three rows of houses, cut at right angles by a cross street or alley, comprise the town. The houses are three stories high, they have scarcely an opening to the outside in a whole block, and as they are of the same color with the rock, it is not strange that I did not recognize the town in the distance. There was nothing to distinguish it from a long natural wall of perpendicular rock, with an eroded gap in the center where it is bisected by the alley. Strictly speaking, a three-story house is three houses. The first story is finished complete with strong timbers overhead, a willow stick ceiling above the timbers and a heavy dirt roof on the top. The small windows are glazed with mica or gypsum. I saw one sheet of mica which I judged to measure about twenty inches by twelve. The entrance to the lower story is from above. The front of the second story is flush with that of the first, but it does not run so far back; thus it leaves a little back yard on the top of the first story. And the third story is flush at the front and recedes from the rear like the second, so that in general outline a house in Accoma is like stone horse-blocks of

three steps. Between the houses the walls run up two feet or more, thus separating the several back-yards. There being no outside door in the first story and the whole house being accessible only by ladders, it follows that when these are drawn up each house becomes a somewhat formidable castle.

The people seemed to have a sufficiency of room in their several dwellings; and yet they were overcrowded. This comes of the fact that the lower and larger story is dark, dismal and inconvenient. They hibernate in the lower story, but in the Summer they prefer overcrowding above to the discomforts of the regions below.

The water supply is a great curiosity. It consists of a natural reservoir in the rock, some thirty feet or more below the general level of the top. I should think it at least a quarter of a mile from the nearest house, and it takes some clambering up and down the rocks and over a big sand drift to get to the water, which is nice and cool, evidently a living fountain or spring. I suppose that nearly on a level with this reservoir is a stratum of almost impervious rock, and that in the rainy season much of the water that falls sinks into the sand rock, from which it very gradually seeps into the reservoir during the rest of the year. I had not time to examine into this as an actual fact, but I can account for the quantity of the water in no other way. It would seem also that the strata must hollow or cup slightly toward the center of the rock, else the water would seep out at many places and be lost. From the burying ground to the water is a long way, but I fear there may be some connection between them, and this may possibly go far to account for the slender number of the people of Accoma.

The old church is a large substantial structure in partial decay, built where it is with very great patience, pains and trouble, when, no doubt, these people were considered as the peons or slaves of the church. It is surrounded by cloisters, and it is probable that here dwelt many a monk. Whether their presence had any substantial effect upon the blood of the race is for others to determine, but ignorant as they are I consider the Accomas on the whole a handsomer race than the common Mexicans. That these people, naturally quick-witted and intelligent, know nothing of Spanish, that none of them can read, write or cipher, is an ineffable disgrace to the branch of the Catholic church which pretends to have converted them, and which certainly reduced them to subjection, and made use of their unrequited labor. It seems to have taught the poor Accomas nothing but a few foolish mummeries, less impressive than their own rites, and which these people politely received and secretly despised. What must have been the toil with which these poor slaves bore to the top of this high rock the heavy timbers which support the roof of the church. There is now but little to be gained from them and an occasional call from a wandering priest is sufficient for a town whose spiritual needs were formerly supplied by a bevy of monks.

The cemetery is a small plot close to the church, partly made ground on a sloping portion of the rock on which its outer wall is built up some forty feet from below. The dead are buried in their clothes wrapped in a blanket. After they are slightly covered in the sand, and in the dust of their ancestors, it is trodden well down around and above them till the grave is completely filled. So the whole space is dug over, and then burial begins anew at the first point. Thus the remains get very much mixed, and small human bones might be gathered in considerable quantities from the top of the ground. However revolting this may seem, it is probably the best that is available for the Accomas as long as they bury their dead on the top of the rock. The dry dust and sand coming in close contact with the body absorb and destroy the poisons of decomposition much more rapidly and thoroughly than they would do if coffins were used; and the health of the community is less jeopardized in consequence.

I met the governor and head men in a sort of council. They told me that they had been defrauded out of a portion of the land that was assured to them by a Spanish grant. I told them frankly that they were open to all species of overreaching and fraud as long as they could neither speak, read, nor write the English language. The governor said if they could get a good school they would learn English. He stated that fifty or sixty children would constantly attend a good school in the valley below. I sincerely wish they had a good school in the valley, and that they could be induced to build houses there, and gradually to desert the desolate rock. The mere labor of carrying water there is a drudgery that I fancy few can quite realize without trying it themselves. And the wood has all to be brought from a distance, and packed to the top on the backs of the burros. There is no way by which a wagon can reach the top, and there is one trail only for burros and horses. The people themselves clamber over the rock with surprising agility, and they delight in going where no one else would care to follow. But is not always safe even for them. Recently a young woman missed her footing in descending an almost perpendicular cleft and she was instantly dashed to pieces below.

I visited the water "tanks" in the morning and was much interested in the lithesome maidens, bearing well-balanced upon their heads, large and shapely jars of water, with which they scaled the rocks with apparent ease, and with natural gracefulness of motion. Such was Rachel at the well, and such the water vessel that she carried, and I doubt if that dusky maiden was any more comely to look upon than one or two of the equally ignorant, equally well-taught children of Accoma.

These people are but two or three hundred souls living apart from all the world, speaking a language not well understood even by the other townspeople aborigines of the West. Close and constantly recurring intermarriages are the necessary result. Are they the better or the worse in consequence? They live in what is really a garrison town, overcrowded in necessary drudgery and dirt, and with a scant supply of water. Occasional contact with the whites gives them small-pox and other diseases that they know little about. They are decimated in consequence. Does the "survival of the fittest," which we suppose on the average to result, leave a better residuum, or are the remainder so much deteriorated in the cruel process of selection that they are mentally and physically no better, or are perhaps even worse on the average than the whole race would be if living in a happier environment? These are questions for the philosophers to answer, but for one I would give them the happier environment if I could, and take my chances on the increase and deterioration of the Accoma race.

The people are not all of them poor, some of them own a considerable number of horses and sheep. Nearly all of

the men were away for the day, but I had an excellent opportunity for observing the women at the trader's store. A strong, neat, and comely young matron came in. She was shy of a stranger. I admired her trinkets. She was not displeased at the admiration, and she allowed me to examine them. The trader assured me that a necklace of hollow silver beads of native workmanship that she wore was worth a good pony. Besides this she had the value of a cow and a calf on her neck, in the shape of a necklace of coral.

A few nickels that I gave to young children were clutched with eager shyness. I offered a trifling trinket to the pretty young maiden who had brought the water for the trader's use. She would not take it. He explained to her that I offered it because I thought she was a nice and honest young girl; her brother, a man of thirty or more years, approved, and she gladly made away with the bauble. A critical taste for finery is innate in every true woman's heart. The dress of the Accoma belles is made up with a fine eye for effect. It is modest and picturesque, but a full description would provoke a smile from the belles of the East. Yet, why should they laugh at their dusky sisters? In the true aesthetics of dress is there any necessary place for a fancy apron? When it takes its turn in the round of fashion, being entirely for ornament and nothing for use, might it not just as well be placed on the hip, or the shoulders, or anywhere else, as in front? And what is prettier than a bright colored printed silk 'kerchief worth from two to three dollars? Why should it not make a very fine fancy apron with very little trouble? And why should it not, as a bright cotton makeshift, if the silk is not to be had, be worn squarely behind, as by the belles of Accoma, instead of in front, like the girls of Gotham?

In a family that I visited with the trader a pretty married daughter was cooking bread. This bread is a preparation of simple salt, water and flour, baked in a manner unique, on a sandstone prepared in a peculiar way. A small fire under the sandstone keeps it of an even temperature. The hand is dipped into the batter and brushed lightly over the stone, leaving a thin film like translucent paper, which cooks immediately, is removed by both hands, and replaced by another. It is a long, tedious job to bake a good supply of this filmy family bread. But when prepared it is palatable and nice, and notwithstanding the want of leaven it is easily digested. After the necessary introductions, I became quite chatty with the family, in the awkward fashion which requires an interpreter. As I rose to depart I had to shake hands all round. As I came to the baker of bread, she deliberately dipped her hand in the batter, and offered the grasp of friendship. I did not flinch from the ordeal, but gave a hearty shake, and they all thought it an excellent joke on the part of the demure young madam.

In the course of the afternoon the shorter trail across the valley and up the side of the opposite table, was pointed out to me by the courteous trader, and I took my departure. I went down by the burro trail, forgetting that, as I had scaled the rock by another way, I should very likely be out of my reckoning when I got to the bottom. It was a descent of which my horse did not at all approve, and I had to lead him a portion of the way. Once arrived at the bottom I found pillars of Hercules, Colossi of Rhodes, Washington Monuments, Bunker Hill Obelisks, and Cleopatra's needles very much mixed. I wandered about among them with great admiration, and thoroughly mystified as to the trail which had appeared so clear through my field glass from the rock of Accoma. But at last I found the two Colossi, which had been pointed out to guide me, and between them the trail that I sought. Thence I crossed the sandy plain to a spring or little water "tank," whence I made my way up the almost perpendicular face of the cliff to the table above, close to a ledge of igneous rock, which filled a huge perpendicular fissure in the horizontal sandstone of the cliff.

I have visited the Garden of the Gods, made famous in descriptions of Colorado, and it interested me much, but these pillars and towers and lofty pinnacles in the valley of Accoma are much finer, much more worthy of a visit than those, and I trust that steps will be taken to make them more accessible to the traveling public.

When to the attractions of these curious rocks we add those of the strangest little city on the continent, it certainly behooves the railway company whose line goes so near to Accoma, to be prompt in obtaining comfortable facilities for travelers to visit the strange valley and the wonderful rock of Accoma. With such facilities this should become a very important resort of tourists and trans-continental travelers. And I trust that the railway company in dealing with these poor ignorant townspeople of Accoma will not attempt to overreach them, but will freely give to them as much for the facilities obtained as a white man could exact. Let them deal liberally with the townspeople, and let the public know how they deal. It will be no loss to the railway company, but it will be an advertisement almost unique and exceedingly profitable.

I returned to McCarthy well pleased with my trip, notwithstanding my little misadventures on the outward journey. I paid six dollars for the use of the broncho, which was too dear. He was not worth forty dollars, all told, and he costs nothing to keep.

It might be a good plan for the railway people to induce the Accomas to undertake the letting of ponies and the guiding of travelers till such time as regular stages are set to running. They have some good ponies, they could be trusted in the service, I think they would be satisfied with a dollar each way for the ponies, and a dollar each way for the guide, and even if it were much more there would be some satisfaction to the traveler in knowing that so much of his expenditure at least went to the benefit of these poor people of the City of the Lofty Rock.

EDWIN A. CURLEY.

FLORIDA ORANGES.—Read the advertisement "Florida Oranges," which appears in this issue.

AMERICAN FIELD: subscription, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. Clubs of three or more to any address, \$3 per year each.

OUR PROGRESS.—As stages are quickly abandoned with the completion of railroads, so the huge, drastic, cathartic pills, composed of crude and bulky medicines, are quickly abandoned with the introduction of Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," which are sugar-coated, and little larger than mustard seeds, but composed of highly concentrated vegetable extracts. By druggists.—*Adv.*

Journal of the Washington Academy of
Sciences, Vol. 19, No. 6. Proceedings:
Anthropological Society. pp 128-129.
March 19, 1929.

On Tuesday, November 20, 1928, Dr. MATTHEW W. STIRLING, Chief of the Bureau of American Ethnology, spoke to the Society on *The Acoma Origin and Migration Legend*. This legend tells the story of two girls, children of the Sun, who were nurtured in the darkness within the earth. They were given by their father two baskets containing miniature images by means of which they were to create all living things on earth. On their emergence into the light they began this work, creating also the gods which were to be of use to the people. One of the sisters gave birth to twins, sons of the Rainbow. Eventually the two sisters quarreled and separated, one, Nautciti, going away to become mother of the white people. The other, Iatiku, married Tiamûni, one of the sons of her sister, and remained to become mother of the Acoma people. Each of her daughters when born was given a clan name. After helping her children for many years Iatiku finally left them to their own devices, after having given them full instructions as to their proper religious observances. They were told that they must travel southward until they reached a place called Hako which was to be their permanent home. Seven times they stopped and built their pueblo only to have catastrophe overtake them, when they would move on. During these periods many of their medicine altars, ceremonies and societies had their origin. Their mythological heroes were born and had their adventures. Other gods were added to their pantheon. Finally Hako was located and the present Acoma built on the rock where it now stands.



"THE LANDS OF THE SUN EXPAND THE SOUL."



VOL. 15, No. 5

NOVEMBER, 1901

A WEEK OF WONDERS.

BY CHAS. F. LUMNIS



URELY, if slowly, an almost human intelligence as to our own country begins to penetrate the Darkest East. To those of us who have been for well-nigh twenty years belaboring that preoccupied skull with a certain Idea, there has been perhaps rather much suggestion of the processes alleged to be necessary to introduce a joke to the Scotch noggin—or of the sequel to one of Depew's after-dinner stories at a London banquet. A fortnight

later he met Lord Blank. "D'ye know, Mr. Depew, it has just come to me that you were joking."

"By freight, I see," answered Chauncey blandly.

But if by freight rather than express, it is at last really "coming to" the more permeable Easterner that we were *not* joking all these years when we assured him that the World's Wonderland is not in Europe, not in Egypt, not in Asia, but in the West of our own United States; that area for area no other land on earth is half so crowded with marvels of the first magnitude and of such range—in antiquities, scenery, anthropology and picturesquenesses in every sort. On a modest scale, at last—heretofore, the scale was immodestly small to such as care for the good name of a country believed to have brains—Americans are beginning to peck at this incomparable treasure-house. No man now young might hope to exhaust its infinite variety; not half a hundred people have ever seriously entered upon large comprehension of it; tens of millions

of Americans know as much about it as they do of Mars. But it is a distinct gain when even a few thousands arouse sufficiently to attempt its A, B, C.

A party by no means to be reckoned as "tenderfoot," nor open to the general reproach of unpatriotic neglect and ignorance of our own Wonder-Book, has just made a Little Journey in the Wilderness—by which others might profit. They had no supernatural powers. They were just People, like the rest of us. They came out alive and hearty—neither "scalped by Indians," of whom they saw some thousand, nor murdered by Western desperados, two or three of whom ministered unto their thirst for archæologic knowledge: nor even overtaken with the crack of doom because of remotenesses from railroads and hotels. They came out richer for sights and experiences they will not forget. A hasty sketch of what they did in a week, and how, in "hitting the high places" of a little part of the Southwestern Wonderland, may be of use in pricking others. There is no structural reason why anyone of tolerable mind and body may not go and do likewise—and even more. One does not have to be a railroad magnate or a retired millionaire in order to "see things." All it takes is brains enough to care to see them, pluck enough to follow where women and children have led, and about the same money one would expect to spend in the same time in jumping the usual shadows with the rest of the sheep.

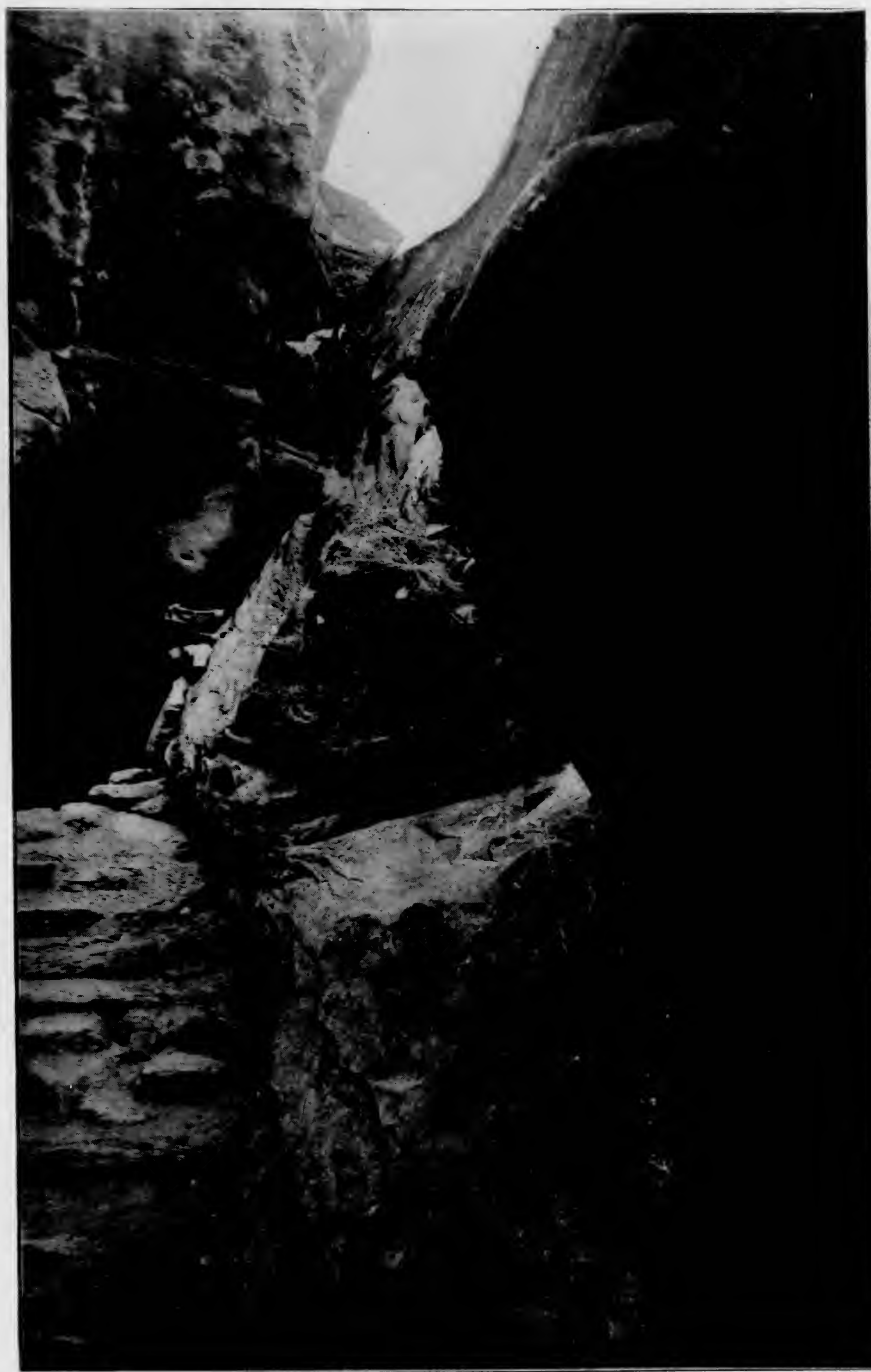
A special train of four private cars left Albuquerque, N. M., by the "Santa Fé Route" at 11.45 p.m., Oct. 21, carrying E. P. Ripley, President of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé R.R., his wife, son Frederick, daughters Miss Ripley and Mrs. Jerome A. Ellis, Jerome A. Ellis, Miss Snyder, Miss Payson, Mrs. J. R. McColl; Paul Morton, First Vice-President (son of J. Sterling Morton, of Cleveland's Cabinet, the founder of Arbor Day); J. W. Kendrick, Third Vice-President, with his wife; Howel Jones, a director; J. A. Post; A. G. Wells, General Superintendent of the Santa Fé Pacific R.R., and his wife; Ford C. Harvey, head of the longest and best line of railway eating-houses in the world; H. Maratta, the well-known artist, a "pilot," and the inseparable corps of stenographers.

Sidetracked at the lone section-house of Cubero, 72 miles west of Albuquerque, we saw the sun rise on the 22nd. Robert Marmon, a reliable "old-timer," was at the train at 7.30 with his caravan of comfortable wagons and good teams driven by their Indian owners, and a few saddle-horses—all from the Indian pueblo of Laguna, where he lives. The tail-end of October is already late for an alti-



THE "SPLIT TRAIL," ACOMA.

Photo. by Chas. F. Lummis.



THE CAMINO DEL PADRE, ACOMA Photo. by Chas. F. Lummis.



A GLIMPSE OF ACOMA FROM THE WEST.

Photo. by Chas. F. Lummis.



LORENZO LINO, GOVERNOR OF ACOMA IN 1901.
Photo. by Chas. F. Lummis.

tude of near 7,000 feet, and a faint drizzle was on ; but it could not dampen people who see such sights through it.

Up the cliff-rimmed valley which opens southward from Cubero (named for the Spanish Governor of the Territory in 1696); past mesas [table rocks] still crowned with the ruins of stone towns whose story was already forgotten when Coronado came by here in 1540 ; past the Ventana (a wind-eroded "window" in a fine and lofty butte of sand-

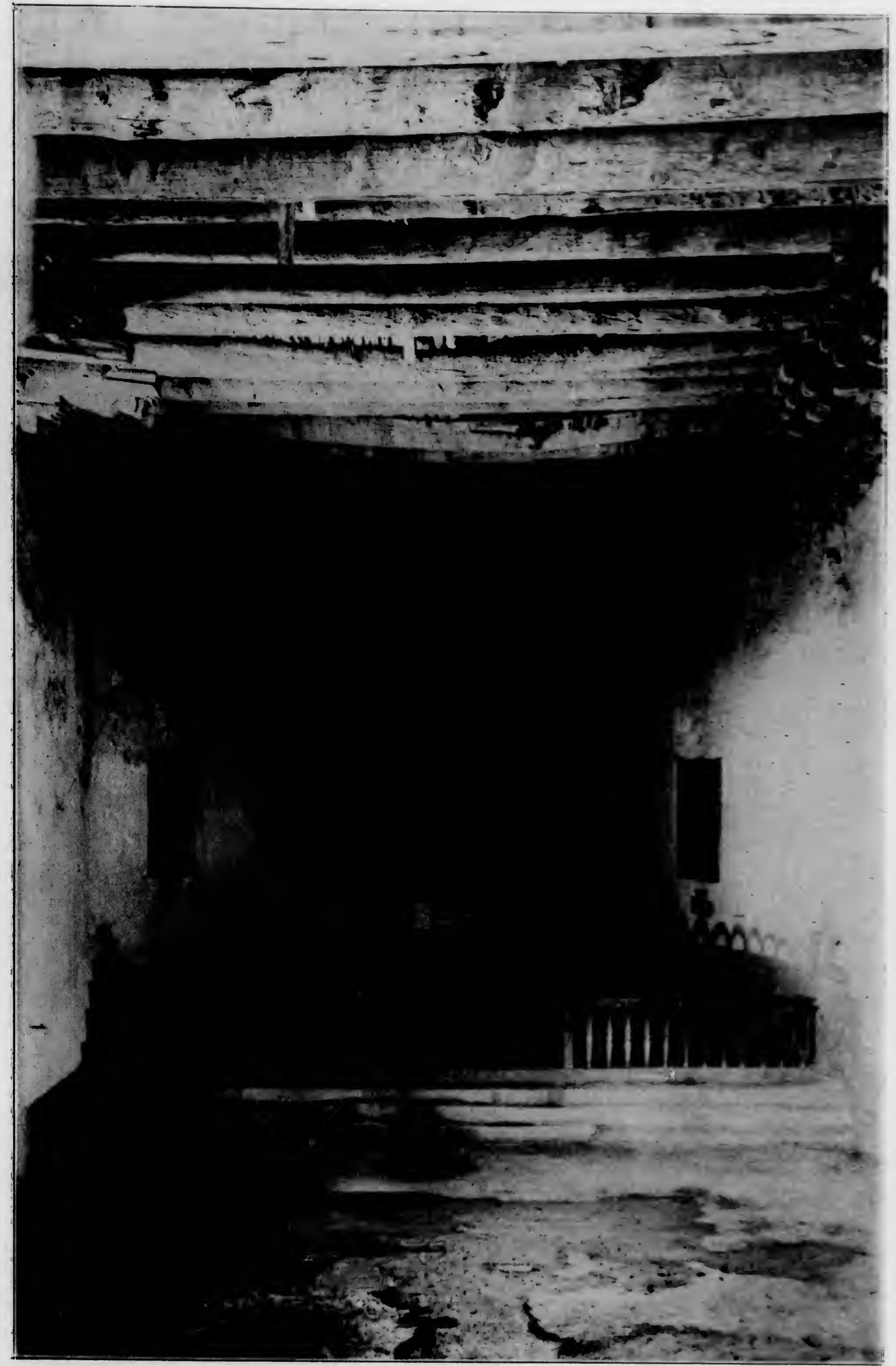
stone; past the superb cliff—"island" of the Enchanted Mesa, on which a Princeton Professor tried to kill an Indian legend, and succeeded only in killing his own reputation; and on to the peerless Rock of Acoma, "the City in the Sky," the procession wound, amid the titan peñoles which sentinel that enchanted valley.

Leaving their "transportation" at the foot of the great cliff, the party clambered up the Camino del Padre—the wonderfully picturesque "stone ladder" by which the Apostle of the Acomas, Fray Juan Ramirez, ascended in 1629 amid a hail of arrows and with a famous miracle. But now there were no embattled warriors. When the party had scaled the wild trail they were received at the top by the *Principales* and Lorenzo Lino, governor of this little cliff-republic, in all the circumstance of a drab "stove-pipe" and the hereditary cane presented to the governor of Acoma nearly 40 years ago by one A. Lincoln.

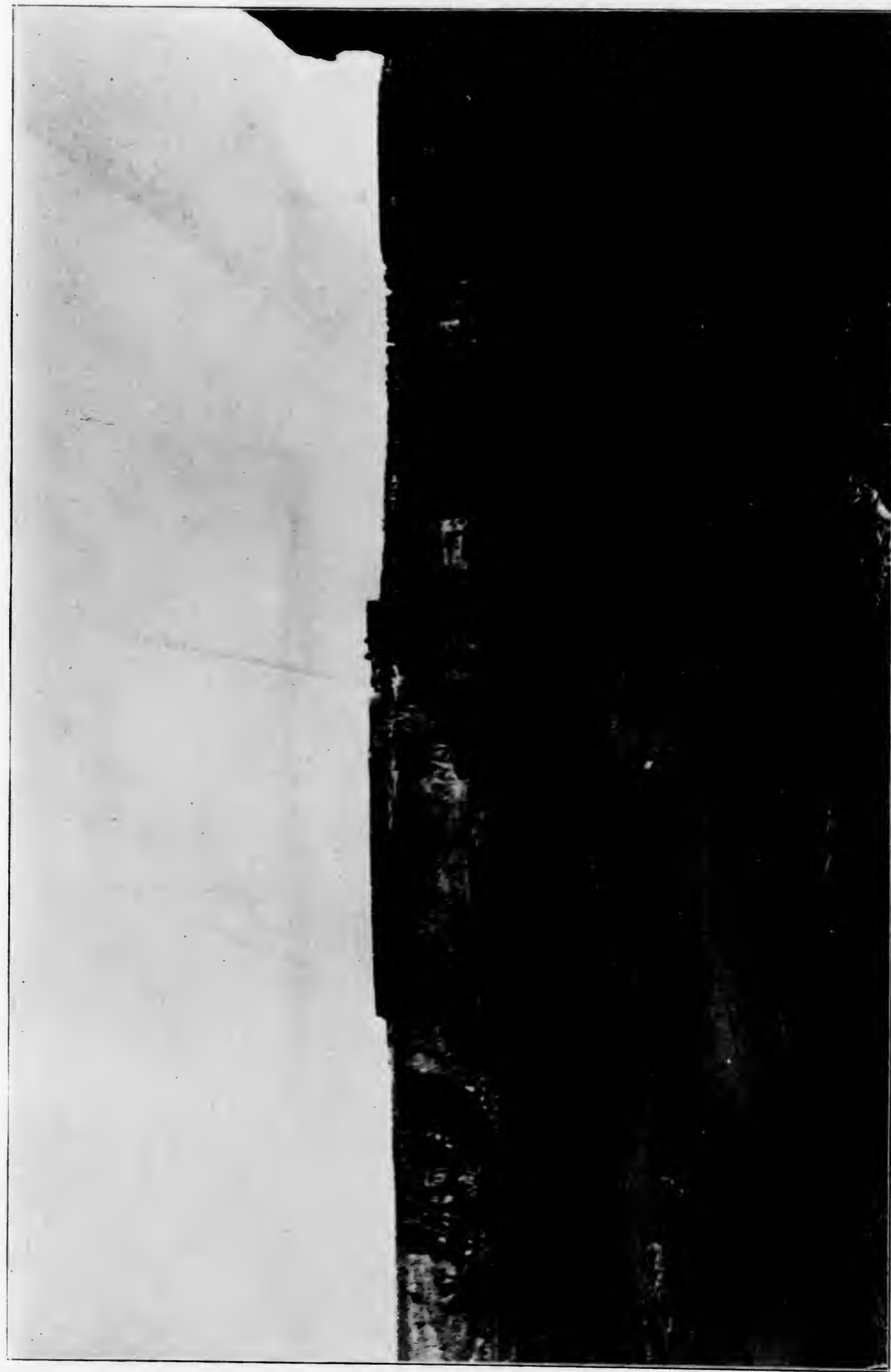
The Acomas have their own (though not eccentric) ideas as to the average tourist, and I have known them many times to turn unceremonious visitors away from the foot of their lofty rock; so it is well to come introduced. Several good Acoma friends of mine, now, were most active in "running me off" 17 years ago.

Thanks to arrangements through Simon Bibo, the long-time trader at Laguna, we had not only welcome but accommodations. The governor's big living-room was prepared for the ladies. The men were housed in the home of that dear and wise old man, now nine years dead, Martin Valle, *Principal Mayor*, and many times governor of Acoma. A third very large room was devoted to eating.

In spite of such a Scotch mist as very rarely befalls in New Mexico, the party enjoyed every moment of its sojourn in this strange aerial town, exploring, as thoroughly as might be in so brief a time, a place in which any active person could find some new wonder every hour of every day for a month. The pueblo of Acoma stands on a roughly-oval table-rock, with sides perpendicular or overhanging, 357 feet high. Its area on top is about 70 acres. Its huge old church and monastery—with walls seven and a half feet thick and forty feet high, with great timbers brought on men's shoulders from Mt. San Mateo, 30 miles away; its graveyard nearly 200 feet square, over 40 feet deep at the outer edge, boxed with a stone wall and filled with sand brought up from the plain a man-load at a time; its famous old painting of San José, presented to the pueblo by the King of Spain nearly three centuries ago, and cause of a lawsuit (and almost a war) with the pueblo of Laguna; its terraced houses, three stories

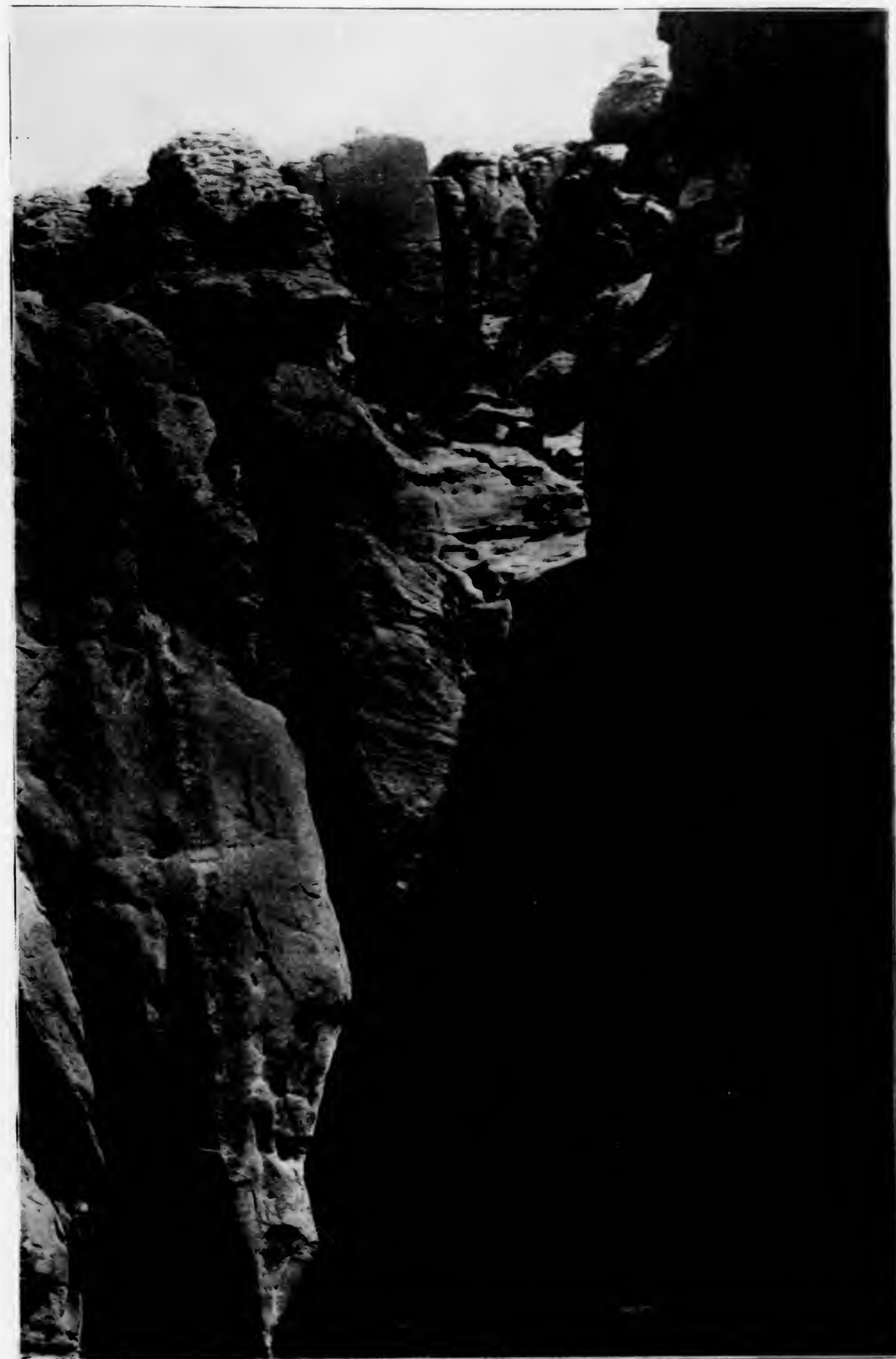


INTERIOR OF THE OLD CHURCH AT ACOMA. Photo. by Chas. F. Lummis.



THE ROCK OF ACOMA.

Photo. by Chas. F. Lummis.



THE "STAIRCASE TRAIL," ACOMA. Photo. by Chas. F. Lummis.

high and in three blocks hundreds of yards long—are a few of the things the party saw. They visited the gentle, happy people at home, saw their way of life, bought Navajo blankets, gay tinajas, silver bracelets and earrings made by Vicente the silversmith, prehistoric arrowheads of obsidian or brilliant agates, and other real curios such as one does not find in the shops; and had many other experiences the average traveler would not expect to find in America and never did find elsewhere.

After lunch, all eight ladies of the party—and one gentleman—descended the dizzy “Split Trail,” down which, I believe, only six white women ever passed before. With Mrs. Ripley in the lead, one by one and step by step they were let down the precipitous throat of that wild cleft; were swung by main strength down and around a perpendicular drop whose landing was a boulder 20 inches across, and were handed around the precarious footholds of the lower ledges. It was really a record to be proud of when all stood safely at the bottom of that terrific precipice, which not even a mountain sheep could climb.

One best understands both the beauty and the significance of Acoma only after proving the trails by which the town is reached. The erosion of this, “the noblest single rock in America,” has no known parallel, and certainly no other town in the world is approachable only by such fearsome paths.

From the foot of the “Split Trail”—which cannot be photographed reasonably—we turned a few hundred feet south and came up the beautifully picturesque “Staircase Trail,” with its little stone-hewn steps under towering columns, under sacrificial caves, and close to the chasm across which the soldier-poet Villagran made his wonderful leap Jan. 23, 1599.

By the time we had ascended this third trail, we were summoned to witness the dance Gov. Lino had ordered in honor of the party. There is no space here to describe the strange and impressive ceremonial we call “an Indian dance”—the measured beat of the *tombé*, the perfect rhythm of feet and voices, the symbolic gesturings, the dignity and reverence of the whole rite. But those who have seen such a function—even a hasty “scratch” performance—do not soon forget it, nor yet the kaleidoscopic groups of hushed spectators upon the castellated housetops.

At 4 p.m. the officials felt constrained to return to the world, and their wives accompanied them; but five of the ladies, the younger Mr. Ripley, Mr. Ellis and Mr. Maratta remained on Acoma—and profited. The governor hailed in two young braves in eagle-feather war-bonnets, who did a



THE “STOP-OVERS” IN ACOMA.
(At the corner of the Old Monastery.)

Photo. by Chas. F. Lummis.

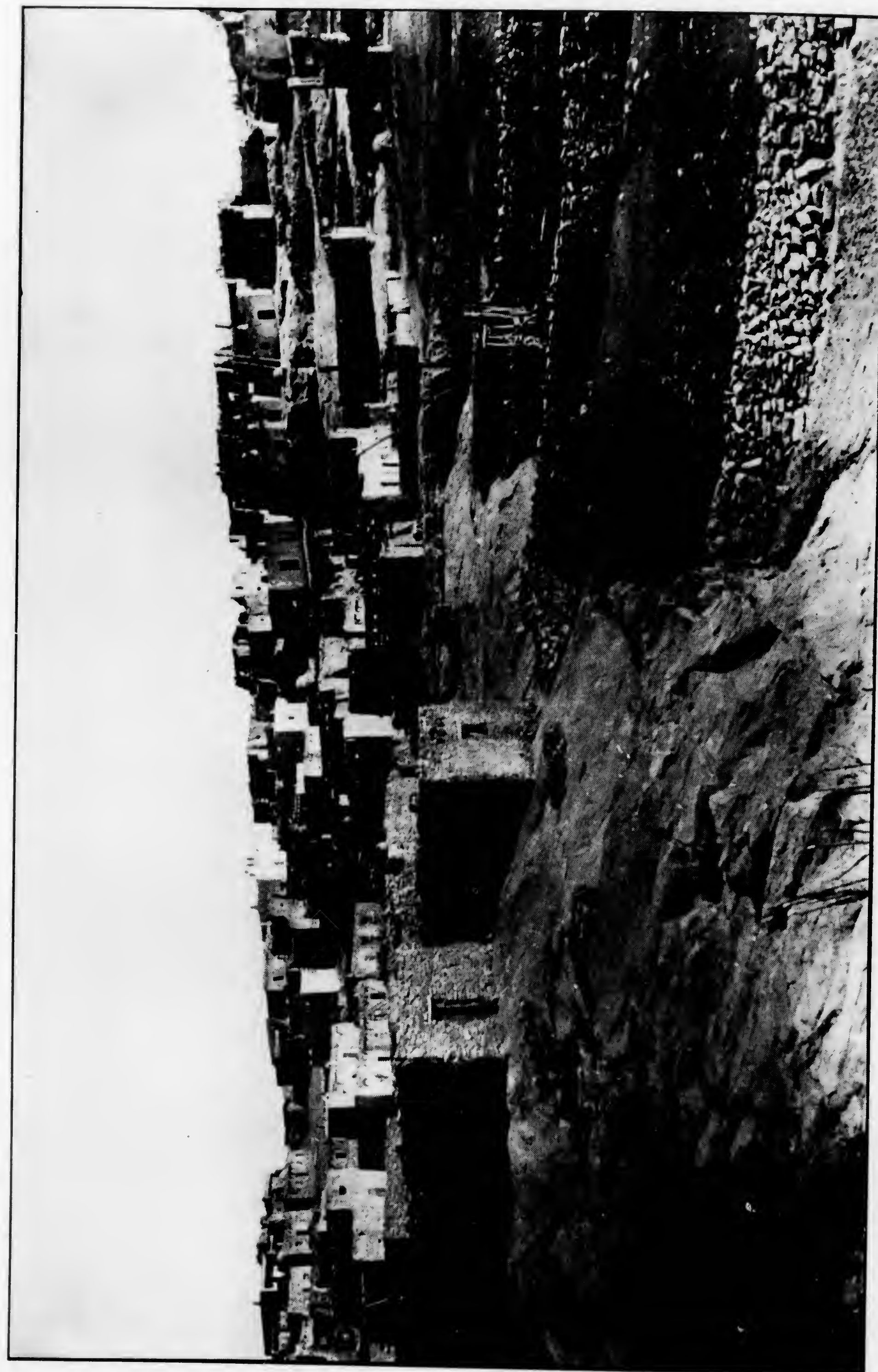


Photo. by Chas. F. Lummis.

A GLIMPSE OF LAGUNA.

remarkable war-dance—a marvel of precision and rapidity—in the spacious room. Later in the night I found in an upper dwelling—and was allowed to bring the party to witness—a private performance worth crossing the continent to see. Along the north wall of the large living-room an Indian family sat laughing and applauding. Upon a blanket spread in front, full in the firelight glow, the four-year-old son, with eagle feathers in his hair and no other incumbrance than a slender G-string, stepped a sacred dance to the song and pat-pat of his father. The other faces shone with love and pride, and white teeth flashed in fond laughter, but the little man who danced before God was infinitely serious. Not one of our wide-traveled audience pretended to have seen a more perfect baby body; and head and face were in keeping. The stateliness and grace with which this dimpled child stepped his measures; the great dark eyes of him; the poise with which he faced a stranger audience and never fluttered an eyelid; and that wonderful baby form—I think none of us ever saw a more exquisite picture. And all of us who were aliens smiled—but all were too touched to laugh.

The ladies slept well in the governor's beds, and the men camped upon whatever came handiest at Martin's. There was no need to lock doors and windows, nor to watch valises, cameras, wraps or purchases. Everything was safe in this Indian town.

On the morning of the 23rd we sent our properties down the cliff by unchecked Indians; and with due leave-takings, and thanks for the hospitality which had so generously entreated us, we descended by a fourth way—the impressive "Burro Trail," built within a century, over a massive causeway, and between beetling crags, up which the Acomas bring their stock to be herded at night on the mesa-top. Walking half a mile around the foot of the Rock, we came to the north end, where Zaldivar made his feat in 1599. Here runs the most terrific path to Acoma—"Dead Man's" Trail—its last fifty feet practically impossible to whites (though one fool has climbed it twice with adequate witnesses), and almost never used by the Indians. Several Acomas have lost their lives on it, splattering down on the rocks 350 feet below. But the plucky women of the party did all the possible part of it; rounding "Cape Horn," and (which is more difficult) coming down as bravely as they went up. These trail nicknames, be it understood, are my own ticketing for convenience's sake, and not compulsory. The Camino del Padre is the only one which has a historic name.

The wagons had been brought around to the foot of this

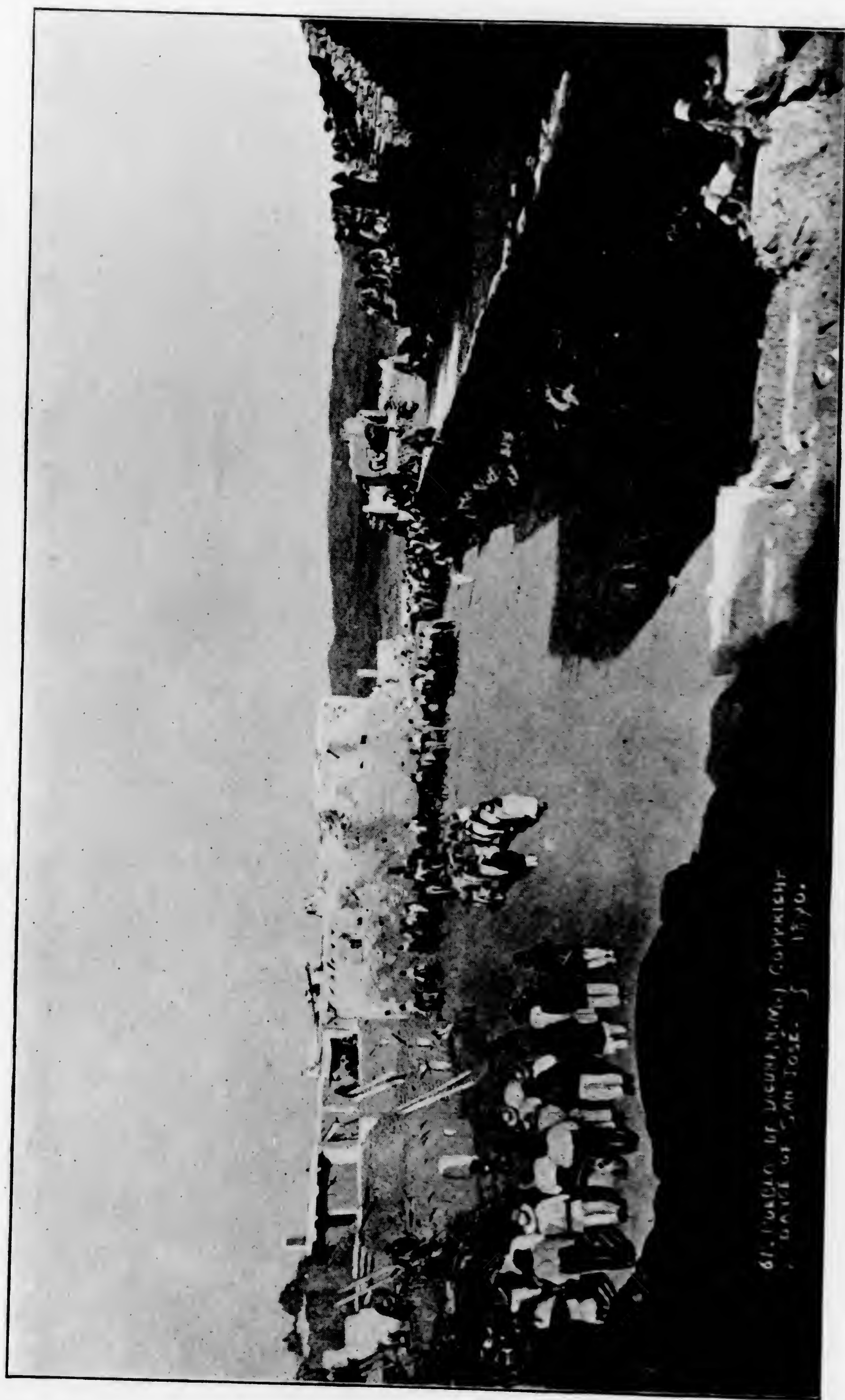


THE CHURCH AT THE PUEBLO OF LAGUNA.

Photo, by Chas. F. Lummis.



JUANICO, one of the *Principales* of Acoma. Copyright 1892 by Chas. F. Lummis.



PATRONAL DANCE OF SAN JOSÉ, PUEBLO OF LAGUNA.

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61. PUEBLO OF DIEGO, N.M. COPYRIGHT
DATE OF SAN JOSE. 1890.

last and most desperate trail; and we rolled away to Cubero with no more adventure than the dishing of a wheel whereby a priceless prehistoric tinaja in my lap was smashed to potsherds. The drive is about three and a half hours.

After a grateful dinner on the cars, the special was pulled back to Laguna, six miles east, and sidetracked there six hours, while we explored that picturesque pueblo and selected beautiful tinajas to be shipped us by Don Simon. Laguna is the newest of all the pueblos, having been founded in 1699 by sundry refugees after Diego de Vargas's reconquest of New Mexico. It lies on the sunward slope of a fine dome of rock, about 400 feet above the little San José creek, and half that height above the Santa Fé railroad which skirts its base. The ledge-built, terraced homes of these 500 brown farmers are eminently picturesque and interesting. So are their farming colonies along the creek and the big reservoir they have built. But few passengers on the transcontinental jaunt ever have the spunk to "stop over" there and look. There is no hotel, of course; and large parties, or fussy ones of any size, should not come unforeseen. But reasonable arrangements could doubtless be made with Simon Bibbo or Robert Marmon for a brief stop here or for the trip to Acoma.

Between Laguna (which we left at 8 p.m., Oct. 23) and our next stop, is a whole book of things worth seeing—the summer colonies of the two Queres pueblos, the tremendous lava-flows which end near McCarty's, the beautiful prehistoric ruins at Ceboilita, the nest of volcanos near Agua Fria, the fine forests and cañons of the Zuñi mountains and San Mateo, the famous "Stone Autograph Album" of Inscription Rock, and many another thing which in the East would be cause for a score of summer hotels apiece. But we were People in a Hurry, and after only the biggest game; so our berths were made down that night on the siding at Thoreau (formerly Mitchell) 129 miles west of Albuquerque, and close to the top of the Continental Divide.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]





SPECTATORS OF THE DANCE, PUEBLO OF LAGUNA.

Photo. by Chas. F. Lummis.

In attempting to account for the present disconnected distribution of tribes of a single stock, several explanations are possible, but who shall say which is correct?

Were outlying bands separated from the main body by a superior enemy & forced to flee to distant parts?

Did certain discontented bands -- perhaps from failure of food or quarrels -- voluntarily seek new homes?

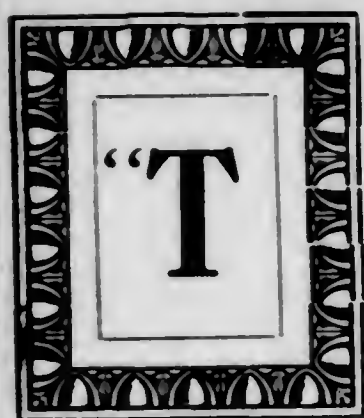
Or are the present outlying tribes to be regarded as outposts marking the limits of territory once continuously occupied by a single people?

Doubtless all three explanations apply, according to the circumstances of the particular case.

Algonkian

The American Indian Language

By R. J. Fraser.



THE Indian language is a perfect one—it cannot be altered to be improved upon.” Thus spoke Pere Richard, Jesuit missionary to the Ojibways of Lake Superior. We were seated in the cabin of the “Missionary,” the little auxiliary sailboat in which the Father patrolled the shores of the lake, visiting and ministering to the scattered members of his dark-skinned flock. “But one would suppose, Father, that during the many years and generations in which the two races, Indian and white, have intermingled and intermarried, the native tongue would have been greatly affected by the other, and have suffered many changes. We presume the Indian to have been an illiterate person until he came under the influence of the white race, and that the teaching of your predecessors and yourself would have introduced a new and improved method—a more scientific and modern one—of construction of their language.”

“You are wrong there, very wrong,” replied the missionary. “In spite of the intimate knowledge which we have gained through several centuries of intercourse between our northern Indians and the white man, our people still have many false ideas about the former. Canadians in general are very ignorant regarding the noble language of the American Red Man.

“The American Indian, notwithstanding his long connection and intimacy with the whites has been generally considered as coming under the head of a class of untutored savages. A study of his language dispels such illusions and leads one to raise him from this degrading dis-

nation to his rank among our species. His mental powers are of a far higher order than is commonly supposed.

“Of all the Indian tribes perhaps the Algonquins and the Iroquois have been to us the most interesting—certainly so from a historical viewpoint. The former race stood out in relief as one of the most conspicuous among the many nations of northern America. From their great numbers and subdivisions as well as the large extent of territory which they at one time ruled and inhabited, they derived a paramount distinction. Because of their long intercourse with our race, commercially and otherwise, they ought to have a strong hold on our affections. Theirs, the ‘Algic’ tongue, is the mother tongue of a great many of the northern tribes. The Montagnais of Quebec, the Ottawas, Pottawatomies, Ojibways and Chippewas, the great Cree family, the Chippewyans, and others, all speak dialects which are derived from the Algonquin language.

“No Indian dialects present more similitude than the Santeux, or Otchipwe dialect, which is the correct name of the language of the Canadian Ojibways and Chippewas, and the Cree language. This latter dialect is the one spoken by the Indians and half breeds of Manitoba and Keewatin. The Otchipwe, which is nothing else (with but few variations) than the Algonquin tongue, forms one of the daughters of the great Algic family. Otchipwe harangues were heard, in olden times, on the borders of the St. Lawrence and Mississippi rivers, on the shores of Lake Superior and Hudson Bay, and even as far west as the immense plains of the Red River and the Saskatchewan. The names of rivers, lakes and of

divers places are still in use to attest, in future times, to the existence of these languages, and reclaim their rights of just possession.”

Henry R. Schoolcraft, a prominent student of Indianology, said: “The true history of the Indian tribes and their international relations, must rest, as a basis, upon the light obtained from their languages.”

Bishop Baraga, an Oblate missionary to the Chippewas, published in 1885, a grammar and dictionary of that (or more correctly, the Otchipwe) language. He claimed that fifteen thousand natives, scattered about the shores of Lake Superior, and the surrounding inland tracts, spoke this tongue. Several other tribes spoke the same tongue with very little alterations.

“He who can understand Otchipwe,” he wrote, “can readily converse with Indians of these other tribes, and besides, quickly gain a speaking knowledge of the dialects of several others.”

“It is a perfect language,” repeated Father Richard. “That is why it has not been altered. It is a natural one; as Hebrew, Greek, and Latin are natural languages, differing from French and English which are artificial ones.

“Why,” he continued, “I have manuscripts written in the Otchipwe tongue three hundred years ago, and the language is that of to-day. The Indian learns to read and write it quite readily, in the native characters, of course. Unfortunately the Indians are dying off so rapidly that the language is fast disappearing. There are not now so many true bloods left, and the half-breeds, though speaking their own tongue fluently, prefer the French or English.

“The Indian’s language again is a natural one because he has never been taught it. He has really acquired it. It is, in its largest sense, a matter of progressive and systematic learning from childhood up to the age of maturity. He arrives at this latter age without any artificial helps, but instead, by a natural, necessary progressive development. Here, now, he has his stock of materials, his nouns and descriptive ad-

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RECORD OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE.

NORTH AMERICA.

ALGONKIAN. *New England.* In the "American Anthropologist" (vol. vii, n. s., pp. 490-508) for July-September, 1905, Charles C. Willoughby writes of "Dress and Ornament of the New England Indians." The topics treated are: Hair-dressing (considerable variety, styles due to age and station), tattooing ("confined principally to the cheeks, upon which totemic figures were made"), face-painting ("common with both sexes, and among the men more especially when on war raids; various colors used; women painted for mourning), clothing; headdress (eagle and turkey feathers; curious head ornament of colored deer hair), ornaments in general (bracelets, necklaces, head-bands, common especially among the women; native copper ornaments never common; shell beads, *wampum*. Of *wampum* the author says (p. 508): "Besides its use as currency, wampum was woven into garters, belts, bracelets, collars, ear-pendants, neck-ornaments, head-bands, etc. It was used for ornamenting bags, wallets, and various articles of dress. The wampum belt, woven of purple and white beads in symbolic figures, served as an inviolable and sacred pledge, which guaranteed messages, promises, and treaties." Also: "Both discoidal and tubular beads of shell were used in New England at an early date, but they were probably rare and highly prized in prehistoric days." — *Virginian.* In the same periodical (pp. 524-528) Mr. W. W. Tooker has an article, "Some More about Virginia Names," in which he discusses the etymologies proposed in a previous number by Mr. W. R. Gerard. The words considered are: *Winauk*, *Chickahominy*, *Werowacomaco*, *Powcohicora*, *Moëkannu*, *Wunnnananounuck*. In all of these, according to Mr. Tooker, Mr. Gerard is radically mistaken as to etymological analyses. — Mr. Gerard's paper, entitled "Some Virginia Indians' Words," appeared in the number for April, 1905 (vol. vii, n. s., pp. 222-249) and treated the subject in considerable detail in criticism of a previous article by Mr. Tooker.

Jan, 1893.]

Vol. 6, No. 1

chroniclers, besides the writings of Bandelier, H. H. Bancroft, Winsor, Bourke, and Gregg, and in this compilation the writer's ability to separate the wheat from the chaff is well displayed. But the principal part of the work is the result of personal observation in the main and tributary valleys of the Rio San Juan. Although the volume does not claim to be a scientific treatise, the archeologist may well rejoice in the possession of a hundred pages or more of accurate description of the vestiges of an ancient pueblo culture, which vandalism threatens soon to destroy.

Many of the author's conclusions are refreshing, for he rejects the old theory that the dwellers in the cliffs were other than the ancestors of our living Pueblos. He asserts, in accordance with newly discovered evidence, that the "Montezuma" of the Pueblos is purely mythic, and that New Mexico was not discovered by Cabeza de Vaca, but by the negro Estevan under Marcos de Niza.

Accompanying the descriptive text are three maps, a dozen excellent full-page heliotype engravings, besides some fifty-five half-tone plates illustrative mainly of cliff villages or of various features of their architecture, pottery, basketry, etc., from photographs by the author. The scientific value of the work will increase with its age. As a specimen of the book-maker's art it could scarcely be excelled.

F. W. HODGE.

Bibliography of the Algonquian Languages. By James Constantine Pilling. Washington: Government Printing Office. 1891 [1892].

What book can be drier, duller, or drearier than a catalogue of books? Even when the catalogue is excellent, even when it rises to the higher level of bibliography, and on this higher plane rises to the summit of excellence, how can it be interesting? The street directory is a most useful book, and so is the dictionary, and the gazetteer; but is it not a strain on the imagination to call these books interesting? They may be likened to our ticket agents at the transfer stations, to whom we hurriedly go in rain or shine or cold or wet and from whom we unconsciously expect instant and perfect attention to duty, and only become conscious of the man in the rare instances when the usual routine duty is not instantly and perfectly done. The bibliographer is our transfer man, and when he does his work thoroughly, completely, and unceasingly we are hardly conscious of his existence.

For more than twelve years the Bureau of Ethnology has had its

faithful transfer man unceasingly on duty. He is its bibliographer, and his name is James Constantine Pilling, the sixth of whose excellent bibliographies on Indian languages has recently appeared.

Beginning in 1879 with the preparation of a list of books giving information about Indian languages, the work grew and grew, and finally, in 1885, a fat quarto volume of 1,200 pages, the "Proof-Sheets of a Bibliography," was born. Had this been the end of the work begun six years before, it would still have been a worthy end. But it was not the end; it was rather the finish of but one chapter, the preparation and completion of which pointed the way to other and better chapters. The world gained a prosy but very useful document, and Mr. Pilling and the Bureau of Ethnology gained a valuable experience, which clearly pointed the way to a still more useful work, upon which he promptly entered.

The new work was classification and separate publication. When the work of collecting was begun nobody could guess how big a pile would be gathered. The publication of an unwieldy quarto and the quantity of material which flowed in after printing began showed clearly that classification must be begun. It was thereupon decided that a series of bibliographies should be prepared. Each one was to consist of a list, as complete as possible, of all the books, papers, manuscripts, magazine articles, reviews, etc., ever known or heard of, containing information about the language of some one group of North American Indians whose language was the same or simply variants or varieties of the same—in the language of the anthropologist, one linguistic stock. Now, there are fifty-seven such stocks, and the Algonquian bibliography before us is the fifth one that has been compiled by Mr. Pilling and published by the Bureau of Ethnology.

It is the largest and in some respects the most important of the series. It deals with those Indians with whom the whites were first and longest in contact and who dwelt in the regions now so thickly settled by the whites. If one would know the meanings of the Indian words scattered over all the northeastern and northern middle United States and around the Great Lakes and in Canada, here he will find the key to the literature. If he cares not for Indians or their language, he will find interesting details about early printing in New England and nearly a hundred fac-simile reproductions of title-pages of curious and rare old pamphlets and books in the rugged and forbidding gutturals of New England Indians; and even if book-making does not interest him, he can see here concrete illustrations of the grim religious views of our forefathers, and how de-

voted they were to the saving of red men's souls. Thanks to their zeal in this, they learned the Indian's language, manners, and customs, translated the Bible into his language, wrote pious primers and sermons in his tongue, and so unintentionally gathered and preserved material which the scholar can now use in formulating the laws of man's progress from savagery onward and upward through barbarism to civilization.

The 82 fac-simile title-pages scattered through this 600-page book are full of instruction. For the antiquary they are more, they are interesting. The writer who would make a good title-page can here find numerous examples—not to be followed. Witness the fac-similes of the title-pages of Adriaen van der Donck's Description of New Netherland, with its seal containing the frightful and frightened mammal that may pass for cat, fox, porcupine, or —?

The book called *The Hatchets*, printed at Boston in 1705, solves the title-page problem by having none at all; but beginning without it or dedication or introduction or preface or contents or anything, we have page 1, and without head-lines:

The Hatchets, to hew down the Tree of Sin,
which bears the Fruit of Death.

OR,

The LAWS, by which the Magistrates are
to punish Offences, among the *Indians*,
as well as among the *English*.

The writings of apostle John Eliot naturally occupy a conspicuous place in the work. These pious books, the outcome of a burning zeal to save pagan souls, have in our time become exceeding scarce and are eagerly sought and prized. Of the 1,000 copies constituting the first edition (1661-'63) of Eliot's Indian Bible and the 2,000 copies constituting the second edition (1680-'85), perhaps 100 more or less complete copies have survived two centuries. Mr. Pilling, who has pursued these bibles with an ardor only equalled by that of the apostle himself, has succeeded in discovering the location and history of 39 of the first edition and 55 of the second, a total of 94 copies. Of each of these 94 copies minute and detailed description is given, ending with the statement that "Further research will bring to light many more copies of the Indian bible." When we run over the prices paid in recent years for copies of these books, prices varying from \$50 to \$3,000, we may be pardoned for a little skepticism about the *many* yet to be revealed. Many Indian bibles were lost or destroyed during the Indian war of 1675-'76, and

this destruction became the incentive for a second edition. Eliot's Indian converts, called "praying Indians," like modern Indians, made known their wants, and the old man, full of zeal for the cause to which he had devoted his entire life, set about preparing for a new edition of the whole bible. Whatever may be said of his arguments, his zeal won—a zeal which wholly hid from him the humor of the statement that "thousands of souls, some true believers, some learners, and some still infants, all of them beg, cry, entreat for bibles, having already enjoyed that blessing, but now are in great want." In 1685, when nearly 80 years old, the venerable apostle saw the new edition of 2,000 copies completed.

Use of the Eliot bible ceased about the middle of the last century, and it is said but one man now living *can* and no man *does* read it. Yet it is a very poor specimen of an Eliot bible that will not sell for \$250. Thus we see this book utterly neglected for the purposes intended by its author, but eagerly sought for quite other purposes. It is not unique in this respect, and suggests a theme for those who think great libraries should keep useful books only, destroying the worthless trash.

No less than 57 pages of this elaborate bibliography are devoted to Eliot's writings, and so completely and fully is the field worked over and the golden grain extracted that even patient John Chinaman would starve over the tailings.

Of the 1,926 titles of printed articles embraced in this bibliography the compiler has seen and described from personal inspection 1,850, or 96 per cent. Of the remaining 4 per cent. quite a number no longer exist. Similarly Mr. Pilling has described from personal inspection 184 of the 319 manuscripts embraced in the list, or 57 per cent. Dealing with rare, old, choice, and highly prized books, access to which is sedulously guarded, has perhaps led to the printing of a few copies of this book as an edition de luxe on fine paper and with broad margins. It is only in this style of imprint that the beautiful fac-similes can be seen to their full advantage.

The bibliographies which have preceded this relate to the Eskimauan, Siouan, Iroquoian, and Muskhogean stocks, and the next following one relates to the Athapascan languages. Still others are in preparation, and it is earnestly to be hoped that the compiler, who in impaired health has lost neither heart nor interest in this laborious work, may be long spared to continue it and to realize his dream of a "Bibliography of the Indian Languages of North America."

MARCUS BAKER.

RECORD OF AMERICAN INDIAN FOLK-LORE.

NORTH AMERICA.

ALGONKIAN. — *Ojibwa*. In the "American Anthropologist" (n. s. ix, pp. 443, 444) for April-June, 1907, Frances Densmore describes "An Ojibwa Prayer Ceremony," performed by the Indians of Grand Portage, Minnesota, in the summer of 1905, under the direction of "an old chief, Minagunz ('Little Spruce') by name, who still clung to the old traditions of his tribe." In the ceremony figured a blue and white painted pole, with feathers at the top. Dance and song to the pounding of the drum were also part of the rite. The dance was always followed by a feast. The drum used by the chief he had made for himself. Special dress was worn. The entire spirit of the ceremony was reverent and sincere. — *Natick*. In the "American Anthropologist" (n. s. ix, 493-498) for July-September, 1907, Professor J. Dyneley Prince writes of the "Last Living Echoes of the Natick," giving, with etymological explanations, etc., a list of twenty-nine "distinctly Natick words obtained by Mr. Frank G. Speck in the spring of 1907 from five aged members of the Indian community at Mashpee." A survival of ancient practices in connection with the "spirit lodges" of the Indians of former times is reported, for "such Mashpee of to-day as are superstitiously inclined still observe the custom of throwing a twig or branch upon the rotting framework, or on the former site of these spirit lodges, whenever they pass by" (p. 495). Under the word *tcipai* (spirit) is the note: "*Tcipai* survives also in *tcipai* wāñkcās, 'spirit fox,' referring to the phosphorescent glow of rotten wood. As a sign of death to the beholder, this is known in Cape Cod folk-lore as 'fox-fire'" (p. 497). The word *tâcânt*, "child" (p. 497), which seems to puzzle Professor Prince, is not an error on the part of Mr. Speck, but is evidently the reduced correspondent of Natick (in Trumbull; used by Eliot) *muttasóns*, "the youngest child (son)," as the term *toshens* or *torshent*, once in use in the English of certain parts of Massachusetts, proves. — *Arapaho*. In the "American Anthropologist" (n. s. ix, pp. 545-560) for July-September, 1907, H. L. Scott discusses "The Early History and the Names of the Arapaho." So far there is "no tradition that definitely places the Arapaho in a territory farther east than the Missouri River." The first white men, probably, to see the Arapaho were members of La Verendeye's expedition in 1742-43. The French name for the Arapaho, *Gros Ventres*, is first recorded in 1751 (they were then in the Blackfoot country — and are the "Fall Indians" of Mackenzie in 1789, so called from living then near the falls of the Saskatchewan; other names of this and later times are "Paunch Indians," *Gens de Panse*, "Big Bellies," "Rapid Indians,"

journals and periodicals of all descriptions, has rendered it a herculean undertaking merely to look up the material in a single department of either of these two subjects, and the special investigator is always in danger of missing some article of cardinal importance. From the present time on, so far as the British Isles and their dependencies are concerned, this need will evidently be met, for the pamphlet before us is announced as "the first annual issue." "It is a continuation," we are informed, "of the Bibliography of Folk-Lore issued by the Folk-Lore Society in 1906. It deals, as before, only with works and periodicals published in the British Empire; but a few periodicals, etc., published in English in non-European countries such as China are also included. There is no attempt to include more than pre-historic Archæology; and only unwritten languages are noticed."

The bibliography proper occupies fifty-two pages, and is arranged under six main headings, — General, Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Oceania, — each of the geographical divisions being again divided under general and regional subheads. Where possible, in citing each work or article the name of the author is given first in black type; but where the title of the journal or periodical has to precede, it is in italics, and all others are in ordinary type. The more important articles, or those in which the title does not sufficiently indicate the nature of the contents, are accompanied by a few explanatory words in brackets. Important works and papers which could not be fully indexed are marked by an asterisk. Following the bibliography is an Index of Periodicals, and finally a Subject-Index preceded by an excellent general key to enable the student to pick out at once all the articles in his particular sub-department of Anthropology, — Archæology, Ethnology, Folk-Lore, Linguistics, Religion and Magic, Psychology, Sociology, Somatology, and Technology. The whole is printed on good paper in clear type, and bound in neat paper covers. Although excellent work along the same line is being done on this side of the Atlantic by Professor Alexander F. Chamberlain in connection with the "American Anthropologist," it is to be hoped that we shall some time see our way clear to the publication of a separate bibliography parallel with this English undertaking.

J. R. Swanton.

etc.). Lewis and Clark (1806) term them *Kanenavish*, or "Gens des Vaches;" Henry, "Buffalo Indians." In the sign language of many tribes the Arapaho are known as "belly (or gut) people." The term *Arapaho* is foreign to the language, which has no *r*, and "the people of that tribe cannot pronounce it correctly, invariably saying 'N'appaho,' which they believe to be the white man's name for their tribe." Several derivations of the word have been suggested, and the author adopts the view that "Arapaho is a Crow word, signifying 'tattooed-on-the-breast people,'" "and that the sign for the Northern Arapaho does not mean 'parent' or 'mother' band, but has the same meaning as the word Arapaho itself." Mr Scott thinks that "the Northern and Southern Arapaho, as well as the Northern and Southern Cheyenne, separated at least as early as 1816." On page 558 is given a sketch of the Arapaho medicine-pipe, made for the author by Sitting Bull, the Northern Arapaho, who in 1890 spread the Messiah craze over the southern plains; and at pages 558-560 a historical account of his people by Left Hand, chief of the Southern Arapaho. — *Gros Ventre*. Vol. i, part iii (May, 1907, pp. 55-139) of the "Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History" consists of "Gros Ventre Myths and Tales" by Dr. A. L. Kroeber, collected in the early spring of 1901 at the Fort Belknap Reservation in northern Montana, as part of the work of the Mrs. Morris K. Jesup Expedition. English texts (also, pp. 130-139, abstracts) of 50 myths and tales are given, — creation legends, animal stories, origin myths, etc. The Gros Ventre "distinguish between myths and tales, which they call *hã'tã'ã'tya*" and *waa'tseã'a*", respectively." To the former class belong the first 30, to the latter the last 20 of the traditions here recorded. Dr. Kroeber notes the fact that "the traditions told by Flea, one of the youngest of the informants, are of a higher character than the others." Some 16 of the traditions relate to the doings of Nix'a't, who figures largely in the creation and origin myths. Others figuring in these traditions are "Found-in-the-Grass," "Clotted-Blood," "Moon-Child," "The Boy who was raised by the Seven Bulls," "White Stone," "The Women who married the Moon," "The Women who married a Star," "The Girl who became a Bear," "Shell-spitter," "The Bear Women," etc. The following animals are prominent: eagle, loon, buffalo, mouse, rabbit, kit-fox, crow, bear, swallow, snake, dog, horse, hawk. Water-monsters also occur. Three tales account, respectively, for the origin of the highest degree of the dog-dance, the chief pipe, and for the separation of the tribe. A number of important Arapaho traditions and episodes, such, e. g. as the story of the origin of death, the woman who married a dog, the turtle's war-party, etc. (p. 57), have not yet been found among the Gros Ventre, but some of these will doubtless be recorded later on, — in all likelihood those telling of the origin of death,

"Seven Heads," etc. On the other hand, some important stories and incidents on record for the Arapaho, such, e. g. as the separation of the tribe while crossing the ice, the hero swallowed by a monster, which is killed by him by cutting its heart, the boy abandoned by his parents and raised by buffalo bulls, etc., are wanting from the Gros Ventre. Other mythical incidents again (p. 58), "that have the most common distribution in central North America, such, e. g. as the theft of light or of the sun, theft of water, hero who transforms himself into a leaf or small object and is reborn as the son of the woman who swallows it, the visit far to the east of the sun, etc., have not yet been found among either the Arapaho or the Gros Ventre." In the origin myth (p. 59) it is stated: "The people before the present people were wild. They did not know how to do anything." The idea of a previous race occurs in an Arapaho tale and is well known from certain California tribes, etc., though not with the same implications. In another tale the "magic flight" appears with pursuit by a round rolling object. The disastrous consequences of shooting an arrow figure in the tale of "Found-in-the-grass" (p. 79). The story of "The Girl who became a Bear" accounts for Ursa Major and the Pleiades (p. 108). One of the tales relating to Nix'a^{nt} records how he obtained summer and the buffalo.

CALIFORNIA. — *Religion.* In his article (Univ. Calif. Publ.; Amer. Arch. and Ethnol. vol. iv, no. 6, September, 1907, pp. 319-356) on "The Religion of the Indians of California," Dr. A. L. Kroeber treats of customary observance by individuals (as strongly developed as farther north along the Pacific slope, — in California by far the most important relate to death, next come those connected with sexual functions, including birth; in N. W. California there is a special development of spoken formulæ); shamanism (common way of obtaining power is by dreaming, but waking vision, etc., also recognized; in the N. W. the deliberate seeking of a guardian spirit is especially prevalent, and here, as in parts of the South, the conception of a guardian spirit is not well developed; in the Centre and N. W., more or less public ceremonies of initiation are found; the so-called "bear doctors of the Central tribes" are wanting in the N. W. and the South; success in war and in love is less often the result of supernatural power personally acquired among the California Indians than among those of the Plains; the rattlesnake doctor was usually distinct from other shamans; the killing of medicine-men was of frequent occurrence, — curers of disease were thought also to be the causers of it); public ceremonies (mourning, initiation into secret societies, dances and other observances for causing good crops, avoiding disease, calamities, etc.; in S. California mourning ceremonies are everywhere the most prominent, initiation ceremonies occur in the whole State except in the N. W. region and among the agricultural tribes at the extreme S. E., and the tribal dances differ thoroughly in the

Kulóskap the Master and other Algonkin Poems. Translated Metrically by CHARLES GODFREY LELAND, Hon. F.R.S.L., M.A., and JOHN DYNELEY PRINCE, Ph.D. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls Co. 1902. 12°, 370 pp., ill.

This neat volume, which gives a much clearer insight into Indian thought and poetry than most books written for the same purpose, consists of a metrical version of Indian myths and legends which were recounted to the authors in the three Abenaki dialects of the northeastern part of the Algonquian area—the Penobscot of southwestern Maine, the Passamaquoddy or Melisit (properly Amalisit) of eastern Maine and St Johns river, New Brunswick, and the Micmac of Nova Scotia and the eastern coast of New Brunswick.

The stories relating to Kulóskap, Kuloskábi, or Glúskap, form a mythic cycle which has not yet been fully recorded and translated, but it is known to exhibit that charming imagery and that freshness and originality which always concentrates one's interest in a people who have been little in contact with the whites. The somber and sometimes ossianic character of some of their songs naturally recalls the cloudy winter skies of the land which produced them, yet there are many others which reflect the gladdening influence of the northland summer.

Of the two authors of the volume one is a poet and romancist,¹ the other a philological scholar, and its readers will find that the peculiar qualifications of both have successfully combined in bringing forth a book which is unique of its kind. It consists of three parts: The Epic of Kulóskap, Witchcraft Lore, and Lyrics and Miscellany. The name of the mythic hero is explained by Professor Prince as "one who is clever enough to lead his enemies astray," this being the highest virtue to the Indian mind. Kulóskap "is at once the creator and the friend of man, and, strangely enough, he made man from the ash tree." A proper translation of the cognomen is "the deceiving man," for as the genius of nature he is constantly transforming the elements, of which he assumes to be the controlling power. He is also aptly known in the songs as "Lord of Beasts and Men," "Chief of Men and Beasts," "Master of Beasts and Men who was born in the Sunrise Land."

The tales of this mythic cycle are each introduced by the set formula, "Of the olden times this tale is," and are, or aim to be, worded in an archaic form of dialect. Some of the full-page illustrations represent native drawings on birch-bark.

¹ News has been received of the unfortunate death of Mr Leland at Florence, Italy, on March 20.—EDITOR.

Two of the "creation legends" describe the naming of the principal animals by Kulóskap, and of these the loon, the black wolf, and the white wolf enjoy the distinction of being enlisted in his special service. He in turn hunts and roams around with the loons, the beaver, the serpent, the turtle, and the great bull-frog; he also goes on a whaling expedition and races with the Wind-Eagle or Wuchosen — the hurricane personified. The "Master's" intercourse with the witches and giant sorcerers forms another section of Kulóskap's adventures.

The rhapsodies of the "Witchcraft Lore" are thirteen in number, all of which deal with witches, wizards, and the irresistible powers by which all creatures submit to their will, especially the wizard snake, the measuring worm, the *P'múla* or Air-Demon, and the river-elves.

The third or miscellaneous section deals with romances about seasons, the beauty of the stars and of Indian maidens. A portion of the contents are worded in Passamaquoddy with the English translation opposite. The queerest creature treated is the Indian "Devil," or *Lōks* (the wolverine of the whites), celebrated for its gluttony and many other coarse qualities, which make of it the most detestable being of that region.

That Kulóskap always was animated by the desire to be the protector and benevolent ruler of his subjects, men and beasts, appears throughout the stories of his life, and in one part of the epic, "How Kulóskap granted gifts and favors to many Indians" (pp. 64-89), he is extolled for this quality. In a meeting called by him he notifies the loons, his faithful servants, that he would remain on earth for many years to come, and any of them might in this time have their wishes granted if they came to visit him. So one Milicite and two Penobscots from Old Town undertook this dangerous pilgrimage, which was to occupy seven years, in order to visit the "Master" personally. Near the end of their long journey the three began to hear the bark of his dogs; shortly after they found the lord of men and beasts, who entertained them well. To one of them, who never had been successful in hunting game, he offered a magic pipe with which to hold or attract animals. To another, an amorous young man, but always unfortunate in his attempts to win the love of women, he gave a bag which was not to be opened before he reached home.

Professor Prince varies the meter according to the character of the episodes which he presents. The legends are given in blank verse, but it may be generally said that his diction approaches the iambic meter. The numerous Indian terms from the three Wabanaki dialects given are defined in a copious glossary (pp. 361-370).

A. S. GATSCHET.

Apache

C. Hart Merriam
Papers
BANC MSS
80/18 c

Apache

1873-1920

C. Hart Merriam
Papers
BANC MSS
80/18 c

APACHES IN ARIZONA AND NEW MEXICO.

LETTER

FROM THE

ACTING SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR,

RELATIVE TO

An appropriation to supply a deficiency in the appropriation for collecting and subsisting Apaches in Arizona and New Mexico for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1873.

JANUARY 18, 1873.—Referred to the Committee on Appropriations and ordered to be printed.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
Washington, D. C., January 13, 1873.

SIR: I have the honor to transmit, herewith, a copy of a communication from the Acting Commissioner of Indian Affairs, dated the 11th instant, inclosing an estimate of appropriation, amounting to \$150,000, required to supply a deficiency in the appropriation for "collecting and subsisting Apaches in Arizona and New Mexico" for the year ending June 30, 1873, (Stat., vol. 17, p. 166.)

The necessity for this appropriation is fully explained by the Acting Commissioner, and I recommend that the subject receive the favorable consideration of Congress.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

B. R. COWEN,
Acting secretary.

Hon. J. G. BLAINE,
Speaker of the House of Representatives.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
OFFICE OF INDIAN AFFAIRS,
Washington, D. C., January 11, 1873.

SIR: To subsist and properly care for the Apache Indians in Arizona and New Mexico, who have been or may be gathered on reservations, the sum of \$250,000 was appropriated for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1873, (Stat., vol. 17, p. 166,) in accordance with the general estimate for the Indian service for that year.

At the time said estimate was made there had been, according to official reports, about 7,500 Apaches collected within the agencies of the Indian Department, and the estimate was based upon the belief that with economy and careful management the sum of \$33.33½ for the subsistence of each person would prove sufficient for the year. That this calculation was too close, the result of six months' experience has fully demonstrated. The appropriation of \$250,000 is now nearly exhausted, and to meet the requirements which have not already been provided for up to the 30th June next, will require an additional sum of, at least, \$150,000, making the total expenditure for the year in this branch of the service equal to \$400,000, or \$53.33½ for each of the 7,500 persons above referred to.

For the Sioux Indians, numbering 27,000, the annual appropriation for subsistence alone is \$1,314,000, equal to \$48.66½ for each individual. The excess of \$4.66½ against the Apaches is readily accounted for by the greater cost of provisions in Arizona than in Dakota, and by the fact that special provision is made in the case of the Sioux for expenses of transportation, purchase of clothing, pay of employés, &c., while the appropriation for the Apaches must necessarily be applied not only in providing necessary articles of subsistence, but also to meet all incidental expenses connected with the care and support of said Indians.

It is not claimed that the number of Apaches reported as brought under the control of our agencies in Arizona and New Mexico is strictly correct. The Indians occasionally come upon the reservations in large numbers, remain a while apparently contented, and leave again, without permission, to resume their predatory habits of life; but it is believed that the number referred to is a fair average of those subsisted and likely to be subsisted during the present fiscal year.

In accordance with the above, I have the honor, herewith, to submit an estimate for the sum of \$150,000, or so much thereof as may be necessary, to meet the deficiency in the appropriation for "collecting and subsisting Apaches of Arizona and New Mexico" for the year ending June 30, 1873, and to request that the same may receive the favorable consideration of the Department and of Congress.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

H. R. CLUM,
Acting Commissioner.

The Hon. SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR.

Estimate of appropriation required for collecting and subsisting the Apache Indians in Arizona and New Mexico.

For this amount, or so much thereof as may be necessary, to meet the deficiency in the appropriation for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1873, to subsist and properly care for the Apache Indians in Arizona and New Mexico, who have been or may be collected on reservations in New Mexico and Arizona, provided that this appropriation shall be expended only in behalf of those Indians who go and remain upon said reservations, and refrain from hostilities..... \$150,000 00

CLAIM OF WALNUT GROVE MINING COMPANY.

L E T T E R

FROM

THE SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR,

RELATIVE TO

The claim of the Walnut Grove Mining Company of Arizona, on account of depredations committed by Apache Indians.

JANUARY 15, 1873.—Referred to the Committee of Claims and ordered to be printed.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
Washington, D. C., January 14, 1873.

SIR: I have the honor to transmit herewith, as required by the seventh section of the act making appropriations for the Indian department, approved May 29, 1872, the claim of the Walnut Grove Mining Company, of Arizona, amounting to \$292,800, on account of depredations committed by Apache Indians between August 1, 1865, and July 9, 1869.

The seventeenth section of the trade and intercourse act of 30th of June, 1834, requires that application for compensation for depredations shall be made to the proper superintendent, agent or sub-agent, within three years after the commission of the inquiry, otherwise the claim shall be barred.

The peculiar condition of affairs in Arizona, it is alleged, prevented a compliance with the requirements of said section.

From an examination of the papers, this Department is satisfied that the claim possesses merit, and it is respectfully submitted with the recommendation that it receive the favorable consideration of Congress.

Very respectfully, &c.,

B. R. COWEN,
Acting Secretary.

Hon. JAMES G. BLAINE,
Speaker of the House of Representatives.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
OFFICE OF INDIAN AFFAIRS,
Washington, D. C., January 7, 1873.

SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt, by reference from the Department, on the 2d instant, of a letter from George H. Vickroy,

dated 2d ultimo, submitting a claim of the Walnut Grove Mining Company, of Arizona Territory, on account of depredations alleged to have been committed by Apache Indians at various times, from August, 1865, to July 9, 1869, the loss being stated at \$292,800.

The papers in the case have been carefully examined in this office, and the conclusion reached, that the claim is not without merit, is justified, it is thought, by the sworn statements of parties who were identified with the operations of the company as employes, and who were personally cognizant, in most instances, of the facts stated by them. What amount of loss the company actually sustained by the direct acts of the Indians is a question difficult of satisfactory reply or determination. The depredations were numerous, and the task of harmonizing the evidence of different parties, as to the particular facts in each and every instance, seems to be impracticable, especially with reference to the loss of mules, or "animals." Some of the items in the claim, such as "stock of goods and provisions, \$32,000," are without the support of sufficient proof, and in others the valuation is manifestly excessive. It will be seen by the testimony of G. H. Vickroy, the first superintendent of the company, that the outfit purchased by him, consisting of a 20-stamp quartz-mill, 40 horse-power engine, 26 wagons, 268 mules and harness, provisions, tools, "&c.," cost about \$77,000. With this amount much material apparently is procured. Referring to the schedule of property, (accompanying the claim,) which, it is alleged, was either captured or destroyed by the Indians, it will be observed that the item of "20-stamp quartz-mill burned is for the sum of \$118,000." A reasonable doubt arises as to this being the real value of that particular piece of property, for the presumption is that the machinery in the mill was the most important part of it, the cost of which may be estimated by taking Mr. Vickroy's statement as to the \$77,000 expended for quartz-mill and other property, and by allowing for cost of transportation. The charges for houses destroyed are regarded as exorbitant and without support of sufficient proof; and other charges, which should have been itemized, or an invoice of the same furnished, are deemed to be inadmissible, from the fact that they are not so itemized; in addition, they are not well sustained by proof.

I respectfully submit that the allegation of the depredations having been committed, as set forth in the claim, is sufficiently proved, and recommend that the case be submitted to Congress for its action. In this connection it is proper to remark, that, under the limitation provided in the seventeenth section of the law of June 30, 1834, in regard to claims for depredations by Indians, the claim under consideration not having been presented within three years, is barred.

The letter of Mr. Vickroy, and papers submitted by him, are herewith returned.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

H. R. CLUM,
Acting Commissioner.

Hon. B. R. COWEN,
Acting Secretary of the Interior.

WASHINGTON, D. C., December 2, 1872.

SIR: I have the honor to submit the following sworn statement and accompanying evidence concerning the claim of the Walnut Grove Gold Mining Company of Arizona, in accordance with the rules and regulations pre-

scribed by you, July 13, 1872, under the terms of the seventh section of the act of Congress making appropriations for the Indian Department, approved May 29, 1872. By reference to affidavits marked A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, K, L, and M, and the statement of the trustees of said company marked N, and schedule of property destroyed and stolen marked O, and letters marked P and Q, you will see that the last loss sustained by our company was prior to the time within which the above-mentioned rules and regulations require such claims to be presented to the superintendent, agent, or sub-agent, for indemnity.

The depredations were committed between August 1, 1865, and July 9, 1869, and were committed by different bands of Apaches and at different times and places.

At the time these losses were sustained by us there was no superintendent of Indian affairs, agent or sub-agent, having jurisdiction or charge of the nation, tribe, or band to which these depredators belonged.

Although the Indians who committed these depredations are now within the presumed jurisdiction of the United States superintendent of Indian affairs, they are not within the actual jurisdiction or charge of any superintendent, agent, or sub-agent, and it is therefore impossible for any such officers to investigate this case, or to present the case to the nation, tribe or band assembled in council, or otherwise, as prescribed by section 4 of said rules and regulations.

The depredations were committed within the Territory of Arizona, and not upon any Indian lands or reservations.

I therefore most respectfully submit this case to your favorable consideration, and ask that you transmit the same to Congress, with such recommendation as, in your judgment, the evidence justifies.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
GEO. W. VICKROY,
Superintendent.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2d day of December, 1872.
[SEAL.] J. MCKENNEY,
Notary Public.

A.

Statement of George H. Vickroy.

I went to Arizona in 1863, and engaged in mining. During the next year I secured several valuable mines, and was much urged and encouraged to bring a mill and the necessary machinery to develop them, as at this time there was no mill in the Territory. Needing more capital to render the enterprise successful, I started east to procure it; but as the settlers in that section were constantly harassed by the Indians, I determined that it would be dangerous to risk much money there, unless I could obtain some guarantee of military protection.

In July, 1864, with a view to obtain information on this point, I found General James H. Carleton (then in command of New Mexico and Arizona) at Santa Fé, who, in response to my request, addressed to me a communication, saying that he had inaugurated a campaign against the Apache Indians, which would result in their complete subjugation, and stated that if I succeeded in obtaining a quartz-mill for Arizona, the enterprise should be protected. With this ample assurance, I went to Philadelphia and negotiated with a number of gentlemen, who organized a company under the name of the "Walnut Grove Gold Mining Company." Of this company I was made the general superintendent.

The company raised the sum of \$77,000 at that time, with which I was instructed to purchase a 20-stamp quartz mill, a 40 horse-power engine, 26 wagons, 268 mules and harness, provisions, tools, &c., which about absorbed that amount.

My train being ready, on the 25th of February, 1865, I started from Leavenworth City, Kansas, having with me thirty-five men.

About August 1, we were attacked at Navajo Springs, in Arizona, and lost twenty-six mules. The train reached Prescott about September 1, 1865. Arizona had been transferred to the Department of the Pacific during my absence, and General Mason was then in command of the district. He gave me every assurance of military protection. My mill was the first in the Territory, and the whole community, as well as the civil and military authorities, were anxious to see it erected and in operation. I decided to put the mill on the Bully Bueno mine. General Mason gave me twenty-one soldiers to escort the train to the mine. The day after they joined the train the Indians attacked us, killed one man, and captured twelve mules. We were about two weeks in reaching the Bully Bueno mine, and had some fighting with these Indians every day.

About the 1st of September, 1865, we reached the mine and unloaded. On that day the Indians captured our entire beef herd of twenty-two head of cattle. The next day the empty train started for Prescott, the escort accompanying it. When one mile from the mine, at Pine Flat, the Indians attacked us, killed one teamster, captured eight mules, and burned one wagon. The train reached Prescott, where the military escort was withdrawn. The train was then en route for Fort Mojave for feed. I applied for an escort but was refused because of the scarcity of men.

On the road to Mojave the train was attacked at Hualapai Springs, where the Indians captured eleven mules. The next day, at Beale Springs, the Indians captured four mules and one horse. I loaded the train at Fort Mojave with barley and returned to Prescott.

On the military reservation, at Fort Whipple, we lost seven mules while unloading the train, and, while in Camp Prescott, within two weeks of this time, we had about one hundred mules stolen by the Indians, but I cannot give the exact dates or the number taken each time an attack was made, but we lost about one hundred mules between November 15 and December 15, 1865.

At the mine I had started eleven men at work on the mill, who were attacked on the afternoon of October 4 and driven off. Some took refuge at Walnut Grove, and others at Prescott. I then employed a larger force, and again applied for troops to be stationed at the mill during that winter, as but few men could be engaged for that purpose, owing to the extreme danger, at that time, from the Indians.

During that winter we had about fifty mules stolen from the mills, by the Indians, while our teams, which were freighting on the road from the Colorado River to Prescott, were frequently attacked by them and lost wagons and mules.

From the time I reached Arizona in September, 1865, until March, 1866, the Indians captured, in all, two hundred and seven mules, which had cost from \$200 to \$250 each, in Missouri.

On the 9th of February the Indians attacked our camp at Bully Bueno, drove off the men, killed two and wounded one. General Mason sent over a surgeon and a company of troops, who remained about one week and were withdrawn. I then increased our force to about forty men and left them, coming to Philadelphia in May, 1866, and returned to Arizona about August 1.

During my absence the Indians had captured about twenty head of animals. In October, 1866, I sent from San Pedro, California, a train loaded with provisions, which was captured by the Indians at Agua Frio, ten miles from the Bully Bueno mine. Five teamsters were killed and about forty animals taken.

In November, 1866, I went to Philadelphia, and as all efforts to have a military camp established at our mill had failed, I went to see General Grant at Washington, to whom I represented our situation, and who promised to instruct General McDowell (then commanding the Department of the Pacific) to extend such aid to us as was possible, and to establish a military camp at our mill. This was never done. During my absence at this period Major E. W. Coffin was superintendent of the company's operations in Arizona.

At Los Angeles, California, in June, 1867, I bought about seventy head of mules and horses and six wagons, and loaded them with provisions and merchandise, and started them for Prescott. The train had trouble with the Indians all the way, and reached the mine after losing a number of animals. The day after their arrival the Indians captured every animal belonging to the company, and killed the herders. This caused a total suspension of operations, as we could purchase no teams in Arizona at that time. Major Coffin abandoned the enterprise and returned to Philadelphia, I having in the meantime, remained in San Francisco.

On hearing of this disaster I at once went to Prescott, and applied to General Gregg for soldiers to protect the property, but without result. I employed a force of men to guard the mill, and left them there during that winter, and came to Philadelphia.

During the following March, 1868, I returned to Prescott, and as the men I had left were unwilling to remain longer, I made an application to General Devin (then commanding the district) for soldiers, representing that I could not secure an adequate force of men to protect the property. He could spare no soldiers, so I employed thir-

teen men, which were all I could obtain for that purpose, and left the mill in their charge. We had about eleven head of mules and horses stolen by the Indians about this time, March 2, 1868, on the Hassayampa, while en route to Wickenburg. The Indian troubles now became so great that we could not carry on operations, and our only object was to guard the property from destruction. These men remained in charge until July 9, 1869, when a large force of Indians attacked the premises and burned the mill, store-house, saw-mill, superintendent's house, boarding-house, blacksmith and carpenter shops, and stables, destroying the machinery, tools, and supplies, together with all of the books, papers, and accounts.

The expense incurred by the company up to this time had amounted to \$292,800. I had no interest in the company, but was their general superintendent from the time of its organization up to the time of the destruction of the mill.

I am well assured that this enterprise would have never been undertaken had it not been for the military protection which was promised, and I am satisfied that if that protection had been afforded my operations in behalf of the company would have been entirely successful.

GEO. H. VICKROY.

Subscribed and sworn to before me January 6, 1872.

[SEAL.]

R. J. MEIGS, Clerk.

By R. J. MEIGS, Jr., Assistant Clerk.

B.

Affidavit of James A. Flanagan.

I, James A. Flanagan, of Johnstown, Pennsylvania, being thirty-five years of age, upon being duly sworn, depose and say, I assumed the superintendence of the Bully Bueno mine and mill, situated on Turkey Creek, within sixteen miles of Prescott, Arizona, on the 15th day of March, A. D. 1868. At that time the Indians were very hostile, daily committing depredations in that vicinity. I applied to General Devin, commanding that district, for military protection, as there was a large amount of valuable property at the mill, and I could not employ a sufficient number of citizens to protect it, owing to the extreme danger of Indians. General Devin frequently told me he was well aware of the necessity of a stronger guard at the mill, but being short of men, could not spare any soldiers, but promised from time to time to send me an adequate guard, so soon as he could possibly spare troops from Fort Whipple. I made, through Captain J. P. Hargrave, of Prescott, the company's attorney, frequent applications to the commander of the district for military protection, as the danger became more imminent. I kept at the mill as strong a force of citizens as I could possibly employ all the time. The working force at the mill and mine was from forty to seventy men. On the 9th day of July, 1869, the Indians attacked the premises in force, and compelled us to abandon the place and seek refuge at Prescott, sixteen miles distant, the nearest military post, after which they burned the buildings, consisting of a mill building, 160 by 200 feet square, a saw-mill and building, carpenter-shop, blacksmith-shop, store-house, boarding-house, superintendent's house, and all the merchandise and provisions; also the wagons, harness, tools, &c. These buildings were all large fine houses. Nothing whatever escaped destruction in this attack which could be burned except what merchandise and stock the Indians carried off. I had entire superintendence of the books and accounts during this time, which were all burned. The company had expended in this enterprise a fraction over \$292,000. The Bully Bueno mine is one of the best on the Pacific coast, and would if worked yield a very large product of gold. The mine is well opened and developed, and will furnish an inexhaustible amount of rich pay rock. This was the principal mining enterprise in Arizona, and its destruction was a calamity to the whole Territory.

JAMES A. FLANAGAN.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, at Johnstown, Pennsylvania, this thirtieth day of October, A. D. one thousand eight hundred and seventy-one.

[SEAL.]

GEORGE T. SWENCK,

Prothonotary of District Court of Cambria County.

C.

Affidavit of A. H. Boomer.

The undersigned, A. H. Boomer; am thirty-seven years old. I was employed by G. H. Vickroy as wagon-master in February, 1865, to take a mule-train, consisting of

twenty-six wagons hauled by ten mules each. I arrived at Prescott, Arizona, in August, 1865, with the train, and was furnished by General Mason, then commanding that district, a military escort, who remained with the train about two weeks, and until I arrived at the Bully Bueno mine, during which time we were attacked three times by Indians. The wagons under my charge were loaded with a 20-stamp quartz mill weighing 95,000 pounds, and about 60,000 pounds of tools, provisions, &c. After unloading the train I was directed by the superintendent of the company to go to Fort Mojave, one hundred and sixty miles distant, for barley, and applied at Fort Whipple for a military escort, but was unable to procure one. On my way to Fort Mojave was attacked twice by Hualapai Indians in large force, and lost fifty-seven mules and two horses, and was compelled to abandon four wagons. We struggled along through the winter, making every effort to erect the mill and haul in feed and supplies, but every team standing at the mill was run off by Indians, and in March, 1866, Mr. Vickroy, the superintendent, became discouraged, and as he could neither employ citizens to protect the property, or obtain military protection, I was directed to take the train to California, consisting then of only six wagons and fifty-three mules, the balance all having been captured by the Indians. Mr. Vickroy overtook me on the road in California, accompanied by four of the men who had been employed guarding the property at the mine, and reported that the Indians had attacked the premises, driving off the force of eleven men and killing four, and burning the two houses. We sold the remainder of the train to William H. Hardy, and Mr. Vickroy and myself came to New York.

ALEXANDER H. BOOMER.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of November, 1871.

[SEAL.]

JOSEPH BROWNE,
Clerk of Court.

D.

Affidavit of Thomas H. Gibbons.

The undersigned, Thomas H. Gibbons, whose residence is Elgin, Illinois, testifies as follows: I was employed by G. H. Vickroy, at Denver, Colorado, in May, 1865, to go to Arizona with the quartz-mill belonging to a Philadelphia company known at that time as the Walnut Grove Gold Mining Company, as book-keeper. I joined the mule-train, consisting of twenty-six wagons, at Grey's Ranch, in Colorado, and traveled with the train to the Bully Bueno mine, situated sixteen miles from Prescott, Arizona. The first attack made upon the train by Indians was at Navajo Springs. A large force of mounted Indians attacked the herd while grazing a mile from the wagons, but in plain sight, while we were eating dinner, drove off the six Mexican herders, captured nineteen mules, and killed seven. This was about the 1st of August, 1865. We reached camp, six miles below Prescott, about September 1, 1865. There General Mason sent the train an escort of twenty-one men. We then proceeded on across the mountain to the Bully Bueno, which took about two weeks, as we had to build a road. At Mule Creek, seven miles from the Bully Bueno, about September 10, the Indians made an attack, killing one teamster and stealing twelve mules. The day we reached the mine, about September 21, the beef herd, consisting of about twenty cattle, was taken, and on the next day, as the train was going back to Prescott, they captured an eight-mule team and burned the wagon, at Pine Flat, one mile from the mill. Our military escort went back to Fort Whipple at this time. Eleven men were left at the mill, which was in course of erection, who were driven off by Indians about October 4. We employed another and stronger force composed mostly of the teamsters who came through from the Missouri River with the train. We applied for soldiers to assist in guarding the mill, but could get none, as General Mason was carrying on a very vigorous campaign against the Indians that winter, and could not spare any men, but promised to protect us by spring. In January, 1866, Mr. Vickroy left me in charge, as he had to go to Philadelphia. Up to this time I had been in the office of the company in Prescott. I then employed five more men, deeming the force at the mill too small to protect it, and went there myself. I employed every man I could hire to go to the mine. On the 9th of February, 1866, a large force of Indians, probably two hundred, attacked the men, who were quartered in two houses, killed one man and wounded two others, one fatally, took seven mules and three horses from the stable, and burned one of the houses. The men retreated to Prescott, where I had gone the day before on business. I applied to the post for aid and the commander sent a surgeon and a company of troops to the mill, but they did not remain a week. This was the second and last assistance the company ever got from the military while I was in the country. I then employed about twenty more men who had just come in from Montana. In August, 1866, Mr. Vickroy returned with Major E. W. Coffin, who took charge of the enterprise and sent me to

California for a load of provisions, mining materials, &c. I bought about \$10,000 worth, and, with seven teams of ten mules each, started from San Pedro about October 1, 1866. At Fort Rock, seventy miles from Prescott, we were attacked by not less than a hundred and fifty Indians and lost thirteen mules. We had trouble every day then, until, within ten miles of the mine, the Indians killed four teamsters and took all the stock. I then remained at the mine a year longer. In the August following, (1867,) Major Coffin, who had been to Philadelphia, came in with a fine mule-train. The day after the train arrived at the mill the Indians killed one herder and captured every mule and horse belonging to the company. We were all ready to go to crushing ore at that time and everything looked promising. We then had a force of about seventy men, nearly all of whom had been there a year. The loss of the stock made it impossible to do anything that winter, and as Major Coffin had made many applications for troops to no purpose, he gave up the enterprise and went to Philadelphia, leaving twelve or fifteen men to guard the property. I came to Illinois that fall, where I have remained ever since. I have spent ten years in gold mines and at one time had a mill in Colorado, and feel sure that had it not been for Indians the Bully Bueno, which is the best mine I have ever seen, would have been a great success. I kept all the accounts for two years and know that the company spent over \$290,000 upon this enterprise. I have frequently heard and seen it stated in several newspapers that the mill and all the buildings were burned by Indians in July, 1869.

THOS. H. GIBBONS.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 7th day of December, 1871.

JOHN G. GINDELE,
Clerk County Court of Cook County, Illinois.

E.

Affidavit of Thomas Rich.

Deponent is thirty-four years old; born at Milwaukee, Wisconsin; resides at 1628 Halstead street, Chicago. I was employed at Leavenworth City, Kansas, on the 17th of July, 1865, by G. H. Vickroy, superintendent of the Walnut Grove Gold Mining Company, and remained in their employ until August, 1869. We left Leavenworth on the 23d February, 1865, with a mule-train consisting of twenty-six ten-mule teams. About the 1st August, 1865, at Navajo Springs, Arizona, the train was attacked by Indians, resulting in the loss of twenty-six mules. At the Point of Rocks, six miles from Prescott, a military escort of twenty-one men joined the train. We were attacked several times by the Indians, and had one teamster killed and twelve mules stolen between there and Bully Bueno mine. We there unloaded the machinery and merchandise. On the way back to Prescott the Indians captured one wagon and team of eight mules. About the 1st November, 1865, we started for Fort Mojave, to bring in a load of feed and supplies. I went with the wagon-master, A. H. Boomer, to the commander of the post at Fort Whipple for a military escort, which was refused us. At Hualapai Springs, the Indians attacked us and captured eleven loose mules. At Beall Springs we were again attacked, losing four mules and one horse. We returned with the train to Prescott about the middle of December, 1865. We again applied for a military escort and were again refused. The train went back to Fort Mojave. I was in Prescott when the first party was driven away from the mill at the Bully Bueno mine, about the 4th October, 1865. I was at the Bully Bueno on the 9th February, 1866, when the Indians drove us off and killed two of our party and burned one of the houses. I was with Thomas H. Gibbons about the 20th of October, 1866, at Fort Rock, when the Indians attacked a train of six wagons, which the company had sent in from San Pedro, California. In that fight we lost thirteen mules and had one man fatally wounded. Gibbons and I left the train at Prescott, and went across the mountain to the mill by the trail. The train went round by the wagon-road, and was all captured and five men killed when within ten miles of the Bully Bueno. There were seven fine buildings erected at the mine, a mill building, 160 by 200 feet, a saw-mill, a blacksmith and carpenter shop, a store-house, and three dwelling-houses. I was there in August, 1867, when Major Coffin came in from California with a mule-train of about sixty mules, which were all captured by the Indians the day after his arrival. While I was in Arizona the Indians killed seventeen men employed by the company, and captured or killed about two hundred mules, and burned about ten wagons belonging to the company. On the night of the 9th of July, 1869, the Indians attacked the premises, then in charge of James A. Flanagan, and drove off the entire force and burned every building at the place, together with all the wagons, out-buildings, lumber, &c.

I have had several years experience in the gold mines of Colorado, New Mexico, and

Arizona. I think \$300,000 is a low estimate of the losses of this company in Arizona by Indian depredations. *

THOMAS RICH.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 7th day of December, 1871.

[SEAL.]

JOHN H. PECK,
Notary Public.

F.

Statement of Edward W. Coffin, of Camden County, State of New Jersey.

In May, 1866, I was appointed superintendent of the Walnut Grove Gold Mining Company, of Turkey Creek, Yavapai County, Territory of Arizona, and on the 1st June following left New York for San Francisco, en route for that place, to assume charge of the company's property; Mr. George H. Vickroy, the former superintendent, accompanied me. At Los Angeles, California, we purchased the necessary teams, provisions, &c., for the journey, and about the first of the following August reached our destination. Having completed the necessary arrangements I immediately commenced the erection of a 20-stamp quartz mill, which had been previously brought into the Territory by Mr. Vickroy, with the necessary buildings, &c., which were finished about the close of the year, notwithstanding we were almost daily troubled by the Indians, (Apaches,) in killing men, running off stock, harassing our supply trains, &c., and which caused a vast increase in the cost of our enterprise. As they had stolen a large part of the stock in that part of the Territory, as well as our own, it was impossible for me to obtain teams to haul rock to the mill, and obliged me to return east and obtain more money to enable me to purchase another outfit of teams, wagons, &c., in California, and to supply our mill. With that object I started east about the 1st January, 1867. When I first assumed charge of the mine I was assured we should receive military protection, and while I was in Arizona I made numerous applications and had as many promises of protection from the military authorities, but with the exception of one escort for two or three days, I never succeeded in obtaining the least protection. In the fall of 1866, some time before starting east, I addressed a communication to Lieutenant-General Grant, which was indorsed by influential parties in Philadelphia, urgently requesting that a military camp might be formed in the vicinity of the mill for our protection. This letter was presented to General Grant by Mr. Vickroy, and I have understood he instructed General McDowell, then in command of the Department of the Pacific, to establish such a camp; but it was never done and we had to depend entirely upon ourselves. After obtaining the necessary means, I again left New York for Arizona on the 11th April, 1867. On my arrival at Los Angeles I purchased a large number of animals, wagons, provisions, &c., and started for the mines, where we arrived early in August. The train was very much annoyed by Indians on the way, and the day after our arrival the herd was attacked within less than half a mile of the mill, but by the vigilance of the herders the Indians were driven off. A few days afterward, however, while grazing on the company's farm, the herd which I had brought in, with other animals belonging to the company, were driven off and the herder killed. This unfortunate occurrence placed us in as bad a condition as we were when I left for the east the previous January, and discouraged the company from again purchasing stock, and pursuing the enterprise. I returned east in August, and soon after ended my connection with the company.

I have no means of knowing the exact amount of money expended by the Walnut Grove Gold Mining Company in this enterprise, but I have every reason to believe it is about \$300,000.

I understand it is the intention of the company, in case the Government grants their application for relief, to expend the money so received in developing the mine, erecting new machinery, &c.; and I have no doubt, from my knowledge of the property, the enterprise will be a complete success; and as there has been a new settlement made within a few miles of it, the company can develop their property in comparative safety, and from the number of men employed at the mine it will be the means of saving the Government large sums of money in the maintenance of troops in that vicinity.

I am entirely satisfied in regard to the value of the mine, and believe it to be one of the best on the Pacific Coast, and if properly developed, which it will be if this relief is granted, the Government will be amply repaid for all its expenditure. In my opinion it is nothing more than justice that the company should be compensated for its losses, for I am quite confident the money would not have been expended if they had not had full assurance of protection from the Indians.

E. W. COFFIN.

Sworn and subscribed to before me this 27th day of December, A. D. 1871.

[SEAL.]

J. A. LOUGHRIDGE,
Prothonotary.

G.

Affidavit of Richard Gird.

I, Richard Gird, residing in the city of San Francisco, State of California, being duly sworn by Lorenzo S. B. Sawyer, clerk and commissioner of the United States circuit court of the ninth circuit, district of California, depose as follows: That I was in Prescott in September, 1865, when G. H. Vickroy arrived with a mule-train of wagons from the Rio Grande freighted with mining-tools, mill, machinery, and provisions. The mule-train, wagons, and outfit was the finest and largest I have ever seen in the Territory. It was common report that the train had been many times attacked by Indians; that, after much trouble, perseverance, and hardship, the mill had been located at the Bully Bueno mine, when the Indians becoming so dangerous and troublesome, stealing the stock and attacking the men, that the party in charge, consisting of some eighteen or twenty men, abandoned the mine, putting into the boilers, through the man-holes, what property they could, and burying or *cacheing* the whole, consisting of three 32-inch teale cylinder boilers, thirty-two feet long, engine, mill, machinery, provisions, tools, powder, &c. Military protection could not be obtained.

I was at that time collecting data for my map of Arizona, and the Indians were so bad, and fast becoming more daring and better armed, and consequently more dangerous, that I abandoned it in the fall of 1865 and returned to San Francisco.

The next season Major Coffin, who came out as superintendent of the Bully Bueno mine, suffered heavy loss, great inconvenience, and delay from Indian depredations. He had a wagon-train conveying supplies from Prescott to the mine attacked, the teamsters killed, and property destroyed.

I went to Arizona in the employ of the company in 1867 as surveyor, and in the company of Mr. Vickroy and Mr. Harlan. On the road from San Bernardino to Prescott reports continually reached us of Indian hostilities. When we reached the Bully Bueno mine and mill we found that the stock had been run off by Indians, and that Major Coffin had been compelled to suspend operations. We found the mill guarded by citizens, employed by the company, who were in continual dread of attacks. I went with Mr. Vickroy to General Gregg, then commanding the district, for soldiers to assist in guarding the property. General Gregg said that he had no men to spare from Fort Whipple, and citizens could not be employed in sufficient numbers to be effective.

The property at the mine consisted of the mill building, with machinery for reducing ore, all in running order, circular saw for sawing lumber, dwelling-house, boarding-house, powder and tool-house, and other buildings, both at the mine and mill.

I have no hesitation in saying that the failure of the enterprise was owing to Indian hostilities and the consequent insecurity of life and property in that exposed situation; that the loss of the company must have been very heavy, and the final destruction of the mill in 1869 is a death-blow to the enterprise for the present; that if it had not been for the impossibility of the company's prosecuting the work on account of Indian hostilities and want of military protection, the mill would have paid handsomely from the beginning.

RICHARD GIRD.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 16th day of January, A. D. 1872.

[SEAL.]

L. S. B. SAWYER,
Clerk and Commissioner United States Circuit Court,
Ninth Circuit District, California.

H.

Affidavit of Charles Harlan.

I, Charles Harlan, residing in San Francisco, am twenty-five years of age, and am employed in the custom-house as examiner of weigher's returns. I went with G. H. Vickroy, general superintendent of the Bully Bueno mine, in August, 1867, to Arizona. On our way there we were much annoyed by Indians, and heard of their poisoning the water in advance of us. When we reached Hardyville we heard of so many attacks having been made between there and Prescott that we waited several days, until a sufficiently large party could be made up to make traveling safe. Mr. Vickroy procured two more horses at Hardyville, which, in addition to the four we were driving, made team enough to haul feed and provisions for the whole party. On arriving at Prescott we found the country so overrun, and in the power of the Indians, as to preclude the possibility of starting up the mill, which had been forced to stop by

the attacks of the Indians, and that Mr. Vickroy's mule trains, which were the finest in the Territory, had fallen a sacrifice to the disturbed condition of the country. Mr. Vickroy could not replace his mules, as there were no animals for sale in the country. He appealed to General Gregg for troops to guard the mill, but General Gregg was not able to spare them. Mr. Vickroy then employed what men he could to guard the mill and other buildings, and he and myself returned to California, after being absent several months, and fully convinced that the number of soldiers in the Territory was totally inadequate to the protection of life and property. Mr. Vickroy had intended to run his mill that winter, and prepared to do so at a very heavy expense, but the loss of his mule-trains made it impossible to replace them.

CHARLES HARLAN.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 16th day of January, A. D. 1872.

[SEAL.]

L. S. B. SAWYER,

Clerk and Commissioner United States Circuit Court,
Ninth Circuit District, California.

I.

Affidavit of Charles Allmendinger.

I, Charles Allmendinger, am twenty-seven years of age; reside at No. 434 North Second street, Philadelphia.

On February 12, 1867, I left New York for Arizona with G. H. Vickroy, by whom I was employed as assayer. We arrived in Arizona about the middle of April. I remained in Arizona one year. During the time I was there the Indians committed depredations nearly every week. We had no protection from the military authorities; though we were frequently promised aid. There were eleven of our men killed while I was there. While I was there the Walnut Grove Mining Company sustained heavy losses from Indian depredations, losing a great number of mules and horses.

I was also with G. H. Vickroy in Los Angeles and San Bernardino, where he bought mules, paying \$200 each in gold. These same mules were afterward captured or killed by the Indians while I was in the Territory. The country being overrun by Indians, it was impossible to carry on successful mining operations without the aid of the military.

Although strenuous efforts were made by the military to suppress Indian depredations, they did not succeed. Had the military been successful the losses of our company would have been inconsiderable. Had it not been for the Indians this mining enterprise would have been a great success, and been the means of developing that whole district of country.

I left Arizona in April, 1868, owing to the danger from Indians. I have been well informed as to the condition of things in Arizona since I left there, and heard of the burning of the mill and other buildings soon after it occurred in July, 1869.

From what I have seen of mining operations I do not think the losses of this company at the Bully Bueno mine were less than \$300,000.

I have been employed by two other companies as assayer. The Bully Bueno mine, if successfully worked, is considered the best in Arizona.

CHAS. ALLMENDINGER.

Sworn and subscribed before me, prothonotary of the court of common pleas, this 14th day of December, 1871.

[SEAL.]

J. A. LOUGHRIDGE,

Prothonotary Court of Common Pleas.

K.

Affidavit of Richard C. Bates.

Richard C. Bates, of Haddonfield, Camden County, New Jersey, upon first being duly sworn, deposes and says: I am thirty-five years of age; I left Philadelphia on the 10th day of April, 1867, in the employ of Major E. W. Coffin, superintendent of the Walnut Grove Gold Mining Company; my destination being the Bully Bueno mine, sixteen miles from Prescott, Arizona, where the said company was carrying on mining, and had erected a 20-stamp quartz-mill, and six other buildings. Major Coffin bought a mule-train in California, of which I took charge and started, with three wagons, from

San Pedro, on the 21st day of June, 1867. These wagons were loaded with about \$11,000 worth of merchandise. I experienced a great deal of trouble on the road to Prescott, from Indians, as they had poisoned some of the water-holes on the road and made several attacks, and we were greatly delayed on the trip. I arrived with the train at the Bully Bueno mine on about the 6th of August, 1867. The next day we had a fight with Indians at the mill. I then took the mules and also the horses that were at the mill to the company's farm, where, on the 13th of August, 1867, the Indians attacked us, killed one man, and drove off all the stock. I was on herd that day myself. The Indians were hanging around the mill all the time, stealing every article chancing to be within their reach, and killing men and running off stock during all the time I was there. It was impossible to travel, haul in supplies, or work the mine without military protection, which the company never got while I was in Arizona. Major Coffin was totally unable to purchase any teams to carry on the work, without going back to California, and as he had never been able to secure military protection he had scarcely any hope of keeping any stock at that time. He went to Philadelphia in August, 1867, leaving about fifteen men to guard the mill. I remained there in the employ of the company. We did not attempt to work the mine that winter, as it was necessary for all the force at the mill to protect it, and even then we never felt safe. No further work was carried on. It was very difficult to employ men to guard the mill, as the Indians were getting more dangerous every day, emboldened by their many successes. On the 9th of July, 1869, they attacked the mill, and the party stationed there being too small to hold out against the Indians, they drove off the force, some going to Prescott and some to Walnut Grove. They burned the mill and all the other buildings, and destroyed all the property they did not carry off. I returned to my present residence in 1869.

RICHARD C. BATES.

Witnesses:

EDWARD C. SHINN,
ROBERT BATES.

STATE OF NEW JERSEY, Camden County, ss:

Sworn and subscribed by the said Richard C. Bates before me, this 18th day of December, A. D. 1871. Witness my hand and official seal.

[SEAL.]

JOHN W. CAIN, Clerk.

L.

Affidavit of E. Winslow Coffin.

E. Winslow Coffin, residing at Glendale, Camden County, New Jersey, upon first being duly sworn, deposes and says: I was employed in May, 1866, by the Walnut Grove Gold Mining Company of Arizona as book-keeper. My father, Edward W. Coffin, being superintendent, I accompanied him to that Territory, arriving there about August 1, 1866. Previous to our leaving Philadelphia the superintendent was instructed to proceed to investigate the case, and if, in his opinion, it was safe to erect the mill and prosecute the operations of the company, to do so; if not, to store the machinery, merchandise, &c., belonging to the company. After due consultation with the military and civil authorities of the Territory, and upon full assurances that we were to be protected by the military force of the district, we commenced the erection of the mill. The superintendent reported to the company in Philadelphia that he had secured promises of protection that satisfied him, and, as the mine was rich and the facilities for working it good, he would proceed to operate the enterprise at once. He drew on the company for moneys, and sent to San Francisco for a full stock of provisions, chemicals, supplies, mules, wagons, &c. In the mean time we employed a force of about forty men, and commenced the erection of the mill and other necessary buildings. We depended upon pack-animals to supply us until the supplies from San Francisco arrived.

Scarcely a week passed that we were not molested by Indians, and all this time making earnest appeals to the commander of the district for protection, and received many promises of aid. Our train, when within ten miles of the mill, was attacked by Indians, and three teamsters killed and the whole train captured. I spent two weeks riding over the country endeavoring to employ teams to haul our ore to the mill, which was then ready to commence crushing, and succeeded in securing teams at two different times, but on both occasions Indians prevented the fulfillment of their contracts. It was impossible to get the ore to the mill (half a mile) without teams. After all these disasters, and the failure to establish a military camp at our mill, Edward W. Coffin came east, leaving me in charge of the enterprise. He returned in the following July, having secured more means to prosecute the enterprise. During the superintendent's absence several men were killed, and all our mules and horses captured by Indians.

A few days after his return the superintendent returned to Philadelphia again, and left me to run the mill during his absence. I had thirty-four head of mules and horses, but within two days after his departure the Indians attacked and captured every one of them, and killed the herders. After this misfortune I employed nine men and left them in charge of the mill, and started to San Francisco to put myself in communication with the company. Soon after I was ordered to return, and arrived in Philadelphia in November, 1867. The expenses of the company were about \$300,000, and the buildings erected at the Bully Bueno mine, and which were burned July 9, 1869, by Indians, were very valuable.

E. WINSLOW COFFIN.

Sworn and subscribed before me this 23th day of May, 1872.

[SEAL.]

J. A. LOUGHRIDGE,
Prothonotary of the Court of Common Pleas for the City and County of Philadelphia.

M.

Affidavit of S. S. Grant.

S. S. Grant, of Saint Louis, Missouri, being duly sworn, deposes and says: On December 7, 1864, I sold to George H. Vickroy, superintendent of the Walnut Grove Gold Mining Company, of Arizona, one hundred mules at \$200 each, four mules at \$250 each, three horses at \$250 each, and one horse at \$200, and one horse at \$275; that said mules and horses were fully worth the amounts paid to me; and that after I made said contract to deliver said stock to George H. Vickroy I could have sold the same for more money, as prices were daily advancing. That on January 26, 1865, I sold to George H. Vickroy the balance of the mules for the said company, to transport their wagons to Arizona, at \$250 each, and that all of the said mules were fully worth the prices paid by said company to me at the time of said sales.

S. S. GRANT.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this the 9th day of November, 1872.

[SEAL.]

WASHINGTON HENDRICKS,
Notary Public of Saint Louis County, Missouri.

N.

To the honorable the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States in Congress assembled:

Your petitioners, citizens of the States of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, respectfully represent that they are the trustees of a mining company organized in the year 1864, and known at that time as the Walnut Grove Gold Mining Company of Arizona. The individuals composing said company having, at the time above mentioned, full written assurances from General James H. Carlton, then commanding the Military District of Arizona and New Mexico, that should we send to the Territory of Arizona a quartz-mill, machinery, supplies, &c., for opening and working our mines, we should have ample military protection and support, as at that time the Government of the United States, as well as the citizens of the Territory, were anxious to aid and assist any enterprise looking to the settlement of the country and the development of its rich mineral resources. At heavy expense, as the accompanying affidavits and papers will show, we equipped an expedition most thoroughly with everything necessary to insure the success of the enterprise.

Our quartz and saw mills, steam-engine, boilers, mule-train, &c., &c., finally arrived at its destination in September, 1865, sixteen miles from Prescott, the then seat of government of the Territory. Up to this date our expenditures had been about \$100,000, exclusive of the mines and lands upon which the mills and other improvements were located.

And we further represent that our agents had repeated assurances of military protection from the several military officers who commanded that district during our efforts to maintain our operations there, and that said assurances of protection from Indian depredations induced us to continue to contribute money from time to time, during four years, as often as the Indians robbed us of our property and obstructed our operations, until July 9, A. D. 1869, when the Indians made their final attack, driving off the men in charge of the property and burning the mill and other buildings, together with all the wagons, mining-tools, chemicals, and supplies, which, at that time, had cost the company about \$300,000.

Your petitioners further represent that they would not have undertaken this enterprise in the first instance but for the guarantee of protection from the then district commander, nor would we have continued to expend our means after each succeeding Indian raid but for the renewed assurances of protection from the military authorities in Arizona. And we further represent that we now desire to resume operations at our mines, and that a flourishing settlement has grown up in that vicinity, (the settlers having been attracted there by the wealth of newly discovered gold mines,) and that we now feel safe in rebuilding and recommencing operations. And we further respectfully represent that a number of the original subscribers to this enterprise invested all they could command in it, on the strength of the assurances of the protection above recited, and are unable to meet further assessments on them.

We therefore most respectfully petition Congress to re-imburse our said company for the losses sustained from the said Indian outrages, believing our claim right and equitable, and that the Government will, in a few years, be amply remunerated by the development of that district of the Territory, which will doubtless be the result of the rebuilding our mill and working the mines.

The principal mine which we own and upon which our mill and buildings were erected is known as the Bully Bueno mine, and is one of the best known, and, we believe, one of the richest in the Territory.

J. G. FELL,
EDWARD HOOPES,
GEORGE BURNHAM,
Trustees.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, December 27, 1871.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
Washington, D. C., January 8, 1872.

As governor of the Territory of Arizona, resident at Prescott at the time this company entered upon its important enterprise, I am familiar with many of the facts set forth in the foregoing statement. I am aware that the company, at heavy expense, brought to the Territory extensive and valuable machinery, and counted upon military protection in its efforts to develop one of the most promising gold-lodes; that said protection was not provided, and that for want of it the Indians, being active and increasing in their hostilities, the company was constantly embarrassed in its operations, and ultimately suffered the complete loss of its machinery, buildings, &c., &c., at their hands.

I consider the claim for relief by Congress just and entitled to prompt consideration.

R. C. McCORMICK,
Delegate from Arizona.

I know Mr. Fell personally, and Messrs. Hoopes and Burnham by reputation, so that I do not hesitate to commend their statements as worthy of entire confidence, as they are all men of the highest business character and reputation.

I am personally acquainted with Mr. Edward Hoopes and with Mr. Fell by reputation. Both of them are eminent business men in Philadelphia and stand high in the estimation of the people as business men of high character and unimpeachable integrity and veracity.

W. TOWNSEND.

From a personal knowledge of the gentlemen named in the above memorial, I fully indorse their character for veracity, reliability, and moral standing.

A. C. HARMER.

I concur in all the foregoing, having personal knowledge of all the gentlemen named.

WM. D. KELLEY.

I am well acquainted with the gentlemen who signed the above petition. They are among our best citizens in Philadelphia, and I ask for them the most intelligent and earnest consideration.

LEONARD MYERS.

I concur in the testimony of Hon. L. Myers.

JOHN W. HAZELTON.

A residence, as a member of the judiciary of Arizona, of more than two and a half of the last three years, part of the time at and near Prescott, proximate to the Walnut Grove mine, above described, enables me to say that nearly all the facts stated in the foregoing memorial are true and of "public notoriety" in that Territory, many of the

said facts having passed under my official scrutiny. Long residence in this city and intimate personal acquaintance with the above-named memorialists enable me also to say that they are, without exception, men of unquestionable integrity and respectability, and I take pleasure, therefore, in thus recommending their memorial, as above presented, to the most favorable consideration of the Federal Government and its officers.

JOHN TITUS.

PHILADELPHIA, September 26, 1872.

O.

Schedule of property belonging to the Walnut Grove Mining Company captured or destroyed by Apache Indians in Arizona.

1865.		
Aug. 1.	At Navajo Springs, 26 mules, at \$200	\$5,200 00
Aug. 23.	At Mule Creek, 12 mules, at \$200	2,400 00
Sept. 2.	At Bully Bueno mine, 23 beeves, at \$40	920 00
Sept. 4.	At Pine Flat, 8 mules, at \$200	1,600 00
Sept. 4.	At Pine Flat, 1 wagon	280 00
Sept. 14.	At Hualapai Springs, 11 mules, at \$200	2,200 00
Sept. 15.	At Beale Springs, 5 mules, at \$200	1,000 00
Oct. 4.	At Bully Bueno mine, 2,300 pounds bacon, at 50 cents	1,150 00
Oct. 4.	At Bully Bueno mine, 9 mules, at \$200	1,800 00
Oct. 4.	At Bully Bueno mine, 3 wagons, at \$280	740 00
Oct. 4.	At Bully Bueno mine, 23 sets of harness, at \$30	790 00
Oct. 4.	At Bully Bueno mine, 11 cases of boots, at \$60	660 00
Oct. 4.	At Bully Bueno mine, groceries and provisions	2,600 00
Oct. 4.	At Bully Bueno mine, chemicals	1,200 00
Nov. 15 to December 15.	In the vicinity of Prescott, 100 mules, at \$200 ..	20,000 00
1866.		
Feb. 9.	1 house burned at mine	1,200 00
Feb. 9.	7 wagons burned at mine, at \$280	1,960 00
Feb. 9.	17 mules captured at mine, at \$200	3,400 00
Feb. 9.	Supply of provisions	1,600 00
Feb. 9.	to Mar. 1. On Mojave Road, 19 mules, at \$200	3,800 00
Oct. —.	At Agua Frio, 40 mules, at \$200	8,000 00
Oct. —.	At Agua Frio, 4 wagons, at \$280	1,120 00
Oct. —.	At Agua Frio, merchandise	7,500 00
1867.		
Aug. —.	At Bully Bueno mine, 73 mules, at \$250	18,250 00
1868.		
Mar. 2.	On Hassayampa Creek, 11 horses, at \$100	1,100 00
1869.		
July 9.	20-stamp quartz-mill burned	118,000 00
July 9.	Saw-mill burned	17,000 00
July 9.	1 house burned	11,000 00
July 9.	3 houses burned, at \$5,000	15,000 00
July 9.	2 houses burned, at \$3,000	6,000 00
July 9.	Stock of goods and provisions	32,000 00
July 9.	Chemicals and assaying apparatus	12,000 00
July 9.	7 mules and horses, at \$100	700 00
July 9.	Household furniture	2,000 00
Total		303,330 00
From this amount, however, there should be a deduction for those parts of the mill and machinery that have been saved, as stated in letter of September 11, 1869, of I. C. Curtis, herewith, to wit		10,530 00
Leaving a balance of		292,800 00

I, G. H. Vickroy, superintendent of the Walnut Grove Gold Mining Company, of Arizona, state, of my own personal knowledge, that the above statement is correct and true.

G. H. VICKROY.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this thirtieth day of May, A. D. 1872.

JOS. T. K. PLANT,
Notary Public.

P.

PRESCOTT, ARIZONA, July 16, 1869.

GENTLEMEN: I have to report that on the morning of the 9th instant, at about 2 o'clock, the Indians made an attack on us at the Bully Bueno mine. I had a night-guard of two men in the mill, but before they could give the alarm the Indians had set fire to the mill and two other buildings by piling up shavings from the shingle-shop against the outside of the three buildings. There was a large pile of shavings where we had been making shingles; these the Indians piled against the buildings and fired them before the guard discovered their presence. We made every effort to save the property and resist the attack, and about sunrise we discovered that the Indians were in such large force that it was impossible to resist them, and we concluded to abandon the premises. The men scattered in all directions, some taking refuge at Walnut Grove and others at Prescott. I went to Prescott, and on the 12th employed six men to accompany me to the mill, where I found everything in ruins. The mill, all the houses, wagons, harness, hay, and grain burned up, nothing left but some of the heavy machinery. We remained two days at the ruins and took an inventory of the property that was not destroyed, which consisted of one mortar, twenty stamps, twenty-three dies, seven stamp-stems, one spur-wheel, sixteen cams and cam-shafts. All the balance of the machinery was entirely ruined. The three boilers were broken in two and badly smashed. The copper-plates, engine, saws, belting, and all the smaller machinery was completely destroyed. I don't think that any of the machinery can be used for any purpose except that above enumerated, and probably a great deal of that cannot be made serviceable. When we rebuild the mill I think it would be better to have everything new, and not depend on any of the above-mentioned machinery, as I don't believe it will be true and in working order. I will leave here in a short time, and just so soon as I can will be in Philadelphia and tell you much better than I can write it.

Yours, very respectfully,

JAMES A. FLANAGAN.

Messrs. FELL, HOOPES & BURNHAM.

Q.

PRESCOTT, ARIZONA, September 11, 1869.

DEAR SIR: In the matter of Basham suit against your company, we had an appraisal made of such property as was not destroyed by the Indians at the "Bully Bueno," as follows:

20 stamps, at \$150	\$3,000 00
1 mortar	700 00
23 dies, at \$50	1,150 00
7 stamp-stems, at \$400	2,800 00
1 spur-wheel	900 00
16 cams, at \$100	1,600 00
1 cam-shaft	380 00
<hr/>	
10,350 00	

Yours, very respectfully,

I. C. CURTIS.

G. H. VICKROY,
1502 North Eleventh Street, Philadelphia.

Know all men by these presents that I, George H. Vickroy, of the Territory of Arizona, for and in consideration of the sum of one dollar, to me paid by Joseph Gillingham Fell, Edward Hoopes, and George Burnham, all of the city of Philadelphia, in the State of Pennsylvania, at the execution hereof, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, as also in consideration of certain other valuable inducements, agreements, and stipulations, now entered into between the said grantor and grantees, have granted, bargained, sold, released, and confirmed, and by these presents do grant, bargain, sell, release, and confirm unto the said Joseph G. Fell, Edward Hoopes, and George Burnham, and the survivors and survivor of them, and the heirs and assigns of each survivor, all the estate, right, title, interest, property, claim, and demand whatsoever, which I, the said George H. Vickroy, have or hold in and to all those certain mining rights, discovery claims, and privileges on the southwestern quartz lead, and the pre-emption claim to a ranch, (160 acres,) and its appurtenances on Hassayampa Creek, situated in the Walnut Grove mining district in said Territory of Arizona, said discovery claims and extensions, amounting in all to fifteen hundred feet, as the same are recorded in the recorder's office of said district and Territory, or assigned to me by other parties, in the following books and pages, viz, discovery claim in my name, of

date May 19, 1864, Book A, page 20; also claim in my name, May 19, 1864, being extension of above, recorded in Book A, page 20; assignment of their claims to me by James C. Neil, William Smith, and R. I. Osburn, dated May 23, 1864, recorded in Book A, page 25, together with all my title to the said lands, hereditaments, and appurtenances, to hold all of said lands, mining rights, minerals, and privileges, unto the said Joseph G. Fell, Edward Hoopes, and George Burnham, the survivors and survivor of them, and the heirs and assigns of such survivors, forever.

In witness whereof I, the said George H. Vickroy, have set my hand and seal this first day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four.

G. H. VICKROY. [L. S.]

Sealed and delivered in presence of us—

CHA'S RHOADS.

E. W. BAILEY.

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, *City of Philadelphia* :

Before me, E. H. Bailey, notary public for the commonwealth of Pennsylvania, duly commissioned and sworn, residing in the city of Philadelphia, personally appeared George H. Vickroy, and acknowledged the above and foregoing deed to be his free act and deed, and desires the same recorded as such.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my notarial seal this 1st day of November, A. D. 1864.

[L. S.]

E. H. BAILEY,
Notary Public.

Whereas George H. Vickroy, by the annexed assignment, dated the 1st day of November last past, (1864,) did grant and convey unto Joseph G. Fell, Edward Hoopes, and George Burnham, and the survivors and survivor of them, and the heirs and assigns of such survivor, all the estate, right, title, interest, property, claim, and demand whatsoever of him, the said George H. Vickroy, of, in, and to all those certain mining rights, discovery claims, and privileges on the southwestern quartz lead, and the pre-emption claim to a ranch (160 acres) and its appurtenances on Hassayampa Creek, situated in the Walnut Grove mining district in the Territory of Arizona, said discovery claims and extensions, amounting in all to fifteen hundred feet, as the same are recorded in the recorder's office of said district and Territory, or assigned to him by other parties, in the following books and pages, viz: discovery claim in his name of date May 19, 1864, Book A, page 20; also claim in his name, May 19, 1864, being extension of above, recorded in Book A, page 20; assignment of their claims to him by James C. Neil, William Smith, and R. I. Osburn, dated May 23, 1864, recorded in Book A, page 25.

Now, therefore, know all men by these presents that they, the said Joseph G. Fell, Edward Hoopes, and George Burnham, do hereby acknowledge, testify, and declare, and do, for themselves, respectively, their respective heirs, executors, and administrators, covenant, promise, and agree to and with the persons forming a certain association known as the Walnut Grove Gold Mining Company; of Arizona, that they, the said Joseph G. Fell, Edward Hoopes, and George Burnham, have taken and accepted the said assignment and transfer of mining rights and privileges, and do stand seized thereof in trust for the sole use and behoof of the said association or mining company, and that they, the said trustees, and the survivors and survivor of them, or the heirs and assigns of such survivor, shall and will grant, convey, and assure the said mining rights and claims, and all their estate therein, unto the said association or company, so soon as the same shall be duly incorporated according to law by its proper corporate name and title, for the general use and benefit of all the stockholders therein, according to their respective proportions of capital invested therein.

In witness whereof the said parties to these presents have hereunto set their hands and seals this twenty-second day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four, (1864.)

J. G. FELL. [L. S.]
EDWARD HOOPES. [L. S.]
GEORGE BURNHAM. [L. S.]

Witness present:

C. D. COLLADAY.

On the 22d day of December, A. D. 1864, before me, the subscriber, a notary public in and for the State of Pennsylvania, residing in Philadelphia, personally appeared the above-named Joseph G. Fell, Edward Hoopes, and George Burnham, and in due form of law acknowledged the above and foregoing declaration of trust to be their act and deed, and desired the same as such might be recorded.

Witness my hand and official seal the day and year aforesaid.

[L. S.]

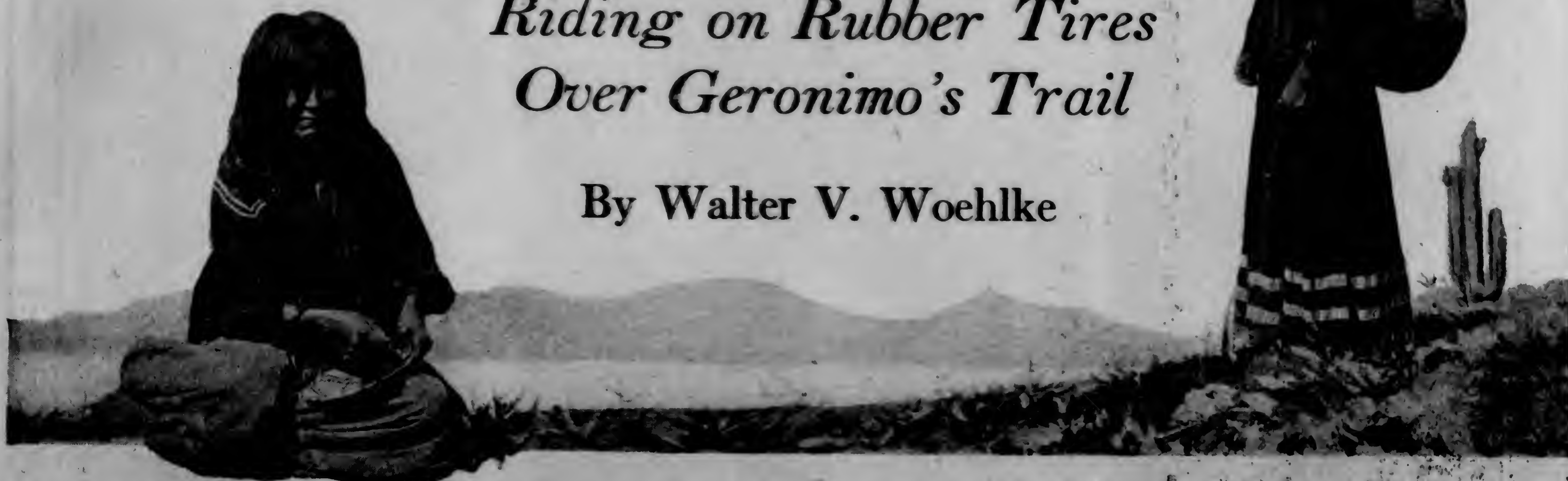
C. D. COLLADAY,
Notary Public.

Through Apache Land

Sunset - July 1918.

Riding on Rubber Tires Over Geronimo's Trail

By Walter V. Woehlke



Photographs by H. C. Tibbitts

OVERHEAD the Arizona sky arched in a vault of dazzling blue. Flooded with brilliant sunlight, the uptilted rock walls of the middle distance glowed in many shades of warm ochre, burnt sienna and bold orange, melting into the soft blue and purple of the farther ranges. Weird sentinels of the arid country, the *sahuaro* or giant cactus rose stiffly on the slopes, stood black against the bright sky on the ridges. The snaky arms of the *ocotilla* bristled protectively over clumps of sagebrush, prickly pear, greasewood and other things amply able to take care of themselves. There was no sound save the distant chirp of a cactus wren. There was no change; everything was as it had been for centuries, except for the broad smooth ribbon of the road. Three feet on either side of the tires' tread lay the land of Geronimo, unchanged, brooding in deep silence, its wondrous colors shifting, fading and deepening with the slow sweep of the shadows, the ancient, mystic land of the cliff dwellers, of gold, copper and blood, the land that bred the tigers of the Southwest—and here, in the comfortable tonneau of the motor car, rose the voice of the cattleman who had helped to tame them, pointing out the scenes of the historic, relentless conflict, describing the

incidents of the epic in which he had taken part as the car whirled through canyons whose colored rock had reverberated with the war whoop of the Apaches but a few short years before.

"No, ma'am, I wouldn't say I was ever downright scared of 'em," he said, answering the white-haired gentlewoman from far away Vermont. "We was only scared of bein' caught by the he-devils alive. I'd hate to cross the Divide screaming, and them devils c'd wring a scream outen a block o' wood. Look around when you git to Mormon Flats this afternoon. That's where Geronimo's outfit caught a bunch of Mormons from Mesa. The things they done to 'em ain't nowise fit for a lady's ears. Curly—he was my pardner—saw what was left of 'em. If you'd say 'Apache!' to him after that, he'd go 'grrrr' 'way down in his throat; he'd show his fangs like a wolf and the hair'd raise at the back of his neck."

The eyes in the saddle-colored face gleamed and the cattleman chuckled.

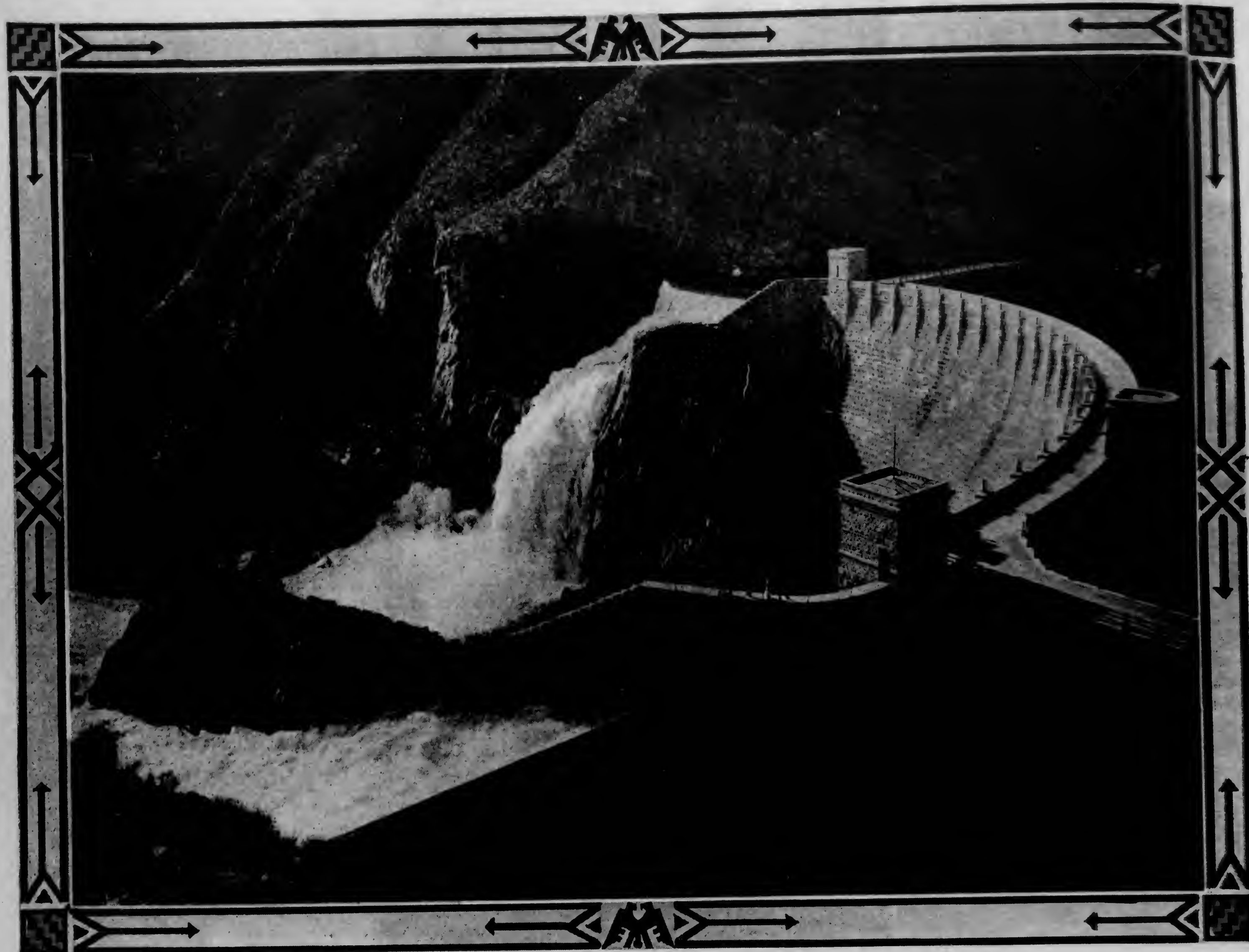
"I was just thinking how funny 'twas that you two ladies can go traipsin' right along the Apache Trail and pick posies on the stompin' ground of old Geronimo. Queer, ain't it, to see the bucks in over-

alls running the business end of a scraper, buildin' roads an' ditches where they used to raise seventy different kinds of assorted hell? That was just about thirty years ago, ma'am. I wasn't much over twenty then. Been running cattle in the Pinalenos since ninety-two. Yes, ma'am, the climate hereabouts is fine for health—since the Apaches quit. No, they won't hurt you; they'll eat outen your hand now. Trouble with the government of the settlers? Bless your heart, ma'am, ain't the blackest of Geronimo's black sheep fightin' right now with the soldier boys across the line? Ain't they been buildin' the biggest part of the big dam we're comin' to by-'n'-by? Why, nowadays you're safer on the San Carlos reservation right in the heart of the Gila valley among the Apaches than you're on Broadway, Los Angeles, dodgin' wild-eyed jitneys an' cowboys from the movies!"

THERE were five of us in the car that rolled over the hundred and twenty miles of the Apache Trail, the white-haired, soft-spoken gentlewoman from Vermont, the St. Louis banker and his animated wife and the cattleman from the Pinalenos who was going to catch fish in the water standing two hundred feet above the old camp grounds of the Tonto



The canyon of the Salt river from the modern rubber-tired version of the old red Apache Trail



The mighty Roosevelt Falls in the gorge of the Salt river from the Apache Trail

Apaches. We left the railroad—transcontinental Pullmans from El Paso are going to run from the Southern Pacific's main line straight through to the beginning of the Trail in October—at Globe, one of the oldest of Arizona's many picturesque copper camps. Of course Globe lies in a gulch; every orthodox, law-abiding copper town in Arizona does. It consists principally of one long street sharing the bottom of the ravine with the stream and it is dominated high up on the hillside by the shaft houses, the big mill and the black smokestacks of the Old Dominion mine, the pioneer enterprise that lured men into the heart of Geronimo's country when the Apache Trail was grim and red.

"She shore was a humdinger when she was runnin' with the lid off an' no limit 'ceptin' the sky," mused the old cattleman as the car rolled up the long street past establishments whose tarnished gaudy fronts reminded him of the moist glory that has now joined the buffaloes. "Who'd have thought twenty years ago that the territory'd ever go dry! I'd've bet my saddle and my shirt that the jack-rabbit would learn to bray like a jackass afore Arizona'd kick out the saloon. But 'tain't nowise queerer than to see them Apache bucks in Uncle Sam's uniform kissin' the soldier boys on both cheeks an' fightin' for the gov'ment. The world shore do move—too fast for us old-timers."

Five minutes from the end of the rails the last sign of man's handiwork—except the smoke pouring from the funnels of the

big new mill over at Miami—had utterly vanished. The untamed desert with its colors of barbaric splendor, with its plants and rocks and hills twisted and carved and eroded into strange, uncanny shapes, the silent, inscrutable desert stepped within arm's length of the tonneau. The yellow ribbon of the wide, smooth road—the indicator trembled around the thirty mark—swung in easy curves between the hills, rising with every turn of the wheels. The Four Peaks, snow covered and pine clad summits of the Pinal range, landmarks indicating the site of the Roosevelt Dam for hundreds of miles, beckoned from the west; the Apache mountains, the Gila range, unnumbered chains of nameless crests, each one standing out sharply and distinct in its own particular shade of blue, bounded the tremendous horizon to the north, east and south whenever the car climbed the crest of a broad ridge. And the car climbed steadily, speedily until, almost with a flourish, the driver pushed it through the sharp curve of a deep cut and brought it to a stop.

Ahead, half a mile below, almost at the foot of the mountain wall dominated by the Four Peaks, sparkled a jewel of deepest blue, the broad sheen of Roosevelt lake in the Tonto Basin, home of the Tonto Apaches, once upon a time the blackest of Geronimo's black lambs.

The car coasted down in long, sweeping curves to the edge of the lake, following its contour. Presently it stopped again. The driver, jerking his gloved left thumb

forward and upward, uttered two words: "Cliff dwellings."

Far above, at the point where the wall of rock rose perpendicularly out of the talus, the ruined habitations of the vanished race were plainly visible.

WHO were these Little People that built the great walls in the caves at the base of the high cliffs? Whence did they come? Where did they go? Why did they build so high up? What manner of land was it they saw from their narrow doors?

Seven colonies of cliff-dwellers lie in a side canyon above Roosevelt lake, colonies accessible in half an hour's steep climb. A small man can barely squeeze through some of the doors eighteen inches wide and but two feet high; the ceilings in some of the rooms—the best preserved ruin once upon a time contained sixty of them—are barely four feet high. Up in the caves hollowed out of the sandstone walls of the Gila canyon to the northeast they have found the mummy of a human being just twenty-three inches long. It was not the mummy of a child. Its hair was gray, and its teeth and bones indicated that this tiny creature was past sixty when it fell into the long sleep—how long ago? Long, long before the first pyramid was built; before Nebuchadnezzar reigned in wicked Babylon; long, long before the first prophet rose in Israel, eight, ten thousand years ago. In all Europe, in all Asia and Africa there has been found



Out of the mystic past—One of the many ruins of cliff dwellings in Apache Land

no relic of the Morning of Time, no habitation dating as far back in the unrecorded history of the human race as the ruins of the homes built by the vanished Little People of the mystic Southwest.

And these Little People were not gibbering, ape-like creatures. They tilled the fields, raised crops aeons before the Aryan tamed the first domestic animal; they built houses, made for themselves cunningly fashioned vessels of burnt clay, knew how to weave fibres into coarse mats when the proud Anglo-Saxon still drank out of skulls and had no covering except hides.

Step reverently into the dwellings of the vanished race. These ruined walls were reared, these floors were stamped smooth by the feet of generations in the shadowy antiquity of the Stone Age. And of the builders there is left no trace, no record. The legends of the Cocopahs, the Pimas and the Maricopas mention them not. The ruins were there, wrapped in unfathomable mystery, when Fray Marcos de Niza came north out of Mexico in 1539. And the Pimas, the Maricopas, the Cocopahs, big, upstanding, stalwart tribes, are they the descendants of the mystic Toltecs, of the race which built the marvelous irrigation canals in the valleys and on the broad mesas, which cultivated terraced slopes and had big settlements where not a drop of water is to be found today? What caused this great and numerous race, once living in populous villages all through the Apache country,

which built broad canals through solid rock without metals and explosives, by heating the rock and cracking it with cold water, whose pottery is still plowed up in every part of the Salt River valley at the end of the Apache Trail, what caused this race to leave its cradle, to travel south, ever south into the valley of Mexico? Surely not the invasion of the handful of nomadic hunters from the north, of the Apaches and the Navajos!

Travel with me for a space to the Caspian sea, the great inland lake of western Asia. Professor Ellsworth Huntington found that the level of this great lake without an outlet varied startlingly in historic times. At certain periods the water was sixty feet higher than it was at other periods. It could not rise except through a great increase in the amount of rain falling on its watershed. Professor Huntington found that, in the period preceding the invasions of Europe by the hordes of Tamerlane and Ghengis Khan, the level of the Caspian sea fell rapidly, steadily. Central Asia, according to the evidence of the lake, was drying up. The rains grew scarcer, the pastures were stricken with drouth, the canals could not be filled—and the vast Mongol hordes, driven by the threat of starvation, hurled themselves west upon Europe, penetrated to the line where white men now are slaughtering each other.

The threat of starvation and famine, becoming fiercer year after year as the rains diminished slowly, started the west-

ward migrations of the Aryan and Mongol races dwelling in central Asia. The slow cycle of climatic changes as recorded in the ancient beach lines of the Asiatic lake, the inexorable swing of the pendulum from abundant moisture and centuries of plenty to long periods of drouth and restless hunger, this record supplies the missing basis of Old World history, furnishes the reason that compelled entire races to fall upon distant regions with fire and sword.

AND these deductions from the records of the gray past are confirmed by living witnesses in the Southwest. Trees, especially trees growing in warm localities having well defined annual dry and wet periods, preserve a record of the weather. In seasons of ample moisture they grow rapidly, the rings they form are wide and symmetrical; in years of deficient moisture the rings are narrow, irregular, often scarcely to be recognized. Thus, by counting the rings and observing their comparative width, the scientists are able to go back to the time when the tree was young and determine whether at certain periods moisture and food were abundant in the land or whether drouth and famine scowled on the parched valleys. There are trees, living trees, in the Southwest which thus have kept a record of the weather for nigh four thousand years—and these records indicate that long periods of abundance were succeeded by long periods of drouth and hunger before

the rains came again and the murmur of many springs once more resounded through the land.

In the light of these brilliant discoveries made by Prof. Huntington and Dr. A. E. Douglass of the University of Arizona, it becomes clear why the tribes that dwelt in the cliff houses above Roosevelt lake countless centuries ago left no trace of their existence either in legend or tradition. They vanished utterly from the face of the earth when the springs dried up, the streams vanished and their stronger foes monopolized the scant remaining water. They could not conquer new lands, so they disappeared. The big, new race in turn flourished when the rains increased again, built villages and great houses, tilled the fields and slopes until the moist cycle in the fullness of time came to an end, until shriveled fields and empty ditches forced them to migrate south, ever south, to found the civilization that Cortez destroyed.

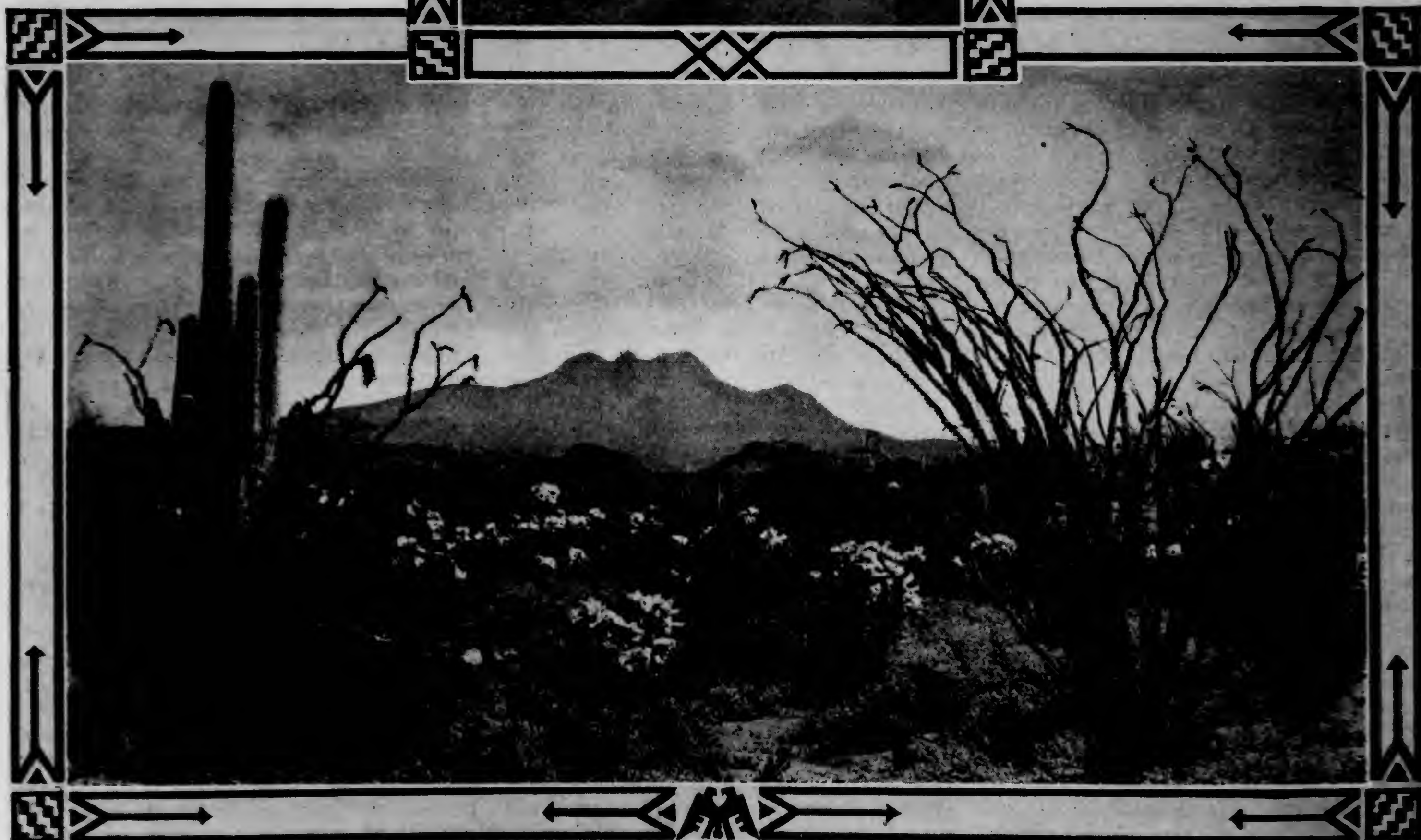
Travel to the pyramids if you must—and can; bare your head reverently and expensively in the ruined temples of Italy and Greece, but pray don't forget that right at home, in the humdrum, peaceful United States of America you can visit monuments and ruins upon which lay the undisturbed dust of the ages before the Tower of Babel was commenced. And don't forget, pray, that no



palm-itching, obsequious horde of guides will claim your ear and pocket. If you decide to stay over at Roosevelt lake, you may commune with the spirits of bygone ages undisturbed by the raucous voices of tip-hungry moderns. And as you go down the trail that leads to the river which became a lake, you may meet Indian maidens carrying the *olla*, the water jar, who will pass without a word or a glance. You may walk among the conical *hogans* of the aborigines on the shore of the lake, stand beside the warriors or watch the card party behind the summer residence of Mrs. Strong Jaw without being given the least attention even by the dogs; for the Apaches, you simply do not exist. But you need not fear them. Even the timid old lady from Vermont left the machine when, from behind a *hogan* close to the road, there walked in silent majesty an Apache matron, broad of countenance and beam, wheeling a papoose in a rubber-tired perambulator.

To reach the lodge—and lunch—the machine crossed to the opposite shore of the lake over the top of Roosevelt Dam, the roar of the cataracts on either side, higher than the falls of Niagara, drowning the warning roar of the open exhaust. The dam, towering 280 feet above its base, is as high as a sky-scraper. On its crest—it

(Continued on page 82)



Seen along the Apache Trail—Above, the precipitous walls of a gloomy chasm at the foot of the famous Fish Creek cliff conquered by the daring motor road. Below, the garden of the Arizona desert at the base of the weird Superstition mountains. Few regions in all the world have a more remarkable, exotic plant life than the plains and slopes of southern Arizona. Beneath the vivid arch of the Italian sky the giant cactus, the snaky arms of the ocatilla, the barrel cactus, the Spanish bayonet and scores of other desert varieties lift their fantastic shapes out of the silver gray and dark green of the lesser shrubs against the background of the deep blue ranges

snowfields above; quail whistle in the brush on the sunniest side of the valley and chipmunks chatter on the other, where a forest of conifers climbs a moist and shadier ridge till it reaches the white precipices of Mt. Dana. Sometimes the wind brings down a deeper note from the falls of Leaning miles away. Everything is fresh, green, so full of life and loveliness that it is almost unbelievable that the burning wastes can be so near.

In these canyons of the eastern side of the Sierras the scenery has a touch of Switzerland. Far greater heights are open to view than on the gradual western slopes where the tableland itself is so elevated that the peaks lose impressiveness. The eastern wall is very abrupt and drops six and seven thousand feet within a few miles, its highest peaks

open to view from base to summit. On our homeward route we traveled northward between the range and the desert, recrossing by another pass over a mining road of earlier days, now almost forgotten.

I want to go back to the mountains; I want to hear the whine of the gears again as we climb the long, long grades; I want to breast the steep places where our wide-open exhaust bellows with the motor's exulting roar of power; I want to slide down the long shady alleys through vistas of brown tree trunks and cool green ferns; I want to gamble with the chances of the deep rough fords in swirling mountain streams and at eventide I want to see once more the play of the sunset's rosy glow on the snowfields, the mighty lonely peaks and rippling bronze lakes.

Through Apache Land

(Continued from page 16)

is 1125 feet long—two machines can pass abreast. It is thrown across a gorge whose perpendicular walls rise almost sheer for seven hundred feet. This huge structure, the first one to be undertaken and completed after the organization of the U. S. Reclamation Service, has made history. In its construction and operation the engineers solved scores of problems connected with the control of immense volumes of water under tremendous pressure. It was the first of these high, gigantic storage dams to be built, and engineers from all parts of the world watched the method of construction, the power installations and the operation of gates and valves with breathless interest. And it is the only one of these epoch-making structures, monuments to the complete control of man over the forces of nature, which can be reached comfortably and inexpensively by the average traveler. The Elephant Butte, the Pathfinder, the Arrowrock are all far distant from the main traveled routes; the Roosevelt Dam lies between Pullman and Pullman, between breakfast at Globe and dinner at Phoenix, to be taken on the wing or to be absorbed slowly at the traveler's convenience. The Lodge which stands on the promontory jutting into the blue lake beneath the Italian sky furnishes comfortable accommodations for the night, not to mention boats and fishing tackle with which to snare the ferocious bass that have succeeded the Apaches as masters of the Tonto Basin.

BELOW the dam the Salt river swirls swiftly on its dash to the valley far in the west. When plans for the dam were being drawn, the engineers of the Reclamation Service thought of following the river with the road over which the material for the dam was to be hauled. But they abandoned this route in a hurry. For the greater part of the journey to the valley the Salt river flows through a box canyon so wild, with walls so straight and high that no living thing except birds could pass unscathed through the gloomy gorge. So the engineers followed the old Apache Trail over the mountains and mesas, through clefts and canyons to the level acres of the valley, built one of the

most audacious roads to be found anywhere in the world.

It follows the edge of the river for several miles, swings south into the rolling hills, drops over the ridge, descends into a ravine whose sides grow ever steeper, higher and finally comes to a halt at the foot of a perpendicular cliff rising so high into the sky that one's neck aches with the effort to find the upper rim. The machine was facing this wall, four necks were craned backward to view the top when the lady from Vermont lifted her finger, commanding silence.

"Psst! I think I hear someone calling." The taciturn driver grinned. "Sure, right up there," he remarked casually, pointing vaguely to a spot on the cliff far overhead. "That's Skinny with the load ahead of us."

"Do you mean to say that this car is to climb that wall?"

"Sure thing! Been doing it every day and lots of nights for a year. The road's wide, solid rock all the way, easy curves—and no speed bugs. It's just as safe as walking upstairs."

It was the famous Fish Creek grade. Almost doubling on itself, the road swept up a side canyon, turned at a point where the canyon became a dark cleft and climbed dizzily upward along the face of the perpendicular cliff, higher, ever higher until the house down at the bottom of the abyss shrunk to the size of a Noah's Ark and the horses assumed the dimensions of beetles. With a prolonged blast of the horn the car swung around a projecting curve of the wall, purred up the final stretch of the rocky shelf and rolled out upon the high mesa around which stormed a tumultuous sea of gigantic rocks and ranges. Spires and domes, battlements and terraces, minarets and Gothic arches, every architectural form had been carved into the walls of canyon and peak by sun, wind and water, and over it all glowed the vivid coloring that is the Southwest's most precious heritage.

A freighter was camped in Mormon Flats beside his canvas covered wagon, his six horses munching barley; the burro trains of three prospectors drew up on the side of the road to let the car pass, their bearded owners waving cheerful

greetings. The shadows lengthened, gathered unto themselves the royal purple of the far distances as the car reached the level floor of the Salt river valley.

THE Arizona desert is not a bare, monotonous expanse of gray brush. It is a garden filled with a remarkable variety of plants that have adapted themselves to arid conditions. Like the giant cactus, they have done away with excessive evaporation by getting along without leaves, often without branches; they have covered themselves with a hard, glossy skin to prevent the loss of water stored within, and they protect this skin against abrasions and wounds by a multitude of sharp spines and thorns. Their roots travel long distances very close to the surface, ready to drink and store the rain as soon as it falls. And in early spring, immediately after the rains, the desert covers itself with so wide, so vivid a carpet of blossoms that the transformation seems an incredible miracle.

At eventide when the purple shadows of the ghostly Superstition mountains swing swiftly to the east, when the desert ranges turn into luminous walls of a blue deep and pure as the tones of a great organ on Easter morn, when the sky glows with the living fire of the opal and the clouds blaze forth in crimson edged with liquid gold, when the mourning dove answers the distant call of the quail and the soft, cool breath of the night steals down from the hills, the Arizona garden is no longer a desert; it is an anthem, a song of praise to Him who created the glories of the desert sunset even for the humblest of His children.

Abruptly, without warning, comes the transition. As if by magic the sahuaro, the snaky arms of the ocatilla, the bristling stump of barrel cactus and the dark clumps of greasewood vanish, the deep green of smooth alfalfa fields, the light green of tall grain, the even ranks of thriving orchards take their places. The end of the Apache Trail is at hand, the fruits of the water lie before us. Date palms and ostriches, Egyptian cotton, grapefruit and cantaloupes flourish in peaceful concord side by side. The first ditch marked the end of the wilderness, the beginning of golf courses, tennis courts, country clubs, of rooms with private baths and bell boys with private purses; the rose and oleander have succeeded the sagebrush, and the sleek cows do not raise their ears when the yip-yip of the coyote drifts faintly down into the valley from the moon-flooded hills above the Apache Trail.

It is an unusual experience. The journey through the land of Geronimo and the Little People will live in the memory long after conventional impressions have blurred and faded. And it is easy, comfortable, inexpensive of both time and money. The way has been smoothed for the transcontinental traveler who leaves the main line at Bowie if west bound—at Maricopa for Phoenix if going east—changing from the Pullman at Globe or Phoenix to the touring cars operated regularly over the 120-mile Apache Trail. Only a day and a night are added to the schedule, and the day is crowded with experiences and impressions of the real West at close range, of the West that cannot be found anywhere within reach of the locomotive's shrill call.

the rains came again and the

SUNSET, the Pacific Monthly

It was very still. A cold wind swept the peak, but it was noiseless. From somewhere in this void of crumbling rock there came an occasional rattle from a falling stone. Once a humming bird buzzed nearby and when we opened our lunch a swarm of yellow-jackets materialized; otherwise this region was lifeless.

THE descent, although tiresome, was rapid and we were back in camp in time to load and coast down the canyon to Levining Meadows before sunset. That stretch of road descending from Tioga Pass to Mono lake is one of the finest and boldest of all the mountain grades of California. Uncle Sam's road ends at the pass, that being the eastern boundary of the park, and this is a state highway.

There were no fireside arguments that evening; we were too tired physically to undertake any great mental effort and after a hasty supper we filled the air mattresses, spread the sheets (yes, sheets. Why not?) and soon were off to that land of the sand-man where mountains and molehills are scaled with equal ease.

The glory of the sunrise was on the highest peaks when we awoke. Levining Peak in particular was a fresh delight each morning while we were here. This is a dome-shaped mountain which all through the day has the outline of an old-fashioned straw beehive. Its face is apparently quite smooth, its color a monotonous granite gray; it carries little vegetation; there is nothing about it to distinguish it, to mark it as being different from the half-dozen others surrounding the valley.

But at sunrise and for some time thereafter the early purple shadows which are thrown across the gorges which crease its surface transform it to a city of the air. The edge of each gully becomes a wall of hewn masonry standing out sharply against its own shade. Every bristling rugged point of the many aspiring ridges turns to a ruined castle guarding a lofty rough domain. Countless traceries of erosion and ice fracture seam its face, all sharp as the lines of a pen drawing.

Levining canyon is a beautiful place. The river wanders through the center of an uncropped meadow where the grass reaches the knees, and in the slow current wise old trout live a life of ease and plenty. There are rougher waters below and above the meadow where a reasonable amount of effort and skill will be rewarded with fine fishing, but these deep quiet pools are only for the craftiest masters of the fisherman's art.

This valley is just at the edge of the desert and the strangest of contrasts abound. One point I shall not forget. Down the canyon from our camp the road climbed and rounded a low sandy ridge. Standing on the crest of the ridge and looking eastward the landscape has no suggestion of life, no little dash of green, no visible flowing water; nothing but gray, sandy, rolling plains leading away to the dead craters of Mono in one direction and on the other hand settling down evenly to the alkaline shores of Mono lake whose bitter waters glare in the sun.

Westward, how different! Aspen leaves dance in the soft breeze that flows down the canyon and sets the tall meadow grasses swaying in waves like a field of wheat; the creek sings softly in the morning, louder in the afternoon and evening when it rises with the waters from the



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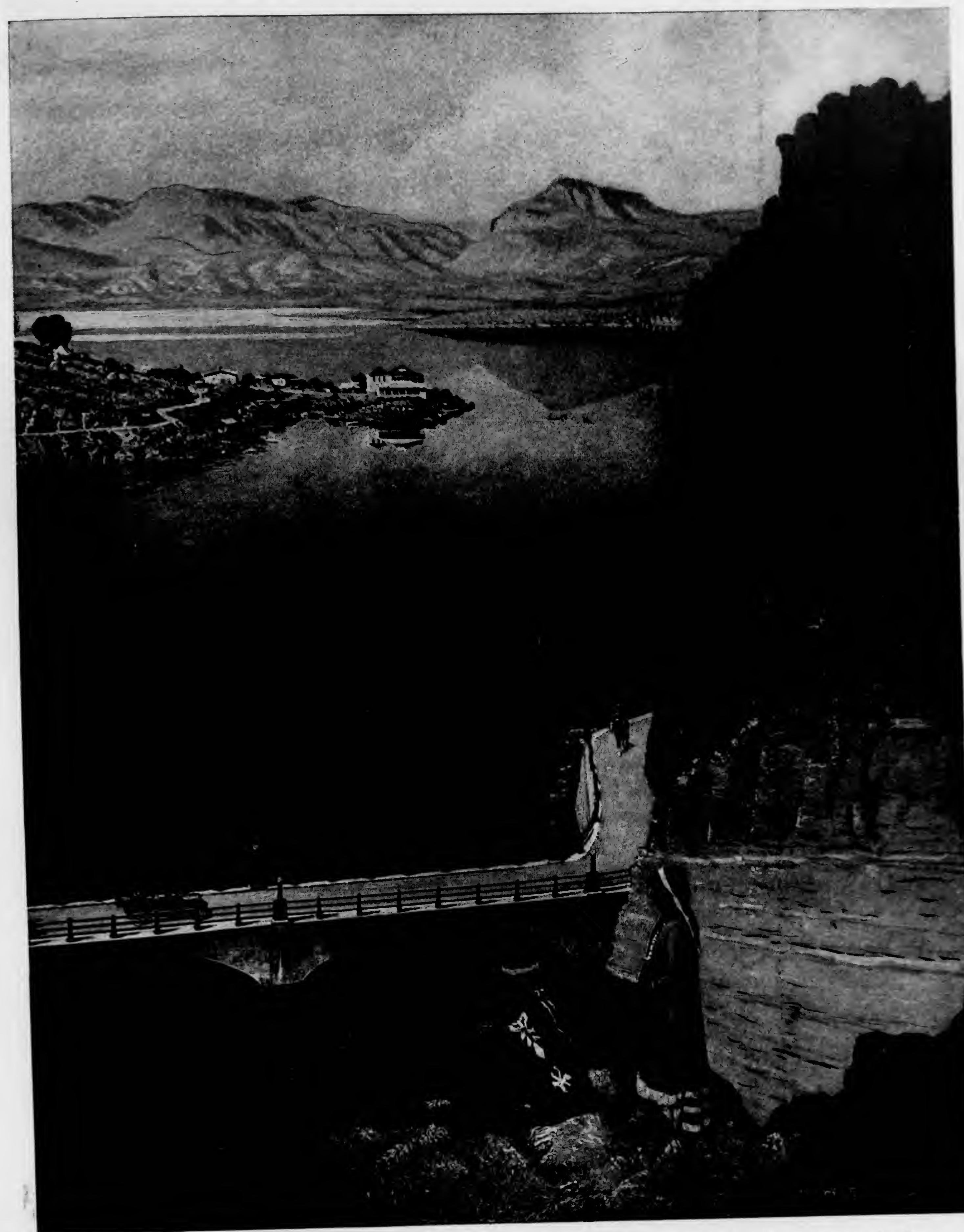
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Behind the mighty stone wall of the Roosevelt dam a deep blue lake beneath an Italian sky covers the Valley of Wars, once the home of the Tonto Apaches and the heart of Geronimo's red country



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Following the Apache Trail

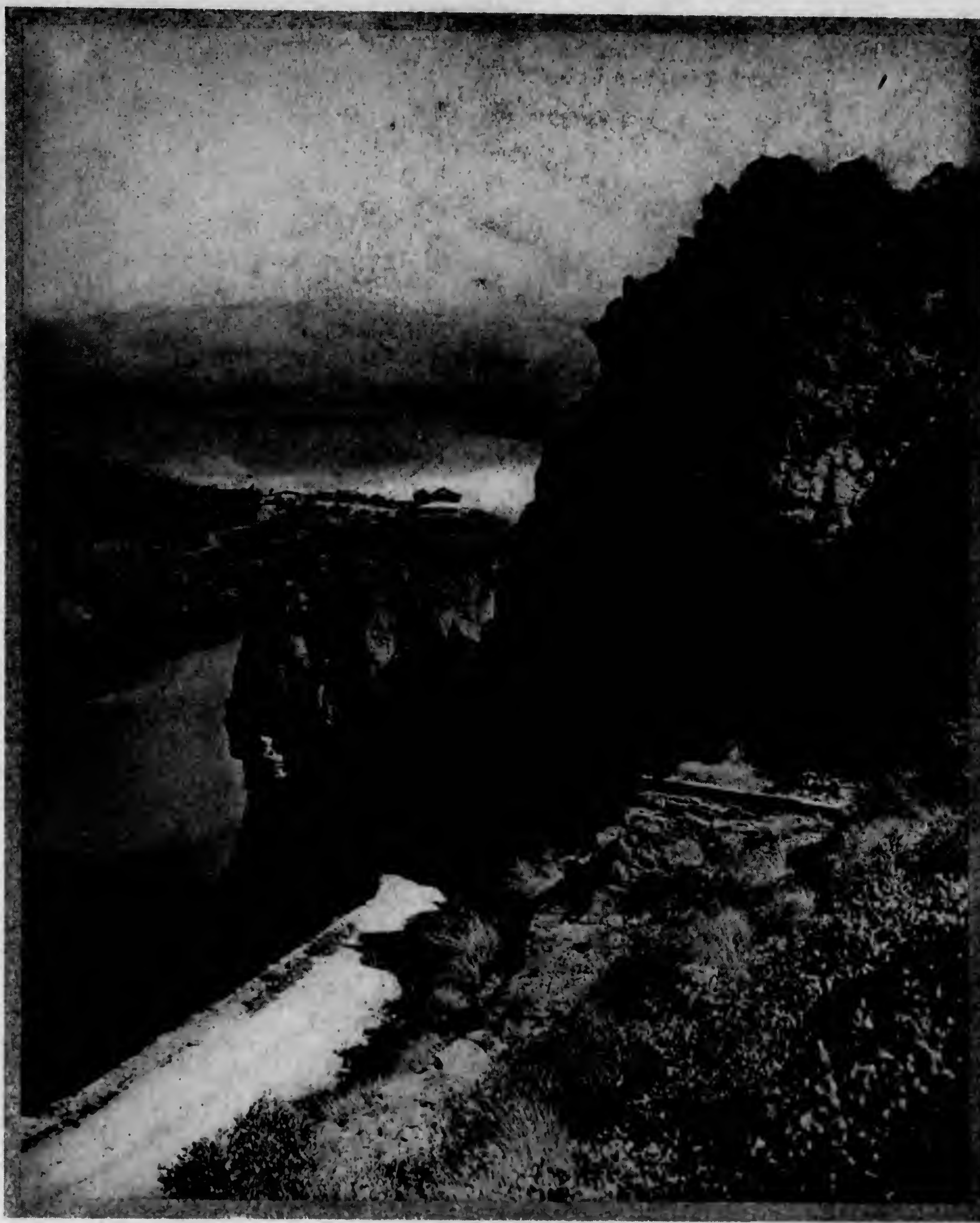
Travel - Jan. 1916

DOWN THROUGH TONTO BASIN, THE ARIZONA BATTLEGROUND OF CLIFF-DWELLERS, SPANIARDS, APACHES AND PIONEERS, TO "THE MOUNTAIN OF THE FOAM," THE HOLY PLACE OF INDIAN MYTHOLOGY

GEROID ROBINSON

THE Mountain of the Foam! Sitting in the shadow of the hotel awnings, droned at by the voice of an Old-timer, stared at by the heaped-up chaos of red rock and blue-green brush down at the end of "Main Street," we were inclined to quarrel with that fairy name. It was too satisfyingly romantic, and we were sure it didn't fit. There was no hint of foam or fairyland about the stolid hills that crowded in upon the little town of Globe, and we found it hard to believe that any amount of riding away to the west would bring us to an Indian holy of holies worthy to be called "Sierra de la Espuma." We doubted and wondered—when we did not yawn in the face of the matter-of-fact hills. But when the afternoon had burned itself out, and a spray of smelter smoke flung against the sky softened the blaring colors of the desert sunset, we began to understand.

If the Indians could have seen the smelters as we saw them that night they would have been hard put to it for titles grand enough. But even so the white men have done very well with their christenings, and the "Old Dominion" and "Inspiration" plants have much to live up to in the way of names. "Inspiration!" By night the slag dumps of the smelters flow red fire and the converters are geysers of fire. Little, hurrying trains carry away the fresh metal in ingots that run the whole gamut of reds and yellows, from



The highway along the edge of Lake Roosevelt. This is a two-color country, the blue of the distant hills flowing out across the red valley to meet us

the dusky maroon of cooling copper to the bubbling gold of new pourings.

And, of course, the workmen are very kind and ready to explain the inexplicable. Standing in the midst of a sublime upheaval of color and sound, we learned to talk familiarly of slag and converters; learned likewise to look with calmness upon great hooks that descended out of smoky heights, seized immovable things, and clanked away with them.

As the stage fled over the mountains with us next morning, the smelters by daylight were but the ghosts of their red-hearted, nightly selves. Smoke drifting flat and lazy from the stacks cut the mountains off from all foundation, and the tall, black buildings about the mine mouths seemed trying to brace each other up with covered ways that swung back and forth at alarming angles.

Leaving the houses of Globe to their almost animate scramble up the bare hillsides, we whirled away across the upland and down the road to Phoenix. For half an hour the road followed the dry course of a creek and gave us horses and cows and occasional cottonwoods for company. Sometimes the mountains drew back from the creek

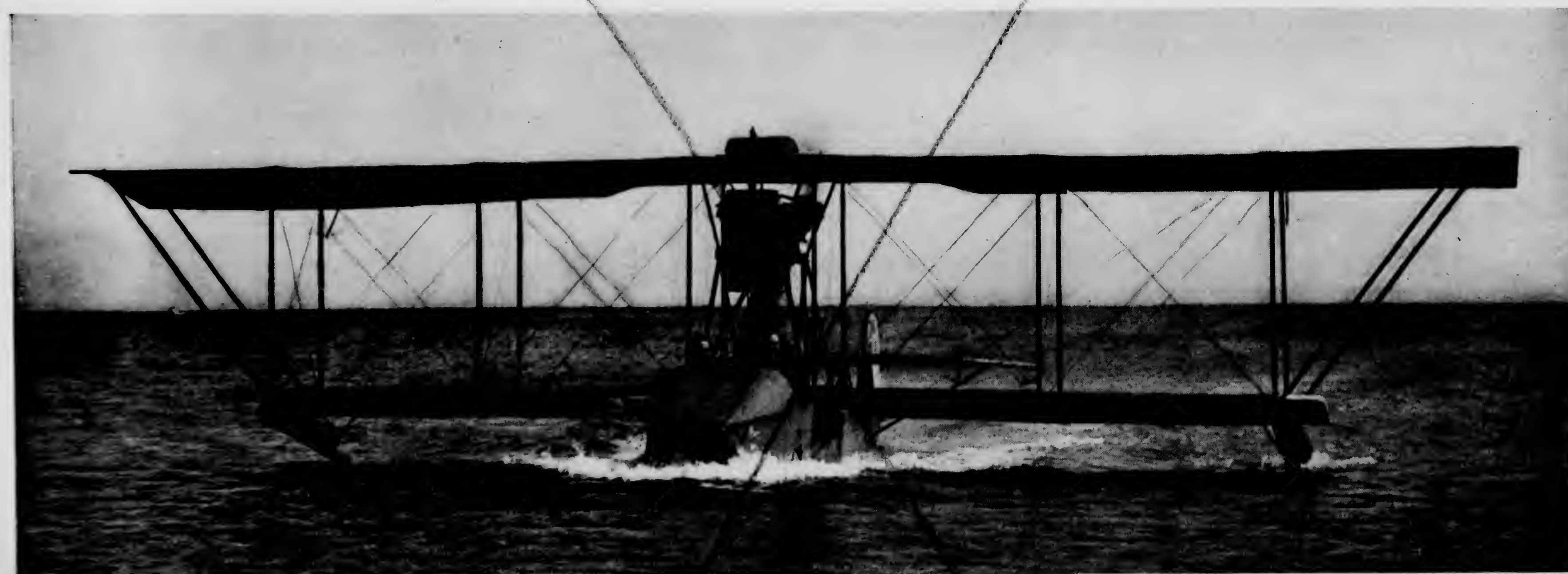
to leave room for a field of yellow stubble, and once we halted for a few minutes beside a little adobe house covered with honeysuckle and boasting cool water and a great mulberry tree as its chief attrac-



After luncheon and a siesta, dancing on the wide hotel verandahs fills out the afternoon



Aviation is the newest thing at Palm Beach. This is how the Poinciana looks from 2,000 feet in the air



When one wants to create a furore, one buys a hydroplane and goes skimming along the placid waters beyond the breakers while an admiring beach looks on. It is all very thrilling and really quite safe and harmless



There is very good golf at Palm Beach, if it is all a bit flat and uninteresting. The fast clay "greens" are enough to try the steadiest putter in the North



Palm Beach is the home of fads, and we will leave it to you to find the one here



ANCIENT CLIFF DWELLINGS NEAR ROOSEVELT

In great dents, near the rocky hat crown of the hill, the Cliff-Dwellers built their houses. These people had a community form of life, several families living in one large structure, which often contained fifty or sixty rooms

tions. A little farther on, the road doubled back into the hills and a climb of half a dozen miles began. The seats of the car took on a comfortable backward tilt, and up the grade we went in tow of six galloping cylinders.

It was just here that we made the acquaintance of a most interesting fellow passenger. He was a big man and very brown. He said he had been hunting, but so far as we could see the only thing he had brought back with him was a dog. Now, the dog's name was Pius—and he looked it. Imagine, then, the shock to our feelings when we were informed that Pius' favorite amusement was bear hunting.

Noticing now for the first time the steely glint in the hunter's eye, we turned from him to the more friendly landscape. One thing that demanded explanation was a long procession of gray-ghost towers striding over the hills. Pius' keeper said they linked the mills we had seen with a power plant we were to see by-and-by.

As we circled the upper slopes of the hills a grand surge of mountains rose up out of the east and the ridges near at hand began to look less formidable. The road seemed to come to an abrupt end at the hillcrest ahead, but when the engine had lifted us up to this vanishing point we saw that here was no end, but a beginning. From the height of the divide

the road swept away down the mountains, to lose itself in the farther levels of Tonto Basin—a two-color country, the blue of the distant hills flowing out across the red valley for miles and miles to meet us, miles and miles of water here, in the midst of the "Valley of Wars." For an hour we played hide and seek with water pictures of red hills cut across with dark bands of rippling blue, dipping down toward the shore and then scampering off inland again when we were near being caught by the lake, which threatened to engulf the road at certain points.

Now and then a creek to be crossed promised coolness, but we soon learned that this land holds nothing but the dry skeletons of streams. Presently we stopped to let the engine drink, and during the pouring process we found time to make the acquaintance of a tiny and very new store beside the road. The false front of the little commissary was very bright with green and white paint, and its sides were of yellow pine just beginning to weather. We were wondering whether the back was burlap or nothing at all when the spluttering engine summoned us to mount again.

It was not long after this that we were bidden to study the face of a cliff some miles ahead. Following the directions carefully when a curve of the road removed the top of the car from our line of vision, we were soon able to make out a light patch at the base of this



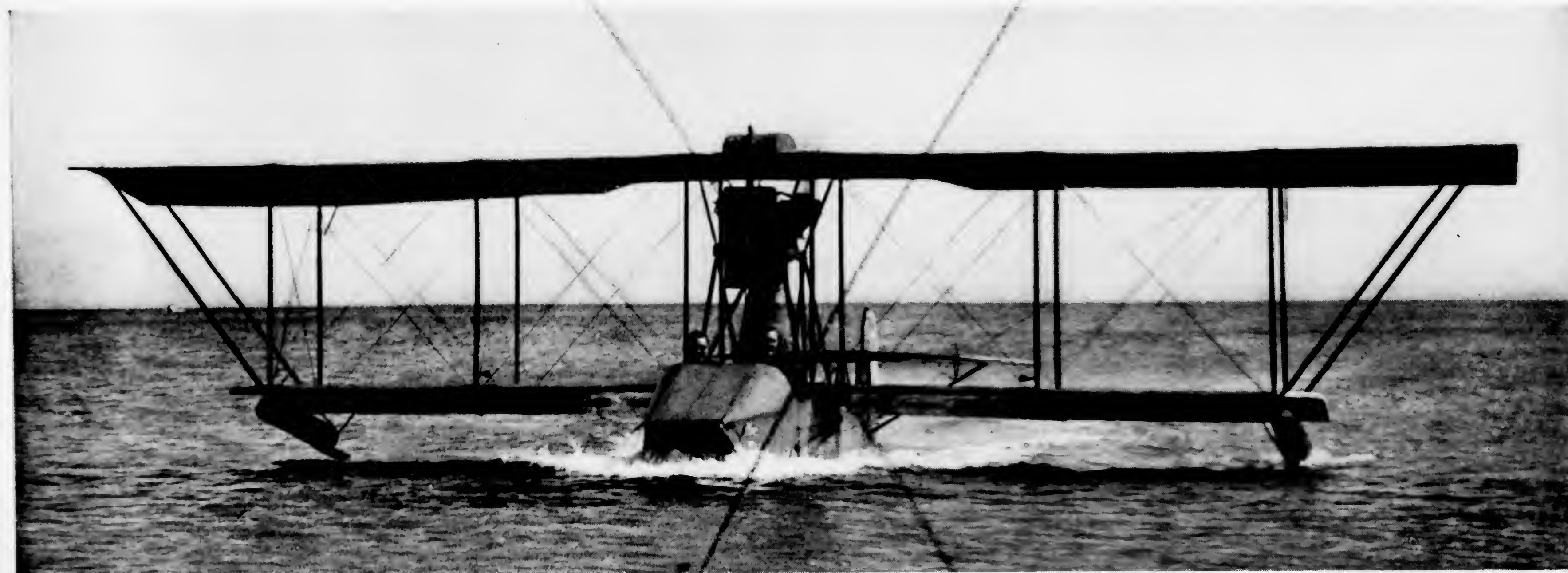
An Apache family at Lake Roosevelt; many of the older Indians are afraid of the camera, believing it steals something that should be buried with them



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An Apache family at Lake Roosevelt; many of the older Indians are afraid of the camera, believing it steals something that should be buried with them

cliff. The blur presently resolved itself into a series of yellow walls closing a gap in the darker rock. Pictures and promises were not forgotten—here were the cliff dwellings.

The lower hills soon hid them from us, and we had begun to question the wisdom of our driver in taking us so far when a grinding of the brakes announced that here we were to be let down. For a few minutes we stood watching while the machine got under way and swung off down the road, a black speck at the tip of a flying plume of dust. Then we took the trail for the hills.

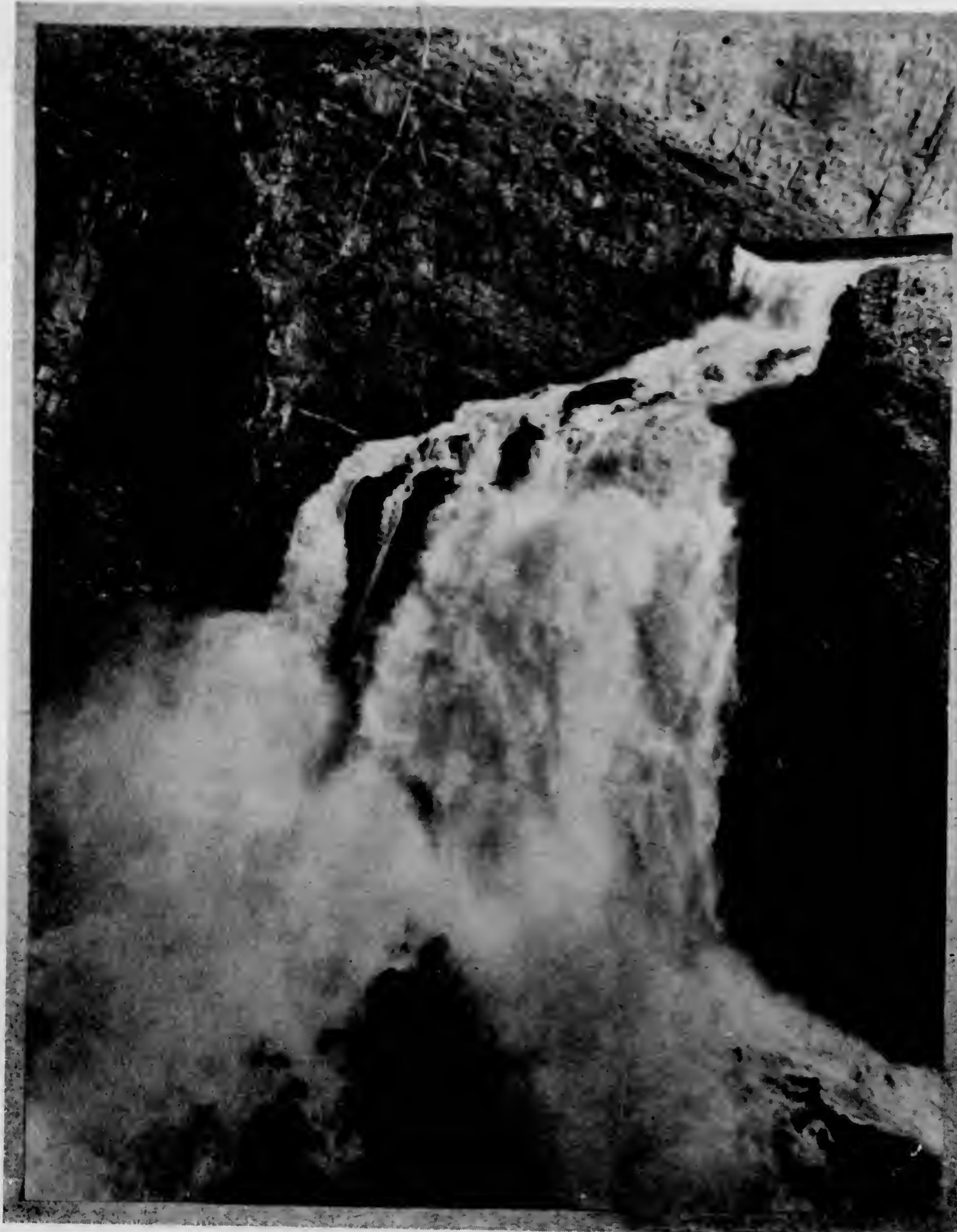
Forty years ago no pair of persons would have been long alone in the midst of this vastness. Tonto Basin was the very heart of Apache Land, and the Indians were always ready to receive visitors—who usually did not go home again. In 1875 the warriors were rounded up by General Crook and packed off to their new home south of Globe, but the raiders did not cease from troubling till Geronimo was captured in '86.

But on the morning of our own adventure there were no signal fires upon the horizon nor any warriors behind the mesquite bushes, and putting fear behind us we kept to the trail. Half an hour's walking, first over a wide, rolling country and then along the course of a dry canyon creek, brought the black cliff to view again. A few minutes more and we stood in the halls of the ancients.

The rim rock serves as a sort of top hat for a hill rising steeply out of the canyon, breaking the slope at a level about four hundred feet above the creek bed, and in two great dents at the bottom of this hat crown the cliff-dwellers built their homes. Judging from the amount of material scattered about and the character of the structures still standing, the village was originally made up of about sixty rooms. Of this number twenty are still preserved wholly or in part.

In the eastern pocket only a few broken foundations remain, but the structures in the western cave are so well protected by the overhanging cliff that some of the walls still stand fully two stories high. The small avalanche of wreckage over which one must climb to reach the western group indicates that an outer series of walls has tumbled into the canyon. A cross wall at the western end of the village is the only portion of this front tier of rooms still standing.

The ceiling of one of the inner rooms is perfectly preserved—and a very careful piece



The water of this man-made cataract leaps over the two spillways, and the white falls meet again in the canyon beneath a wedding veil of mist



Far back by the dam, lights began to twinkle and reach out yellow fingers touching the rocks with trembling antennae of light

of work it is. The central girder, a cottonwood log nine inches in diameter and ten feet long, is supported by a stout post planted in the middle of the room. Three-inch poles bridge the six-foot gaps between the girder and the walls at either end of the room, and these poles are in turn crossed by small sticks closely fitted together. Upon these sticks rests a course of rock, and the ceiling, which is at the same time the floor of an upper room, is finished with a layer of earth. In some of the rooms the ceilings are only four and a half feet high, while in others the clearance is more than six feet.

The cliff-dwellers had no conception of the uses of the arch. The tiny windows of these prehistoric homes are capped with flat stone lintels and the weight of the wall above each door rests upon horizontal poles spanning the three-foot opening. The walls themselves are constructed of pieces of flat stone laid up in mud and plastered inside and out with the same substance. Toward the back of the cave plaster and woodwork alike are blackened with smoke.

Many centuries have passed since the cliff-dwellers' fires painted these dark pictures. When Coronado passed through this wilderness in 1540, the ashes of this "kultur" were already long cold. The question, "How long?" will not let itself be answered.

So, too, when one asks why the cliff-dwellers chose such an inaccessible spot as the site for their homes. Of the hundreds of primitive villages scattered throughout eastern Arizona, many stand in the flat creek bottoms and certain others cannot be reached except by dint of hard climbing. If, as the ethnologists say, the inhabitants of these villages were all of one race and culture, their whimsicality as regards the choice of building sites is inexplicable.

It can hardly be thought that scenery was any inducement to them, though certainly the outlook from our own cliff-man's front door might have tempted anyone. A little fluff of cottonwoods and walnut trees in the creek bottom told of shallow water, and the blue shimmer of the lake a good two miles away marked the location of prehistoric farms. Traces of ancient irrigation canals were still to be seen along the river before the lake swallowed the lower slopes of the hills, and the corn husks and cotton bowls found even to-day in these ruins are the fruit of the flooded farms.

After an hour of clambering about the broken walls and a briefer period of dozing in the

January, 1916

sunshine, we felt that we might better be on our way to the hotel the guide had promised us. As we scrambled down the trail a bird chirped at us from the ruins, bidding us look upon him and wonder at such a survival of the fittest. We were soon back on the road again, but its slow windings brought us nothing better than a Mexican dozing beneath his wagon, too sleepy to answer our greeting. Fortunately, the Fates were kinder than this surly fellow. Our desire for a "lift" was presently fulfilled in the form of a meandering grocery wagon that served the lodges farther down the lake, and in this equipage we continued our journey.

The hills of the upper valley had shown great diffidence in approaching the lake, leaving a broad expanse of rolling country between the bluer water and their own blue selves; but here the mountains came down all at once to the shore and we were soon lifted high on their shoulders. A mile or two of this sort of going and we swung round a point to see our lake end abruptly in a rather insignificant rim of gray granite—a sort of anti-climax after the height and splendor of the canyon walls. We said this and more as we drew near the dam. We were inclined to despise the little thing that

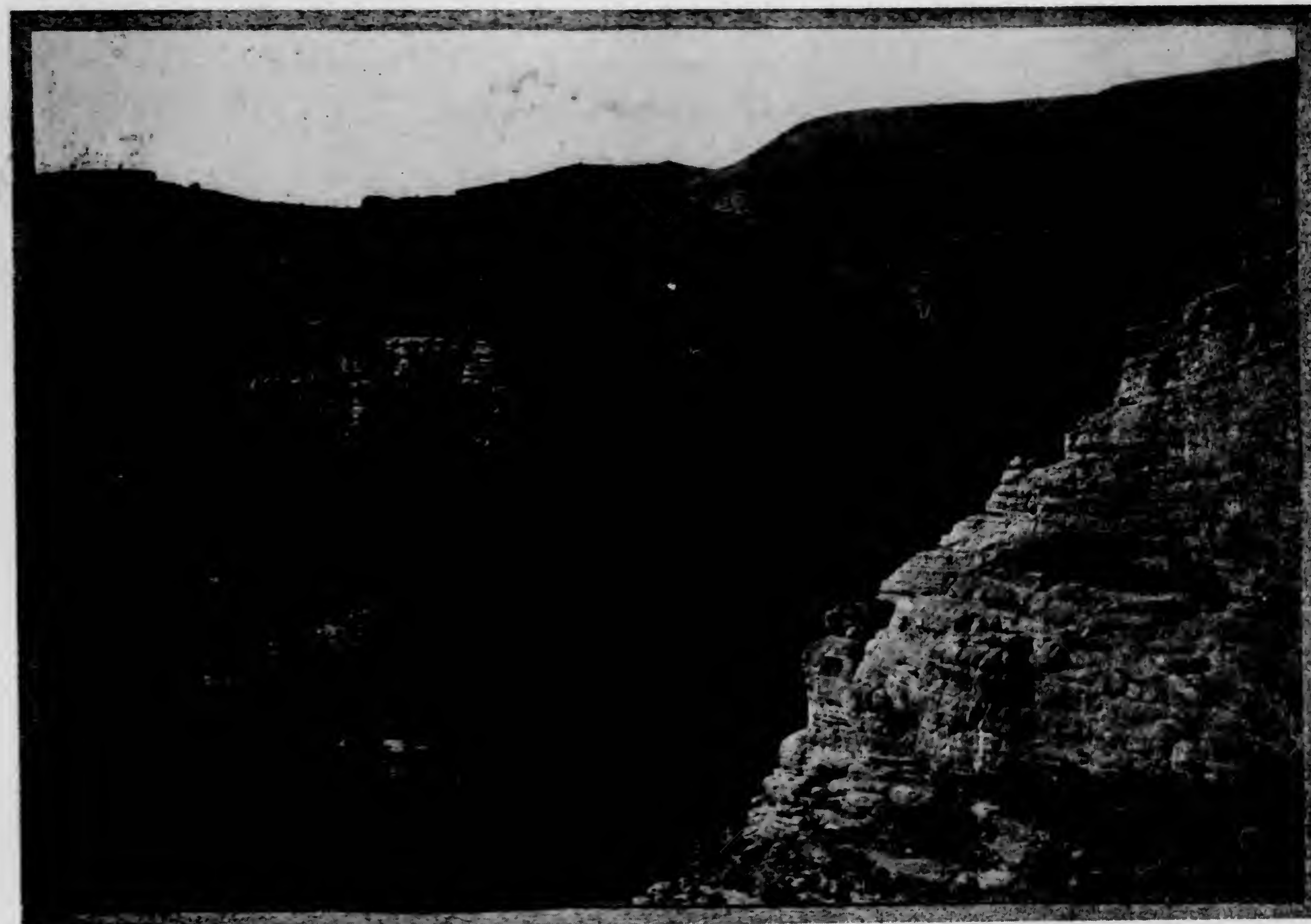
made the great lake, and each of us was in the middle of a disrespectful sentence when another twist of the road gave us our first glimpse of the lower face of this "insignificance," this Roosevelt Dam.

For a while we hadn't breath to recant. We felt that we ought to be 'way down below somewhere, looking up and worshipping; but from our lofty perch among the rocks we could look up in spirit only, and that we certainly did.

The mountains press in close upon the water here and hold the dam in a crushing grip. The curved lower face of the structure rises two hundred and fifty feet above the bed of the river, each tier of stone set in a little from the edge of the tier below and the whole



This hill above the lake was "bad medicine." Two squaws had died here and most of the Indians had deserted the place



At the mouth of Fish Creek Canyon is a cave full of bones, all that is left of an Apache war party that would not surrender to pursuing soldiers



At last the white sheen of the moon grew out of the midst of the wide, pale sky above Lake Roosevelt

looking like a gigantic Greek theater very steeply built and much squeezed together at the top.

With such a spectacle as the canyon offered, all the seats should have been taken. For aught we knew they were—no one ever sees Bitterman, or Earth Doctor, or Chief Morning Green—and we liked to imagine the whole Indian pantheon sitting there in stern silence, witness to the drama of energy always playing down below. The water that does not flow through the hydro-electric plant by way of its feeder tunnels leaps over the spillways at the two ends of the dam, and the white falls meet again in the canyon, beneath a wedding veil of mist.

From the foot of the dam it is a long way to the hotel, but we were on top and had not far to go. Of course, the afternoon was too short for the finishing of fish stories begun by the Nimrods on the hotel porch. However, the dinner-bell did not mark an end to the narratives, but rather a change in the manner of telling, for the dinner was a fish dinner and the fish were black bass fresh from the lake.

The sun was still hot on the western hills when the cool shadows on our own side of the lake tempted us forth upon the water. With a seething wake at our heels we sped away toward the

upper valley, the real story-land of Tonto. Here the cliff-dwellers pummeled each other with clubs and stone hatchets to such good effect that de Niza and Coronado found the country a manless waste. It was here that King Woolsey with fifty pioneers and a host of Maricopa allies met the Apaches in council and slew a hundred of them in the massacre of Bloody Tanks. Here, in this valley now brimming with quiet waters, the sheep-and cattle-men met to shoot on sight, month in and month out, till twenty-five of them were down and the rest patched up the quarrel. And here, after a while, the great government pitched its tents and built a dam, flooding the battleground with stored irrigation water

(Continued on page 45)

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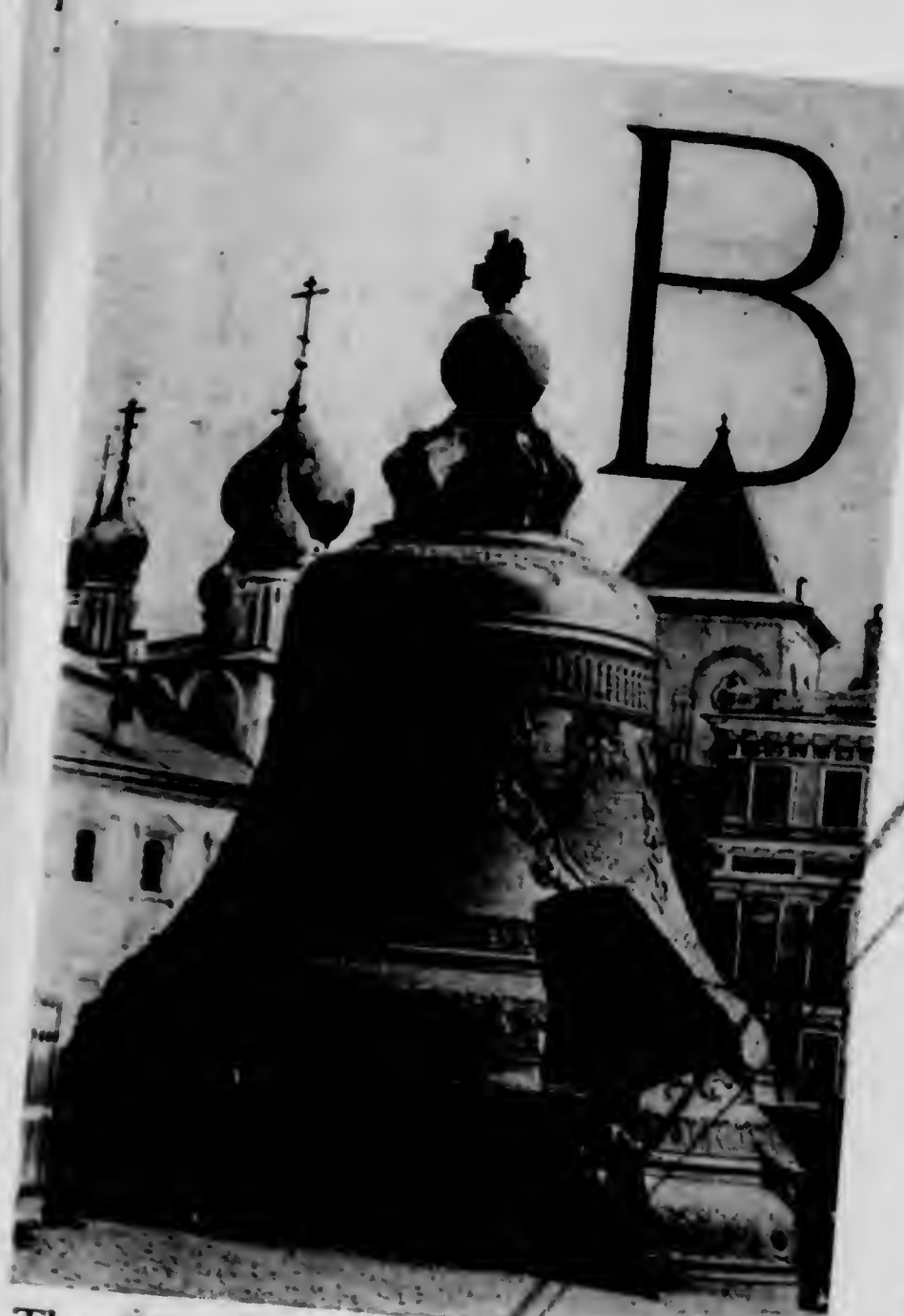
The history of Moscow centers around the Kremlin, which, rising above the Moskva, dominates the city. For the Russian the Kremlin is a holy spot; here the power of the Czar first receives the sanction of the Church. "There is nothing above Moscow," says the proverb, "except the Kremlin, and nothing above the Kremlin except Heaven"

MOSCOW, THE HEART OF RUSSIA

THE SACRED CITY OF WHITE WALLS, THE ANCIENT AND HISTORIC CAPITAL OF THE EMPIRE—PEN PICTURES AND IMPRESSIONS OF RUSSIA'S MOST CHARACTERISTIC CITY

NEVIN O. WINTER

[This article describes Moscow just prior to the outbreak of the war, and is particularly interesting in its interpretation of the Moscovites and their city, which is popularly called by them "heart of Russia."—EDITOR]



The Czar Bell, largest in the world. It weighs 200 tons and was cast in 1735, but was damaged by fire before it was used

BR-R-R-R! It made me shiver when I saw unmelted heaps of snow on the ground, as the slow Russian express train rolled over the level land surrounding Moscow. It had been five weeks since I landed at Havre, where the fruit trees were in blossom and garden vegetation was already showing itself above the ground. In journeying east through Europe the temperature had become progressively colder as one got farther and farther away from the genial Gulf Stream. It was now the middle of May, and a snow storm enveloped this ancient capital of the Muscovites when the train landed its passengers in the splendid station.

A few days later, however, spring came with an impetuosity seldom witnessed outside of Russia. Vegetation grew at a hot-house pace. A week of warm weather carpeted the lawns and the trees fast put on their summer foliage. All nature was awake and smiling.

It is only a night's ride from Petrograd to Moscow as we measure time. In reality, however, the distance is as far as the East is from the West. Petrograd is Occidental, Moscow is Oriental. Moscow represents the Slav ideals, Petrograd reveals the aspirations toward western culture and civilization. Petrograd impresses the visitor, Moscow fascinates.

The ceiling of one of the inner rooms is perfectly preserved—and a very careful piece

found elsewhere. Real Russia grew up around Moscow, and the city of to-day shows us every phase of Russian life and history. It is one of the few world cities which have a distinct spirit and character of their own, and are still living forces in the world.

Moscow is a holy city, and the peasants are said to fall on their knees and weep as they approach it and the glittering crosses of the churches break into view. The visitor from western lands thinks rather of Napoleon and his unfortunate expedition, as well as the cruel princes who once occupied the Muscovite throne. A thousand years ago this scene was an unbroken forest, for Moscow is first mentioned in history in 1147. Five hundred years past oaken barriers were the forerunners of the substantial walls now standing, which were begun by an Italian architect in 1491. They do not look so old, for, like some humans, fresh paint has renewed their youth several times.

There are really two distinct Moscows—the one of history, represented by the walled town, and the Moscow of wealth and commerce. To understand Moscow thoroughly one must imagine it as a wheel having a number of circles, with the Kremlin as the hub. The main streets lead outwards, such as the Petrovka, Tverskaya and Vavarka, are the spokes. The walls of the old town form the first circle, the boulevards the second circle, and the chain of monasteries, which are united by other boulevards, the outer circle. These monasteries, all of which are surrounded by battlemented walls and towers, were the first line of defense. If the visitor to Moscow bears these facts in mind, the city is not hard to understand.

It is the Kremlin to which the visitor to Moscow first bends his steps, and it is not difficult to find. Its walls and towers greet you at every turn, so it seems, and the principal hotels all lie just outside its protecting enclosure. Viewed on a bright day from a bridge across the Moskva River, which creeps along beneath, the red walls, broken here and there by loftier towers covered with rich green tiles, the white cathedrals with their gilded domes which look like inverted onions, the mass of

Far back by the dam, lights began to twinkle and reach out yellow fingers touching the rocks with trembling antenna of light

brief period of dozing in the

FOLLOWING THE APACHE TRAIL

(Continued from page 33)

and making a new home for black bass and motor boats.

As we skimmed along close under the western hills the more riotous tints of the sunset were hidden from us. The quiet purple of the northern mountains crept slowly over the Sierra Ancha—slope, rim rock and crest; and then, at last, a white three-cornered moon grew out of the midst of the wide, pale sky. Far back by the dam, lights began to twinkle and reach out quavering yellow fingers, drawing us home. A car crept slowly along the rim of the western hills, fingering the rocks ahead with trembling antennæ of light, dipping down into some hidden gulch and losing itself in the shadows as the lights of our own landing flared up close at hand.

Next morning a large interval between breakfast time and stage time tempted us to a new adventure. Some weeks before, a number of Apaches had come up from the San Carlos Reservation to work for a while in government service, and we could see a number of their hogans on the hills across the canyon. One of the squaws had visited the hotel the night before and the gorgeousness of her attire had led us to think that the Apaches must be a very gay people. Her dress was an ample thing of turkey red and white, the papoose in her arms was robed in emerald green, a wide fillet of yellow cloth about her head supported a provision sack that dangled against her back, and the five-year-old who walked behind was smothered in a wrapper of deepest blue.

But we were fated very soon to change our ideas as to the gayety of Apache camps. We had not yet reached the first hogan when the sound of a low chant came down to us—a monotonous "Ha-yu, Ha-yu, Ha, Ha"—clattering on and on in the high voice of an old man. It was then that we remembered that this hill was "bad medicine"; two squaws had died here a few days before, and we half reproached ourselves for intruding.

The people seemed too much stupefied by trouble to run from us, and the cackling chant in the medicine lodge did not pause for an instant. The ragged coverings had been torn from many of the hogans and the bleak skeletons of these abandoned shelters bore evidence to a hasty flight from the place of the evil spell. As we hurried away, scrambling down over the rocks, the high-pitched clatter of the chant followed us—"Ha-yu, Ha-yu, Ha, Ha"—and we left the medicine man to his fight with the black spirit.

A little before noon the stage drew up at the hotel, opened its doors to receive us and then slid away down the road again. The miles that rolled away within the next half hour are the friendliest of all the hundred and forty between Globe and Phoenix. Burrowing along the base of the canyon wall, the road follows close by the side of the dancing river, parted from it now and then by a fringe of cottonwoods and willows, and then at last turns away into the hills again with many half-turns and backward glances of reluctance.

A leap through the saddle of Lone Horse Mesa brought us to Fish Creek Inn and lunch. Here was time for stories, and we learned that this neighborhood is rich in history—of the unwritten sort. Down at the mouth of Fish Creek is a cave full of bones, all that is left of an Apache war party that would not surrender to pursuing soldiers. And "off south'ards" are cliff-dwellings never yet entered by a white man. Why, only the other day a professor from the East brought in a basket full of skulls from down that way. And the cliff ahead of us, we were going to climb that, and the diagonal streak across the face of it was our road.

This last tale seemed of a piece with the others, but twenty minutes later the deed was done. We had traveled about two miles, and, as one of our facetious companions said, had "returned to our boarding place," only now the inn was a little toy house five hundred feet deep in the canyon.

A little farther on the old Apache Trail crosses the road and winds away over the flat ledges of layer-cake hills. The track is worn deep by the feet of Indian ponies. For years, perhaps for centuries, it was the highway of Apache raiders descending upon the Maricopa and Pime farmers of the wide valley, and until the government road was finished in 1904 it was the only track through all this waste of rock.

There was a great Oh-ing and sticking out of heads as our car hung for an instant upon the brink of Cañon Diablo, and then, after more miles of grandeur, Tortilla Flat brought refreshment in the shape of soda set out by a smiling señorita.

This attended to, and Mormon Flat likewise left behind, a high and splendidly crested mesa rose before us—"The Mountain of the Foam." About this giant outpost of the range, fronting westward on the desert, a whole series of Indian legends has gathered. Map makers know the height as Superstition Mountain, but to the Pimos it is "The mountain of the Foam." According to Father Font's version of the Indian legend, a man named The Drinker became very angry with the people of the valley "and sent much water so that the whole country was covered" except the crest of a great mountain in the east. "This mountain is called 'of the foam' because at the end of it, which is cut off steep like the corner of a bastion, there is seen high up near the top a white brow of rock, and the Indians say that this is the mark of the foam of the water which rose to that height." When Drinker-man had destroyed all the people, he made new men of mud, and those he sent down stream were good, but those he sent into the mountains were very bad (the Apaches).

The legend goes on to say that the petulant Drinker-man soon became wroth with his new creatures and transformed many of them into saguaros. This last episode is undoubtedly true, for the giant cacti certainly share the stupid expression of the desert Indians. As a final mark of his displeasure The Drinker lowered the sun so that it would burn the country in summer.

Besides the deluge legend and these other accounts of divine vengeance there are hundreds of tales of a pleasanter sort. They tell

how Chief Morning Green quarreled with Rain-man and Wind-man, and how these boon companions fled away and were never heard from more; how Thunder shot fire into all the trees and bushes, so that to this day there is fire in everything; how Earth Doctor spurted a mouthful of medicine water into the skies and made the Milky Way.

A very picturesque legend tells of the destruction of Chief White Feather and all his people. In the days of the great deluge White Feather and his followers fled before the rising waters, climbing to the very crest of The Mountain of the Foam. Standing there upon the highest peak, the Chief took from his pouch a medicine stone and struck it with lightning from the sky. The stone broke in pieces and in a single instant White Feather and all those with him were transformed into pinnacles of rock. Even now the crest of Superstition Mountain is spiked and spired like the summit of a fir-grown peak of the north-land.

Swinging along past the mesa with its row of Lot's Wives, we topped a gentle rise and saw before us the far spread of the desert stretching away to world's end. Occasional signs on rocks and water tanks had warned us of our approach to the metropolis of Arizona, but nowhere in all the shimmering space before us was there a hint of a house or a farm. The road led away, mile on changeless mile, with never a curve or a sign of life at the end of it.

As we drew away from the foot of the mountains the tall mesquite and palo verde gave place to dusty scrub broken now and again by the awkward bulk of a giant cactus. Then a bank of deep, lush green began to grow up in the west and almost before we could catch a breath the car leaped a high-bridged irrigation ditch, the desert slipped out of sight behind us, and the whole wide land was green from mountain to distant mountain.

Phoenix received us kindly into a tree-lined street with high, white schoolbuildings on either side, and ice-cream wagons hung with sleigh-bells drew aside to let us pass.

Our equipage drew up at last in the palm-shade of a plaza, and the driver turned to look us over. Smiling, we risked a question.

"When did they clear the bad Indians out of that Tonto country?"

The brown man considered.

"Let's see, let's see. It was in '86 that I helped corral Geronimo."

He was very casual, not noticing our embarrassed hero-worship.

"Do you like this better than Indian fighting?—driving the stage, I mean."

"Well, yes, I guess so.—Do you get down here? I want to fix up the car for to-morrow's trip"—this very unconcernedly.

We climbed down, smiled upon by the hero.

"Wouldn't you like to make that trip every day?"

Now we were well steeped with sunbeams and very dusty, and the kindly whir of the engine left the brown man only our sunburn grins for answer.

April 20, 1929.

with the Friends' section of the American Red Cross. Returning to Philadelphia he was president of the Central National Bank from 1919 to 1920.

He is vice president of Bryn Mawr College, manager of the corporation of Haverford College and overseer of the William Penn Charter School. He is a member of the Philadelphia, Racquet, University, Merion Cricket, Downtown, Gulph Mills, Barge and Milldam clubs, and also of the American Academy of Political and Social Science.

Silvery Lake Hides Terrors of Early Days

Extracts from Arizona Republican



TO THE average mind Apaches are considered as a class, all being of the same tribe and governed under one head. This, however, is incorrect.

True, Apaches, so-called, are of one nation, but there are many tribes speaking different dialects. They are separate and distinct in characteristics, tribal practices, and customs.

Properly speaking the real Apache nation is composed of those who speak the same language, yet there are several tribes commonly classed as Apaches whose language is entirely different, and in the center of Apacheland as known before the setting aside of reservations, one tribe was found—the Arivaipas—known to other surrounding tribes as “Hodge-e-do-de-bah,” meaning the mouth of the river named by the Spaniards as the San Pedro, where they resided.

The Mojaves who lived in the section around Bill Williams Fork, west of Prescott were an offshoot of the Colorado River Mojaves and were termed as Apache-Mojaves. A tribe called Chim-e-hue-vas, formerly located on the Colorado River, were called Apache-Yumas

and referred to by other tribes as the “In-day-be-too-in-chaw” or men of the Big Water (Colorado River). These tribes speak a different language. Thus prior to 1880, we find nine tribes of Indians gathered together from within a radius of some 300 miles of the San Carlos Agency, located at the mouth of the San Carlos River where it empties into the raging Gila.

SIX TRIBES OF APACHES. Six tribes compose the real Apache nation, all speaking the same language with slightly different accent but understandable, and from six different localities. They were located after much warfare and trouble at San Carlos with the three tribes heretofore mentioned. The former were the dominant breed and generally referred to as Apaches, but in reality the name Apache was forced upon them by the desert Indians to the south when the Spaniards came in contact with them in 1540.

The desert Indians referred to the warlike tribes with whom they had been at war for ages as “Apaches,” the word meaning in their language “enemy.” Thus the Spaniard, Mexican, and Americans, later, referred to the allied tribes as Apaches.

The so-called Apaches while accepting the name applied by their common foe, refer to themselves and other tribes as men of a locality principally, or in reference to some natural phenomena, likewise some characteristic or trait of an individual tribe, and many times in relation to some mythical allusion, such as Men of the Woods, Men of the North, or Men of the Rising Sun.

The Chiricahuas, the most vicious and warlike of all tribes, call themselves “Hi-u-ah” or Men of the Rising Sun. They are also known to other tribes as “Chiko-ken,” which is a term to designate their particular locality.

The NATIVE AMERICAN

A FORTNIGHTLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO INDIAN EDUCATION
Entered as second-class matter, January 13, 1900, at the post office at
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Vol. 29

Phoenix, Arizona, April 20, 1929

No. 8

Charles James Rhoads Picked For Indian Affairs

Reprinted from *Philadelphia Inquirer* of April 10, 1929

 CHARLES JAMES RHOADS, prominent Philadelphia banker, has been selected as Commissioner of Indian Affairs by President Hoover, it was learned in Washington yesterday. [April 10, 1929]

Mr. Rhoads however, has not yet accepted the post, informing the President he wished to first confer with his financial associates in this city. [Philadelphia] It is anticipated he will announce his acceptance within a few days.

The banker was in Washington yesterday and called upon President Hoover, in company with Secretary of the Interior Wilbur, under whom he would serve. He will succeed Charles H. Burke, who held this responsible Government post for many years.

Mr. Rhoads, who is a member of the banking firm of Brown Brothers, Sixteenth and Walnut streets, inherited his interest in the Indians from his father, James E. Rhoads, who was president of the Indian Rights Association of Philadelphia for nine years, up to the time of his death, thirty-five years ago. Mr. Rhoads is the present head of the organization, having succeeded to the post upon the retirement of Herbert Welsh, of this city, two years ago. He has been treasurer of the association for twenty-eight years.

It is understood that he was not a candidate for the commissionership and had told friends he did not want the place. However, his selection was urged upon the President and Secretary Wilbur by men close to Indian affairs, who represented him as just the type of man needed for this humanitarian undertaking.

President Hoover, it was learned, had been casting his eyes about for a man who would look upon the assignment as a large welfare proposition rather than as a job.

Mr. Rhoads is a native Pennsylvanian, is fifty-six and of independent means. He was raised on a farm in Delaware County, where his family has lived for seven generations. He is a graduate of Haverford College, and is active in the administration of several educational institutions. His banking career has been wide and extensive.

He entered the employ of the Girard Trust Company as a clerk in 1893. He was appointed first governor of the Federal Reserve Bank of Philadelphia when it was organized and remained in that capacity until 1918, when he resigned to become chairman of the War Prisoners' Relief in the world conflict.

He continued this humanitarian task throughout the war, and also worked

April 20, 1929

THE NATIVE AMERICAN

119

The Janos Apaches from Mexico—the tribe to which Geronimo belonged—were called “Be-don-kohe.” The Warm Spring Indians from the Mimbres river in New Mexico were known as “Chi-hen-nay.” The White Mountain Indians, commonly called the “Coyotero’s,” were called by other tribes “Dith-claw” and the Pinal Indians original dwellers at San Carlos and vicinity, were designated by all other tribes as “Chi-a-hen.” The Tontos were designated by other tribes and took pleasure in calling themselves “Des-chin,” or Men of the North. These six tribes spoke practically the same language.

ALL HATED COMMON FOE. Therefore, we found in 1880, with headquarters at San Carlos, some 5,000 Indians, embracing nine separate tribes, a motley group virtually in captivity, each tribe with their own version of alleged wrongs inflicted by the white man, each group with deadly hatred of each other, yet with the same grievance against the common foe—the advancing white-skinned pioneer.

San Carlos, a name signifying an apostle of peace, but to all Arizonians of early days the former seat of bloodshed, murder and strife, is to be flooded with the sparkling, pure waters from the mountain streams to the east.

The former scene of turbulent affairs will soon be wiped out, purified perhaps, with the waters of the distant snow-belt, and the marks of battle and strife washed away by the surging floods of the Gila.

But the surviving pioneers who escaped the ambush and treacherous tactics of the savage hordes, can see clearly in the crystal waters the passing events of many years, a clouded film of recurring scenes, a movie-like drama, from the date of the establishment of San Carlos in November, 1871, with some

seven or eight hundred Pinal Apaches as a nucleus, up to the surrender and deportation of the vicious Geronimo and his band in 1886.

They can see the sullen Apaches of the Verde section arriving at the agency—Tontos, Apache-Mojaves, and a straggling band affiliated with the Yumas—Apache-Yumas delivered by the military to the new civilian agent, John P. Clum, in 1875.

They can also see in the depths of the pure waters of the lake, the successful military commander, General Crook, who forced away with his gallant troops these hostile tribes, together with the scouts and guides who assisted him—Archie McIntosh, Joe Felmar, Yank Bartlett, Hank Hewett, Dan O’Leary, Maria Jilda Grijalva, C. E. Cooley and a host of others standing by night and day for signs of trouble.

They can gaze below over the ruins of the sunken city and behold the coming of a horde of Coyoteros from the north in the same year—1800 or more crafty, silent, sullen and defiant, only awaiting a chance to fight their way back to the mountains around old Fort Apache.

They can also see the fall of Lieut. Jacob Almy, stricken down by the murderous hand of a fanatic Apache with an imaginary grievance—he who was buried in the straggling, barren plot that served as a cemetery near the agency building to sleep in peace until his remains were removed to the new resting place beyond the rising waters of the Gila.

They can picture the coming also of Geronimo and the Warm Spring Apaches from Ojos Caliente, New Mexico, under direction of John P. Clum and General Hatch; the escape of Victoria, the dreaded warrior, and his band of

fiendish murderers to sweep the country and leave death and destruction behind them.

Interspersed in the changing events, they can imagine they hear measured tread of the gallant soldiers who gave battle to the savage hordes—General Crook, General Kautz, Major Randall, Major Brown, Captain Ross, Captain King, Captain Burns, Lieutenant Almy, Captain Burke, Lieutenant Bernard, and a hundred others.

The surviving pioneers also can peer into the depths of the silent waters of new-formed lake and see the principal figures in the many stirring events beginning in 1880. The massacre of Captain Hentig and his gallant soldiers on the Cibicu in 1881, the arrival at San Carlos of the mutinous Apache scouts and the tense situation developed with mistrust, fear and suspicion of all, the sleeping of the whites behind sand-bags, momentarily expecting an attack, a situation where a single shot, intentional or otherwise, meant the signal for a general massacre.

These old pioneers can see the flight of the Chiricahuas a few weeks later to the wilds of Mexico from San Carlos, headed by the arch-fiend Geronimo and Na-chiz, son of Cochise. Down the Sulphur Springs valley they fled, dealing death to all living things within their bloody path—the Samamiego wagon train at Cedar Springs, men and women at Black Rock, prospectors at the Point of Mountain, miners and cattlemen in the valley below and then on down to safety in the foothills of the towering Sierra Madres in Mexico.

They can also turn their eyes with a sigh of regret to the scene wherein the gallant scout, Charley Colvig, rode to his death from San Carlos to the old 12-mile post with two Indian scouts, a settlement now called Rice, the seat of

the new agency—a spot that was baptized in the blood of a gallant hero and his two faithful scouts—and the spot where kind Providence intervened and saved the writer and three others from a frightful death at the same time.

The grave, aged pioneer of today can see glimpses of quick and recurring events by the hundreds, some with grief, sadness and sorrow. But there were spells, however, of pleasant days amid dangers, laughter and gaiety, joys and happiness, withal.

During the mental review of these dreadful events they can see the gallant soldiers and the brave and determined scouts, packers and guides who were the eyes of the military. General Wilcox, General Carr, General Miles and their faithful aides—also the soldiers who were to become famous in later years—General Chaffee, General Lawton, General Wood and a host of others who fought the battles of the mountain and desert. They can gaze with pride at the martial bearing of the gallant Captain Crawford and his able assistant, Lieut. Brittan Davis; also Lieut. C. B. Gatewood, Dr. Davis and other valiant officers, together with untiring efforts of the civilian employees, who faithfully stood by their guns in the many hours of danger, including Al Sieber, Captain Sterling, John D. Burgess, Charley Colvig, Captain Birdwell, Dan Ming, Tom Horn, George W. Wrattan and Frank Bennett.

SEE FLIGHT OF GERONIMO. And, at last, before the picture fades, they can see the escape and flight of Geronimo and his ferocious band in May, 1885, dealing death and desolation and leaving helpless wounded victims in his path—dealing death to every soul on the bloody trail from near Fort Apache to their old haunts in Mexico, to again raid and re-raid the sun-kissed land un-

April 20, 1929

THE NATIVE AMERICAN

121

til they finally were induced to surrender and were deported to a far distant land in September, 1886.

What a picture! What a drama unfolded in the depth of a silvery lake so peaceful and placid. So calm and unruffled, it yet reflects the scenes of a bloody era, wiped out today by rising, limpid waters that will give life to the desert below. This movie-like picture—terrible in a way—can only be seen by one who knows, one who lived in the sunken city when it was alive with strife and the breeding place of atrocity and who took a small part in the recurring events of many years ago.

However, as time tempers all things and in spite of the recurring panoramic scenes wrought in mental development, inspiring sad memories, and in spite of the hatred of the Apaches of yesteryear and their brutal tactics, the pioneer can now rest on the overhanging bluffs of the great lake, cast his eyes over the serene waters, and in silent reverie wonder with amazement at the changes wrought in 50 years. What changes indeed for the pioneer to consider, and for the newcomer to learn, especially he who is imbued with the idea that Arizona is today infested with a warlike and ever ready tribe of Apaches to pounce upon the unwary traveler.

The pioneers of Arizona, who took their lives in their hands whenever they traveled from point to point, who knew no rest from the raids of the warrior class, who have seen friends and family laid low and tortured beyond belief, can hardly realize the conditions of today. Where 50 years ago they found war and bloodshed, we find peace and plenty. Where they traveled at night heavily armed and with constant expectation of attack, we find pleasure in travel by day throughout the sun-kissed land.

MOUNTAINS NOW PEACEFUL. Where

long ago long lines of wagon freighters passed in fear through the Apache-infested country, always in danger of being ambushed, we find the iron horse gliding along the trail of steel through the heart of Apacheland. Where they found rocky canyons in the mountain passes infested with lurking Apaches behind granite boulders picking off the lonely horsemen, we find today the passing of the mountain ranges peaceful for the solitary miner, ranchman and cowboy. Where they barricaded in the ranch house, fighting off the deadly charges of the naked hostiles, we reach the ranch unarmed and the women and children bask in the sunshine without fear. Where they read reports brought in by weary express-riders of the massacre of a family or a lone prospector on the Upper Gila or on the San Simon, we read today of the mineral discoveries in many mountains in this rich and marvelous country and of the peaceful pursuits of the ranchmen, unmolested in every fertile valley of the "Garden of the Gods."

Time has wrought the many changes by the advancement of the dominant and civilized class. Where the Apaches, according to history, forced the peaceful Aztec from fields of flowers and grain, pleasant homes and a pastoral life, bringing the land into decay, making a weary desert of vast plain of waving grain, causing canals to be covered deeply by the everchanging, ever shifting sands of the treeless desert, the Apaches of today have been driven in Arizona to cultivate what their forefathers destroyed.

From 1846, the date of the first contact with the Apaches by the United State troops, up to 1886, the final surrender of the hostile Apaches—40 years of constant warfare—the American soldiers and civilians alike, succeeded in subduing the fierce and valiant Apaches

—erecting a wall of protection for the coming settlers and a massive reservoir of reserve force that held the surging, fighting Apaches in check, thereby bringing peace and prosperity to the sun-kissed land.

The Thirtieth President

THE source of human greatness is never obvious. It is to be found not in one, but in many qualities and in the manner of their blending. It is to be found not in mere mentality, but in the combination of intellect with character. Experience plays no small part in its development with those who are capable of wisely assimilating experience. The school is only one step in education; the man headed for greatness finds life a university in which courses are continuous.

No man has ever come to the presidency of the United States, since the first president, better known at the time of his assumption of the chief magistracy, than Herbert Hoover. Better known, that is, throughout the world for his record of achievement; for what he has said and done. But the personal qualities of many presidents have been better known; partly because they had been longer in public life; partly because they were more obvious. No man ever went into the presidency through more striking manifestations of public confidence; but that confidence was based not upon what people know about Mr. Hoover personally, but because of the ideas and deeds which constitute his known record. That is a far sounder basis of confidence than partiality for a personality. To most people, including some who knew him fairly well, Mr. Hoover is something of a mystery; but what he has been able to accomplish is no mystery; it stands out as one of the most striking records of

achievement ever set to the credit of an American; a record impressive not in one field, but in many; beginning with small things and broadening to matters of world-wide moment; and every job well done.

Some explanations of Mr. Hoover's achievements, however, are apparent. First must be placed the factor of motive. The element of first importance in any life is the purpose that guides it. That may be inherited; it may be acquired through contacts; it may be willed. As one reads of the earlier life of Herbert Hoover, it is evident that from the beginning of his adventurous life he saw something in his work beside a means of gaining fame or fortune. His warm imagination saw the broader relationships of all tasks. So in Australia, as a youth called to the superintendency of a mine, he saw something others had stumbled over; namely, that industry was a human and not a mere mechanical thing, and that the hearts as well as the hands of men must be put into it if it was to succeed even from a dollar and cent standpoint. So one of the first tasks to which he set himself was that of making the conditions of labor endurable. He made the success of the enterprise worth while to his associates who worked with pick and shovel, as well as to those who drew dividends from the enterprise in London. He did not wait until he became a candidate for the presidency of the United States to preach the doctrine that all worth while progress is based on comfort and opportunity for the every day man. He put that theory into practice in the first great enterprise he managed. And it worked; worked so well that he soon rose to the management of a large group of mines, and was called thence to even larger responsibilities.



The Tamed Wild Apache

By JAMES RENWICK MOFFETT

SPEAK of the Southwest and there arises in many minds a picture of vast stretches of burning, waterless desert, inhabited principally by horned toads and rattlesnakes, its only vegetation consisting of varied forms of cactus. A natural enough idea. The Southwest has been so often described as a desert that it may be something of a surprise to many to learn that in the State of New Mexico alone there are six National Forests whose combined areas total some nine and a half million acres. Fully 20 per cent of the state is covered with forest, and in one of its beautiful wooded areas, the Mescalero Apache Indian Reserve, the surviving members of the Apache tribes make their homes.

Most of us realize, in a vague sort of way, that there exists an "Indian problem." Much has been written on the subject. The home-loving and industrious Pueblo Indian, however, has been more frequently the subject of discussion than the erstwhile nomadic and dangerous Apache. But those who know the Pueblo Indians do not necessarily know the Apaches.

The Mescalero Apache Indian Reserve is in southeastern New Mexico and embraces 476,000 acres of beautiful mountain country. Within its boundaries are some of the best grazing lands in the Southwest and many acres of excellent farm land, for the most part not yet under cultivation. For the Southwest, where water is almost a deity, the reservation is exceptionally well watered by springs and streams. Well-built roads make almost every part of it readily accessible. Most of the reservation is heavily timbered, principally with pine and juniper and a generous

admixture of oak, cedar, and aspen. While much of the Southwest, especially the desert portions, is extremely hot during the summer months, the climate of the reservation home of the Apache Indian is delightfully moderate.

Because the Mescalero Reservation is somewhat off the beaten path of the transcontinental motor tourist, and perhaps because caring for Uncle Sam's wards is a task requiring all the tact, ability, and energy of those to whom the administration of the Apache's affairs has been entrusted, visitors have not been particularly sought after.

Once there, however, they are greeted cordially and assisted in finding camp sites to their liking if they care to tarry.

A recent counting of noses disclosed the fact that the total number of Apaches on the reservation is six hundred and thirty-seven. The tribal cattle herd, numbering about 6,000 head, and uncounted horses are maintained on the reservation. The value of the cattle alone, at present valuation, is well over a quarter of a million dollars. Because of severe drought last year, heavy losses were sustained by many Southwestern cattlemen. By dint of good management and constant care, there were practically no losses from the Apache herds.

This immense property is administered solely for the benefit of the hand-

ful of Indians who compose the remainder of the Apache tribes. Regardless of the fact that anything which is done for the general good, such as road-building, the clearing of lands, or general maintenance tasks, is quite as beneficial to one as to the other of the Apaches, none of them are called upon to perform any part of the neces-



ROBERT GERONIMO, SON
OF THE FAMOUS APACHE
CHIEF

which is the average consumption of the mills of the country.

Were it not for the utilization of waste paper, there would be a depletion of the forests amounting to some three hundred thousand acres of timberland every year. That is when account is taken of the fact that every six tons of waste paper produces the equivalent in pulp of an acre of virgin timber.

When one sees the huge truckloads of paper working through city streets engaged in this form of forest conservation, it is hard to realize that the demand for waste paper is so great that hundreds of tons are imported from foreign lands. And yet such is the case. Great as is the waste-material collection system of the United States, there is some twice as much wasted paper destroyed as is collected and re-used, and, to meet the lack, hundreds of shipments are imported from other countries, where, perhaps, the public is more thrifty in the saving of its used paper.

Two chief branches of the paper industry use waste paper—the board and the book-paper mills. The book-paper mills are dependent in large measure for waste paper of good grade for their mills. Old magazines, books, clippings, etc., are in demand for the manufacture of paper for magazines and book publishers. Of course, a large amount of new wood pulp is used in the manufacture of this paper, but such book-paper centers as the Kalamazoo (Michigan) valley are consumers of huge quantities of waste paper.

The paper-board industry represents the largest total tonnage of any branch of the paper industry, with a total of over two million tons of board manufactured in 1922. The value, of course, is not as high as that of some of the finer papers, but the forest conservation effected is



CHECKING IN WASTE PAPERS COLLECTED FROM HOMES AND OFFICES BY THE "DOWN-BUT-NOT-OUTERS" AT A SALVATION ARMY HEADQUARTERS IN NEW YORK

a tremendous item in this group of the paper industry.

Instead of reaching the peak of possibilities of forest conservation by the use of waste paper, many think that there is a still greater future before the paper industry in the closer utilization of waste. The Forest Products Laboratory at Madison has made extensive experiments with the de-inking of waste paper for the making of newsprint paper, and this can be done economically, producing at the same time a satisfactory grade of paper.

If the Canadian campaign for the placing of an embargo on export of pulpwood to the United States is successful, a campaign which has been progressing for the last four years, there will be a further turning to waste paper

[Continued on page 700]



SCENES AT THE BRONX DUMPS, SHOWING THE JUNK GLEANERS SORTING OUT WASTE PAPERS—THE FIRST STEP IN A HIGHLY ORGANIZED AMERICAN INDUSTRY WHICH IS EFFECTING A SAVING OF OUR FOREST RESOURCES



TWO TYPES OF APACHE SQUAWS — PICTURESQUE REMNANTS OF A PRIMITIVE PEOPLE. THOUGH POWERLESS AND HUMBLE NOW, THE APACHE WOULD UNDOUBTEDLY REVERT QUICKLY TO HIS SAVAGE STATE IF LEFT TO HIMSELF, FOR "THE WAYS OF THE WHITE MAN ARE NOT HIS."

THE OLD SQUAW AT THE LEFT WAS NOT "CAMERASHY" AFTER THE REMOVAL OF THE "CURSE"



sary labor without adequate pay. For work done on the reservation the Apaches are paid the same wage that would be paid for similar labor in the open market. Even such individual efforts as the members of the tribe may make in their own behalf are rewarded, more often than not, by the bestowal of commendation, together with presents in the very practical form of generous chunks of beef.

The Apache children are taught in a school which is quite up to city standards. The indigent are supported; the sick are cared for and, when necessary, treated in a well-equipped and splendidly maintained hospital. Apparently, everything possible is being done to make the Apaches a happy, thrifty, and contented people. The resources and material advantages which they possess are certainly far greater than those of the average white American, and it would seem that they *should* be content.

Yet they are not content! It is unlikely that they ever will be. They are a primitive people, removed by barely more than a genera-

tion from savagery, and it is no reflection on them, nor upon the administrators of their affairs, that they remain unhappy, regardless of their material advantages and their opportunities for advancement. Their ways are not the ways of the white man, and that is all there is to it. It

is for this reason that there will be an Indian problem until the last member of the race has disappeared. This is not said because of any streak of sentimentality, nor is it a veiled intimation that the methods used in the training of the Apache are wrong.

Fate decreed that the white man should take from the red the land which was once his domain. Debate as to the right or wrong of that procedure is useless. Even the most sentimental of writers and artists, whose chests heave with emotion because the picturesque Indian is not allowed to live his own life in his natural habitat, might be brought to admit that human progress is better served by the advanced methods of the white man than by the primitive ones of his red brother. The



THEIR FATE

Their father in a White House lives
And in a white house they;
But the father with tomorrow rides
And the son with yesterday.

—Owen Wister



CLOSE-UP OF A TYPICAL TEPEE. THE APACHE INDIANS CONTINUE TO PREFER TEPEES LIKE THIS TO HOMES OF A MORE SUBSTANTIAL CHARACTER

natural state of the Apache is a barbarous one, and civilization and barbarism cannot exist successfully side by side. One or the other must be dominant, and, no matter how sentimental we may be, we can better risk a trimming at the hands of our white friends than a scalping by our red ones.

A man born and reared among the Apaches described them to me as "an humble people." His term was an apt one. There is no doubt that the spirit of the Apache is broken. This humility found its birth in the realization that he had been overwhelmed by a superior race, and that he must conform to the white man's decrees. The fact that the present methods of the white man are kindly ones cannot erase the sadness the Apache must feel because of his lost supremacy in his own land. His days of fighting and conquest are over. He who once was fierce and feared has become powerless. It is not to be wondered at, that the remnants of the Apache tribes are now "an humble people."

The Apaches, particularly the older ones, are silent, suspicious, and uncommunicative. They have accepted the ways of the whites only so far as they have been practically compelled to accept them. On the Mescalero Reservation the men all wear their hair short and have adopted the garments of the whites. Native costumes are worn only on those infrequent occasions when dances and feasts are held. The

women in general wear curious combinations of native and American dress. Babies are carried strapped to the mothers' backs, in primitive fashion. Fortunately for both races, there have been no intermarriages of whites and Indians on the reservation.

The Apaches continue to live in the most primitive of tepees, in spite of the fact that they are encouraged to build more substantial homes. Rude shelters of boughs are usually built in front of the tepees, and fires for cooking and heating are built in shallow pits rather than on the surface of the ground. This method, by the way, is one which might well be adopted by vacationists and campers, as it greatly decreases the danger of scattering the fire and causing damage. For an Apache family to move from one location on the reservation to another is a simple matter, and when a death occurs in a tepee this is invariably done.

The Apaches cling to their superstitions. Witches are believed in as profoundly as many of our own people now believe in the return of the spirits of the departed. While some of the missionaries may not agree with me on the point, the incantations of the medicine men are still depended upon to cure sickness. When spear-heads are found, they become precious possessions, because of the belief that they are the ends of lightning bolts, and that the possessor of such a talisman is protected from injury by lightning. Some of the old Apaches, both bucks and squaws, are genuinely "camera-shy," believing that the making of a picture takes something from the soul or spirit. The greater number, young and old alike, have



THE SPIRIT OF THE APACHE IS UNDOUBTEDLY BROKEN; HE REALIZES THAT HE HAS BEEN OVERWHELMED BY A SUPERIOR PEOPLE; HIS DAYS OF FIGHTING AND CONQUEST ARE OVER; AND THOUGH THE METHODS OF THE WHITE MAN ARE KINDLY, HIS ATTITUDE IS EVER ONE OF DISCONTENT

learned, however, that the "curse" is effectively removed by a silver coin, provided that it be not too small in its denomination.

It is a matter of serious doubt whether any white man fully understands the significance of the Apache dances. It was not a matter to cause surprise that no Apache would discuss this subject with me with any degree of frankness, but it was surprising to learn that men who had been associated with the Apaches during the greater part of their lives knew but little more about the dances than I. Whatever of the Christian religion the Apaches may have absorbed, there seems little doubt that at the time of their dances they revert to their own forms of sun worship. Certain of their dances have been entirely forbidden. The usual effect of the holding of any of the tribal dances is noticeably to undo a considerable amount of the progress which may have been made in the Apaches' training.

Certainly, these dances are interesting, primitive, romantic. It is difficult for members of the white race who are unacquainted with the Apaches to understand why they should be interfered with in any manner in this apparently innocent diversion. There would be a somewhat clearer understanding of this situation if those who favor the frequent holding of these dances could realize the extent to which they retard and destroy the efforts of those engaged in the teaching and training of the Apaches. Both before and after such celebrations, many members of the tribe are apt to become more or less unmanageable and morose. The dances stir up memories, not necessarily holy ones either, of things that have gone forever. All things considered, it is probably better for the Apache and his teachers if these dances are held infrequently or not at all, even though some of the rest of us are compelled to miss what is really a mighty good show.

It would be quite unfair to the Apaches were I to create the impression that none of them are appreciative of the efforts which are made in their behalf. There are those among them who realize the desirability of encouraging their children to take full advantage of the educational opportunities which are available to them. Then, again, there are those who delight in stirring up discontent and

distrust. There are "reds" among the Indians as there are among the whites—soap-box orators who would undo all the good that has been accomplished. The right of free speech has not been denied the Apache, although it seems to me to be a tribute to the patience and forbearance of the officials in charge that the few disturbers have not been dealt with in summary fashion.

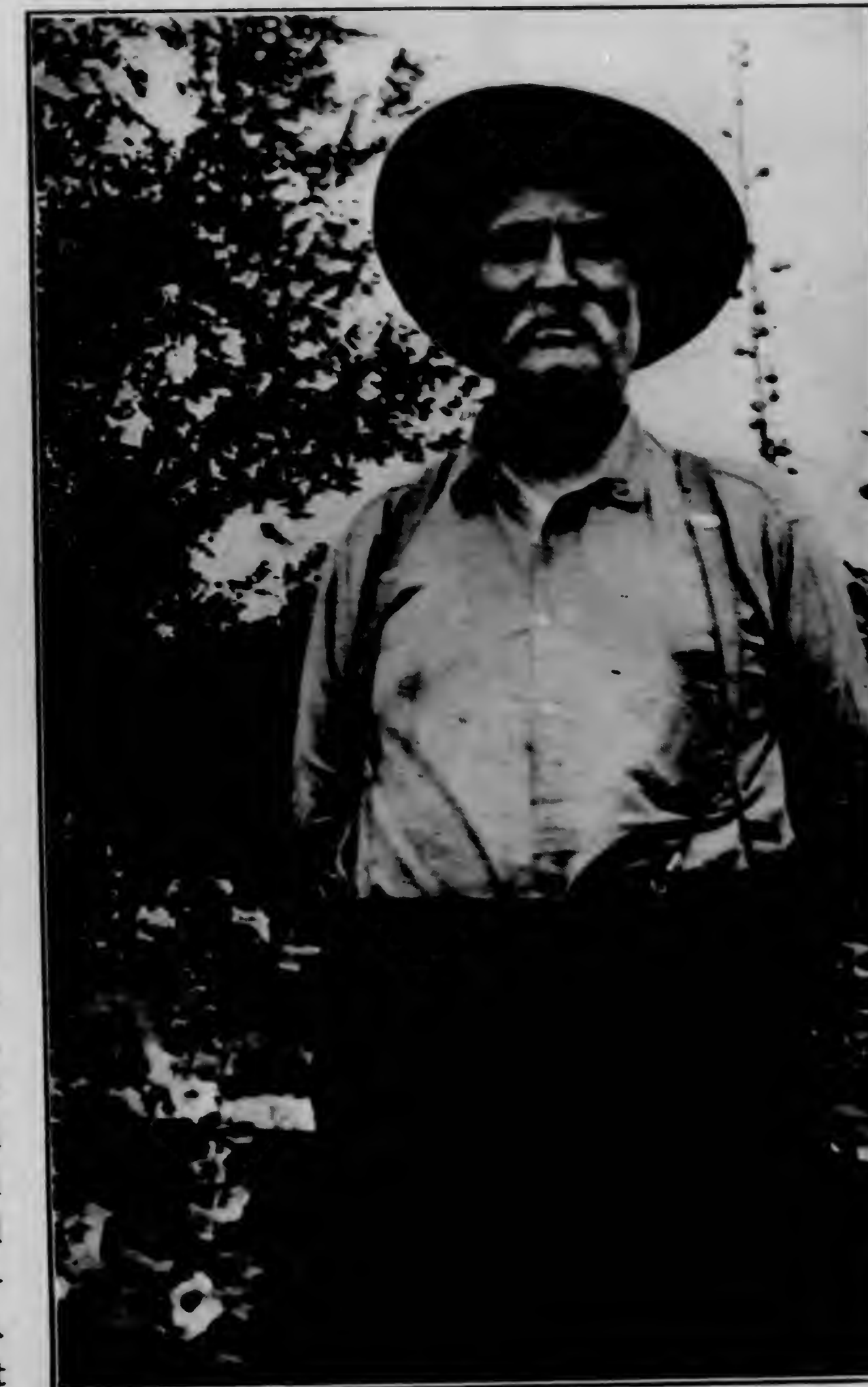
Among the more interesting of the Apaches who live on the Mescalero Reservation is Robert Geronimo, son of the famous old fellow whose depredations caused so much trouble in the past. Robert is a graduate of Carlisle, an intelligent and industrious Indian. He is engaged in farming and goat-raising and is making a real success of his work.

The Apache tribe has one white member, Captain Samuel F. Miller. He has the distinction of having been elected to membership in the tribe by the unanimous vote of the Apaches, their action having the official sanction of the Indian Bureau. Captain Miller has worked among the Apaches for more than thirty years, and enjoys their friendship and confidence to an extraordinary degree. His membership in the tribe is no mere matter of empty glory, for by virtue of it he participates in all the tribal rights and privileges and shares in all the tribal property in quite the same manner as though he were an Apache by birth. During the Civil War, Captain Miller commanded a troop of the 11th

Pennsylvania Cavalry. He afterward served under General Custer, and explains that he was on furlough at the time of the fatal battle in which General Custer and his men were massacred, and thus escaped a similar fate.

But Captain Miller has a still greater claim to fame. He relates that on one occasion he was the bearer of a message from General Sheridan to General Grant, whose headquarters were then at Spotsylvania Court House. "When General Grant had read the message," explained Captain Miller, "he looked up into my face and said, 'You tell General Sheridan that I intend to fight it out along this line if it takes all summer.' That message," continued Captain Miller, "put new heart into General Sheridan right away."

The Captain also told of another incident which, as far as I know, has never been recorded. It seems, as



CAPTAIN SAMUEL F. MILLER, THE ONLY WHITE MEMBER OF THE APACHE TRIBE, TO WHICH HE WAS ELECTED BY UNANIMOUS VOTE. CAPTAIN MILLER SERVED IN THE CIVIL WAR AND WAS THE CARRIER OF GRANT'S FAMOUS MESSAGE TO SHERIDAN, "I INTEND TO FIGHT IT OUT ALONG THIS LINE IF IT TAKES ALL SUMMER"

[Continued on page 700]

The Tamed Wild Apache

[Continued from page 659]

Captain Miller tells the story, that orders had been issued by General Grant to General Davidson to make a certain designated movement with his division. As General Davidson saluted his commander, he said, "If I understand this order correctly, it means the sacrifice of my division." With snapping eyes and hard-set face, the great General replied, "I am glad, General, that you do understand that order."

How much good or harm the inevitable influx of white visitors may do the Apaches I do not pretend to guess. It may not be amiss to hint, however, that the tepees of the Apaches, crude as they are, are no less their private homes than are the more pretentious houses of the whites, and that it is quite the natural thing that they should resent any unwarranted intrusion. Superstition aside, it is also readily understandable that the Apaches are not enthusiastically in favor of the constant snapping of cameras at their homes and their persons. Those who wish to visit the Apaches in the privacy of their tepees must spend the time necessary to become acquainted to a sufficient extent to have the invitation extended.

While this article does not surround the Apache with much of the glamour of romance, I cannot help but feel that, considering their recent wild freedom, the six hundred and thirty-odd Apaches on the Mesquero Reservation are doing very well, and that, on his part, Uncle Sam is doing his duty by them nobly. If the "Indian problem" is one of those which admits of no complete and final solution, it is simply that it was never intended by Nature that the red man should be made over into a Caucasian.

And, after all, who are we that we should question the decree of fate?

[Photographs by the author and through the courtesy of the Commercial Club of Alamogordo, New Mexico.]

Our City—Trees and Shrubs a Civic Asset

BY JULIA LESTER DILLON

City Landscape Architect, Sumter, South Carolina

been almost impossible in the smaller cities or a municipality recognized the beautifying, and considered it to incorporate in its plan of the Tree and Park in this section that our city like Topsy—"they jes'

of Women's Clubs took place was no concerted effort for civic leagues, garden societies for beautifying school court-houses, with their home grounds artistic—inaugurated by the city after the World War, for parks and parks, have brought

about an awakening. The tourists who have built homes in the South and brought landscape architects from other sections to make gardens for them have also helped.

Now, our towns are realizing their ugliness, are seeing their neglected trees, their crooked streets, or their bare concrete-paved driveways that are like ruled lines on a map, their grass-grown parkways on the sidewalks, and recognizing the need, are trying to find a remedy. They are also seeing the unbounded richness of the southern flora as a God-given heritage hitherto despised and unused. What has been a torment—riotous growth—is becoming known as an asset, more and more valued. This problem of city planting and beautifying is as wide as the South and is vital to her present and future progress and prosperity.

Intelligent planning is the first step in the campaign. This calls for a survey of resources and conditions. There must be an intelligent recognition not only of the present



A DELIGHTFUL AND ENTICING SPOT FOR YOUNGSTERS

One park, at least, should be more than well-shaded lawns, with graveled courts on which children can play. There should be many and different kinds of trees and shrubs, such as shown here.

Blackfoot

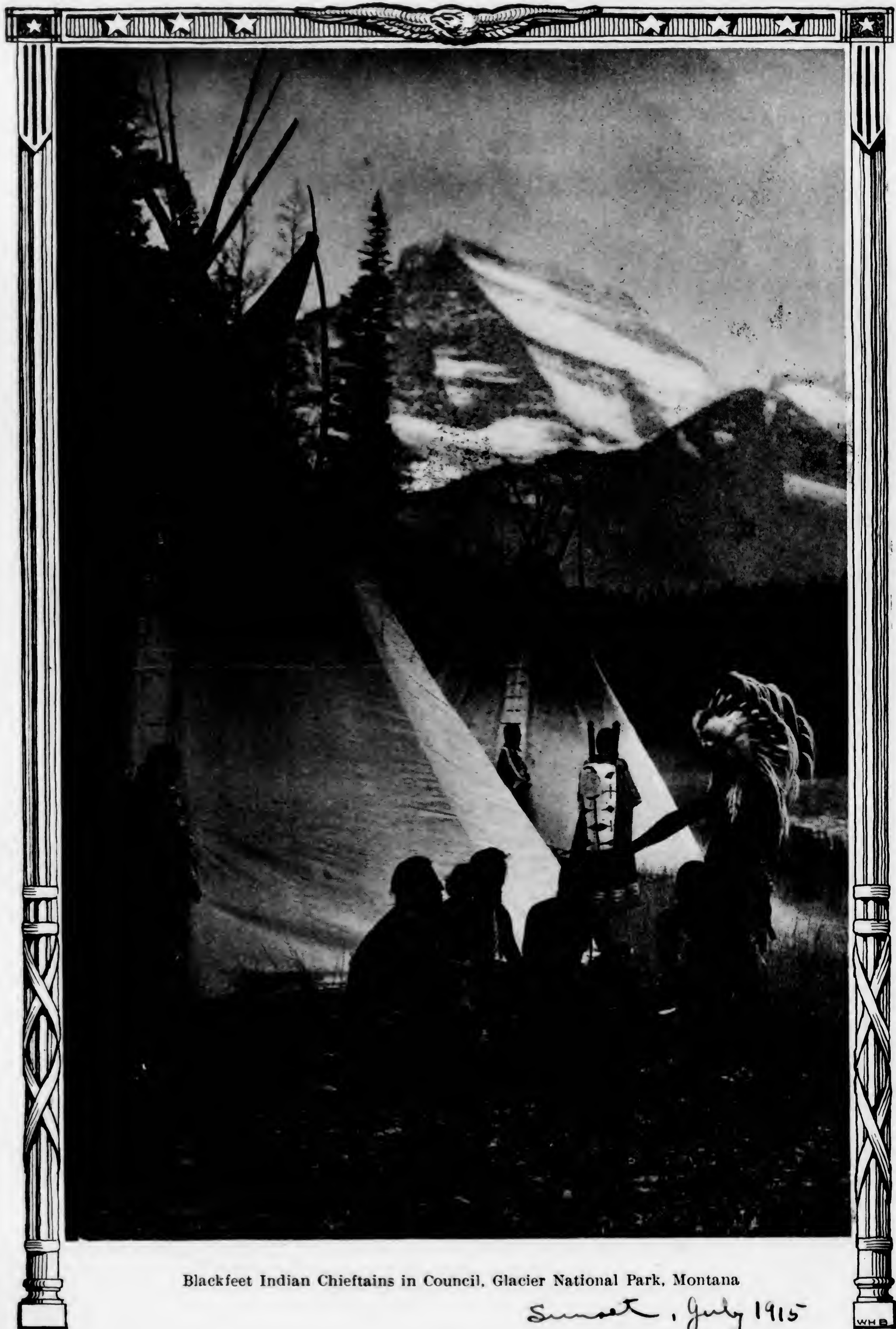
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C. Hart Merriam
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"IN THE LODGES OF THE BLACKFEET."

WE have in hand a series of chapters entitled "In the Lodges of the Blackfeet," in which is told the life story of a squawman who has lived for many years with the Blackfoot Indians of Montana. The story is autobiographic in form, is related without reserve, and is a most intimate and graphic picturing of wild Indian life on the plains, and—after the wild life was over—of Indian ways on the reservation. The chapters are of sustained interest; the publication will be begun in our next issue.

Nov. 18, 1905. 405
J. H. Thompson



Blackfoot Indian Chieftains in Council, Glacier National Park, Montana

Sunset, July 1915



PHOTOGRAPH BY ELBERT HAMPTON

Mt. Shasta, a dormant volcano and one of the most beautiful of American mountains.
In the Forest Reserve, in California

Shasta's neighbor, Mt. Lassen, a recently awakened volcano, whose eruptions continue
with increasing severity. Mt. Lassen is a national monument

Sunset - July 1915.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Bogus Indians.

I WAS engaged as escort for a mail line in 1879, having charge of two men in each of three stations, the stations being about thirty miles apart. One of the men would accompany each mail wagon on a round trip, while I was supposed to boss the job and see that they did it.

One of my men at the station at which I made my headquarters, Mountain Pass, was taken sick, I sent him in to the post; then took his place myself.

The mail route ran from Fort Sill up in the Indian Territory to Fort Concho, Texas, and the mail was carried on buckboard wagons drawn by two half-broken bronco mules. Only the driver and his escort rode on the wagon. Some of these mules had not been broken at all. When a team of this kind had been hitched to a wagon and the ropes that held them to a post while they were being harnessed were taken off, the mules would start on the dead run and never stop short of the next station. The only way they could be stopped would be to knock them down with an ax.

We had three drivers on this end of the route, two of whom should have been somewhere else. They were deathly afraid of Indians. Why they ever stayed here at all puzzled me. Pay of \$35 or \$40 a month and three meals a day, when they were where they could get it, of saleratus bread, fried bacon and black coffee, would be no inducement for me to do this work, whether I was afraid of Indians or not. I never wanted to go with these men if I could help it.

There were Indians in this country at times. When they came in here they generally came from the north or west, and after making a raid through here, went back there again. I did not expect the driver to fight Indians; that was what I had been sent here to do. Still I did not want him to get rattled, then let his team run into the Indians, or wherever it might take a notion to go, when I began firing.

The third driver, Charley Parton, or as he was called Dutch Charley, was all right; he had served in our cavalry and was not afraid of Indians.

The man I had with me at Mountain Pass was a new recruit that we had lately got from the East, and he also had no use for Indians then; he got over his fear of them later on. Dutch Charley would not let this recruit go with him. On some former trip, when he had the man with him, they had an Indian scare—there were no Indians at the end of it though—and the man had got rattled. Charley said the man had come near shooting him; that he was a coward.

I told Charley what was wrong. These "smart Ales" we had, had been stuffing the man with hair-raising stories of how the Indians would first burn him to death at the stake, then to make sure of it kill him some more, then scalp him.

"You know the stuff we keep on hand to amuse a Rookie," I told him, "you have been there yourself. That man is all right. Let a real Indian open on him and he will fight right enough."

Well, he would rather go alone than take him.

I had just made a round trip with one of these tender-foot drivers who could see an Indian behind every rock and bush, and we had got into the station just as Charley was starting to go alone. That round trip had taken me two days and over 140 miles in a rough buckboard, and I did not much fancy jumping into another wagon nor to go over it again; but I would not let the man go alone.

I could order the man that the driver did not want into his wagon, then tell the driver to pull out. I was in command here, and had it been one of the other drivers, that is what I should have done; but I did not want to do this with Charley.

I swallowed my dinner, then started with Charley. We made the Concho, seventy miles, that day, and the next came as far as Old Fort Chatbourne on our way back. Here we were given a pair of these unbroken mules, about the meanest pair on the line. Charley always got them; the other fellows were afraid of them.

The road out of Chatbourne for a mile or two ran through a grove of post oaks and was partly down-hill. Here our team began to jump and plunge, and the off mule got his left hind leg over the trace and tongue. He managed to get it back off the tongue, but still had it over the trace. He might keep it there now for the next thirty miles. If we tried to free him our heads would get kicked off. So we let the trace stay sawing there under his belly and against his leg; if it suited him, it ought to suit us.

The road ahead of us for the next twenty-five miles ran through a prairie thickly covered with bushes or chaparral. We had gone several miles over this road when I noticed two men off to the left and a mile or two ahead of us. They sat on their horses behind a bush that just showed their heads and shoulders above it, and were 200 yards from the road. When we had got closer I saw that both of them had blankets pulled up around their shoulders.

"Yonder are our Indians," I told the driver. "But there is only one apiece for us."

We got our carbines up from where they lay under our feet, Charley standing his up between his legs while I held mine. We were two miles away yet, but the mules were going over these two miles very fast. I kept my

eye on the men and also on the road in front of us. If they were Indians the two were not the only ones here.

We were nearly opposite to them now, and, jumping up, I braced my left leg against the seat to steady me, then sprung my lever. I had a Spencer and the driver had another one.

"Don't fire," the driver told me, "if they let us go, let them go. I am afraid of this team."

I sat down again. I knew that the driver was right. If this team began to plunge again—and they would—they might get tangled up worse than they were now or break the tongue. We had another team do that later on; they broke the tongue short off at the neck yoke. If that should happen then we might stop here and fight Indians all day, and we would stand a poor show with them among these bushes.

The men sat there looking at us but never moved, and in a minute or two they were far in our rear.

"I hate to leave those fellows without letting them know we are alive, Charley."

"So do I; but it is best. We may get plenty more of them yet. Those are not the only ones here. I can't exactly understand their game, though."

I had on two pistols, the driver had none.

"If we get into a hot place, Charley, take my left pistol. I leave it for you," I told him.

"I hardly think those were Indians," I told the driver.

"Of course they were. Have we not both of us seen enough Indians to be able to tell one at 200 yards? White men would not be fools enough to try to play off Indian on us. Every man in this country knows that we carry arms, and knows that you can shoot him on sight if he tries any funny business. That mail is your warrant."

We kept a good lookout ahead, but saw no more Indians. We got in sight of Mountain Pass at last, and about two miles south of it a wide creek crossed the road. The banks had been cut down at the ford, and we could not see the creek until nearly on top of it.

"If we don't see Indians down there," Charley said, "we won't see any more this trip."

"I am not sure we have seen any yet. I think we saw two white men back yonder. If those were Indians and did not want us—and it seems they did not—why did they let us see them at all? They had only to dismount there to be out of sight."

"Oh, they were Indians," He knew that.

We were close to the creek now and a band of coyotes came charging up from it; they had just heard us coming. Charley gave a whoop. "Put your gun up," he told me, "no more Indians to-day or them fellows would not be here."

The Pass ran between two mountains here, the one on the left was not quite as high as its neighbor on the right, and the stage ranch was built at the northern end of it. Just as we had got to the ford I happened to look across the left mountain, and saw a column of smoke rising behind it. There was nothing to burn over there except the station.

"That's what it is," Charley said. "Now what will we do? We can't pass them if they are there yet. I'll do as you say."

We could not pass there if they did not want us to pass. The station stood on the left of the road; the ground between it on that side was covered with bushes; the ground on the right of the road clear to the mountain half a mile away was cut up into deep gullies.

"Go right ahead," I told him. "We can't turn back. If they are there yet and have not got the road closed dash right on. You do the driving. I'll do the shooting. Then keep on to Phantom Hill; that team can stand it. If we see we can't get through I'll shoot your mules; they shan't get them. Then you and I each take a mail pouch and get up among the rocks there. We can stand them off until help comes."

We were in the Pass now. It ran from north to south and was nearly straight, but the cañon here was full of bushes and trees and the road made several turns here to get past trees.

When half way through it, just before coming to one of these turns, an Indian rode around the curve. I jumped up and had my gun up and my finger on the trigger. The Indian was only thirty yards away; in another moment he would be a dead Indian.

"Don't shoot!" the Indian sung out, calling me by name, then yelled "Tonkaway."

I dropped back in my seat. He was a Tonkaway Indian, one of the scouts from Fort Griffin, and my favorite hunting companion. He and I had slept together many a night on the prairie when out looking for trails or turkeys. These Indians all went under English names, and this young fellow had taken my middle name, Anderson. I ought to be able to recognize him a mile away. I must be as badly rattled now as that man of mine would be. We swept past him just as he called out, "Some more Tonkaway back there."

"All right, Anderson. I won't shoot them now."

In a minute we met half a dozen more of them under the first lieutenant of our troop. He wanted me to stop.

"We can't, sir. You will have to come to the station," I told him. Or where the station had been. I was sure now it had been burned; else what was he doing out here? The troop was probably miles in the rear of him; he commanded the scouts.

We were out of the Pass now, and the station stood here with nothing wrong about it. The prairie behind it was on fire, though. Charley and I shook hands.

"I won't have to shoot your mules after all," I told

him, "though that is about all they are fit for."

The lieutenant came after us. We could stop now and talk to him. He wanted to know if we had met any men. I told him about the two "Indians."

"Did you not recognize those Indians?" he asked me.

"No, sir; they were too far away. Who are they?"

"Graham and Finney. They have deserted. Do you think they will go through Chadbourne?"

"No, sir, they won't. Graham is not fool enough to do it. I know I would not. He knows the country. He will go around Chadbourne."

"Well, I'll get him, if I have to follow him to the Gulf of Mexico," he said, and left.

He would have followed them there, too, but he did not have to do it; he caught them in a cornfield below Fort Mason and brought them back.

Graham did go through Chadbourne, though. The post had been abandoned, but a sergeant of the Ninth Cavalry (colored) and a party of men were here. Graham told him that a lot of Indians were after him, then kept on. He took care not to tell the sergeant that the Indians were Tonkaways; and when the Indians got up here the sergeant had his men out in this post oak grove deployed as skirmishers, and he sent the Tonkaways back in a hurry. It took the lieutenant half an hour to hammer into the sergeant's head that these Indians did not want him or the post.

This Graham was a friend of mine. I had known him for years; and had he come down to the road to-day where I could have seen who he was I should have thrown the lieutenant off his trail and let him go; he was one of but very few men that I would do it for, though. He belonged to my troop, and had been a sergeant in it, but had been broken for selling some old carbines, then thrown into the guard house. He escaped from there. The other man, Finney, I knew little about and cared less; but I should have helped Graham off. He told me after he was brought back that this was the only wrong move he had made. He knew who I was and knew I would not give him away.

But I have begun this tale at the wrong end and will have to begin again.

Several months before this a large emigrant train going to California pulled into our post, Fort Griffin, and went into camp on the North Fork of the Brazos, below the post, stopping here for several days to rest their teams. They had over twenty wagons, part of them ox wagons and a good bunch of loose horses along. They were from Arkansas, and most of the older men had been Confederate soldiers. These men were then generally only rebels up at the North, but I had long ago found out that it did not take me much longer to call a man a Confederate and his army the Confederate Army than it did to call him a rebel; and it did not hurt his feelings quite so much. When these men had quit fighting so had I, and had not kept it up since in the papers and with my mouth. I always got along with them without having to tell them that they were right and we were wrong. I did not have to take anything back, we had whipped them, but it was not necessary to tell them all about it once a day. I put in some time in their camp and got quite well acquainted with them.

Their leader had been a Confederate captain. He had lost his left arm. He had brought it home from the army with him, but had since blown it off with a shotgun; it can be done that way easy enough if you only know how to do it. That shotgun had to stand the blame for the loss of several arms belonging to men I know. One in particular had served with me in the Army of the Potomac three years, had been shot at times without number, and not hit; then had come home and in less than a month had lost his arm by the shotgun route.

Two or three days after this train had pulled out again our quartermaster found out that he was short about a dozen old Spencer carbines that he had to arm his citizen teamsters with. A wagon never left here without the driver being armed, he carried his carbine in the front box. These guns had about outlived their usefulness, but would cost that quartermaster \$22 a piece if he did not find them or have a board of survey sit on them. He most likely would get that board of survey. If we had lost them we would find them on the pay roll; and he could swear them off. He was doing some swearing now, but it did not get him his guns. I got them afterward, though, without doing any swearing.

The only Government property that I ever lost was an old condemned horse, saddle and bridle, that a Mexican stole. The whole affair was worth \$50, but I expected to have to pay \$200. I had no more right to take this outfit than I would have had to take the captain's horse. I was riding the plug to save a race horse I had. When I had about made up my mind to serve a year and pay for it, the commanding officer sent for me, wrote out an affidavit and told me to swear to it, then let the condemned horses alone after this and ride my own. Not every commander would do that, though. This is called "swearing the horse off the papers." Nobody has to pay for him now. The taxpayer paid for him when he was bought. We let it go at that.

Two or three days after the emigrant train had left us a big detail under the same officer who was after Graham now, had been sent after it to find those guns.

As soon as we were clear of the post the lieutenant told me to start off, keep up a slow gallop and go on until I overtook the train. If I did not get up to it before sunset, then rest a while, then keep on. When I found the train I was to hold it until he came up. It would

not be over thirty miles away yet; the wagons had to travel slowly on account of the ox teams.

I went out at a gallop. I thought I had a rather large contract on hand to try and arrest twenty or more men all by myself; but I could make a bluff at it anyhow. These frontier citizens are never in a hurry about disobeying any order we give them. A soldier could arrest a party of them after they had run a sheriff and his posse clear out of the county.

At the end of about twenty-eight miles I saw the train just ahead of me. They had camped on Dead Man's Creek last night and were just now pulling out—a rather late start; it was 10 o'clock now. As I rode past each wagon I told its driver to pull out and stop; then kept on until I came to the head of the train. The wagon in advance was an ox team—three yoke of them—driven by a colored boy.

"Pull to the right, Sam, and stop," I told him.

"Yes, sah."

Just ahead of this wagon and leading the procession was an old-fashioned country carryall with a fine span of iron-gray horses. The driver was a woman, thirty-five years old, as she afterward told me when she offered herself and a 400-acre farm to me. She was pulling away at a corn-cob pipe. Lifting my hat to her I said:

"Madam, I have your train under arrest. Drive to the right of the road and stop, please."

"What fur?"

I told her what "fur."

"I hain't got any one of your blame guns. I don't need 'em. I got plenty guns of my own."

"I am glad to hear it; but you must stop here. I can't let you go on."

She stuck her head past the side of her carryall and yelled: "Alf, git that thar team back in the road! You hear me? An' come on."

Alf was the negro ox driver.

"Keep your team where it is, Alf," I told him. "I am in command here now. You obey me."

"Yes, sah, I does."

"That thar team is mine, an' I want it. I am going right on."

"You can't, Madam. There may be Indians not ten miles away. There often are."

"I don't keer fur no Indians. I can help myself. I got a gun." And she reached behind her and hauled out a Winchester rifle.

"Can you use that?" I asked.

"You find me a deer an' see if I can't use it."

Had this been a man I should have helped him over on the grass long since, but you can't drive a woman.

"Madam," I told her, "my orders were to stop every one, but I will make an exception in your case. Drive on."

"I reckon I had better stop," she said, after studying the question a moment.

"Yes, I think so; but I won't try to stop a lady. You can go on if you want to do so."

I knew she would not go, else I should not have given her permission to go. She drove off on the grass and jumping down out of her carryall yelled: "Alf, git them thar oxen out now an' let 'em git a bite. You hear me?"

Alf heard her. So did every one else within half a mile. She began to unharness her team, and while she got the harness off one horse I took it off the other, then put drag ropes on both of them. She was going to let them run. Next I hung the harness up on the front wheels. She was watching me and now said: "You seem to know how to do things."

"We have to know how to do many things in our business, Madam. We never know when we may be called on to do them."

"Are you a sargint?"

"That is what they call me."

I was only a corporal, but the civilians here did not know the difference, and called us all sergeants. I never took the trouble to explain the difference, either; I would almost as soon be called a sergeant. I was waiting patiently until the Captain would call me one—if he did not break me before that. He did not, but gave me the third stripe when it came my turn to get it.

As soon as the men had got their teams on the grass they had gathered in a knot, and were now holding a council. A half-grown boy came to me and throwing up his hand to his hat, as he had seen us salute our officers, said: "Mister, my father wants to see you." Returning his salute I said: "I'll see him now," and was about to start when the woman was heard from again.

"See here, Bill," addressing the boy, "you call that man 'sargint' after this. Don't forget it now. He ain't none of your 'misters,' he is a 'sargint.'"

I walked over to the group of men and said: "I ought to have told you sooner, gentlemen, why I stopped you here, but the lady detained me. I have been ordered to place you under arrest for having Government arms in your possession. I will have to hold you here until the captain comes up. You had better camp. He may not be here for hours yet. You can't go on to-day; the next water is too far ahead."

"I have all those guns, Sergeant," one of the men said. "Those other men know nothing about them. I'll give them up now; you can let these other men go."

"I am sorry, but I can't. I have my orders and must obey them. You will all have to stop here. The Captain, when he comes, may let you go. I can't."

"Where have you those guns?" I asked. He took me to a wagon, and, taking out the tail gate, pointed to them. They lay on the bottom of the wagon under the whole load. The rest of the men had followed us.

"Gentlemen," I told them, "this is no way to keep your arms. You should have them where you can get them at a moment's notice. There are Indians in this country. We should know it, I think; we are often called on to drive them out of it."

"You have your families here. Keep your arms where you can get them in a hurry. You may need them in a hurry."

"We have some Winchesters where we can get them," the one-armed captain told me.

"Can you park your train, captain?"

"Yes; I have showed them how to do it."

"If I were you I would always from this out camp in a park, and go in to park at a gallop every evening. Then it will come easier if you have to do it in a hurry some day."

"I'll do it," he said. "That is a grand idea."

The man had his guns out now, all laid side by side on the grass. "I did not steal these guns, Sergeant; I paid for them."

"Whom did you buy them from?"

"The men called him Sergeant Graham."

I gave a low whistle. I was one point nearer a sergeant than I was five minutes ago; Graham was a sergeant in my troop; he would be a general prisoner now, but I would not succeed him; there were several ahead of me yet.

"Sergeant Graham told me that he had bought the guns, but for me not to let them be seen until after we had got past Fort Concho. He said he dare not sell them to a citizen, and the soldiers might take them from me."

"No; the guns belong to the quartermaster. He had no right to sell them to anyone."

Graham had been acting post quartermaster-sergeant. He is a fool, I thought, his time would expire in a month or two now and instead of getting an honorable discharge he will now get about three years in the penitentiary, and all for \$50; he had sold ten guns at \$5 apiece.

In about two hours the Captain came up. He was a brevet captain; we always addressed him as Captain. I told him that I had the guns, and that these men had given me no trouble. I wanted to see them released.

The Captain got the man's story, then released all hands; but they could not go on to-day, it was a long drive for them to good water from here. They had taken my advice and were in camp now half a mile away from last night's camp. We went into camp at the creek, and as soon as our horses were staked out, I asked to be let go hunting. The Captain told me to go and take my horse if I wanted him. I had ridden him hard to-day, and wanted him to rest, so I went off on foot.

I kept out on the prairie for two miles, then struck off toward the creek. I wanted an antelope, but could not find even a rabbit. When I had got to the creek I wanted water, so I got under a tree to lie down and drink out of the creek; but before doing so, took a look up into the tree. It pays to do it. I have looked up in a tree I had meant to lie down under and found a snake in it. He was harmless, and had he kept down here where he belonged I would not have hurt him; but he was up there after young birds, and I brought him down. I would only shoot a black snake on the ground when I found him prowling in among briars and weeds, hunting for Miss Bob White's eggs or young; then I let him have a dose of bird shot.

This tree had no snake in it, but a large limb ran out straight from the trunk partly over the water, and lying along it up there looking down at me was a wildcat, *Felis catus* is the only college name I know for him; he may have another; the *Felis* seems to be Latin all right, but the *Catus* bears the ear-marks of hog Latin; however, it may be good Latin also. My college education I got in a public school, and it did not embrace Latin. He has several common names. Down here, where I found him now he is the catamount. When he gets to the Rio Grande or across it he is the Mexican lion. I have shot him under all three of his names, and always found him to be the same old wildcat. If there was any difference in him, I was not naturalist enough to discover it.

But I did not want him on my back under any of his names, and got out from under that tree.

Going about thirty paces down the creek below the tree I aimed at where I thought the cat was—I could not see him now—and fired three shots. No cat came down, but my balls were going where I aimed for; the leaves they cut told me so. I fired the next shot nearer the creek, and was just springing another load in when the cat came down with a thud. He landed on the bank half in and half out of the water, then drew himself out and lay there. I went to him and sent several pistol balls into him, then kicked him into the creek and left him there.

Just after stables to-night the boy who drove my "lady friend's" team came down and said that Miss ——— wanted me to come up to supper. Every woman is a "Miss" with these southern dorkies; so I took this opportunity to question him and find out if this one was a widow. I did not want to have much to do with widows; they know too much.

No, the boy said, she had never been married. Her father had died a few years ago, leaving her a big farm and a lot of money in the bank. "She is awful rich, I tell you," the boy said, "she has the big house where she lives and a lot of small ones that colored people live in. They work her farm." She was only coming out here to see the country. She meant to go back again.

"All right, Alf," I told him. "You need not tell Miss ——— I asked about her." And I handed Alf a half dollar.

She had a good supper for me. If I had sent up my order this was what I would want, and I told her so. She had baked fresh corn bread, fried bacon and a beef-steak, and boiled sweet potatoes and good coffee. She could cook as well as shoot, I thought.

After supper she began to cross-question me.

"How old are you, Sergeant?"

"Thirty-two years old now."

"Why, I thought you might be about twenty-six, I am thirty-five. I don't look old, do I?"

What church did I belong to? "None," I told her. "I call myself a Methodist, I was raised one."

She was a Baptist; but liked the Methodists; there were lots of them where she lived.

Did I like critters? Critters are horses in English.

"Yes, I like critters and dogs. That is why I am in a critter company."

What kind of dogs did I like? "Oh! any kind; I like hounds and setters and pointers best. I can use them."

She had houn's, rabbit houn's and greyhoun's, and she could get me sitters and pinters; there were lots of them out there.

"I'll get you and that 400-acre farm next," I thought.

She told me all about her farm now and about the country she lived in. I had been pretty well over it and knew it. Next we exhausted Fort Smith. It was her ideal of a city; she had never seen a larger one. I had been in it and knew how large it was.

She kept me talking until 9 o'clock, then made me promise to come to breakfast next morning. I did and got a good one. Then bade her good-bye and the train got under way, while we pulled out for home.

I heard months after this that the train had been jumped by Indians west of the Pecos River and that half of the party were killed. I think that had I been there and had plenty of arms for these men and large boys, about forty in all, and had been given a few minutes to park that train, or I could have parked it under fire if I had to do it, then we would have turned in and made any party of Indians that would be likely to attack a train in New Mexico "look like thirty cents," in about thirty minutes.

When we got home Graham had his stripes cut off and was put in the guard house to be tried by a general court-martial. There was no general court in session there then, it had to be appointed by the department commander, and while they were waiting on him Graham's time expired and he was given a bob-tail, a discharge with no character on it; the Captain signs this with a penknife instead of a pen, and cuts the character off. It is locally and generally known as a bob-tail; if it has ever been catalogued and given a scientific name, I do not know it. I never had one given me. Mine were all good.

I had a lot of legal opinions always on hand to give to any one who wanted them. I never charged anything for them. What I charged was probably what most of them were worth, but the advice I gave Graham would probably be pronounced good law. He sent for me to advise him what he should do.

"When they call on you to plead, refuse to be tried by their court, and demand a civil trial. You are a citizen now. They should either have tried you before your time expired or else not have given you that discharge until they had tried you. Tell them that you insist on your rights as a citizen and this State is not under martial law. Then if they still persist in trying you, all this will go before the reviewing authority and he will no doubt disapprove the finding, then let you go. They may give you a civil trial, but I hardly think so."

"That man you sold the guns to is half way to California now (I did not know at that time that the Indians had got him), and he can't be got as a witness. What he told us won't go in a civil court. It will in the military court though. When you are being tried before a civil court, if I were to start to tell what that man told me your lawyer would shut me up very quick. He won't have to do it. I know as well as he does that what some one else told me is not evidence."

When he was called for trial the officers scared him into taking the military trial, telling him that a civil court would give him five years. So it might if he were convicted, but he would not be. The officers knew that they had no evidence a civil court would take and most likely had he insisted on being tried by a civil court, they would not have tried him at all. He was sentenced to two years in the penitentiary; but escaped from the guard house after night. The man he took with him was on guard over the stables; they broke in and took two of the fastest horses we had then. I had a middling fast one in there, but they left him.

Graham knew the country, and keeping away from the road and taking care not to make any trail when leaving the post. He started for the lower country; but took a round about way to reach it.

When I passed him he had been out two days and had only come near the road now because he wanted to pass through Chadbourne and get something to eat.

He got to the road just in time to see us coming; and his companion proposed that they pass off as Indians. Graham knew that I was in this stage line, and seeing a corporal on the wagon, wanted to stay on the road and speak to me; but his companion was afraid I would try to arrest them or give them away.

The man who deserted with him was given five years, he had deserted his guard. Graham got off with the two he had been given for stealing the guns.

CABIA BLANCO.

A Vision of October Days.

ORRINING, N. Y.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: I send you a little poem which I clipped from the *Star of Hope*, a paper published bi-monthly in Sing Sing prison and made up of articles written by prisoners in Auburn, Clinton, Naponeck and Sing Sing prisons. It is a pretty little thing, and worth copying.

C. G. BLANDFORD.

OCTOBER DAYS.

Sing Sing, 52,430.

October days! October days!
A turquoise sky o'er hills ablaze.
Dun-colored grass in the marshes, where
The red-heads wheel in the frosty air.
Down in the swamp in the heart of the woods
Sumac bushes raise scarlet hoods;
And my weary eyes, with restful gaze,
Find relief on October days.

October days! October days!
Over the river a pearly haze.
In upland meadows the golden-rod
Nods to the dried-up milkweed pod.
Dandelion- and thistle-down blows
Over the country-side. Where? Who knows?
The south wind whispers, "It pays! It pays!
To be alive on October days!"

October days! October days!
Summer heat gone I may not laze.
From the stubblefield, in the bright sunlight,
The quail are calling, "Bob White! Bob White!"
The hoar-frost frescoes in bold relief
On a background blue, each twig, each leaf.
The paths though the fields are a silv'ry maze
In the early morn of October days.

October days! October days!
Each deserving of infinite praise.
The air I breathe is strong, like wine,
And I am a drunkard—I, and mine.
The dying year from its garnered store
Gives a little to some—to others more.
Though the gods are many, and strange their ways,
I render them thanks for October days.

Justice for the Indians.

IN FOREST AND STREAM for June 16, Walter B. Anderson in his valuable series of articles on "In the Lodges of the Blackfeet," relates how the Piegans were criminally forced from their lands and homes, and, practically, their means of subsistence arbitrarily and wrongly taken from them by executive orders, and then in effect treated as outlaws and wild animals with no means of redress of their own, and no friends to effectually intercede for them.

In the concluding words of that chapter he says: "By right that vast tract of country lying between the Missouri and Musselshell Rivers and from the Missouri to the Marias, still belongs to the Blackfeet. The treaty of 1855 guaranteed it to them, but it was taken away by two executive orders of July 2, 1873, and Aug. 19, 1874. If a good lawyer would take up the case, he could undoubtedly get redress for them, and a very handsome fee for himself."

Now this bitter wrong is no new example of our Government's dealings with most, if not all, our Indian tribes, who are, in many ways, treated simply as animals, and who are doomed to go as the buffalo has gone, unless the friends of these now dependent people shall come to their rescue and demand that honest justice be done them in this and all other matters, and that their just rights be respected.

We trust that Anderson's writings may arouse the American people who are opposed to oppression and injustice, and if this matter was properly presented to them, and they were given an opportunity, their practical sympathy and support could be obtained and the demanding of just treatment for our Indians, and where their rights have been transgressed, have redress granted to them.

We have good game laws enacted for the protection of our game fish, birds and animals, and powerful organizations formed to enforce these laws, and all this is eminently just and right. But if the wild birds, and the game fish of our inland waters, are worthy of our interest and protection, then should we not be at least equally interested in seeing that our Indians (human beings like ourselves) be honestly recognized and protected, realizing that alone and unaided they cannot cope successfully with their white adversary.

The Sac and Fox Indians of Iowa would long ago have had their lands confiscated by rapacious whites, and themselves practically wiped out of existence, had it not been for an organization of the white friends of these people who in the courts fought and protected their rights.

This is a time of reform, and a period when the evildoer is having his actions and motives sharply scrutinized, and just punishment we trust will be meted out to them.

FOREST AND STREAM has in many lines performed grand services, and the field for such labors is rapidly broadening. The future alone can reveal the great amount of good it may accomplish by continuing in this good work.

CLEMENT L. WEBSTER.

squirrels flash across the horse's path and hide behind tufts of grass, and shore larks with sweet, soft notes rise and swing away with undulating flight, where dainty antelope slowly walk to the tops of the hills, on either side and look about with curious eyes, the object draws nearer. Sometimes from the crest of a hill it seems close at hand, again, descending into a little valley, it is lost to view behind a swell of the prairie. At length it is close by and its

from its top look with unblenching eye toward the sun.

"The life of the old prairie has passed away."
G. B. G.

Lone Elk's Search.

I—The Lost Wife.

"DEC. 20, 1879. A clear, windless, exceedingly cold day." My old note book reads under that date: "We traded for fifty-two buffalo robes and some deer skins. This evening we were invited to a feast in Lone Elk's lodge. Berry pleaded fatigue, but I went and had a very interesting time. The talk was of the relation of men to the supernatural—to the gods. For the sake of argument I took the ground that, if there were any gods in the heavens above, or on earth, they had no communication with men. Lone Elk promptly took issue with me, and the result is that I got a story from him."

Then follows the story; in places the faded ink is quite undecipherable, but my memory supplies the missing sentences:

"I do not understand the white people," said Lone Elk. "Like us, their knowledge, their ability to do things was given them by the gods, but with this difference: Their gods are greater than ours, have given them power to do many things which would be impossible for us to undertake. We cannot make guns, nor powder, nor steamboats, nor matches; why, our women can't even tan leather as well as they do, thick and strong, yet very soft. Our gods compared to theirs are very poor, but they gave us all they could; the game of the plains and mountains, the art of making bows and arrows with which to kill, the power to build a fire with which to cook flesh, and to keep our bodies warm. We are thankful for what they have done for us, and we pray to them, make sacrifices, asking to favor us with good health, prosperity and long life.

"But the white men: They give no thanks for all that has been given them. Most of them deny even that there are any gods. True, there is a Black Robe here and there who teaches that there are, but the white men do not listen to him. Now, hear me: Gods made us, the prairie people, and gave us what knowledge we have. Gods then must have made them too, for they are no different from us except in color, and in greater knowledge. Is not that good and true reasoning, friend Spotted Robe?"

"Many long days and nights have I read sacred writings," I replied, "and much have I thought about this. Yet after all I can only say: I do not know. I do not know if it were gods, or what, that created the world and us. I know not whence we came, nor where we go, nor if there is any part of us, our shadow, as you call it, which survives the death of our bodies."

"Then are you indeed poor!" Lone Elk exclaimed. "And very forgiving must be your gods, for although you pray not to them, nor make sacrifice to them, nor even believe that they are, that they live somewhere in the great outside, they continue to prosper you in all your undertakings. You shake your head. I tell you friend, that the gods live. I can prove it. Listen:

"For two winters I had lived in a lodge of my own, just my good woman Pit'-ah-ki and I. We were happy. No one ever heard us speaking loud, angry words; in our lodge was always

peace, and plenty and cheerful talk. I hunted not only for us, but for my father and his people, for he had grown old. But hunting was no longer the pleasure to me it had been; the only place I cared to be was at home with Pit'-ah-ki. It never was any fun to hunt on a cold winter day when the frost hung like fog in the air, or the wind drove the dry, stinging snow in your face, and the hide of your game as you skinned it froze stiff in your numb fingers; but I endured it, thinking of the warm lodge awaiting me, of the bright fire, and the brighter laughing eyes of the little woman as she would hurry out to care for the meat and skin, and then hurry to set before me hot soup and other food. That made all things endurable, to know that some one cared for you, and awaited your return.

"It was the ripe-berry moon of the third summer that we had lived together. We were about out of meat; so very early one morning I saddled a horse and rode out on the plains to kill something. Luck was against me from the start. There were buffalo and antelope, plenty of them, but to none could I get near enough for a fair shot. Either the wind changed and gave them warning, or some sly old he antelope saw me and led his band away to safety. It was late in the day when I finally killed a cow buffalo, and almost dark when I arrived at my lodge with the meat. I noticed that there was no fire within, and for the first time my woman failed to come out and say in her happy voice: 'My hunter has returned.' So I called out for her: 'Pit'-ah-ki,' I said, 'I am very tired, and very hungry; come and help your old man unpack.'

"There was no reply. I slung the meat and hide off, unsaddled and turned my horse loose, and went inside. In the center of the fireplace was a little mound of cold, white ashes which Pit'-ah-ki had heaped up to keep life in the bed of coals. I raked them off, threw some fire wood on the coals and soon had a blaze. Everything was in order as usual. Just then my mother came in and I asked her where my woman was. 'Why,' she said, surprised, 'Didn't she go with you? I haven't seen her this day.'

"Then a great fear seized my heart. I knew at once that something was wrong. Indeed, I had felt ill at ease all day, as if some misfortune was about to befall me. 'I will go and see if she is with her parents, or her sister,' said my mother, 'and if she isn't, I will have the camp crier call out about her.'

"Go, if you will,' I said to her, 'but I know that it will be useless, for Pit'-ah-ki would be right here, right now, were it in her power. Something terrible has happened to her.'

"I put more wood on the fire and lay down. In a little while I heard the camp crier repeating over and over. 'Pit'-ah-ki, Lone Elk's woman has been missing since sunrise. Who has seen her? Who can give news concerning her?'

"My mother returned and began to cook food for me. 'Put the stuff away,' I told her. 'I cannot eat now.'

"Then friends began to come in and I had to sit up and fill pipes for them, and listen to their talk and their views regarding my missing one. My mother, after some search, found that a woven grass sack, made by beyond-the-mountains people, was missing. It was the one Pit'-ah-ki always used when she went to gather berries. She had gone berrying then, but why alone? And what had happened to her? Some said that a bear had probably killed her; others

that she might have been bitten by a rattlesnake and died before she could get home. And one man, with a mean, cruel laugh, said: 'Oh, the women! You can never trust them; can never tell what they will do. More than likely she has run off with some pretty young fellow.'

"Say that again," I cried, "and I shoot you where you sit. If I ever hear of you repeating it, be sure to prepare yourself, for I shall hunt for you. Now, get out of my lodge and never again enter the doorway."

"He went, but he never made the evil talk again so far as I know. He was mean to his wife, allowing her nothing but the coarsest food, the poorest scanty dress. And so, after many hardships and many beatings, she had run off with a man who loved her and was good to her. Who could blame her?"

"When all my visitors had gone home I lay down, but it was nearly morning before I fell asleep for a short time. I had prayed long for help in my trouble, for some sign to be given me. In answer, a voice came to me in my dream, a loud, clear voice, and it said: 'Your woman lives; keep up your courage; seek hard for her and you shall find her.'

"I was going to ask the voice where I should seek, but just then I awoke, and then it was useless to do so; for the gods talk to our shadows (souls) only when our bodies sleep and they are free to wander as they will. Nor could I sleep again; morning had come, and the camp was astir. After the morning meal the whole camp turned out to search for my woman. We were then located where the Big River and the Bear River join (the Missouri and Marias rivers). Some went up the Bear River, some up and some down the other one, through the timber and willows, the berry thickets, and among the breaks of the valley slopes. But the search was without result; not a trace could be found of the missing one, nor were there any signs that a war party had been near. I was satisfied though. I was sure that the enemy had been around and had captured her, for had not my dream said that she lived? And if she was alive would she not be at home with me, unless she were held a captive? That was plain enough, and I was to seek for her; but where? Where should I go? I left it to the gods; they would advise me, I felt sure. I sacrificed to the sun first of all, hanging in a tree some of my most prized property, also my woman's beautiful elk-tusk-strung dress. I got a powerful medicine man to unwrap his sacred pipe and pray with me to the sun, to Old Man, to all the gods of the air, the earth and the deep, dark waters. High up on the back of my lodge he painted the sign of the butterfly, the silent winger who gives us dreams. And then for four days and four nights I fasted, sleeping long and often while my shadow self went forth on adventure. Thus I met and talked to the ancient ones. 'Have you seen my woman?' I would ask them. 'Can you tell me where to go to find her?'

"Although I met and talked with most of them—the buffalo shadow chief, the wolf, the coyote, badger, lynx, wolverine, none could give me any news. I began to despair. 'My medicine is weak,' I thought. 'What evil have I done that I must suffer this great trouble and find no way out of it?'

"On the fourth night I slept and waked, slept and waked many times, a kind of half sleep it was until nearly morning, and then, at last, help

came. I was walking along the shore of the Big River and came to a broad, smooth trail which led from the water up into a deep cave in the bank. Back in its depths there was singing, a low, slow, dreamy song. I entered the cave and felt my way along the dark passage for some distance and then came to a big, wide, high place which was lighted dimly by a willow-covered hole in the top. At the rear of this queer home sat an old, white beaver; on either side of him clear around were other beavers, also white and aged looking, and all were singing the beautiful song, beating time to it with cuttings of willow which they lightly tapped against the couch rails. As I stood looking and listening, four of them arose, standing on their hind legs, and danced out to the center of the place, danced slowly in time to the slowly sung song. When they were all met in the middle of the space they stopped and then danced four times as they were, after which they all turned short around and danced back to their seats. The singing ceased and the old chief beaver, motioning me to a place by his side, said: 'Welcome, man person, sit you down with us.'

"I took the seat he pointed to, and we talked together for a time. At last he asked me where I was traveling, and for what purpose. So I told him what was my trouble, and that I could get no trace of my missing woman. 'Ah,' the beaver chief exclaimed, when I had related my story. 'Ah!' he exclaimed several times; and 'Hah!' he said, scratching his white, smooth head with his little front paw. 'Hah. I think I can help you.' And with that he told me to follow him, and we went out to the shore of the river, all the other ancient ones following us. 'Call our people,' said the chief to one of them. Whereupon that old one slipped into the stream and struck the surface of the water four loud slaps with his broad tail. Again he struck it four times, and yet again four times. In answer we heard the slaps repeated away up the river, and away down it; and out near the further shore. That was the call of the ancient ones, the signal to gather at the chief's lodge; and soon they began to come, swimming in swiftly from all directions until a large number were gathered there before us, some on the shore and some in the shallow water. Then said the chief to them: 'Listen, my children. Did I not hear some of you say that some men persons had gone down the river lately? I seem to remember that you did. If there be any here who know about it let them speak.'

"Then spoke one who sat near us: 'True, chief,' he said. 'You speak true. It was I who gave the news. I saw them, a man person and a woman person drifting down the river on a raft of two logs which were covered with brush. The moon had not yet arisen and I swam close to them, unperceived as they floated along. They were a man person and a woman person, and the woman was crying. She was bound to the logs with many turns of a rope, and although she strove and struggled she could not free herself.'

"I was about to speak to the chief when I suddenly awoke. My shadow had returned to my body, and my mother had come in. 'You were dreaming?' she asked; was anything revealed to you?"

"She was glad when I told her what I had learned. 'The gods have been good to us,' she said. 'We must sacrifice to them; to the Ancient Beaver especially.'

"We did so, with many prayers, and I sung over and over again the song I had heard the beavers sing, until I was sure that I would never forget it. The song has always been good medicine to me. I have sung it whenever in danger, or great trouble, or sickness, and have mostly come safely and happily out of it all."

J. W. SCHULTZ.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Returning T

We are
hunting



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Lone Elk's Search.

(Continued from page 869)

"It had been made plain to me that my woman was a captive in the camp of one of the down-the-river tribes, and there I must seek her. Many young men asked to be allowed to go with me on my quest, but I refused them, one and all. I had my mother build me a good strong skin boat,* and putting into it one evening the few things I wished to take, my weapons, some dried meat, a couple of ropes and a robe, I pushed out into the current. You know that such boats are different from those the white people make. You cannot do much in them, but try to keep them from turning bottom side up, and instead of rowing you have a paddle which you thrust in the water ahead and draw toward you. It is not of much use to paddle through, except enough to keep in the deep water and clear of snags. When the wind blows hard you cannot do anything at all, but drift ashore and stay there until the wind dies out. But I felt as I drifted on with the current that this was the best way for me to travel. It was better than going on foot because I would not become tired; better than riding horseback; at the risk of being discovered by an enemy through sight of the animal while it grazed and I slept.

"The moon had risen soon after sunset and gave plenty of light for me to see my way. It was so light that I could see the deer and other animals that came to the shore to drink. I saw too a beaver now and then swimming along, and sometimes when I startled one it would slap the water with its flat tail and dive down into the dark water. 'Do not fear me, little brother,' I would say. 'Your ancient father, your great chief has given me help and I will never harm any of you; no, not if I starve.'

"I floated on and on until the first light of day, and then I hid my boat on a little green willowed island, spread my robe in the deep shade and slept until night. That is the way I traveled, always by night, silently and with good speed down the Big River. If there were war parties prowling along the shore they never saw me. For some days the country was familiar to me and I knew where I was all the time. Below the mouth of the Yellow River (Judith) between it and Middle (Cow) Creek,† I had a mishap and nearly lost my life. I heard a loud roaring ahead and knew that I was approaching a rapid, so I looked to see that my gun and other things were securely tied to the willow frames of the boat. Not that I expected to be upset, but one should never take any chances of losing his weapons. The roar of this rapid as

I came nearer and nearer to it was truly terrifying, so loud and angry was it. And I tried to make the shore and wade along down the edge of it; but I was too late. I could not get out of the strong current, and all at once I was going up and down, whirling this way and that way over big and hissing white topped waves. And then, suddenly, a bigger wave than any I had gone over, picked up the boat and pushed it against a large, round rock. Over it went, and I was thrown head first into another wave. When I came up to the surface I could not see the boat, so thinking that it was ahead of me, I swam on with the current. It was easy work; almost without exertion. I kept well up on the surface; then I came to the end of the rapid; a back moving upper current of water suddenly struck my breast, and the current I had been in seized my legs and dragged me down. Struggle as I would I was pulled down, down, I knew not how far, in the dark water, and then as suddenly I was cast up on the surface, only to be forced up stream and dragged down again. Three times I was thus whirled around, a fourth time I was sucked down. I was about out of breath. I was getting weak. 'Oh, Ancient Beaver,' I prayed, 'pity and help me now or I drown.' He did help me. When I came to the surface again I found myself floating down stream away from that terrible place. Then my feet struck a gravelly bottom; I waded ashore and fell down, weak, trembling, almost strangled.

"Where was my boat? Even as the thought came to me I saw something drifting along close to shore. It was the boat sure enough; just one edge of it sticking up in sight. I arose and staggered out to it, dragged it to the land, and again laid down to rest. It was a hot night, the gravel I lay upon was still warm from the day's heat. So, although very wet I was not chilly, and I quickly fell asleep. Not for long though, but long enough to dream, and in the dream my shadow found my woman. She was sitting under a big cottonwood tree, all alone, and she was crying. That was all I learned. I hadn't time to approach her, nor even to speak. When I awoke I tipped the water out of my boat, unfastened my gun and cleaned it, drawing out the charge and ramming in a fresh one. It was a good, grooved barrel caplock rifle. Again I went upon my way, both thankful and angry. Thankful that I had escaped drowning and that my boat had been held in that whirling water longer than I had, and then floated right down to me. Oh, but I was angry. I had been angry all these days, and when one cannot satisfy his anger, cannot crush and destroy the one he hates, his anger becomes something terrible, stifling him, burning him, wearing away one's flesh. How I longed to meet the one who had stolen my loving woman. I imagined meeting him; I thought of what I could do to him to most pain him,

both in body and in mind. And that short dream. What did it mean? Where was the place I had seen her, alone, crying sadly under the big tree? And would I ever succeed in my search? There was a big country before me, inhabited by many tribes. In which camp was she held? Worst thought of all—what of my dream of the beavers—had my shadow really entered that home of the ancient ones—had they really seen my woman bound to a log raft floating down the river? It might be a mistake; perhaps she was a captive in some camp far to the south, or the north or west. 'I will not doubt,' I cried out, and the rock wall opposite answered: 'Will not doubt.' I sung the beaver song, sung it loudly, regardless of the enemy who might be lurking over in the shadow of the trees and thickets.

"One thing I had lost in the rapids, my sack of dried meat, and now I was sorry that I had not brought my bow and arrow, the noiseless killers. I did not like to fire a gun in that enemy-infested country. When daylight came I again cached my boat and concealed myself on a small island. I was very hungry, and the sight of some buffalo coming in to water on the north shore made me more hungry. There were deer on the little island. I saw a big buck drinking on the lower point of it and could easily have shot it, but I felt that I must not fire; something seemed to keep telling me that I was not alone there, that the enemy were also, thereabout. I looked long and carefully up and down the river shores, at the valley slopes and breaks, looked for the smoke from lodges or camp-fire, but could see nothing suspicious. I spread my robe and laid down, but I could not sleep. I was uneasy, watchful, listening, and pretty soon I heard the report of a gun close by. I arose, crossed to the north side of the island and looking out through the thick bushes, saw a number of men standing or sitting on the shore near a buffalo which three or four of them were beginning to skin. There were forty-four of them, Assinaboines, as near as I could make out at that distance. They soon skinned their kill, cut what meat they wanted and disappeared in the timber where I soon saw the smoke of their camp-fire rising above the trees. They were such a large war party that they didn't seem to care to conceal themselves; they kept a scout out all day though. I could see him sitting on a little butte at the upper end of the bottom. Now, suppose I had heeded the craving of hunger and shot the deer! That war party would have learned that I was on the island and they would have lain in wait for me, as I drifted along in the evening; at some point in my course there would have been a lot of shots and I would have rolled out of my boat and made food for the things that live in the deep water. Then, you see, the gods protected me; they gave warning that an enemy was

*"Bullboat," we used to call them. They were made by stretching a large green buffalo bull hide over a circular flat-bottomed willow frame.

†Undoubtedly Dauphin's rapid, the worst one on the navigable part of the river.

near; that I must not shoot, nor expose myself in any way.

"It was near sundown when I saw the scout leave the butte, and a little later the whole party left the timber and moved off across the bottom westward. As soon as it was dark I pushed out and landed near the buffalo carcass; there was still a plenty of meat on it and I took what I wanted, carried some of it over to the fire the party had abandoned, cooked and ate it. Then I went upon my way.

"As far as the mouth of the Dried Meat River (the Musselshell) I knew the country well; beyond that I knew it only in places, never before having traversed the whole course of the valley. I was familiar with it about the mouth of Little (Milk) River, and Elk (Yellowstone) River, and I had once been on a visit with my people to the Earth-house people (the Mandans), who live some little distance below the mouth of Elk would have taken her away on foot or on that vicinity in the big timbered bottoms, there were generally some Assinaboines or Yanktonais encamped. I felt that it was none of these people who had captured my woman. They feared the water; had any of them stolen her they would have taken her away on foot or on horseback. But the tribes below them, the Mandans and the Lower Big Bellies* (the Gros Ventres of the village) are river people, always paddling about in their skin boats. The Mandans have ever been at peace with us, the Lower Big Bellies always at war with us. I felt, I had felt from the first, from the time I met the Ancient Beavers, that it was one of the last tribe who had captured her, that she was in his camp. So, after some nights' drifting, when I came to the mouth of the Little River, I did not stop to look for any camp, but drifted on and on, hiding on a big island before daylight. I had passed a camp though in the middle of the night, for I heard many dogs answering the howl of wolves.

"I was now again out of food. I awoke late in the afternoon and had a look at the country from both sides of the island. There were deer trails criss-crossing the island in every direction; its shores were all cut up by their sharp hoofs. As I could see no sign of the enemy anywhere, as there were buffalo quietly feeding on both sides of the valley, I felt that I could take the risk and fire a shot. I had to—or starve. In a little while, as I sat in the edge of the willows on the north side of the island, a big he swaying tail (white tail deer) came out on the shore above, drank from the river and then walked down toward me sniffing the tracks he crossed. When I fired he dropped right where he stood, never even kicked. I sat still for a few minutes, carefully watching the opposite shore, which was a long gun shot distant. Nothing appeared; the buffalo beyond on the slope of the valley seemed not to have heard the report, continuing to graze. I went out to my kill, drew my knife and commenced to skin it. I hadn't more than half ripped up a hind leg when some bullets zipped over my head, thudded into the sand, splashed into the water, and one struck the deer. I knew what they were before I heard the boom of the guns, and saw smoke lifting from the

willows over on the main shore. I didn't let go of the leg. I unjointed it, skin and all, and got into cover with it before the enemy had time to reload and fire again. As soon as I was in the shelter of the brush I ran down it a ways and looked out. I could see no one, but the buffalo were running up on to the plain, and others that had been in the bottom were following them. Then I knew that those who had fired upon me were a war party and had lain concealed in the timber all day. The water was very shallow between us, the main river being on the opposite side of the island where my boat was concealed. 'They will wade over here as soon as it is dark,' I said to myself. 'I've got to get away from here now.' I had cached my boat at the upper end of the long island. I hurried over to it, threw in my meat, and pushed off, paddling for the south shore as hard as I could. The current was not very swift and I reached the land some little distance above the foot of the island which had hidden my movement from the enemy. As soon as I was ashore I broke some brush and threw it over the boat, and then crossed the wide sand bar and got into the timber; passing through that, then crouching along in the high grease wood and sage brush, and lastly walking up a narrow coulee, I arrived at the top of a high point from which I could plainly see the opposite bottoms. There were four men slowly sneaking down it, and when they reached the lower end, straight across from me, they concealed themselves in the sage brush at the edge of the high cut bank overlooking the river. The stream was narrow there and the deep channel of swift water was right under them. No doubt they thought that I had a boat or raft, and right there they would lie in wait for me. They were not all of the party; I had seen the smoke of at least ten guns. I could see nothing of the others, however; they were concealed in the timber from which they had shot at me. From where I lay, peering through a low sage brush, I could see the four men on the cut bank very plainly, for I was high above their position. It was not so very far either. More than once I had killed buffalo and elk and deer at that distance by sighting my rifle a space of about three hands above their backs. One of the men lay flat on his belly, head to the river, and more than once I sighted my rifle at him. I thought that if I aimed at his heels the bullet would strike him somewhere in his back if I held true. The temptation to try it was great; my other mind was not to attempt it. 'Think of what you are seeking,' it said, 'and run no more risk than you can help.' And then the other one: 'Perhaps this very party belong to the camp where your woman is captive; they have already shot at you, tried to kill you. Try it.'

J. W. SCHULTZ.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

*Pi-nap' Ut-se-na: Lower or down-river Big Bellies, as distinguished from the Ut-se-na, or Gros Ventres of the prairie. The Village Gros Ventres are really Crows, Dakotas. The Upper Gros Ventres are Algonquins. The Blackfoot name for them, however, implies that they are of common stock—a divided tribe.

He always used me decent when I was a young fellow, and many any many's the load of wood I've cut up for him, and many's the pound of moose meat I left at his house. Sometimes we used to wonder what his grand daughter was doing, and why she let him live that way. He never spoke of her, but everyone knew that she came into thousands of dollars when her father was drowned, and Mr. Castin's creditors couldn't touch a cent of it. It was in 1870 that we had the 'deep snow.' I never remember the like of it. It commenced in November and we had no thaw until the end of March. Captain Ireland had hunted with me for two falls before that. Then he left the army and went home. Some men are fond of the woods, but he was just crazy about hunting. He could travel all day, and keep it up for a week, and I never saw a better all-round shot. He didn't care so much for moose hunting; foxes and cats were his favorite game; and we used to kill lots of them.

"Just before he went home, he came across a notorious good foxhound at Annapolis, and he bought him and sent him on to me. He was one part bull and three parts English foxhound, and a better dog on cats and foxes never ran a trail, nor was a worse tempered devil ever whelped. He would fight anything living. Most hounds are more or less cowardly, but Satan didn't know what fear was. I had two nice bitches then. Floss and Lou I called them. Satan was civil to them, but any dog that came around he'd tear to pieces. The bitches always hunted together, but Satan went off on his own account, and if you tried to lead him he'd get sulky. So it sometimes happened that he would have one fox going, and the bitches would have another, or maybe a cat. If they happened to be in hearing of one another, the dog whose fox was killed first would go off and join the others; if not he'd try to hunt up another one.

"Well, about the time the first snow fell Captain Ireland wrote me that he would be in Halifax about Christmas time, and that he wanted me to meet him there. He wanted to go to the woods for a month and do some cat and fox hunting. I was glad to hear this, as I hadn't done much that fall, and he was a good fellow to go to the woods with. I went out to my camp, about four miles west of Lake Castin, fixed it up, and took in some grub; then I went to Halifax and met the Captain. There was about four feet of snow on the level, and the roads were very bad, only part broken, and when we got off the railway, we found we should have nearly ten miles to walk. It was impossible to get a team through. Some of our stuff we left at the station, the rest we put on toboggans, and we started to haul it in across country. Our course ran at right angles to the road leading to the Castin settlement. We found the road unbroken, as I expected, but there was a single snowshoe track and the trail of a hand sled running along it. 'Some squaw going in?' says the Captain. I looked at the tracks, and noticed that the snowshoes were Indian made, but not like our Indians make them. 'Maybe so, but that's an iron shod sled, and it has a very light load on it for a squaw going to camp.' I said, and then we went on, and thought nothing more about it. Then old Satan turned sulky. He didn't like hauling his toboggan, and I had to whale him. It was almost dark when we got to camp, and most bitter cold.

"We put in the next day fixing up the camp and letting the dogs rest. Next day was Christmas eve; it snowed about an inch, and on Christmas morning, just as it grew light, we

treed; I could tell that when he changed his voice from the 'boo-hoo, boo-hoo' to 'boo-hooo, hooo-ooo.' I found Mr. Pussy Tom sitting in a tall ram pike looking as spiteful as they make them; shot him, leashed the dog, and stripped the pelt off the cat. Then I listened and away off I heard the bitches in full cry. The sun was well up by this time, and it was one of those clear still mornings you can hear a hound for three miles; and a gun shot for any distance at all. I kept Mr. Satan in leash, for the cat tracks were thick, and I wanted him on the fox. The dogs seemed to be working toward the Castin settlement, and I worked down parallel with them, until I judged they had the fox circling. Then I slipped Satan, and away he went to join them. Not a minute after I heard a shot. I waited for the hounds to quit their racket (which would mean they were worrying the dead fox), but instead of doing so they changed their voices, and seemed to be heading my way.

"I cut across to head the fox off, and just as I got to the edge of Castin's clearing I saw the fox crossing the open, dragging one leg behind him, and the hounds coming up to him three strides to his one. I quit running: the dogs were bound to pull him down in a moment or so. All on a sudden the fox vanished, like a candle when you blow it out, then the hounds went out of sight the same way, but I could hear them crying as lively as ever. Then I heard Floss give a 'ki-yi-yi.' Says I, 'He got a nip at you before you pulled him down, old lady.' Then Lou turned up the same way, and they began to bay, like they did when they treed a cat, or ran a fox into a hollow log.

"That's a mighty able fox,' says I, 'to get a nip at both those bitches, and then stand them off,' and I put for the place the noise came from. I soon saw how the fox and dogs went out of sight. There was a long narrow cut dug in the snow from the tenant house Mr. Castin lived, to the barn he kept his cows and steers in. There was a girl standing with her back to the barn door, and a stick in her hand; in front of her the hounds were crouched, just out of reach. The girl was a small bit of a thing, dressed as if she came from the city, and as pretty as a picture. I just had time to notice this, when I saw old Satan coming for all he was worth. His voice was down to the snow, and his ears trailed behind his jowl. His tail was over his back, and the cry of him as he came down the blood tracks was one steady roar. I knew that the girl would stand as much chance against that sixty pounds of devilishness as she would against a tiger, and I shouted to her not to strike the dog for God's sake. Then I ran for all I was worth. She either didn't hear me, or didn't mind me, for she hit him fair in the face with the stick as he came toward her. He wheeled round, drew back for three or four yards, and sprang right at her, and the bitches followed suit. She went down with her back to the door, striking out as viciously as a wounded wildcat. I yelled at the top of my voice, and the bitches kind of drew back, but Satan had her down, and was worrying her for all he was worth. I brought my gun butt down on his head, and he dropped with his teeth locked on her arm. I pried his jaw open, and threw him out of the cut, on to the snowbank. The bitches cleared. Then Captain Ireland came in sight. He had run for all he was worth, and he was more than astonished when he found me in the snow trench with the girl, and Satan stretched out on the bank above.

"Matter,' says I, 'the matter is that the dogs have nearly killed this girl, and there's no doctor nearer than Parker's Cross, and that's ten miles off. 'I'm not hurt,' says the girl; 'your dogs have torn the sleeve of my jacket, and my skirt, but their teeth haven't harmed me. I let the poor fox into the barn, and if you have any manly feeling you will let him go.'

"Her skirt was all torn to tatters; she had lost her tuque in the struggle, and the blood was running down her left sleeve into the snow as she spoke.

"We had better go to the house, and if you will let me, dress your arm. I have some knowledge of surgery, and then my guide, Jake Hen-

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The object of this journal will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects.

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THE MASSACHUSETTS ASSOCIATION'S WORK.

A REPORT of the work done in 1906 by the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association just issued shows gratifying results. This volunteer work must not be confounded with that done by the Fish and Game Commission of the Commonwealth.

As is natural and wise the chief work among game birds was done with the quail, of which more than 4,400 were liberated between January and April of last year. Most of these were set free; though a number were given to the Fish and Game Commission. These last bred in confinement, about 80 young quail being hatched, of which 24 reached maturity. Most of the reports of the liberated birds are encouraging, and in a majority of cases where birds had been turned out, bevies of quail were found in the fall where for several years there had been none before. The general tenor of the report is that a goodly number were left over at the close of the last shooting season and the interest felt by sportsmen in these birds has, it is believed, led to their being regularly fed in many cases during the winter just ended.

The report contains suggestions on liberating and feeding quail, the feeding box devised and used by Mr. C. A. Taft, and described and figured in these columns, being recommended. It is believed that if the birds each year can be brought back to their feeding boxes at the beginning of the winter and so can be well fed, there is no reason why they should not endure any amount of cold and snow. The importance of providing for the birds bare ground, or something that is equivalent to bare ground, and of furnishing them with gravel during the winter are properly emphasized. Food alone is not enough to preserve the birds.

The Association has done a good work in watching legislation. Every year its legislative committee examines all bills presented to the Legislature, and recommends their passage or their defeat. During the past year bills prohibiting the sale of prairie chickens, reducing the sale season for quail to two months instead of six, reducing the sale for black ducks and teal from twelve months to six, protecting woodducks for five years, and one taking from land owners and members of their families the right to set snares on their own premises were enacted, and received the Governor's signature. The Association has worked hand in hand with the Biological Survey represented by Dr. T. S. Palmer, whose excellent work is well known.

Within the year the Association has brought into

its membership many of the sportsmen's clubs of Massachusetts, and this concentration of effort cannot fail to result in great good. It has also urged the formation of new clubs which it encourages in all possible ways.

Successful efforts were made during the year to supply trout for the fall planting, and over 40,000 fingerlings were distributed.

The work of the Association is constantly expanding and public appreciation of the importance of this work increasing. It believes that quail may be restored to Massachusetts covers in fair abundance by occasional restocking and systematic feeding, and that trout streams may be greatly helped by restocking.

While there is no doubt that the time is coming when quail and other game birds will be bred in captivity, the day when this can be successfully done is in the future. Meantime the work of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association is of the highest importance and value.

THE NEW YORK DOG TAX.

THE American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, as it relates to the home office in New York city, has had many serious troubles in recent months. The public at large viewed it as a body which became more and more inefficient, in its special mission, as it prospered financially from the receipts of magnificent donations, of the bequests of humanitarians, and of the taxation of dogs.

This revenue, in the aggregate, amounted to an enormous sum. Other than from those sources, the society had no income.

In the city of New York, there is a great, constant field for the exercise of the society's functions. Yet, considering what the society actually accomplished in its mission, as a preventor of cruelty, in comparison with what it might have done but did not do, there was an outspoken, unfriendly public belief that the society was inoperative as a public benefactor, though active and successful in matters pertaining to the acquisition of real estate. The society's magnificent costly office building, Twenty-eighth street and Madison avenue, was cited as the real estate case in point.

It was boldly maintained that the society should apply the funds derived from the State and from individuals, to the true mission of the society; that is, the prevention of cruelty. In no way could their diversion to real estate investment be justified, in the view of many vehement critics. This was more particularly maintained in respect to the moneys derived from the taxation of dogs, the money of the people.

First of all it was contended that such tax, so diverted, was unconstitutional, inasmuch as the Legislature could not legally, in whole or in part, so turn over the State moneys for the benefit of an individual or a corporation. This con-

tention, in indecisive forms, came before the courts a number of times, prior to 1906, without disturbing the interests of the society.

The most recent and most serious case, however, was that tried recently, in which the society prosecuted a resident of Rosebank, Staten Island, for harboring a dog without having a license therefor. The defence in the main was that the act which made it a misdemeanor to harbor a dog without taking out a license and paying the fee therefor to the S. P. C. A. had been declared unconstitutional, in 1901, by the Court of Appeals which held that the State Constitution, Article 7, forbids the payment of any public money to a private corporation. Later, an amendment, with a purpose to nullify this article, was passed, but it missed its purpose, and that therefore Article 7 still stands. This case was tried in the county court of Richmond, Staten Island, before Judge Stephen D. Stephens. The plaintiff has the right of appeal, and presumably will so avail itself; for the thousands of dollars of dog tax are too important as revenue to lose without a struggle which will end only in the court of last resort.

If it is finally decided that the society cannot legally collect the dog taxes, then the question arises: Will it refund the taxes illegally collected since 1901? Whether it does so or not, will it conduct the society's affairs in the spirit which gave it birth, the spirit of Henry Bergh? or will it rest content to gather vast revenues and seek for more?

ALTHOUGH the ground may be covered here and there with snow, and the river choked with ice drifting with the tidal currents, while the wind is raw and chill and the sun obscured by leaden clouds, the owners of small boats know that only a few short weeks separate them from their loved element, hence their feverish haste to be prepared for a short cruise when the first warm day arrives. The robin and the kingfisher, on arriving from the south, may convince us that spring is following them with swift strides, but the small boat owner is even earlier with his first preparations for the warm season.

Frequenters of his summer's haunts may not have seen him for months, but on a holiday in March he appears, equipped with sandpaper and paint, and donning old clothes, starts in with vigorous efforts to put his little craft in shape for its season's use. And having begun his work, he follows it up on every occasion when he has a few hours' leisure until it is complete and his boat and outfit are ready for use. Scraping, sandpapering, calking, painting or varnishing, overhauling engine or sails, oars or paddles, he finds plenty of work to do, and when the warm days of early April come, he sails away to old familiar camp grounds and from that time becomes a happy man once more.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Lone Elk's Search.

(Concluded from page 409.)

"The day was about ended. 'Hai' yu, great Sun,' I prayed; 'make my aim true. Let my bullet drain the blood of this enemy. I give him to you; his scalp shall be yours.' Long, long I aimed, again and again measuring the distance with my eyes, and at last I pulled the trigger. Through the drifting powder smoke I saw my enemy spring to his feet, saw him stagger, saw him fall, limp on the edge of the cut bank and roll off it, splash, into the deep water in which he sank like a stone. Ai! but I was glad. I almost shouted, I was so glad. I reloaded my gun as quickly as I could and shot at one of the others as they ran back to the timber whence they had come, but that time my bullet sped wide of the mark.

"I remained where I was until it was quite dark, and then returning to the boat I pushed out noiselessly from the shore and drifted down stream, keeping as close to the south side as possible. I saw nothing more of the enemy. Some time before midnight the moon arose, but I was then far from where I had shot the enemy, and felt that they were not pursuing me; that my appearance on the south side of the river had made them think that I was a traveler afoot. When daylight came they would probably try to pick up my trail. I ate some of the meat I had killed. It was not very good, raw, but it satisfied my hunger. I did not wish to take time, nor the risk to stop, build a fire and cook.

"After some nights of drifting I came to the mouth of Elk River; from there three more nights and I knew that I was near the Mandan camp. The moon was rising now after midnight and I feared that I might pass the place in the dark. I kept close to the north shore now watching for the steps in the high cut bank which the people used for their water trail. I came to them not long before daylight, but if there had been no moon I could not have passed by, for the camp dogs were howling as usual. I tied my boat beside some others like it, took my rifle and robe and my ropes and ascended the steps. There before me was the camp, a lot of round topped mud houses surrounded by a high fence of logs stuck endways into the ground, and so close together that a prairie dog could not have squeezed through between them. I knew better than to attempt to enter the place then. I sat down on the edge of the cut bank and waited for daylight, and the people to come forth. It was not long before some early rising women started out for water, and seeing me they ran back through the passage way in the fence and aroused the camp. Some men appeared carrying their guns, and I arose, made the sign of peace, also the sign that I was a Blackfoot. At that they too made the sign of

friendship, and asked me to approach. I went up to them and gave them greeting, and they took me to their chief's lodge. He was a kindly man, that Four Bears, and made me welcome. While we smoked together, and I told him why I was there, about my dream and everything, his women cooked a feast for us of meat and beans and corn, and other things. I ate a lot of it all.

"I stayed with the good chief four days, feasting and resting, and devising a way to learn if my woman really was in the Lower Big Belly village. It was, the chief told me, just like that of the Mandans, built on a wide, open bottom and inclosed by a high log house. There was no place near it, he said where one could lie concealed and watch the going and coming of the people. We finally hit upon a way that we thought would do. It was full of danger, but the only one that seemed likely to succeed, and in the evening of the fourth day I set off again in my boat to try it. Four Bears had given me directions to enable me to know the place of the village when I came opposite it, but in the darkness I would have missed it had it not been for the howling of their dogs. It was near morning of the second night that I heard them, and drawing into the shore I saw the camp's water trails cut in the high bank. I went on down the river until I came to a large cottonwood grove, and there, out in still water opposite an old log on the sand bar, I sunk my boat by the weight of many stones. Back in the timber I cached my rifle, my robe, everything I had except my knife. Then I unbraided my hair, wet it, and combed and combed it, rebraided it roughly in two large braids, one on each side of my head. My scalp lock had disappeared. I no longer showed that I was a Blackfoot. I wore a pair of plain cowskin moccasins; a pair of cowskin leggins, a cowskin (unpainted) toga that Four Bears had given me. Nothing about me was suggestive of any tribe, far or near, that I had ever heard of. My only weapon was my knife, stuck in a plain parfleche sheath at my belt.

"Daylight was near. I left the timber, followed up the bank of the river and sat down by the water trail of the village. The first risers, as at the other camp, were some women who aroused their men. 'Who are you?' they signed, coming forth guns in hand.

"I am from the far south,' I answered in signs. 'I am of the people who live in houses set one on top of another in the land of no snow. I come with peaceful intent.'

"Approach, then,' their leader signed. 'Approach us in peace.' We met and embraced, they looking at me hard, but kindly. It had all been easier than I had thought. I had been much afraid that they would kill me. They conducted me to the big earth lodge of their chief. He was

just getting up, and sitting back on his couch he motioned me to a place beside him, filled a pipe and handed it to me to light. I smoked with him and the others who had come in with me told the story that Four Bears and I had made up. I was far from the south, from the hot country, I said in the sign language. I was of a tribe which lived on a flat butte overlooking a great plain, a people who lived in houses built one on top of another. I knew that there was such a people. My father had seen and fought them when he went to war in his young days. I also said that I was alone in the world, that I had no lodge, and I was traveling around just to see the country and visit the different tribes along the way. The old chief asked why I had no gun, no horse, and I replied that two days before I had fallen in the hands of a war party who came upon me while I slept, and that they had taken my bow and arrows and set me afoot. That lie passed too. Presently the women placed food before us and I ate as if I were starved. All this time I was longing to go out, to look through the camp for the one I sought, and yet I feared to. If she were there, if she cried out and ran to me when she saw me there I would be killed. She too, perhaps. I made up my mind to stay close to the chief until I saw her, if she really was there, and I was sure of that. I had faith in my dream. Yes, I would stay close to the chief, and if things went wrong, I would at least draw my knife and kill him before I was killed.

"After eating we smoked two pipes, and then the chief dismissed his guests. Soon afterward a woman came in and spoke to him. 'We are invited to a feast,' he signed, 'let us go.'

"There were feasts all that morning for us, and we took a bite and smoked at each place, while I had to tell over and over again about myself, and answer many questions. In the last lodge, to which we were invited, that which I had expected happened. I met my woman. I followed the chief into the place, the host made room for me next to him on his right, and when I took my seat and looked around, there she was, sitting in the shadow of the place, near the doorway. She gave me one swift, sorrowful look, and then bent her head. My heart seemed to jump up into my throat. I nearly jumped up to run over to her. Then I began to grow angry. Here beside me was the man who had taken her from me. I had a look at him. A big, powerful man he was, good looking. I suppose, yet he looked hateful to me. How I did long to stick my knife into him then and there. But I bided my time. 'Have patience,' I said to myself, 'he shall not escape you.'

"I thought that feast would never end. It was almost more than I could endure to sit there and smoke and tell this man, who had so

wronged me, my story of lies in answer to his request. From time to time I stole a look at my woman. She was watching my hand as I made the signs, but she would not look me in the face. At last we went out, and returned to the chief's lodge. 'This is your home,' he told me; 'that is your couch; my food is your food; my pipe and tobacco are also yours. Go and come as you will.'

I walked about in the village, out to the river. I sat in the shade of the lodges and smoked, and told lies about the south country, all the time thinking about my woman, how to rescue her. Thus two days passed. I found that she was never allowed to go out alone, two of her captor's wives always going with her for wood and even to the river for water. In the afternoon of the second day I sat by the water trail where it descended the cut bank to the river's edge. Came my woman with her guard for water; returning she led the way up the steps, and before the others reappeared I quickly signed to her: 'Don't sleep; to-night I shall enter your lodge and take you away.' She nodded her head to signify that she understood.

"The village was very quiet when I arose and crept out of the chief's lodge. Not a dog was barking; not a fire was alight nor a single person moving about. A mere hand's width at a time I crawled past the curtain of the hated one's doorway and into his lodge. Putting out my left hand I touched my woman's head, and she reached up and grasped me by the neck, pulled me down so that her lips reached my ear and whispered so softly I could scarcely hear her: 'He is asleep beside me. I am tied to him. Be careful.'

"I had been angry, but these words filled me with the rage of a wounded grizzly, and that is the most terrible rage of anything that walks the earth. I felt that I had the strength of a hundred men in my arms and hands. Edging up closer to my woman I reached out carefully to feel with my finger tips, my enemy's position. He was lying on his side, back to me, breathing slow and deep. I put my knife in my mouth, put my hand in the right position, and then suddenly I gripped him around the neck, at the same time pressing my right knee against his shoulder and pushing him over on his belly, face down. He struggled. I could feel his big muscles quiver under me, but he could not move, nor cry out, nor reach up to pull me off, and all the time my fingers gripped tighter and tighter around his throat. I don't know how long I choked him before I began to feel him limp under me, and then withdrawing my right hand I grasped my knife and pushed the blade down between his ribs along the side of the back bone, down into his mean heart, and then I made another cut or two and slashed off a big braid of his hair, skin and all.

During all this my woman had lain quiet. She was indeed, tied to the man by a rope which encircled both their waists. I cut it and whispered to her to rise. She was so weak from terror that she could not get up, and I half carried her, half led her out of the lodge. Not one of the sleeping women there had wakened through it all. I laughed to myself thinking of the excitement and mourning which would take place there when daylight came. I opened the passageway in the high fence and went out across the bottom, down into the timber where I raised

my cache. We were not afraid of our voices now. 'You had better kill me here,' said my woman, 'after what has happened I am disgraced. You cannot love me any more.'

"I will not tell you how I answered. 'You were satisfied, weren't you Pit'-ah-ki?' (addressing the comely, neatly dressed old woman who sat beside him).

"'Ai,' she answered, smilingly. 'You had great pity; you made me truly happy.' And then she shivered and spat disgustedly into the fire.

"Yes. Well," Lone Elk continued, "I waded out and recovered my boat, and getting into it we drifted on down the river and hid on a big island. We had food; plenty of dried meat and pemmican I had got from Four Bears' women. We ate a plenty and then watched the river shores turn about all day. Not a man did we see. When it came night again we crossed over to the north shore, sunk our boat and traveled westward. Three days later we walked into the village of our friends, where Four Bears greeted me like a brother. We had a big dance over the scalp I had taken and three horses were given us, also saddles, robes and food for our journey home. I tell you they are good people those Earth-lodge dwellers.

"There, friend," the old man concluded, "what say you now? Who but the gods enabled me to find my woman and take revenge on the man who wronged me. There is no use of talking, the gods live; watch over us; protect us in our trouble."

"About your other dream?" I asked. "The one in which you saw your woman crying."

"I escaped from the dog," Pit'-ah-ki answered, "and started homeward. I was alone in the timber. I did sit under a big tree crying. He overtook me, and after that I had no more chances to get away. How did he capture me in the first place? I was very foolish. I went out alone just below our camp to pick berries, and all of a sudden the man seized me, told me in signs that if I cried out he would stab me. He led me into a patch of willows, and when night came he tied me tight to a tree while he made a raft, and then he tied me on that and we went drifting off down the river."

"And that's all," said Lone Elk, ostentatiously knocking the ashes from the smoked out pipe bowl as a sign of dismissal. "That is all. The gods are, friend—they are. Go ye your homeward ways."

We went. I to record this before I sleep. Berry has just come in. I wonder where he has been prowling.

J. W. SCHULTZ.

If True Hunter-Born.

Pierced by the blasts of a bitter cold day,
Facing the gale on a lone, bleak shore,
Cramped in your "blind" on a reed-marg'd bay,
While from afar sounds the ocean's wild roar,
Weary and dreary and lone and forlorn,
Yet loving it all—if true hunter-born.

Stationed alone in a wilderness drear,
Watching a trail thro' the gloom of the year,
Chilled to the marrow, your eyes on the trail,
Watching and waiting for buck or for doe,
Watching and waiting and praying for prey,
Yet loving it all—if true hunter-born.

Thrashing about through the brush and the fern,
Hampered by bush, and the thicket and fern,
Watchful, expecting, your eyes on the trail,
Striving to keep your feet on the trail,
Railing your luck, and your eyes on the trail,
You're loving it all—if true hunter-born.

more respectable and brought a bag, while I had a disreputable bundle, and in the line of firearms took a three-barrel gun, 12-gauge, rifle bore .38-55, and a .40-65 rifle.

Our spirits rose high at the prospect before us. Clusters of gold and scarlet leaves hung like ripe fruit amid the maples, while the birch and beech appeared to wear a halo of sunlight. They suggest a richness of beauty that gratifies the eye and refreshes every sense. We love this smooth and rough barked deciduous tribe crested with mellow and flaming plumes. It is, moreover, a memorable occasion, when such a morning we look deep into drenched valleys and where the sun has not yet penetrated, and which give out a fragrant coolness. Dim immeasurable distances of liquid shade seem to float and glimmer through the leaves. We breathe a pure, auroral ozone, mingled with the sweetness of swamp and pine. Our thoughts go out to meet the sun upon the hilltops.

A drive of seven miles over a good road, followed by a half-mile walk, brought us to camp. The country here had been lumbered and was intersected with log roads which afford excellent hunting grounds. We had passed through five miles or more of virgin timberland, so we were not completely surrounded by those regions which bear the indelible wounds of the ax. Everett soon had a fire going and several venison steaks filling the air with an aroma that well suited our mood. Besides a large lean-to, there was an inclosed dining room for stormy weather, and a small hunting lodge, where Reuben and Everett took up their abode. From the open camp which was ours one overlooked a shallow ravine, at the bottom of which a spring supplied us with plenty of cold pure water.

Reuben having donned his "creepers," we set out about three o'clock for an afternoon hunt down the tote road. I left the Naiad and C. arguing mildly together, it being one of their favorite recreations.

Through the woods came faintly to our ears the lisping of chickadees and the loud cackling of a pileated woodpecker, while again bluejays rang their bell-notes or screamed harshly. The voices of the jays affected our hearing as their azure plumage, seen amid crimson autumn leaves, affects our sight. They form an integral part of the season; we listen for them as we listen for the first robin or bluebird.

The country through which we hunted was comparatively level, and the road being free of undergrowth, we advanced quietly in spite of the thickly fallen leaves. An occasional breeze in the sunlit treetops rustled a prelude of coming frost and fleecy clouds sailed the heavens. We walked very slowly and scanned the ground carefully at every step, but there were few fresh signs in the road, although the runways looked well traveled. We had gone perhaps two miles when my attention was arrested by a gentle thud, thud, and a cracking of twigs. I looked in the direction of the sound and about fifty yards off through an open stretch of woods saw a deer loping easily along, parallel to our position. I touched Reuben, who was ahead, and we halted. At the same moment the animal perceived us and came to a standstill.

"What it is?" I whispered.

"A doe, I presume," was the not very encouraging answer.

"No, it isn't, I can see little horns. I'm sure it's a yearling buck."

The deer stood broadside, offering a fine shot. After a moment's pause, Rube made up his mind. "It's to him!" he said, and taking a full bead from the center of the shoulder, I fired. As the animal fell, we saw a small hemlock rock some distance off and then all was still. A few minutes later we found our quarry; it had just shed out and in prime condition. Rube, however, smiled approval.

The air was rose-tinged when at last we reached camp and supper. The fragrance of the balsam was in the air, and the air was sweet; one could breathe the wilderness. Such a scene made an indelible

impression on me. With a companion I was rowing along the shore of a lake just at the hour of sunset. Dead leaves, "yellow and black and pale and hectic red," floated on the water's surface, and once or twice I saw a trout roll lazily up in a thick mat of leaves and snatch a fly. As twilight settled, a pale violet sheen spread over the water, while in the west a low range of clouds became gradually illumined with clear saffron light, which in turn was faintly mirrored on the lake. Northward drifted flakes of thin fiery cloud and just above the horizon, sunk as it were in the waves of an emerald sea and hung like a pendant on the breast of evening, shone Venus—white, dilating and resplendent. A rich oriental atmosphere seemed to stir in the cold pulses of the north. One dreamed of old temples in the desert; of cool groves and trickling fountains and drowsy mysteries, until the scene itself was transformed into a dim tropical lagoon. The purple waters, the blazing sky and at length darkness, fragrant with the breath of Indian summer! It is strange indeed, how the vortex of the unreal occasionally finds semblance in the living properties of what we know to be a natural world.

On reaching camp after the conclusion of our hunt, we found it deserted, but a half hour later C. and the Naiad turned up, and preparations for the evening repast were commenced with haste.

"Ready for some more venison?" asked Everett, looking in the door. We gazed at each other and shook our heads, whereupon, to encourage us, Rube remarked, "You people can't eat anything at all." Fortunately, we were not disposed to agree with him. The night was mild and a crescent moon glittered high in the zenith. Lying in the open camp one could see it drifting westward beyond the flames that leaped gaily from our comfortable hearth. Presently the Naiad read aloud to us and we fell into a very peaceful state. Sparks went snapping and crackling upward and the fire shed a genial light on the surrounding trees. A short time later, Rube and Everett joined us. Rube told us amusing stories about a fake panther hunt—which he related as follows:

"It happened when I was guidin' a party of New York sports, and one of 'em, a young feller, was crazy to kill a panther, so we thought we'd fix things up an' give him some fun. A couple of the boys got the rig planned, an' when night came we were all ready, with two candles set out in the woods, and the blood of a deer makin' a good trail beyond where they stood. After supper everybody was sittin' around the fire talkin' panther, and the young feller was pretty keen about gettin' his oar in. All of a sudden just behind the camp somethin' let out a roarin' spittin' scream that made every man jump clean off the ground. Then somebody hollered, 'Git a gun! Git a gun!' and another one yelled, 'Look at his eyes! I kin see his eyes!'"

"Well sir, then the dogs started up an' the sport let blaze at the candles! Of course, they went out, because a man was all ready and pulled the string when he fired. Things were pretty well stirred up, I kin tell you!"

"Let them dogs loose! Let them dogs loose!" the young feller kept roarin', an' when we did, an' they found the trail, you ought to have seen them snorts! They had it bad an' wanted to go right after the panther that minute."

Here Rube tittered and gave a concluding cough.

"He never knew the difference, an' I'll bet he thinks he wounded that panther ter this day. Hee! hee!"

Better than this story, however, was the narrative of a bear hunt in which he had taken sole part during the previous autumn, and which being long and intricate, has in detail passed my memory. At any rate, he wounded the animal, a very large specimen not far from our present camping ground, and followed it for two weeks before giving up the chase. Day after day he went back and took up the trail as only a woodsman can do, spending several nights in the open and steadily dogging every move that the animal made. Some one heard of a good bear-dog, and finally it appeared on the scene of action looking like a wooly calf and running deer at every op-



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

The Peril of Lone Man

A Blackfoot Indian Tale

By J. W. SCHULTZ

AS the country merchant loves to ride out beyond the bounds of his own town and look over the broad fields of the farmers, yellow with ripening grain ready for the reaper, so the old-time Indian trader loved to look upon the big camp of the plains people, red with drying meat and white flesh side of newly stripped hides ready for tanning into robes. But I fancy that in the heart of the Indian trader there was a kindlier feeling, less of a spirit of grasping than these same merchants have. The Indian trader was an anomaly. If he charged his customers enormous prices for his goods, he also gave to the needy and to his friends with a prodigal hand. Generally his interest in the welfare of the people to whom he had become attached was greater than his desire for gain; and so it came to pass that when the buffalo were finally killed off, not one in fifty of these men could show much of a balance on the credit side of his ledger. I merely mention this to explain why, as we rode into the edge of the Blackfoot camp one autumn afternoon in the long ago, my old friend Berry exclaimed: "Plumb red and white, isn't it! My! but they're happy."

And so the people were; from several quarters of the great camp, above the shouts and laughter of playing children, could be heard the beating of drums; and voices raised in gambling, and feast, and dancing songs.

Passing along between the lodges, women ceased from their occupation to look up at us with smiling faces, and make some joke about our coming; and here and there a man shouted out: "Our friends have arrived. You shall feast with us."

And yet most people believe that the Indians are a silent, taciturn people! Well, they do appear to be so before those whom they instinctively know despise them.

We rode on and dismounted in front of Lone Man's lodge; a youth sprang to take charge of our horses, and we entered the home of our friend. "Welcome, welcome," he said heartily, motioning us to seats on either side of him, and then shaking hands with us, his comely, intelligent face alight with pleasure. One by one his three young wives came in, three fine looking, long-haired, clean and richly dressed

sisters. They, too, were glad to see us, and said so, as they began to prepare the evening meal. Again the door was drawn back and our saddles, guns and bridles were brought in by the youth and piled in the empty space.

It was a fine lodge, that one of Lone Man's; about 22 feet in diameter, of good height, made of twenty new, white soft tanned cowskins artistically cut and sewn together. All around close to the poles was a brightly painted lining, between which and the outer covering the air rushed up and out through the top, carrying the smoke of the cheerful fire along with it. Here and there were luxurious buffalo robe couches, with painted willow back rests covered with buffalo robes, and in the spaces between them were piled set after set of bright, pretty-colored parfleches, containing the stores of clothing and finery of the family. Suspended above the head of our host, securely fastened to the lodge poles, was a long, thick buckskin-wrapped roll, containing a medicine pipe. At each end of it were some red-painted, long-fringed, rawhide sacks filled with various sacred things. Our friend was a medicine man. Once, when very ill, he had paid fifty horses for the pipe, and through its miraculous power, the Sun had listened to his supplications, and restored him to health. The sick now came to him, and he unrolled the sacred bundle with the prescribed ceremonies and songs; painted the sufferers' faces with red symbols of the sky gods and prayed for their recovery as the fragrant smoke of tobacco and burning sweet grass arose.

We exchanged such news as we had to tell, while the roasting of fresh buffalo tongues, the frying of thin flour cakes, and making of coffee progressed. In those days Lone Man was one of the few Blackfeet who cared for bread and other white man's food. Meat of various kinds, prepared in various ways, and without salt, was all the most of them had. Meat was ni-tap'-i-wak-sin: real food. Flour, beans, rice, corn and the like they called kis'-täp-i-wak-sin: useless food.

Some visitors came in and we repeated what we thought would interest them, and told why we were there: to learn how they were going to winter; if in one locality, or in moving about.

We had our own view of matter; we wanted them to remain where they were, at the foot of the Snowy Mountains, and I may as well say here that before we left camp they promised that they would. So we built a substantial trading post there, and had a very good trade.

To look at our good friend, Lone Man, as he sat there in the glow of the little lodge fire that night, laughing and joking, and at his three unusually handsome wives, happy in ministering to the wants of their husband's friends, one would not have thought that they had ever known trouble; but they had. For years a grim spectre had hovered over them. Death in the form of some unknown enemy, in most unexpected ways, at the most unusual times, had more than once nearly overtaken Lone Man, the popular, the kind, the helping friend to the poor and afflicted. Why he, of all men, rich and kind and generous, should have an enemy, and that enemy a member of his own tribe, was a mystery which had never been solved. He had never quarreled with any one. Not a man nor woman was there in all the tribe at whom the finger of suspicion could be pointed.

The winter previous to this time Lone Man had paid us a somewhat long visit, and one night he told us in detail the story of his escapes from this mysterious foe. "It began," he said, "the very day after I married my first wife, when I was feeling happier than I ever had before, and I had always been a pretty happy youth. I was very proud, too, that morning. Why should I not have been, with just the prettiest girl in camp riding by my side—well, maybe not any prettier than my Pwai-ó-ta and my youngest woman, Pus-ah'-ki. You remember how they looked in those days, don't you? Such smooth-cheeked, bright-eyed, quick and graceful girls as they were. And don't you remember their hair, how the long braids of it almost touched the ground as they walked along?"

"We had eaten our first meal together, Si'-pi-ah-ki and I, and then we rode out to round up my herd of horses and drive them into water. I held my head pretty high as we passed on between the lodges. Many a young man, I knew, was gazing at me enviously; nearly every one of them, at one time or another, had tried

to get this girl to share his lodge, and I, I had got her. Had I not good reason to be proud and happy? Of course I had, for she cared for me as much as I did for her; she also was happy.

"We rode out across the sage and grease-wood flat bordering the river, then up the valley's slope on to the big plain, seamed with deep, brushy coulees putting in to the river. Away in the distance was my herd, and we went toward it, riding along a narrow ridge between two coulees. We were talking and laughing, never thinking of any danger, when suddenly a gun boomed behind us, and I fell from my horse. I don't remember feeling the bullet strike, nor falling. I merely heard the gun. When I came to myself there was a terrible pain in my head. The bullet had struck just here, above this temple, and glanced off, not doing any damage, except to cut the scalp and let out considerable blood. But the pain was terrible. I saw that I must have lain there for some time, because the sun was now quite high above the edge of the world. When I opened my eyes Si'-pi-ah-ki bent over and kissed me. She had my gun on her lap, and sat facing the direction from which the shot had come, the coulee on the down river side of the ridge. 'Oh,' she said, 'I thought at first you were killed, and I wanted to die, too. But I felt for your heart and found that it was beating. I pressed your wound as I knew the skull was not crushed. So I just picked up your gun and watched for the enemy to show himself.'

"Now was she not brave? Most women in her place would just have screamed and ridden away as fast as they could urge the horse; would have been so frightened that they would not have known what they were doing. She had seen no enemy, had heard nothing. Our horses were grazing not far away. I tried to rise, and fell back, dizzy. 'Lie still,' she said, 'some one will be coming this way before long, and we'll get help.' Sure enough a rider did appear, coming out from the river on another ridge, and Si'-pi-ah-ki arose and waved her robe. He whipped up his horse and came quickly; and when he learned what had happened he hurried back to camp for aid. A big crowd of men returned with him, also my mother with a travoi, on which I was taken in to my lodge. My friends searched the coulee and found no signs of a war party, only the tracks of a man leading down it to camp. The tracks were fresh, made that morning, and they were the imprints of parfleche soled moccasins! He who had shot me then, was some one of our own people. Many men had gone out afoot after their horses, but no one had been seen to return afoot; all had returned riding, driving their herd before them. And that was all. 'Look out,' the people said to me. 'Watch sharp; some one in this camp is your enemy.'

"I couldn't believe it. I thought that some friend had fired in our direction just to scare us, and that, seeing what he had done, he had fled from the place and sneaked home.

"Four nights later, I learned that I was mistaken. I awoke suddenly with a sort of fear in my heart; with the feeling that some terrible danger threatened me. There was no moon. I glanced up through the smoke hole; there were no stars; the sky was clouded over and 'twas very dark. I lay on the outside of our couch, Si'-pi-ah-ki on the inside. I heard a faint rustling; she was sleeping, and motionless. 'It

is a dog,' I thought, 'lying just outside against the lodge skin.' And then all at once I knew what it was; again I heard the rustling noise, and, dark as it was, I saw the white lodge lining rising, rising, very slowly a very little way at a time. My gun was by my side. I noiselessly cocked it, took aim where I thought this enemy of mine was lying, and fired. The flash of the powder revealed both lodge skin and lining raised and a hand, grasping a shining knife. Then all was dark again, and mingled with Si'-pi-ah-ki's frightened screams, I heard the thud, thud, thud, of retreating feet. My shot aroused the camp. Men rushed here and there with ready guns inquiring what had happened. My woman built a fire; we took lighted sticks and examined the ground outside; there was no blood, nor anything save a pulled up lodge pin and the still half-raised skin. 'Who, who was this enemy,' we asked, 'who so desired our death?' Why did he try to kill me? What harm had I ever done to any of my people that must be paid for with my life?

"I was never spoken of as a coward. I had proved more than once in battle with the enemy that I was a pretty good fighter; but now I felt afraid. It is very terrible to feel that some one is trying to bring about your death. Thereafter I never went alone anywhere. When I hunted, my cousin Red Plume always accompanied me. I got a youth to care for my horses, and that was a great pleasure I had to give up, for nothing is more pleasant than to round up your band and drive them in to water, listening to the thunder of their hoofs, watching them play, their fat, sleek, hard bodies shining in the sun. Also, more than all else, I feared the night; the darkness. When we went to bed, first we put out the fire, and then pretending to occupy one couch, we would quietly step over and take another one. We couldn't talk to each other any more at night; not even whisper; and that was hard to two young people who love and have so very much to say to each other. I got two big dogs and kept them always tied except when we moved camp, and I made them savage. Always, they slept inside, one by the doorway, the other by our couch.

A winter and a summer passed, and then my father-in-law died. So, as my perhaps-to-be wives* no longer had a home, I took them. I had always intended to do so in time. They wished it, their older sister wished it, and so did I. We were four happy persons. My enemy had not troubled me for a long time, and I looked forward to a life of peace. Also, I became somewhat careless. On the very night that the two new wives came to my lodge, away out beyond the confines of camp there came to our ears the sound of shots and the cry of the enemy, an Assinaboine war party some of our young men had discovered as they came sneaking in to steal our horses. Like every other man, I seized my weapons and ran toward the place. From the time I left my lodge I heard some one running behind me, but I had no thought of danger until, twang! went a bow string and an arrow pierced my left shoulder, burning my flesh as though it was made of fire. I could not use my left arm at all, but, turning, I raised my gun with my right arm as quickly as I could, and fired at the person I could but

*The younger sisters of a woman a man married were his potential wives. If he did not wish to marry them, he had the right to choose their husbands.

dimly see running from me. The flash of the gun blinded me for a little time, and when I recovered from it, there was no one in sight, no longer any sound of running feet. I turned and crept homeward by a circuitous way, moving very silently through the tall sage brush. I had no place out in the fight beyond, not with one of my own people waiting for just such a chance to shoot me in the back. Again I had a terrible feeling of dread, and that, with the loss of blood from my wound, overcame me. I managed to reach my lodge, and fell within the doorway as one dead.

Before I came to life they drew the arrow from my shoulder, so I did not feel that pain. It was just an arrow; plain and new, and straight, without one mark to designate its owner. And it had a terrible barbed point; they had to push it on through and break it off in order to pull out the shaft.

"I lay ill and low hearted for some days. The chiefs held a council, and the camp crier went about telling loudly their words: 'This is to the cowardly, mean dog who seeks the life of a good man. Let him beware; let him cease his wrong doing, for if discovered he will be given to the Sun; he will be bound to a tree and then left to starve and thirst until his shadow passes on.'

"Little good that would do, I thought. Sooner or later, at some unguarded time, he would succeed in his attempt, and my shadow would go on to the sandhills, not his. More closely than ever I now kept watch for him; more carefully than ever my women and my friends guarded me from possible surprise. How I longed to meet him face to face, to fight him with gun, or knife, or club, or even with bare hands. I planned what I would do if I ever got him in my power, how best to make his dying a long day of great suffering.

"You can understand how unpleasant a camp life is to an active man. How, instead of sitting idly in your lodge you long to mount a horse and ride out over the plains; if not to hunt, why just to ride and see the plains, and the mountains rising from them, and to watch the game and birds; to see the cloud shadows sweep over the big land; to feel the wind, made by the gods, gentle or fierce, as their heart happens to be at the time. And I couldn't go and see it all, live it all, as others did, when they pleased. I could only go when someone was willing to accompany me. During many idle days I did much visiting, and gave many feasts myself. One by one I considered every man of our people as that enemy of mine. And see, not one of them all but gave me friendly smiles and greeting, and yet some one of them wanted my life. Time and again my women talked over those who had desired to marry them, who made proposals to their parents for them. There had been many, it is true, but not even among them could we point to one as possibly this enemy. Every one of them was married, and certainly content and happy.

"Two winters passed. In all that time nothing occurred to disturb us, except that I felt sick, having pains in my stomach, in my head, and often, when starting to rise from a seat, I became blind and dizzy, and weak, and would just fall back in my place. This sickness grew worse and worse. We called in doctor after doctor; men and women who had a great favor with the gods, who had medicines that cured

all ill. But neither their prayers nor their bitter drinks did me any good. I lost my desire for food. I became weaker and weaker. I hated to die. I was still young; my women loved me. I loved them. I wanted to live and be happy with them, but most I wanted to live because some evil one so desired my death.

"One day there came some visitors from the North Blackfeet camp, and I gave them a feast. They remarked upon my thinness and ill health, and I told how I was afflicted. 'Why,' said one, 'there is a way by which you can recover. Our people have a sacred pipe which always cures this kind of sickness. It is now owned by Three Suns. Go you at once and get it; the value of it is great; no less than fifty horses, but what are horses compared to health?'

"Instantly I determined that I would have the pipe, but outwardly I made excuses. Said that I was too ill to travel; that I had tried everything, and had concluded that there was no cure for my trouble. I had made my plans even before I spoke. The very next night Red Plume carried out such things as were needed for the journey. Saddles, robes, a couple of parfleches filled with various foods, and cached them in a coulee some distance from camp. The next night he had two of my best horses there, and when the fires had gone out and the people slept, Si'-pi-ah-ki and I stole out to the place, and were soon mounted and heading for the mountain trail leading to the north. My other women were to live in Two Plume's lodge during my absence. Of course we were excited as we started out, and I felt quite strong; but long, very long before daylight, I became weak and dizzy. By this time we had got to the foothills, the children of the big mountains, and riding to the top of one we dismounted to rest, securing our horses in a little pine grove on its side, concealing ourselves in the tall green bunch grass. My woman placed the robes for me, covered me from the dew, and I slept, she herself taking my gun and sitting by my side, watching, listening, for any danger.

"I was awakened by the sun shining in my face. Si'-pi-ah-ki bent over me with that patient, mother-like smile I had always loved to see, and that never failed to cheer. 'Why yes,' I answered her question, 'I feel much better. I will be able to ride a long ways to-day, but first we are going to eat, then you will sleep while I keep watch.'

"She descended the hill to the creek, and came back with a bucket of water and we had our morning meal. I had kept watch for some time when I saw a lone horseman far out on the plains, in the very direction we had come. I thought at first that he was hunting; someone from our camp in quest of meat. But no, there were buffalo in sight not far to the north of him and he did not turn toward them. Instead he came steadily on, right on our trail, plain to be seen in the green grass of early summer. I awakened my woman. 'There he is,' I said, pointing. 'There is our enemy. At last the day has come when we shall see his face, when either he or I will die. I am glad.'

"He was still far out on the plain. 'When he comes near,' I said, 'I will steal down to the brush there, where we crossed the little creek, and as he rides down the bank into it I'll shoot him from his horse.'

"Yes,' my brave woman agreed, 'and I'll hide on the other side with a big club, and this knife

of mine. He won't think of anyone there, and if you should miss him, why, I can do something I hope. But you will not miss, such a good shot as you are. He will just tumble off his horse into the water. And if we cannot kill him, if he should kill you, then, my husband, our shadows will go together to the sandhills, for I will kill myself.'

"I noticed that our pursuer often stopped and turned his horse and looked back, and all around, and then he would start on again swiftly. 'He is afraid of being seen on our trail,' I said. 'I hope that nothing will prevent him from coming on.'

"But there did, and it was a great disappointment. Some riders appeared off to the south of him, and he turned at once and disappeared in a big coulee which ran down into the Two Medicine River. We saw no more of him for some time, and then, away further down, we saw him leave the valley and strike across the plains toward Badger Creek. There was no use of our remaining on the hill any longer. We mounted and continued our journey.

"In good time we came to the Blackfeet camp, and to Three Suns' lodge. The old man received us kindly, and when I told him why I had come he gave me the sacred pipe without hesitating at all, agreeing to send his son and another young man back with us to receive the fifty horses I gave him. We stayed there some time, he praying for me and teaching me the ceremonies of the pipe, until I knew them well. Then we returned home and met with no incident by the way worth telling. I had steadily grown stronger. Little by little my sick spells wore away until I felt as I do now, perfectly well and strong. Also, I now had good, instead of bad dreams, one especially quite often. 'You shall survive the attempts on your life,' my secret helper told me. 'You shall outlive your enemy.'

"This gave me courage, a strong heart, and I went oftener out on the hunt, and to just ride around. Never carelessly though, never alone. For three winters I was not troubled, as I learned, just because I was so watchful. The very first time I did take chances this happened: We were nearly out of meat, both lodges of us, so Red Plume and I went out after some. It was a cloudy spring day, warm, still, but the clouds were above the mountain tops, and we decided that rain would not fall, not until night at least. We had been encamped a long time at that place down on the Bear (Marias) River in the Medicine Rock bottom, and game had moved out some distance from the valley, scared away by the hunters. We rode away southward up the Dry Fork, and it was nearly midday before we sighted game, several bunches of antelope, then a fair-sized herd of buffalo. These last were feeding on the south side and on top of that long flat butte, the one rock walled at its eastern end. We rode up a deep coulee on its north side, then climbed it, and found ourselves right among the animals. We chased them across the flat top of the butte, killing only one cow, Red Plume only wounding the one he fired at. That wasn't enough meat, and we loped our horses on down the steep and rocky slope. There the buffalo had the advantage of us of course, as they could descend a hill more than twice as fast as the best horse could. Down on the flat it would be different; there we could regain lost ground and complete our kill. But I never got there. My horse fell and sent me

rolling until I brought up against a boulder. I wasn't hurt, only scratched in places, nor did the fall break my gun. But it was different with the horse. One of his fore legs was broken, and the ball that was intended to bring down meat sent his shadow to the sand hills. Red Plume was lucky. Down on the level he killed three fine young bulls. He is a fine shot on horseback and a very quick reloader. The three animals lay within the length of a hundred steps. He felt as badly as I did over the loss of my horse. It was one of my best runners, and he often rode it himself. 'Well,' he said, 'what is dead stays dead. We cannot help it, so let us determine what is best to do now. I think that we had better skin our kill, cut up the meat, and then, taking just the tongues and a few ribs, ride home double on my horse. I'll come back tomorrow with some of the women after the skins and everything.'

"I don't like to ride double,' I told him. 'I never did, even when I was a boy, if you remember. It is still a long time until dark, so just ride in to camp and lead out a horse for me, while I stay here and do the skinning and meat cutting.'

"He objected. 'Not that I mind the ride,' he said. 'Think of yourself, that enemy of yours may be even now somewhere out this way watching us.'

"We argued the matter for some time, but I had my way. Not long after Red Plume left the wind began to blow and then it began to rain. I kept on with my work, however, and skinned and cut up the animals. By that time I was very wet. I covered the meat with three of the skins and then crouched down under the other one, but I could not keep warm, and I was very uncomfortable. Finally, I could not stand it any longer, and throwing off the cover I arose and started homeward. The rain was falling harder than ever, the wind blowing more fiercely. I was nearly blinded by the water, but splashed on faster than ever, expecting to meet Red Plume about half way out, and go on in to the cheerful fire awaiting me just as fast as I could make my horse travel.

"The trail on the Dry Fork is pretty straight, cutting the bends of the valley. Sometimes it runs beside the stream and again up and across a point. All at once I began to be afraid. 'This is a good place for that enemy of mine to waylay me,' I thought, trying hard to keep the water out of my eyes, and scan every place ahead. I know now that my secret helper was trying to warn me of danger, but I could not quite believe it. 'In such a storm as this,' I tried to make myself believe, 'he would not be out, and anyway if he were he could not know that I am hurrying home afoot over this trail.' Well, for all my arguments I couldn't feel easy, and so, when a gun in some bushes off to the left of the trail banged, and flashed red, and I felt a bullet tear through my thigh, I wasn't a bit surprised. There was a small thicket right there on the right of the trail, and I tumbled into it purposely. The shot had not knocked me over, but I acted as if it had, hoping that this man, who wanted to kill me, would show himself and give me a chance to kill him. I no sooner fell into the bushes than I straightened up and looked out through the screen of thick leaves. I looked and looked. No one appeared. I heard no sound but the wind and the pattering rain, and the rush of the rising stream. My wound began

to be very painful. Considerable blood was running from it, but not enough to make me believe that a vein had been cut. I pressed both holes tightly with my thumb and forefinger, and kept very still except that I could not help shivering, nor keep my teeth from chattering. I felt easier at heart than I had, anyhow. My enemy had done all he could this time. He would not dare approach my hiding place, and Red Plume could not be far away. When he came we would at least learn who this coward was. He did come before I expected him, leading a horse for me, riding a fresh one himself. I tried to rise, but the effort was too painful. So I shouted, and he rode up and dismounted at the edge of the brush. I explained what had happened, where I thought my enemy was concealed. 'No,' he said, 'he couldn't be there. A little ways back I saw some fresh horse tracks across the trail, going in the direction of the lower ford of the river.'

"Then go," I said. "Ride as fast as you can. Overtake and kill him or trail him into camp and learn who he is."

"He did not speak, helped me to rise, and lifted me up on to his horse. As soon as I took my fingers from the wound it bled as freely as it had at first. He stuffed some tobacco into the holes, tore his shirt into strips and bound it. 'You just hang on, if you can,' he said at last, 'and I'll lead the horse. I am going to see you home as quickly as I can get you there.'

"It was dark when we got in, and I had become so weak that I was reeling in the saddle like a drunken man when they lifted me off and laid me on my couch. That very night I had another good dream. Again my secret helper encouraged me. 'Be firm-hearted,' he said. 'You shall see the green grass of many summers. You shall be happy here long after your enemy has become a shadow in the sand hills.'

"So I did take courage, and when my wound healed I went about again with caution as usual. All this happened before you came to us. You know all about the other times that this dog has tried to kill me."

"And of course you now know that he can't kill you," I said, when he had concluded his narrative.

"Of course I do," he acquiesced. "My secret helper is certainly of the Sun. I can depend on what he tells me."

This night, as we sat in our friend's lodge, I thought again of the many attempts that had been made to murder him, and of the man who so desired his death. I longed to know what his motive was, and I wished very earnestly to see him brought to justice. Such a deadly hatred of one man for another, and the persistent attempts of the one to kill the other, by stealth, are not uncommon with white people, but a similar case had never been known among the Blackfeet, nor in any other Indian tribe so far as I have been able to learn. There have been deadly strifes and murders, but never in an underhand way such as were these attempts to murder Lone Man.

We were invited to several feasts that evening, and passed about a half hour with each host. At 9 o'clock or a little later we were back with our friend. "We will smoke another pipe or two before retiring," he said, drawing the board before him and beginning to cut and mix the l'herbe and tobacco. The door curtain was drawn

aside and an old, old, bent and wrinkled and gray-haired woman entered and dropped to her knees clasping and unclasping her shrunk and withered hands.

"Welcome, old woman," said Lone Man, stopping his work and looking at her sympathetically, knife poised above the little heap of the mixture. "Speak, what can we do for you. Will you have food—tobacco?"

"Oh, chief," she whined, "oh, great and generous heart, as you love your pretty wives I pray you to have pity. Listen: My grandson, Running Eagle, is more sick than ever this night, and near to death. In his long, long illness he has tried many doctors, has paid them all his wealth, but none has helped him. I beg you to take down your sacred pipe, and pray for him. He has nothing to give you, his last horse has gone to those doctors. Great chief, generous heart, have—pity—pity on—"

She broke down and sobbed as only the old and weak can sob.

"Don't cry; don't cry," said Lone Man. "Of course we'll take down the pipe; he shall smoke it; we will pray for him. Go quickly and tell him to come in."

"Ai yah!" the old woman cried. "He can no longer walk. He is not even conscious. He must be carried—"

Lone Man's wives looked up at him questioningly. He nodded his head and they arose and went out, and presently returned with other women, carrying the sick man on his robe couch. They laid him down on the left of the fireplace, between it and one of the women's couches. He was terribly emaciated; had evidently long suffered from some internal trouble; cancer of the stomach, perhaps; certainly not tuberculosis. He seemed to be sleeping.

Lone Man and his head wife hurriedly painted their faces with that dull red earth, the sacred color, and then Si'-pi-ah-ki carefully took down the sacred roll, the sacred sacks and placed them in front of their couch. The woman drew a live coal from the fire, took from one of the sacks a pinch of sweet grass and dropped upon it. As the sacred, perfumed smoke from it arose they rubbed their hands in it, to purify themselves before beginning the ceremony. The woman then removed the wrappings all but the last one of the pipe—really a pipe stem, any bowl being used that would fit it.

Now Lone Man took the red paint his companion handed him, and bending over the sleeping man painted on his face the symbols of the sky gods. On his forehead the sun, on his chin the moon, on his cheeks a star. He moved restlessly several times while it was being done.

A number of songs were now to be sung before the last covering could be removed, and the gorgeous stem, beaded and feathered and hung with colored hair, exposed, and lifted from its place. The first was the Song of the Robe. I have heard people say that Indian songs are "mere discordant ki-yi-ings." Those who said so had themselves no knowledge of music. To them anything classical would have been wholly unappreciated. I say that there is genuine music in many Indian airs. This Song of the Robe, for instance, is a grand and solemn thing expressing the veneration and adoration of the human soul for the infinite, and it is as truly pleasing to the educated ear as is any part of the Messiah.

They began it, and the sound of their voices aroused the sick man. He opened his eyes and

they widened in terror as he beheld our host sitting there near him. "Stop! stop!" he cried, half raising and supporting himself by one frail, trembling arm, and raising the other as if to ward off some threatened blow. One of the women, his wife, reached over and attempted to lower him back on his couch.

"Let go of me," he shrieked. "Take me out of here; away from this terrible pipe which has brought this sickness upon me."

"Oh, be still, my son," the grandmother wailed. "He knows not what he says," said his wife, sadly. "Do not listen to him, Lone Man."

"I do know what I say," the sick man cried. "I am dying, and I'll tell it all. I am beaten, and I acknowledge it. I am the one who so often tried to kill you, Lone Man, and I would have succeeded had you not got that terrible pipe. Its power has been greater than mine; it has protected you and saved you from each of my attempts. Take me out, you women, and let me die elsewhere unless he wishes to kill me here."

"Tell me why you did it," said Lone Man, bending forward and speaking in a kindly voice. "What have I ever done to you that you should want my life?"

"What did you do? Why, you got the women that I wanted. I loved them. I have always loved them. If I could have killed you I might have got them. Take me out of here, you women, at once."

"Friend," said Lone Man, "I forgive you. We will forget what you have done, and now we will try to heal your trouble. If my medicine has brought this upon you we will ask it to restore you to health. Si'-pi-ah-ki, once more the song."

The woman stared at him in amazement. "What!" she cried, "you ask me to sing and to pray for one who has so wronged us, who made us live in fear for your life, and grief for your suffering all these years? I refuse."

"Yes, yes," cried the other wives. "Her words are ours. Oh, do not aid him."

"Let us be kind," said he. "If I have forgiven him, surely you may too. Si'-pi-ah-ki, as you love me, listen to what your kind heart tells you. Now, again, the song."

They sang it, both with more fervor than before, and the sick man dropped back upon his couch and closed his eyes. One after another they went through the songs. Then Lone Man lifted the stem and, holding it aloft, prayed earnestly for the recovery of Running Eagle, and for good health and long life, peace and happiness for us all. It was a very impressive scene.

At last the ceremony ended. The sick man had roused up and drawn a few whiffs of smoke through the sacred stem, and muttered his prayer of supplication to the gods. The women arose and carried him out to his lodge. Silently the women prepared their couches, made a bed for Berry and me with some extra robes and our blankets, and silently we all laid down to sleep. "And yet," said Berry after a little, as though concluding a conversation, "white people say that Indians never forgive an injury!"

"They pass judgment on many matters," I added, "about which they have no knowledge."

Running Eagle died the next day.

THE FOREST AND STREAM may be obtained from any newsdealer on order. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.



NATURAL HISTORY



Views on Rattlesnakes.

WYMORE, Neb., Dec. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My inquiry as to how a rattlesnake carries his rattles, published in *FOREST AND STREAM* of Sept. 14 last, has received some attention from your correspondents, and I have received quite a number of personal letters on the subject in which the writers have tried to enlighten me. I did not make the inquiry because I believed that I needed any light on the subject, but because I knew that most men, even ranchmen who kill hundreds of these reptiles every year, would answer the question incorrectly, and for the further reason that a little discussion would correct some very common errors as to the questions involved, and the characteristics of the snake.

Some of the answers in your columns and some of the many personal letters received by me give partly correct answers, but most of the letters give incorrect answers.

The first answer published, that of Mr. Jaques, in your issue of Sept. 28, was wrong in every particular.

The answer of Mr. Moody in your issue of Oct. 5 was correct as to the position in which he carries his rattles, but wrong as to their being continuations of the vertebræ, and he was also wrong in speaking of the rattlesnake as a "bird." It is not a bird.

The answer of Mr. Johnson in your issue of Oct. 12 was correct as to the snake carrying his rattles edgewise, and that they have no light-colored side, but wrong as to the way he shakes his tail.

The photograph and letter of Mr. Kelly in the issue of Nov. 16 are both to the point as to the way he carries his rattles. He is right in saying that the rattles are not a continuation of the vertebræ, and that they get a new rattle at each shedding of the skin; but he is wrong in saying "They are horny hardenings of the skin, like a man's toe nails." A man's toe nails are not horny hardenings of the skin; at least mine are not.

I have never seen a snake in the position shown in the picture. It is not in position to strike, or rattle, and invariably you will find it coiled in an oblong loop, with the rattles lying across some part of the body and just behind the head.

As I have killed and skinned many rattlesnakes, and have observed them closely, I will give your readers some snake lore that I believe on investigation they will find correct. I sent three beautiful skins, with rattles attached, to *FOREST AND STREAM* some years ago.

A rattlesnake carries his rattles on edge. They have no light-colored side. They never have holes worn through them. They do not drag them on the ground when crawling. They slope up from the end of the tail on the under edge, and are usually carried at an angle of about forty-five degrees.

A rattlesnake does not shake his tail when rattling. The shedding of the skin each year discloses the new rattle. When in proper position the rattlesnake can strike nearly one-half of his length. You can run the tine of a pitchfork down through the center of his head, and his rattles will still stand up and buzz for hours, but draw a sharp knife lightly across the back of his neck and the tail will lie down and the rattling cease. The power house is in his head, and the current that sounds the warning is carried by the spinal cord.

It pains me to have to say that whiskey is not an antidote for the bite of the rattlesnake; in fact, it is about the worst thing the patient can take, as it heats the blood and thus stimulates the absorption of the venom and gives you a headache the next day. Not one person out of a dozen struck by a rattlesnake receives any of

the venom in the wound, and this, perhaps, accounts for the many cures by whiskey.

When struck, cut the wounds downward, being careful not to cut too much or too deep, and suck the wound. The venom taken into the mouth or stomach is perfectly harmless. Or if you are alone, and cannot reach the wounds with your mouth, and can heat the blade of your knife red hot, use that. But when hunting snakes carry a syringe loaded with permanganate of potash, and inject it into the wound and you will find it a perfect cure.

A. D. McCANDLESS.

To Get Rid of Fleas.

MR. L. O. HOWARD, the entomologist, has recently made public a note concerning two remedies against fleas which he is anxious to have tested by the public, and about which he will be glad to receive reports. For reasons which Mr. Howard gives, the matter is one of interest to every one, and although for many of the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* it may not be practicable to make these tests, there are many others residing in moderate climates who can do so. Dr. Howard may be addressed at the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. Dr. Howard's note is as follows:

Aside from the great annoyance caused by fleas, their agency in the carriage of the bubonic plague has been so well established that it is important to test every proposed remedy or preventive. Since the publication of my circular No. 13 on this subject, I have received information concerning two remedies vouched for by careful persons, but have not had a good opportunity to test either.

Mr. E. M. Ehrhorn, the well-known entomologist who is deputy commissioner of horticulture in California, gives me the following: Fill a soup plate with soapsuds; in the center place a glass of water with a scum of kerosene on the top; place the soup plate on the floor in an infested room and set fire to the kerosene at night. Fleas in the room will be attracted and will jump into the soapsuds.

Another remedy is sent me by the well-known writer on ants, Miss Adele M. Fielde, with the request that I make it widely known. Miss Fielde states that during long residence in Southern China, where fleas swarm even in clean houses, she made her own house immune through many years by dissolving alum in the whitewash or kalsomine that covered the interior walls, putting sheets of thick paper that had been dipped in a solution of alum under the floor matting, and scattering pulverized alum in all crevices where insects might lodge or breed. Powdered alum, she states, may be sprinkled upon carpets already laid and then brushed or swept into their meshes with no injury to the carpets and with the certainty of banishment to many insect pests, including both moths and fleas.

Sheets that have been soaked in alum water and then dried may profitably enclose those that are spread nearest to the sleeper. From ten to twenty cents' worth of alum judiciously used in each room of the house will effect much good in the prevention of dangerous insects.

Grouse Habits.

STOCKTON, Md., Dec. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reading Mr. Hammond's extremely interesting paper on the ruffed grouse I was struck by the very mysterious trait in the bird's habits known as the "crazy time." Could not this be due to the parent birds deserting the young ones?

W. H. OCKER.

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Of Writing About Animals.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is a fact that some animals sometimes do some things which are utterly unaccountable under any rules of action of which we have any knowledge. To illustrate:

A few years ago, on a bright midwinter day, I happened to be the occupant of a shooting blind located near the middle of a channel between the shores of two low marshy islands off the Virginia coast. The channel, about two miles long, and, where my blind was located, about a quarter of a mile wide, was a well patronized flyway for waterfowl when changing their feeding places. Soon after midday the flight slackened so considerably that I concluded to eat a cold lunch which I had brought along.

While so doing I noticed that suddenly a shadow, cast from behind, came on my blind just in front of where I was sitting. Quickly looking up and back I saw, about ten or twelve feet above me, a great blue heron, apparently about to alight on the blind. He evidently saw me just as I saw him, and at once swerved off to the right toward the nearest shore, probably 200 or 250 yards distant. As he was not the kind of game I was after I merely stood up and watched the ponderous swing of his big ungainly wings as he flew away. After going about a third of the way to shore he suddenly wheeled and started straight back toward me. Knowing the danger of a possible blow from his ugly bill, if we came to close quarters, I picked up my gun, and, without taking any particular aim, fired a shot just to frighten him away. He paid no attention to this, but came straight on. As the possession of the blind then seemed likely to become the question at issue, I now shot to kill with the other barrel, and the heron dropped dead not over twenty yards from the blind.

Now, I think it perfectly clear that that bird in so acting under those conditions, was led by some motive or purpose of which we, human beings, have no knowledge whatever. I cannot account for his actions under any rules which govern human conduct. The blue heron of the Atlantic coast is not an aggressive bird, and so far as my knowledge goes never attacks anything except the little fish and small vermin he feeds on, and never fights except when closely cornered, and then in self-defense. His desire, and in fact his determination to alight on that blind—a mere clump of cedar bushes—could not have arisen from physical exhaustion or weariness, for no migratory bird ever becomes exhausted or over weary in flying a mile or two from one feeding place to another. The odor of a cold ham sandwich, even if it caught the odor, would hardly have led the timid, cowardly thing to turn back on its course to alight at a place where it knew there was a man and a gun. That bird, to my apprehension, was guided by some instinct, purpose or rule of action, about which the human intellect knows nothing, and when we say that it did what it did, from some motive or purpose which would have led a man to do the same thing under the same conditions—which is the way in which some writers argue—we are saying more than we know.

Just here I suspect that some of our alleged nature writers—pseudo naturalists—make a mistake. They see an animal do something which, if a man did it, he would do for a certain reason; therefore the same reason must have been the animal's reason. Thus what appears to be an abnormal act is made the basis of a false sketch of animal life.

Now, if I felt so disposed, I think I could make a fairly credible fake story out of the cold facts above stated. How I saw the heron com-

Forest and Stream

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THE OBJECT OF THIS JOURNAL
will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects.

—FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 14, 1873.

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SEVEN.

THIS old planet, in its travels through space, has reached and passed the point which gave us our shortest day. Already we are nearing the sun again, and the advent of spring is not so very far away as it seems. The year is almost a memory.

The angler, the shooter and the nature lover found it a twelvemonth of many disappointments—of seasons seemingly gone astray. Winter lingered in the lap of spring so long that summer was at hand ere the snowdrift became assuredly a thing of the past. Trout fishing there was little or none that could be followed under conditions even remotely approaching the ideal. In early summer the mountain brooks were icy and stoves were still hugged at eventide, when the results of the day's fly-fishing were recounted over the cigars.

Summer passed amid discouraging drouths that dried up the trout brooks over a wide region, while in the North the salmon fishermen found little to console them for their long journeys, and the seasons there were out of joint.

In the autumn the cold fingers of the frost king were withheld from forest and bay, and the wildfowler fretted over the non-appearance of seasonable game, while the foliage hid the wily old grouse that had survived the misfit season. And when the leaves at last left their parent stems, the truth slowly dawned on the forest rovers that the grouse were gone, for that season at least.

Despite all these seemingly discouraging elements crowded into one year, there are few sportsmen who look forward to the coming year and its seasonable sports with anything but a philosophical spirit. Empty creels, light bags, fruitless junkets far afield are all a part of the season's sport—for the angler and the shooter of 1907 did not reckon their pleasure by weight and number.

"Better luck next time" seems peculiarly in place at this time, for in wishing you all a happy, prosperous and successful New Year, we cannot forget this bit of angling and shooting philosophy.

CHRISTMAS TREES.

THE enormous demand for Christmas trees and its effect on forest preservation is one of the hardest nuts the forest protectionists have ever attempted to crack. It may be thought that the artificial Christmas tree is one of the

results of the half-hearted sentiment against despoiling our evergreens, but it is rather the result of failures to obtain natural trees in sufficient quantities to supply the demand, and it is doubtful if it will replace the evergreen so long as the latter can be secured in trainload lots.

When sentiment and practical common sense stand on opposite sides of a question, there is seldom doubt as to the outcome. To teach our youths to forego the fun of a noisy Fourth of July and to contemplate a treeless Christmas, are matters that will require diplomacy and tact.

It is possible that the artificial Christmas tree will in the future gradually replace the natural one if it is made sufficiently attractive. Certainly it can be made to serve the purpose without the enormous waste necessary to adapt the natural tree to individual requirements, and it is also possible that it can be made of less inflammable material. If its use will obviate the anxiety of every parent lest a fire follow the Christmas festivities, it may in time come into more general use, and its manufacture furnish employment for a large number of persons and profits for its makers.

AMATEUR FISHING RODMAKING.

REFERENCE has frequently been made in FOREST AND STREAM to the constantly increasing number of persons who desire to make their own fishing rods. This wish exists especially among beginners, who inquire almost daily for information relating to materials, tools and instructions.

A great many anglers have adopted the short bait-casting rod, the free-running multiplying reel and artificial lures that are used so much nowadays in preference to the older methods of angling with live bait. These short rods are much easier to make than the fly-rods, and novices are encouraged to try their skill at rod-making, often with surprisingly flattering results.

In this day no youth who is handy with tools need forego the pleasure of fashioning his own rods because of the expense, for excellent wood and metal-working tools are cheap and all the metal parts of rods can be purchased in the open market.

Of late years rodmaking literature has not kept pace with the demand for practical information, but early in the New Year FOREST AND STREAM will begin the publication of a series of papers on this subject, written by Perry D. Frazer. The series will be for beginners, and each step in the work will be treated carefully and thoroughly, and the text will be further explained by photographs and drawings. The making of each style of bait- and fly-rod will be treated separately, and chapters will be devoted to materials, tools and all the numerous subjects about which the novice desires information.

THE ILLINOIS PHEASANTS.

IN Illinois it is the practice of the Game Commission to distribute the eggs of game birds among the farmers in the spring. These eggs are shipped from the State game farm to all persons who will promise to care for the young birds from the time they are hatched under domestic hens until they are large enough to shift for themselves. The recipients of eggs are also required to report to Commissioner Wheeler, in order that his department can keep a fairly accurate record of the work.

This method of distributing pheasants throughout the State may be said to have passed the experimental stage, but it seems that the results for the season just closed have been disappointing, if the reports from various parts of Illinois are accurate, for they are to the effect that but fifty-five per cent. of the eggs sent out hatched, representing a very important loss to the department. Carelessness in handling the eggs during shipment is believed to be the chief cause of this loss, however, and we understand that a new plan is proposed. This is that in future the game wardens from various parts of the State will be required to report at the pheasant hatchery at a stated time. There they will be placed in charge of the pheasant eggs, which they will take home with them and distribute among the farmers of their respective neighborhoods. In this way it is believed the loss in eggs through failure to hatch will be largely reduced.

It seems that the pheasants which were hatched under farmers' hens have thrived and are in good condition, and that these will mate and raise broods of their own in due time. The State pheasantries produce several thousand eggs every year, and the farmers are sufficiently enthusiastic over the plan to do their part in assisting in the work of propagation, while their interest in the young birds is not likely to cease with their liberation.

The plan has distinct merit. A man who places pheasant eggs under his hens will watch them carefully, protect the chicks until they are strong enough to look out for themselves, and take care that they find food and shelter during the first winter. He feels a sort of responsibility, and pride prompts him to watch over his charges until they become full fledged game birds and the legitimate prey of the sportsman.

This is but another form of advertising, and advertising, if handled properly, is profitable. It serves to assist the game commission in its efforts to propagate and protect the game mammals and birds, and to spread the gospel of law observance by enlisting the services of every citizen who is willing to keep an eye on a few eggs, and to see that the chicks receive food and shelter for a time.

The work of the Illinois commission is attracting the widespread attention it deserves.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

The Peril of Lone Man

A Blackfoot Indian Tale

By J. W. SCHULTZ

AS the country merchant loves to ride out beyond the bounds of his own town and look over the broad fields of the farmers, yellow with ripening grain ready for the reaper, so the old-time Indian trader loved to look upon the big camp of the plains people, red with drying meat and white flesh side of newly stripped hides ready for tanning into robes. But I fancy that in the heart of the Indian trader there was a kindlier feeling, less of a spirit of grasping than these same merchants have. The Indian trader was an anomaly. If he charged his customers enormous prices for his goods, he also gave to the needy and to his friends with a prodigal hand. Generally his interest in the welfare of the people to whom he had become attached was greater than his desire for gain; and so it came to pass that when the buffalo were finally killed off, not one in fifty of these men could show much of a balance on the credit side of his ledger. I merely mention this to explain why, as we rode into the edge of the Blackfoot camp one autumn afternoon in the long ago, my old friend Berry exclaimed: "Plumb red and white, isn't it! My! but they're happy."

And so the people were; from several quarters of the great camp, above the shouts and laughter of playing children, could be heard the beating of drums; and voices raised in gambling, and feast, and dancing songs.

Passing along between the lodges, women ceased from their occupation to look up at us with smiling faces, and make some joke about our coming; and here and there a man shouted out: "Our friends have arrived. You shall feast with us."

And yet most people believe that the Indians are a silent, taciturn people! Well, they do appear to be so before those whom they instinctively know despise them.

We rode on and dismounted in front of Lone Man's lodge; a youth sprang to take charge of our horses, and we entered the home of our friend. "Welcome, welcome," he said heartily, motioning us to seats on either side of him, and then shaking hands with us, his comely, intelligent face alight with pleasure. One by one his three young wives came in, three fine looking, long-haired, clean and richly dressed

sisters. They, too, were glad to see us, and said so, as they began to prepare the evening meal. Again the door was drawn back and our saddles, guns and bridles were brought in by the youth and piled in the empty space.

It was a fine lodge, that one of Lone Man's; about 22 feet in diameter, of good height, made of twenty new, white soft tanned cowskins artistically cut and sewn together. All around close to the poles was a brightly painted lining, between which and the outer covering the air rushed up and out through the top, carrying the smoke of the cheerful fire along with it. Here and there were luxurious buffalo robe couches, with painted willow back rests covered with buffalo robes, and in the spaces between them were piled set after set of bright, pretty-figured parfleches, containing the stores of clothing and finery of the family. Suspended above the head of our host, securely fastened to the lodge poles, was a long, thick buckskin-wrapped roll, containing a medicine pipe. At each end of it were some red-painted, long-fringed, rawhide sacks filled with various sacred things. Our friend was a medicine man. Once, when very ill, he had paid fifty horses for the pipe, and through its miraculous power, the Sun had listened to his supplications, and restored him to health. The sick now came to him, and he unrolled the sacred bundle with the prescribed ceremonies and songs, painted the sufferers' faces with red symbols of the sky gods and prayed for their recovery as the fragrant smoke of tobacco and burning sweet grass arose.

We exchanged such news as we had to tell, while the roasting of fresh buffalo tongues, the frying of thin flour cakes, and making of coffee progressed. In those days Lone Man was one of the few Blackfeet who cared for bread and other white man's food. Meat of various kinds, prepared in various ways, and without salt, was all the most of them had. Meat was ni-tap'-i-wak-sin: real food. Flour, beans, rice, corn and the like they called kis'-täp-i-wak-sin: useless food.

Some visitors came in and we repeated what we thought would interest them, and told why we were there: to learn how they were going to winter; if in one locality, or in moving about.

We had our own view of matter; we wanted them to remain where they were, at the foot of the Snowy Mountains, and I may as well say here that before we left camp they promised that they would. So we built a substantial trading post there, and had a very good trade.

To look at our good friend, Lone Man, as he sat there in the glow of the little lodge fire that night, laughing and joking, and at his three unusually handsome wives, happy in ministering to the wants of their husband's friends, one would not have thought that they had ever known trouble; but they had. For years a grim spectre had hovered over them. Death in the form of some unknown enemy, in most unexpected ways, at the most unusual times, had more than once nearly overtaken Lone Man, the popular, the kind, the helping friend to the poor and afflicted. Why he, of all men, rich and kind and generous, should have an enemy, and that enemy a member of his own tribe, was a mystery which had never been solved. He had never quarreled with any one. Not a man nor woman was there in all the tribe at whom the finger of suspicion could be pointed.

The winter previous to this time Lone Man had paid us a somewhat long visit, and one night he told us in detail the story of his escapes from this mysterious foe. "It began," he said, "the very day after I married my first wife, when I was feeling happier than I ever had before, and I had always been a pretty happy youth. I was very proud, too, that morning. Why should I not have been, with just the prettiest girl in camp riding by my side—well, maybe not any prettier than my Pwai-ó-ta and my youngest woman, Pus-ah'-ki. You remember how they looked in those days, don't you? Such smooth-cheeked, bright-eyed, quick and graceful girls as they were. And don't you remember their hair, how the long braids of it almost touched the ground as they walked along?"

"We had eaten our first meal together, Si'-pi-ah-ki and I, and then we rode out to round up my herd of horses and drive them into water. I held my head pretty high as we passed on between the lodges. Many a young man, I knew, was gazing at me enviously; nearly every one of them, at one time or another, had tried

to get this girl to share his lodge, and I, I had got her. Had I not good reason to be proud and happy? Of course I had, for she cared for me as much as I did for her; she also was happy.

"We rode out across the sage and grease-wood flat bordering the river, then up the valley's slope on to the big plain, seamed with deep, brushy coulées putting in to the river. Away in the distance was my herd, and we went toward it, riding along a narrow ridge between two coulées. We were talking and laughing, never thinking of any danger, when suddenly a gun boomed behind us, and I fell from my horse. I don't remember feeling the bullet strike, nor falling. I merely heard the gun. When I came to myself there was a terrible pain in my head. The bullet had struck just here, above this temple, and glanced off, not doing any damage, except to cut the scalp and let out considerable blood. But the pain was terrible. I saw that I must have lain there for some time, because the sun was now quite high above the edge of the world. When I opened my eyes Si'-pi-ah-ki bent over and kissed me. She had my gun on her lap, and sat facing the direction from which the shot had come, the coulée on the down river side of the ridge. 'Oh,' she said, 'I thought at first you were killed, and I wanted to die, too. But I felt for your heart and found that it was beating. I pressed your wound as I knew the skull was not crushed. So I just picked up your gun and watched for the enemy to show himself.'

"Now was she not brave? Most women in her place would just have screamed and ridden away as fast as they could urge the horse; would have been so frightened that they would not have known what they were doing. She had seen no enemy, had heard nothing. Our horses were grazing not far away. I tried to rise, and fell back, dizzy. 'Lie still,' she said, 'some one will be coming this way before long, and we'll get help.' Sure enough a rider did appear, coming out from the river on another ridge, and Si'-pi-ah-ki arose and waved her robe. He whipped up his horse and came quickly; and when he learned what had happened he hurried back to camp for aid. A big crowd of men returned with him, also my mother with a travoi, on which I was taken in to my lodge. My friends searched the coulée and found no signs of a war party, only the tracks of a man leading down it to camp. The tracks were fresh, made that morning, and they were the imprints of parfleche soled moccasins! He who had shot me then, was some one of our own people. Many men had gone out afoot after their horses, but no one had been seen to return afoot; all had returned riding, driving their herd before them. And that was all. 'Look out,' the people said to me. 'Watch sharp; some one in this camp is your enemy.'

"I couldn't believe it. I thought that some friend had fired in our direction just to scare us, and that, seeing what he had done, he had fled from the place and sneaked home.

"Four nights later, I learned that I was mistaken. I awoke suddenly with a sort of fear in my heart; with the feeling that some terrible danger threatened me. There was no moon. I glanced up through the smoke holé; there were no stars; the sky was clouded over and 'twas very dark. I lay on the outside of our couch, Si'-pi-ah-ki on the inside. I heard a faint rustling; she was sleeping, and motionless. 'It

is a dog,' I thought, 'lying just outside against the lodge skin.' And then all at once I knew what it was; again I heard the rustling noise, and, dark as it was, I saw the white lodge lining rising, rising, very slowly a very little way at a time. My gun was by my side. I noiselessly cocked it, took aim where I thought this enemy of mine was lying, and fired. The flash of the powder revealed both lodge skin and lining raised and a hand, grasping a shining knife. Then all was dark again, and mingled with Si'-pi-ah-ki's frightened screams, I heard the thud, thud, thud, of retreating feet. My shot aroused the camp. Men rushed here and there with ready guns inquiring what had happened. My woman built a fire; we took lighted sticks and examined the ground outside; there was no blood, nor anything save a pulled up lodge pin and the still half-raised skin. 'Who, who was this enemy,' we asked, 'who so desired our death?' Why did he try to kill me? What harm had I ever done to any of my people that must be paid for with my life?

"I was never spoken of as a coward. I had proved more than once in battle with the enemy that I was a pretty good fighter; but now I felt afraid. It is very terrible to feel that some one is trying to bring about your death. Thereafter I never went alone anywhere. When I hunted, my cousin Red Plume always accompanied me. I got a youth to care for my horses, and that was a great pleasure I had to give up, for nothing is more pleasant than to round up your band and drive them in to water, listening to the thunder of their hoofs, watching them play, their fat, sleek, hard bodies shining in the sun. Also, more than all else, I feared the night; the darkness. When we went to bed, first we put out the fire, and then pretending to occupy one couch, we would quietly step over and take another one. We couldn't talk to each other any more at night; not even whisper; and that was hard to two young people who love and have so very much to say to each other. I got two big dogs and kept them always tied except when we moved camp, and I made them savage. Always, they slept inside, one by the doorway, the other by our couch.

A winter and a summer passed, and then my father-in-law died. So, as my perhaps-to-be wives* no longer had a home, I took them. I had always intended to do so in time. They wished it, their older sister wished it, and so did I. We were four happy persons. My enemy had not troubled me for a long time, and I looked forward to a life of peace. Also, I became somewhat careless. On the very night that the two new wives came to my lodge, away out beyond the confines of camp there came to our ears the sound of shots and the cry of the enemy, an Assinaboine war party some of our young men had discovered as they came sneaking in to steal our horses. Like every other man, I seized my weapons and ran toward the place. From the time I left my lodge I heard some one running behind me, but I had no thought of danger until, twang! went a bow string and an arrow pierced my left shoulder, burning my flesh as though it was made of fire. I could not use my left arm at all, but, turning, I raised my gun with my right arm as quickly as I could, and fired at the person I could but

*The younger sisters of a woman a man married were his potential wives. If he did not wish to marry them, he had the right to choose their husbands.

dimly see running from me. The flash of the gun blinded me for a little time, and when I recovered from it, there was no one in sight, no longer any sound of running feet. I turned and crept homeward by a circuitous way, moving very silently through the tall sage brush. I had no place out in the fight beyond, not with one of my own people waiting for just such a chance to shoot me in the back. Again I had a terrible feeling of dread, and that, with the loss of blood from my wound, overcame me. I managed to reach my lodge, and fell within the doorway as one dead.

Before I came to life they drew the arrow from my shoulder, so I did not feel that pain. It was just an arrow; plain and new, and straight, without one mark to designate its owner. And it had a terrible barbed point; they had to push it on through and break it off in order to pull out the shaft.

"I lay ill and low hearted for some days. The chiefs held a council, and the camp crier went about telling loudly their words: 'This is to the cowardly, mean dog who seeks the life of a good man. Let him beware; let him cease his wrong doing, for if discovered he will be given to the Sun; he will be bound to a tree and then left to starve and thirst until his shadow passes on.'

"Little good that would do, I thought. Sooner or later, at some unguarded time, he would succeed in his attempt, and my shadow would go on to the sandhills, not his. More closely than ever I now kept watch for him; more carefully than ever my women and my friends guarded me from possible surprise. How I longed to meet him face to face, to fight him with gun, or knife, or club, or even with bare hands. I planned what I would do if I ever got him in my power, how best to make his dying a long day of great suffering.

"You can understand how unpleasant a camp life is to an active man. How, instead of sitting idly in your lodge you long to mount a horse and ride out over the plains; if not to hunt, why just to ride and see the plains, and the mountains rising from them, and to watch the game and birds; to see the cloud shadows sweep over the big land; to feel the wind, made by the gods, gentle or fierce, as their heart happens to be at the time. And I couldn't go and see it all, live it all, as others did, when they pleased. I could only go when someone was willing to accompany me. During many idle days I did much visiting, and gave many feasts myself. One by one I considered every man of our people as that enemy of mine. And see, not one of them all but gave me friendly smiles and greeting, and yet some one of them wanted my life. Time and again my women talked over those who had desired to marry them, who made proposals to their parents for them. There had been many, it is true, but not even among them could we point to one as possibly this enemy. Every one of them was married, and certainly content and happy.

"Two winters passed. In all that time nothing occurred to disturb us, except that I felt sick, having pains in my stomach, in my head, and often, when starting to rise from a seat, I became blind and dizzy, and weak, and would just fall back in my place. This sickness grew worse and worse. We called in doctor after doctor; men and women who had a great favor with the gods, who had medicines that cured

all ill. But neither their prayers nor their bitter drinks did me any good. I lost my desire for food. I became weaker and weaker. I hated to die. I was still young; my women loved me. I loved them. I wanted to live and be happy with them, but most I wanted to live because some evil one so desired my death.

"One day there came some visitors from the North Blackfeet camp, and I gave them a feast. They remarked upon my thinness and ill health, and I told how I was afflicted. 'Why,' said one, 'there is a way by which you can recover. Our people have a sacred pipe which always cures this kind of sickness. It is now owned by Three Suns. Go you at once and get it; the value of it is great; no less than fifty horses, but what are horses compared to health?'

"Instantly I determined that I would have the pipe, but outwardly I made excuses. Said that I was too ill to travel; that I had tried everything, and had concluded that there was no cure for my trouble. I had made my plans even before I spoke. The very next night Red Plume carried out such things as were needed for the journey. Saddles, robes, a couple of parfleches filled with various foods, and cached them in a coulee some distance from camp. The next night he had two of my best horses there, and when the fires had gone out and the people slept, Si'-pi-ah-ki and I stole out to the place, and were soon mounted and heading for the mountain trail leading to the north. My other women were to live in Two Plume's lodge during my absence. Of course we were excited as we started out, and I felt quite strong; but long, very long before daylight, I became weak and dizzy. By this time we had got to the foothills, the children of the big mountains, and riding to the top of one we dismounted to rest, securing our horses in a little pine grove on its side, concealing ourselves in the tall green bunch grass. My woman placed the robes for me, covered me from the dew, and I slept, she herself taking my gun and sitting by my side, watching, listening, for any danger.

"I was awakened by the sun shining in my face. Si'-pi-ah-ki bent over me with that patient, mother-like smile I had always loved to see, and that never failed to cheer. 'Why yes,' I answered her question, 'I feel much better. I will be able to ride a long ways to-day, but first we are going to eat, then you will sleep while I keep watch.'

"She descended the hill to the creek, and came back with a bucket of water and we had our morning meal. I had kept watch for some time when I saw a lone horseman far out on the plains, in the very direction we had come. I thought at first that he was hunting; someone from our camp in quest of meat. But no, there were buffalo in sight not far to the north of him and he did not turn toward them. Instead he came steadily on, right on our trail, plain to be seen in the green grass of early summer. I awakened my woman. 'There he is,' I said, pointing. 'There is our enemy. At last the day has come when we shall see his face, when either he or I will die. I am glad.'

"He was still far out on the plain. 'When he comes near,' I said, 'I will steal down to the brush there, where we crossed the little creek, and as he rides down the bank into it I'll shoot him from his horse.'

"Yes,' my brave woman agreed, 'and I'll hide on the other side with a big club, and this knife

of mine. He won't think of anyone there, and if you should miss him, why, I can do something I hope. But you will not miss, such a good shot as you are. He will just tumble off his horse into the water. And if we cannot kill him, if he should kill you, then, my husband, our shadows will go together to the sandhills, for I will kill myself.'

"I noticed that our pursuer often stopped and turned his horse and looked back, and all around, and then he would start on again swiftly. 'He is afraid of being seen on our trail,' I said. 'I hope that nothing will prevent him from coming on.'

"But there did, and it was a great disappointment. Some riders appeared off to the south of him, and he turned at once and disappeared in a big coulee which ran down into the Two Medicine River. We saw no more of him for some time, and then, away further down, we saw him leave the valley and strike across the plains toward Badger Creek. There was no use of our remaining on the hill any longer. We mounted and continued our journey.

"In good time we came to the Blackfeet camp, and to Three Suns' lodge. The old man received us kindly, and when I told him why I had come he gave me the sacred pipe without hesitating at all, agreeing to send his son and another young man back with us to receive the fifty horses I gave him. We stayed there some time, he praying for me and teaching me the ceremonies of the pipe, until I knew them well. Then we returned home and met with no incident by the way worth telling. I had steadily grown stronger. Little by little my sick spells wore away until I felt as I do now, perfectly well and strong. Also, I now had good, instead of bad dreams, one especially quite often. 'You shall survive the attempts on your life,' my secret helper told me. 'You shall outlive your enemy.'

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"We argued the matter for some time, but I had my way. Not long after Red Plume left the wind began to blow and then it began to rain. I kept on with my work, however, and skinned and cut up the animals. By that time I was very wet. I covered the meat with three of the skins and then crouched down under the other one, but I could not keep warm, and I was very uncomfortable. Finally, I could not stand it any longer, and throwing off the cover I arose and started homeward. The rain was falling harder than ever, the wind blowing more fiercely. I was nearly blinded by the water, but splashed on faster than ever, expecting to meet Red Plume about half way out, and go on in to the cheerful fire awaiting me just as fast as I could make my horse travel.

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Field & Stream - Nov. 1898.

GREY WOLF'S PINTO

CHARLES LEWIS SHAW

We'll make a solemn wager on your cunning.

—HAMLET

A WOMAN is considered by the ordinary Indian as he would his cayuse or dog. That is a mistake. The woman sometimes asserts herself. Then there is trouble.

It was the first week in July. In the broiling hot sun of a northwest summer there had come across the Battle River the Blackfeet, the Sarcees, the Piegiens and their cousins from Montana, with the swiftest horses of the South, to try conclusions on the race track with their hereditary enemies, the great Cree Nation, as they had done in other days in bloody foray and fiercely fought battle before the white man came. And the white man was there, racing, betting and haggling over conditions in the *Lingua Franca* he had picked up from the half-breed. And the half-breed found, perhaps, on that race track, the only place where his dual nature gave him an advantage over both.

For four or five days there had been racing from daylight to dark, handicaps, private races, tribe races, races according to the programme, races of all kinds and at all times. Any one wanting a race could be accommodated, and many wanted. The fever of the race possessed white, red and mixed. It was a saturnalia of sport.

All night long, in the hundreds of teepees throughout the bluffs which surrounded the beautifully level plain that did duty as the course, the games of skill and chance, from the legerdmain of the Cree stick game to draw poker, went on to the accompaniment of the tom-toms.

Lying in a shack, half a mile away, on the outskirts of the settlement, the American could tell by the time of the monotonous Indian drums whether the stakes were high or the play was fast and furious. The Englishman dropped in after midnight. He had bought himself out of the Mounted Police a few weeks be-

fore; said barracks were dull, that the Canadian Pacific Railway had knocked all charm out of Western life and that he was going East. He knew the American and made him get up. He wanted to talk to him. When the Englishman talked, which was seldom, he was worth listening to and the American got up. Before the Englishman had finished, he had dressed himself.

And then they went out and stole a horse.

The fact that the horse was the property of the Major commanding a troop of the North West Mounted Police added piquancy to the theft. The American, who was a lawyer and had a legal conscience, called it "borrowing". The Englishman said he didn't care a rap what it was called, the Major's horse was the only thing in the district on four legs that could beat Grey Wolf's pinto mare, and they had to have him.

Grey Wolf's Pinto was known far beyond the Blackfeet and the American suggested that even the Major's troop-horse hadn't speed enough, grain-fed though he was, and he hinted something about doping the mare under the circumstances. The Englishman loved a horse and as they strode along in the moon-light towards the gate of the palisaded Police fort, he said that doping a horse was worse than murder, that he wouldn't be a party to it and that the girl wouldn't do it for fifty Pierres any way; she had been brought up with the Pinto and he believed loved the pony.

Then the Englishman went and lied to the Sergeant of the Guard and hinted mysteriously about an Indian rising and his secret mission, as an old policeman, from the Major to carry dispatches to a fort fifty miles away. And the Sergeant felt flattered at being taken into the confidence of his chief, and was duly impressed with the idea of an Indian rising; the said hope being the something that

keeps the red-coated riders of the plains alive; and he told the gate and stable sentries not to say anything about the absence of the Major's horse or the Major would be mad.

The Englishman and the American then took the Major's horse away and painted out the beautiful white star in his forehead and the three white stockings and the brand mark. The American's artistic temperament was aroused and he wanted to paint a white star on his breast and throw in a few flourishes on the hindquarters. But the Englishman said he only wanted him disguised enough to pass once through a crowd and then if the Major found out he didn't care—an exceedingly small amount. The Major wouldn't miss him until after the race as there was no parade in the morning and the Sergeant was impressed with the Indian rising idea.

It was late in the afternoon when the race between Grey Wolf's Pinto and the Englishman's unknown was called. Every other event had been dwarfed into insignificance, for wasn't the swiftest pony of the South at last matched and there was a strange story being whispered around regarding the stakes. The Englishman, so it was said, had wagered ten gallons of contraband whiskey against Grey Wolf's daughter, the beauty of the Blood Reserve, that he would beat the Pinto on a horse he refused to name. It was a novel bet even in that Western land where everything went. Indians might buy their wives and oftentimes wagered them when their stock of ponies ran out, but a daughter was a little bit different; and in the face of a prohibitory liquor law to bet ten gallons of whiskey with a half-rebellious Indian, altogether shocked the moral sense of the Saskatchewan. But the Saskatchewan wanted to see the Pinto pony run.

The Englishman had explained to the American that the only way he could get Grey Wolf to put up his daughter was to bet the whiskey. A Blood Indian would sell his mother for fire-water and he knew Grey Wolf. The only thing would be the bother of getting the whiskey if he lost. "But Pierre stuck to me the time I had the ruction with those

Stonies in the Peace Hills a year ago," the Englishman had said, "and it is the only chance of doing him a good turn before I go down East. Grey Wolf will never give his daughter to a half-breed Cree interpreter of the Mounted Police if he were offered a thousand ponies. That Cree dash in Pierre spoils him in the old Blood's eyes. Pierre wants her though and I think she wants him and, if I win this afternoon, I'll do the paternal 'bless ye, my children' act and then try and make my peace with the Major."

Everybody didn't know this and when the Englishman went up to the Major's party, the ladies were cool, and the Major became interested in his conversation with the Hudson Bay Factor, and he slipped away under cover of the yells and sounding tom-toms that announced the appearance of the Pinto—the Indian horse.

She was a beauty as she loped past in her slender litheness. An Indian pony? Yes. But in her complex nature the old Arab blood of her Spano-Moorish ancestry had asserted itself and showed in the brightness of her eye, the poise of her head and the grace of her slim legs. The marks of the Arab could even be seen in the piebald spots on the sleek coat that had given her the name Pinto. And the American felt that the Major's horse would have to run to win.

The course was half a mile straight away and the two contestants moved off to the starting point. The Englishman avoided the crowd but even in the distance, riders, horses, and trappings showed the characteristics of the races they belonged to. The coal-black horse of the Englishman looked heavy and strong contrasted with the almost cat-like amble of the pony, his rider sat erect in the cavalry saddle like the trained soldier he was, while the Indian almost crouched on the bare-back of the mare that he controlled with his gripping knees and the shaganappi thong about her lower jaw. And then it seemed to come as it oftentimes did on the prairies of the West that it was a race of races—white and red. And the white man bet their hard cash against the ponies and rifles and furs of the Indians, bet them to a finish—

FROM THE DRAWING BY W. H. WORMALL

"THE PINTO SWERVED WHENCE THE VOICE HAD COME" (p. 22)



that is when the red man has nothing left on earth to bet.

There was a pistol shot, a fierce yell from civilized and savage and they were off. The Pinto sprang easily to the front and seemed for the first few hundred yards to be increasing the lead at every stride. The trooper was held well in hand and was going magnificently. The American knew that the Englishman was relying on the superior staying qualities of his half-bred horse over the grass-fed pony. But half a mile is a short course and at the quarter the Englishman was four lengths behind. The Pinto didn't falter at the terrific pace and the American felt that the race would be won or lost on the home stretch. No pony can keep that pace up on grass alone, he thought, but she seemed to be doing it. The troop-horse was letting himself out now and the space between the two was diminishing. "Oats will tell," muttered the American, "but will he have time?"

Gradually the Englishman drew up until his horse's nose was at the pony's flank. Only a hundred yards now! The game little pony seemed to realize that it was now or never. The black horse of the whites was at her quarter and the cheers of anticipated victory were already coming from the white men's throats. She gathered herself together for a last effort and as she gained a few feet there was silence still as death in the swaying mass of onlookers. Only fifty

yards, when the stillness was broken by a shrill call from the lips of a young squaw who thrust herself a little beyond the crowd that lined the course as the galloping horses came up. No one heeded it except the Pinto. It was the call the pony had never disobeyed, the call it had known from the days when a frolicsome filly it had been the companion and playfellow of Grey Wolf's daughter. For a strange understanding grows up between the horse that dwells in the tents of men and its master or mistress. And the Pinto heeded not the desire of victory or the urging or voice of its rider but swerved whence the voice had come.

What caused the pony to bolt was a subject of animated discussion at prairie stopping places, around tepee fires and in Mounted Police mess-rooms for half a year. People didn't stop to discuss the affair as the Englishman rode in a winner, for there was considerable interest taken in half a dozen Indians and squaws that had been ridden down by the Pinto in her bolt.

When the Major's daughter was asked to be a witness of the marriage of Pierre and Grey Wolf's daughter that evening, she felt kindly towards the Englishman and asked him to dinner—which is a considerable condescension on the part of a daughter of a Major of the N. W. M. P. And when the ladies had left, the Major wanted to know what the Englishman would take for that very decent-looking black horse he rode.

SATISFIED

I would not wander long o'er city streets
 An atom, mid the ever-deepening crowd;
 I would not change my fate for his who
 meets
 Strange faces ever twixt the crib and
 shroud.
 Give me the song of birds, the voice of kine,
 Dale, forest, flowers and meadows stretch-
 ing wide,
 One friendly face that smiles down into mine,
 One heart my own and I am satisfied.

—LALIA MITCHELL

Pemmican Making.

CHIPPEWA BAY, N. Y., Jan. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Can you give me the formula and directions for making pemmican? W. W. W.

[We know of no formula for the manufacture of pemmican. The method of preparing it, however, is described in "Blackfoot Lodge Tales," p. 206. The flesh of the animal to be used is cut in thin flakes and dried in the sun. The dried meat is then lightly roasted by being toasted on the coals of an aspen or cottonwood fire. This roasted dried meat is thrown on a skin and beaten with sticks until it is reduced to very small fragments. The pounded meat is mixed with a certain amount of melted tallow, or fat from the marrow, put into rawhide bags, and rammed down tight with a large stick until the bag is full, when it is sewed up. Then the pemmican makers jump on it, to expel all the air, and when the grease is cold, the pemmican is as solid as a stone, and about as heavy. Sometimes when made in small quantities, the dried meat is beaten to powder between stones. This was the old method of making buffalo pemmican. Of course, at the present time, pemmican is not made except as a curiosity, or, commercially, for use with Arctic expeditions. We presume that the flesh for such pemmican is kiln dried, but we do not know about this.—EDITOR.]

Forest & Stream - Jan. 26, 1907

August 1896.

NOTES AND NEWS

CHILDBIRTH AMONG THE BLACKFEET.—When the time approaches for a woman to be confined a lodge is pitched for her a little way from the camp. No man enters this lodge, unless it be the husband, and he remains only for a short time.

When the time for confinement is close at hand the different medicine women (doctors or midwives) come, each one bringing with her her medicine. When the labor pains come on the sick woman selects the woman who is to treat her. What she is to pay is already tied up in a bundle and is put out at the time when she chooses her doctor. She is doctored only to the extent of this fee.

The sick woman may call for only one doctor at first, but if any trouble occurs she may call for a second or a third to assist, the others present taking no part unless they are asked to help, although they are always present until the child is born and taken care of.

When the child is born it is taken by the doctor and certain ceremonies follow. The child is washed in cold water. The umbilicus is cut, but not with a knife; an arrowhead must be used. Then the midwife lays the child upon the ground and she and her assistants—if she have any—get out their red paint and offer up prayers, asking for health and good luck for the infant. If it is a girl, they pray that she may be virtuous and be like the good mothers in the camp; that she may be guided aright in all her ways through life and may long survive. For a boy they pray that he may have long life; that he may be a brave man, may have a kind heart, and may be a worthy person among his people.

After these prayers are ended they paint the child red over its whole person. The afterbirth is then gathered up, and a prayer made that the woman may survive this sickness and may be a good mother to the child. Then the old woman carries away and disposes of the afterbirth as she pleases; sometimes burying it, or throwing it in the river, or hanging it in a tree.

The next morning the midwife is asked in again and the child is again washed in cold water, the paint being all washed off. The same prayer first made is repeated, and the child is painted again. For this a small fee is given.

That evening the child is again washed clean. Sometimes the infant is painted only once or twice, sometimes every day for ten days or two weeks, the prayers being offered at each painting.

The mother of the sick woman, even though she may be a doctor, performs no part at the birth of her grandchild.

GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

Indian Legends and Lore

Comments on their Effect on Indian Character—Why Indians are called "bow-legged"

B y G R E Y O W L

MANY superstitions have grown up by the long association with Nature of my people—a thoughtful, simple people—imbued with the spirit of the Wild. Close observers of the phenomena by which they were surrounded, they no sooner attempted to account for them than they became involved in an intricate maze of legends and superstitions. Their account, for instance, of the Creation is perhaps fantastic, yet the White Man's conception of it is scarcely less so, and not a whit more logical.

I speak as an Indian.

To them the animals are not inferior, merely different, each with its peculiar and remarkably adequate gifts. To those of them who have not become callous through long association with commercial interests, the killing of an animal is a personal matter, not to be done without due reason, they being co-dwellers in the same environment, and the Indian having a kindred feeling for them. With regard to some species he must make some atonement, and should he destroy a creature the name of which he bears or that is the patron beast of his clan, the act has, to him, all the aspect of a murder. These beliefs are unfortunately dying out amongst the modern type of Indian, and are adhered to mainly on account of fear of possible consequences.

Knowing the intimate history of all these creatures, and his attitude not being that of the lord of creation but rather

that of a part of it, the imaginative mind of the Indian, calling as he does all animals brothers, endows them with a number of attributes supposedly only possessed by humans. And it has yet to be satisfactorily proved that they do not possess a great many of these human traits.

To mention one instance that comes to my mind, I recall once seeing a bear deliberately shoving large rocks over the edge of a considerable cliff, apparently for no other purpose than to hear the resultant uproar, upon each recurrence of which he made loud noises which might have been expressions of amusement.

Under the old regime, or until the exploitation of Wild Life by traders and others changed him of necessity to a killer pure and simple, the Indian, having no sporting instinct, regarded hunting merely as a means to provide meat and clothing, and was not overly lustful to kill. Most of his superstitions in regard to animals were of a more or less benevolent nature, and propitiatory in character. When beaver were killed, the bones were not to be eaten by dogs, the kneecaps and skull being especially safeguarded. Beaver carcasses, or the parts not consumed, were re-

turned to their natural element, the water, holes being cut in the ice for the purpose. The Indian was often put to great labor, trouble and inconvenience to fulfil his obligations in this direction.



A camera study
of Grey Owl

(National Parks
Branch)

PANTHER HUNTING

with "Cougar" Smith

An Instance where "Sherlock Holmesing" in the Wilds Brought a Cash Reward

By HAMILTON M. LAING

IT WAS the first time I had ever been privileged to go with "Cougar" Smith on one of his prowls after the panther cats in the big woods, but in all the many times I have been with him since I have never seen a finer exhibition of woodcraft. One October day he told me that next morning he was going off for a day's hunt to try to locate a family of cubs that had been left in the woods when a deer-hunter had killed the mother, and when he asked me if I would care to go along I was not slow in saying I would. I had heard much of the prowess of Smith in the Vancouver Island woods and his success in collecting bounty on the big cats. Most of his hunting is done of course in winter when there is tracking snow; the present problem seemed vastly more difficult.

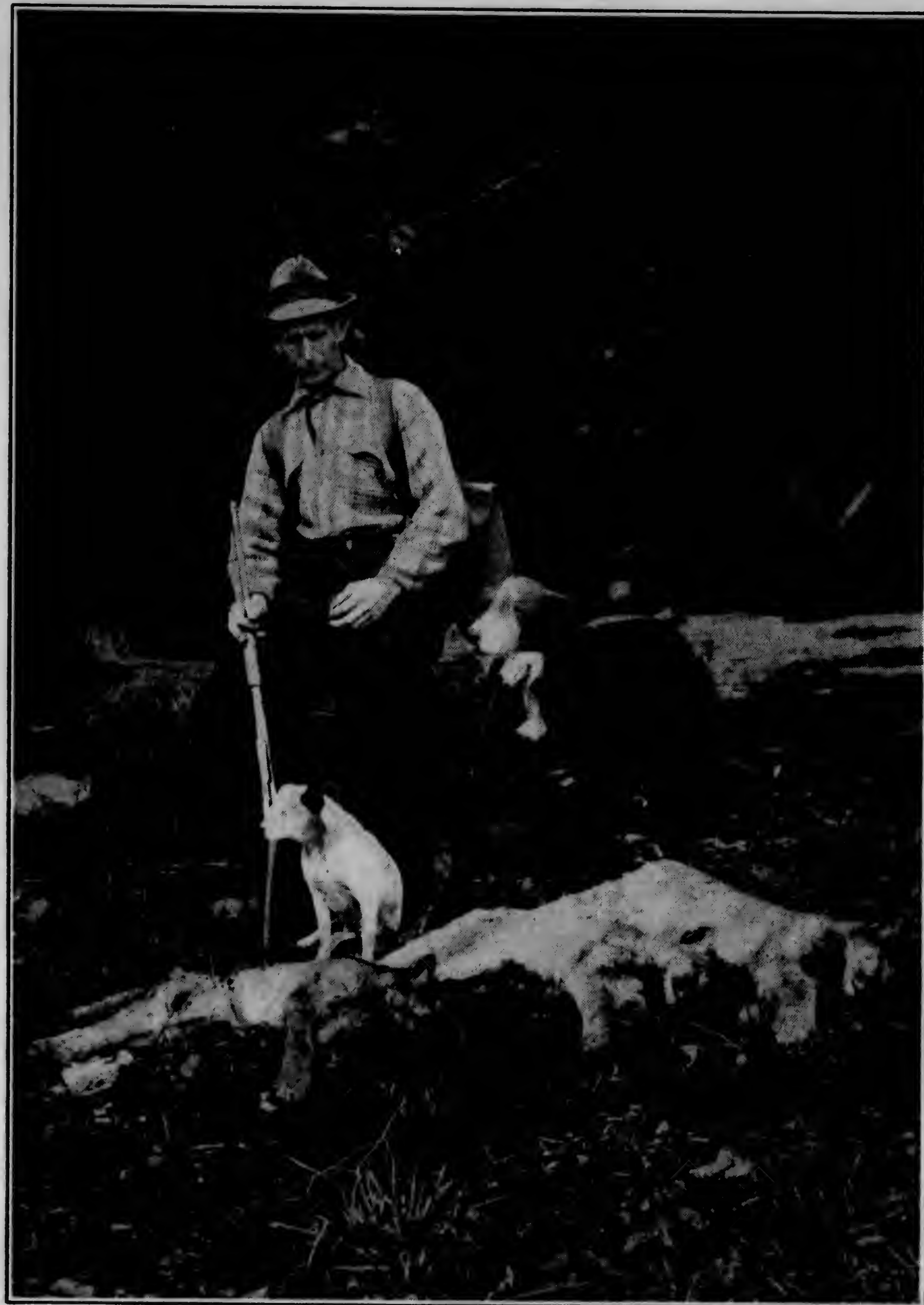
Exactly a week previously a logger named Good had been hunting for deer out from the camp of his employment and by a whim of chance had got a shot at a female panther and killed her. As she was nursing young, Good hoped to find the family—for cubs as well as grown cougars drew \$40 a head of bounty money from the British Columbia government, exclusive of the pelt—so he gave out the news that his victim was a male. Good killed the panther on Sunday; it was the next Saturday that Smith learned the truth and got Good on the phone.

The logger admitted that he had been unable to locate the young and agreed that next day he would lead Smith to the scene of the kill.

Never could a hunt have had less auspicious start. The cougar-hunter had acute lumbago so that every step hurt him. When we reached Camp 3 and I ran over to the cabin designated as Good's, I could find no one. When I tried again—after being assured by camp folk, —and in manner to rattle the hinges, I was informed by a feminine voice issuing from bed clothes that Good had gone off with his dog to the woods very early. I conveyed the information to the cougar-hunter and indicated that our hunt was over, but he said he was not going home just yet.

For half an hour we talked with various folk here and then a young chap said that he knew as much as anyone of the matter. Which was little enough. If we would go out the logging railway about a mile, we would find the track branched. On the end of the left arm an old trail came out of the timber. Good had packed the cougar out on that trail.

So we set out. To me the task ahead was impossible. By comparison the needle in the hay-stack seemed simple; it was on a par with the old one about: given the ship's course and height of mainmast, to find the Captain's



"Cougar" Smith with his two canine assistants and the three cubs that put \$150 in his jeans because of his woodcraft

Christian name. But I followed—or rather was led by Watch, the energetic young collie that the panther-hunter tied to me because the wrenching of the eager brute as he tugged at the leash was agony to a sore back. The hunter had brought but one other dog: little Nellie, a quite small fox terrier that despite her size knew a great deal about panthers, in fact might well have been said to be the brains of the pack.

We traversed the logged-off lands and then came to the end of the grade to find that it ended in a fresh burn. There was no vestige of trail. Balked again; but Smith declared he would circle and find it, and turning off to the left plodded into the burn toward the green timber a half mile off.

Soon we were in the heavy green woods—the usual coastal jungles of great firs, cedars, and hemlocks with thickets of salal, huckleberry and new growth of the conifers above the green moss and fern-clumps of the damp and shadowy forest floor. I thought of the needle in the hay-stack again as I followed my leader. We circled constantly to the right and presently my comrade stopped to examine some blazes and trail signs. Plainly some one at some time had called this a trail. There were the marks of travel on a log; the blazes were black and well grown over. Smith was not satisfied that it was the trail he sought so crossed it and continued down the slope until the light of the burn and swamp assured him. Then he returned to it.

Before long he stopped again at a muddy spot where the trail crossed a tiny rill that was scarcely more than a seepage, and he said, "Good went along here. There's the dog's track too." It was a big footprint and Good was a large man. Heading into the woods and fresh—this plain on account of the fact that in mid-week there had been a heavy rain. We were making a beginning.

We followed this faint old pathway till nearly noon. Now the tracker stopped at some new trail signs and asked me what I made of it. The base of a small hemlock had been scraped and torn; some great hoof-prints in the mossy earth told the tale: a bull elk had been rubbing his antlers here. Then my eye caught a movement ahead and I saw a man crouching and hurrying toward us—we were being stalked. So we gave a hail and then Good

came up with his dog, all rigged out and ready for business.

Like a small boy caught in the act, he admitted that he had changed his mind overnight and determined to make a last try ahead of Smith in the morning. The panther-hunter questioned him easily and bit by bit the details unfolded. Good had been looking for a deer in a quite open burn when he saw the big cat mount a log. When he fired she sprang away and his dog went barking off apparently in hot pursuit. By the time he had chased the dog down the hill and across the hollow where he found him running a deer, he realized he was being fooled so returned to where he had seen the panther. Within

fifty feet of the log on which she had been standing, he found her dead—shot through the shoulder. He insisted that he had seen no sign of young. The mother had died close to her kill, the latter having been almost entirely consumed and furthermore the bones of the deer had not been disturbed since. No, he didn't mind Smith trying, and so giving directions to the kill, told him to help himself and proceeded homeward.

The directions I thought were sketchy enough. We were to follow the trail another mile till we would come to a recent burn through the timber where a big grey rock stood on the right. Turning here we were to proceed along the low ridge until the break in the trees on the left denoted a big swamp. The kill was not far back from the swamp.

To find a few bones in all that pathless forest!—my faith still was low. But the hunter now was chuckling.

"I'll find it all right. I'll just watch the dogs. We're doing fine."

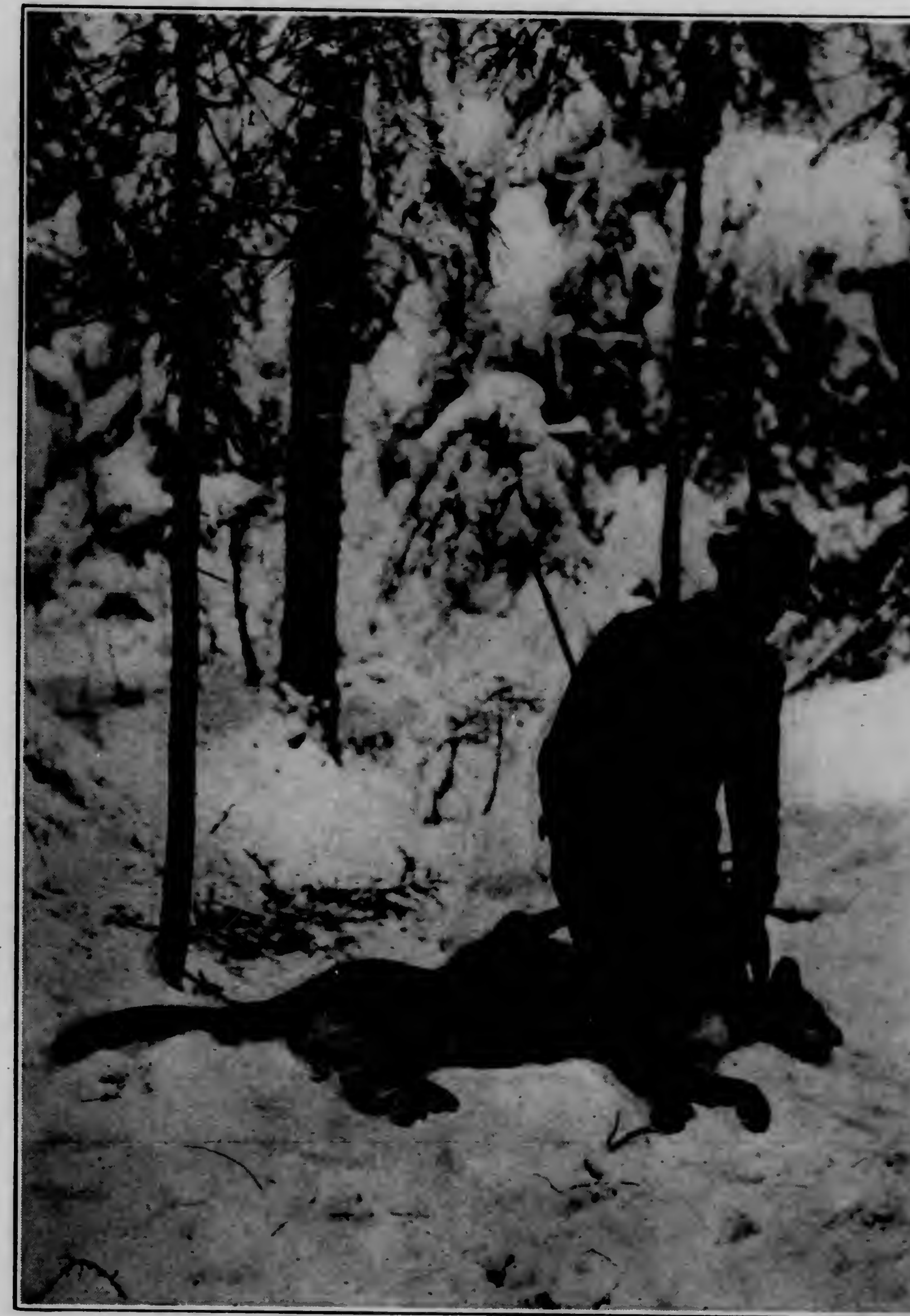
We presently came to the rock and without a waver Smith turned and plodded off through the burn and as though guided by some instinct I could not fathom, at length said:

"See the dogs! The kill must be over there."

And it was. Lying among trampled bracken and fireweed in the quite open burn was what was left of a black-tail—a few sections of backbone, a bit of the skull and some clots and the paunch and some entrails. The sickening smell of carnage still was on the air.

"Well what do you make of it?" I asked after my comrade had poked about for a few minutes.

"Just as I expected. There are two or three cubs and



Most of the cougar hunting is done in winter, when there is tracking snow

they are about four months old and eating meat. Good's dog chased them away when he shot the old one—that was the 'deer' he was running. Good probably had them treed over his head and didn't know enough to look up. The only question is; where did they go? They did not return here—not since the rain anyway. They have gone back to the kill before this one. At any rate they are starving now. We must hunt all these windfalls."

But I called for explanations.

"Quite simple," he continued. "Look here at this big bed in the bracken with the little beds beside it where the mother has been lying suckling the cubs. See the base of this small cedar all scratched by tiny claws—no big cougar could do that. Look at these droppings"—he broke them with a stick—"full of deer hair showing they have been eating meat. An old panther alone would not trample down a fraction of this bracken. How could Good miss it all?"

For nearly an hour we hunted through all the nearby windfalls, the little terrier poking into nooks and corners and Watch ranging more widely. Then Smith declared for lunch. If I would boil the billy he would take another wider circle and return in half an hour.

About the time the black billy was singing cheerfully, I heard a sudden loud baying from Watch, but I did not receive the expected hail, and by and by the hunter trudged back.

"Only a coon," he said, a bit disconsolately. "But we are not beaten yet."

So after we had eaten, we circled again even more widely and then as the afternoon wore away we turned

southward toward the swamp. By and by we stood upon a high brow and looked down upon a half-mile expanse of narrow marsh that was broken by two small treed islands.

"We must search those islands," declared the cougar-hunter.

So we scrambled down and finding a natural bridge formed by log meeting log, crossed safely and investigated the first island. But there was no sign of any game there. We did the same with the next, but it, too, was barren of result. Whereupon we scrambled back up the abrupt bank and worked homeward. It was here that we saw the track of a man and dog in the drier soil of the brow—

Good had done some woods-combing, too, it was plain.

It was here too that suddenly we were frozen immovable by a cry coming up from the swamp. But it was only the hoarse scream of red-tailed hawk and our spirits fell again. Anyway, the hunter explained that panther cubs do not cry so. Instead of the meow of domestic pussy they make a shrill little whistle. He had raised the young like kittens in his home and understood every detail of their ways.

Smith was plodding doggedly, gradually completing a circle of the kill. The pain in his back had in no whit relented and every step hurt him. About the only trump

in his hand now that I could see was perseverance. There was little room now apparently for scoutcraft.

But perseverance was high card and Smith held the ace. For suddenly with a new note of interest in his voice he called me to his side. Half way down the slope below us in a little patch of earth dried out in the sunshine of the last two afternoons, there was a round footprint. When we went down and examined it, the tracker pronounced it the print of a young panther and plainly it had been made within the last two days. One of the cubs had been here.

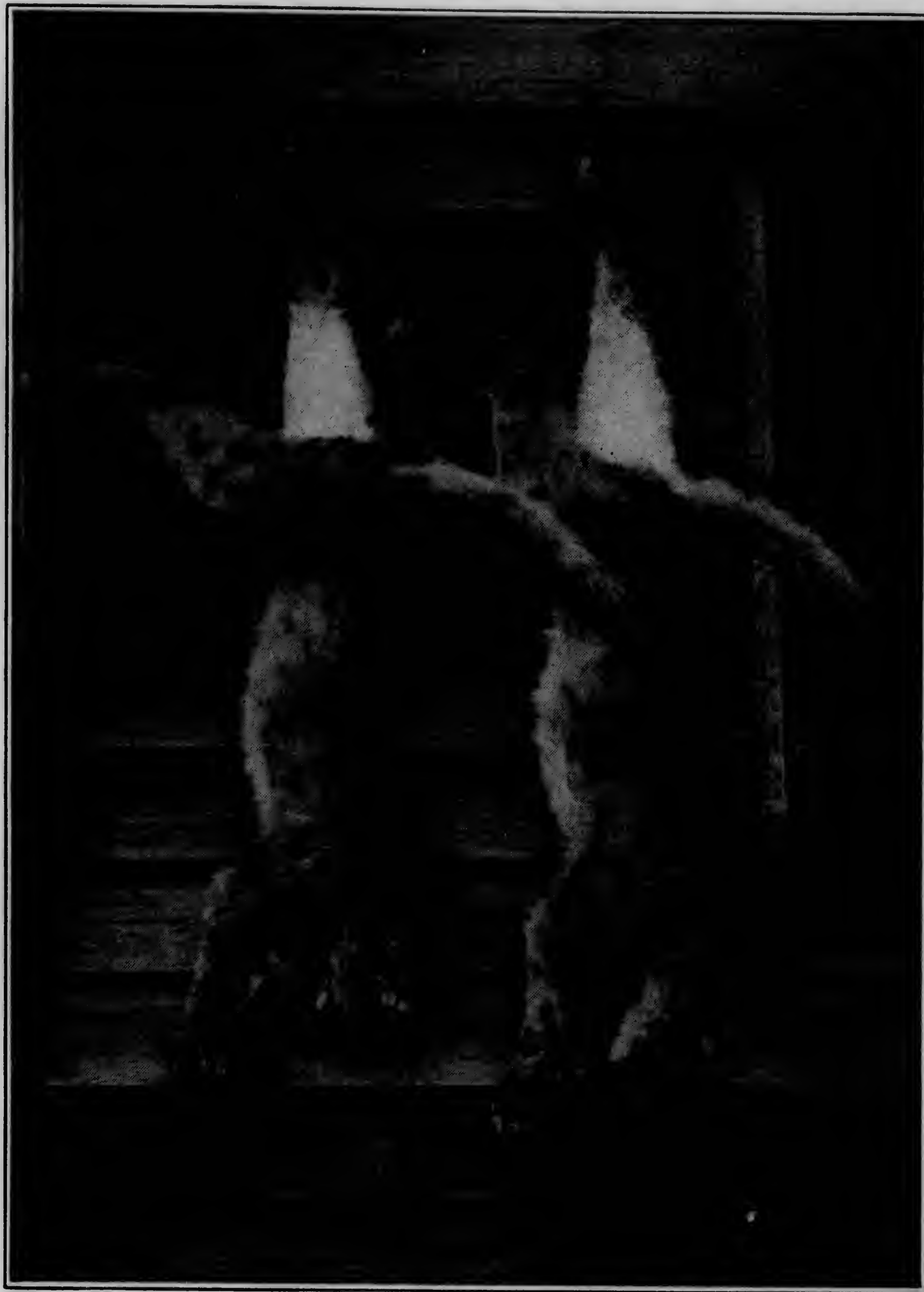
We hurried along the bank anxious to make best use of our few remaining hours of light. Soon we saw another track, but it proved to be one made by Good's dog. Nevertheless the plot was thickening; for in a few minutes we came on some cat prints and while we were examining them, suddenly a shrill yelping from the little terrier burst on our ears, followed by a tremendous bow-wow-

ing from Watch, the outcry coming from behind us and below the bank.

"They've found them!" cried Smith. "Run quick,—I can't—and save Nellie! They'll kill her!"

Guided by the din, I rushed back along the brow, found a place where I could tumble down, and in a few moments had reached the scene of the rumpus. Down in a narrow passage under a jumble of rocks that had fallen from the face of the cliff I could dimly discern a tangled mass of white and grey and tawny brown as dogs and cats bit and clawed and roared as they fought their ancient feud.

"Save Nellie!"—I could hear Smith calling frantically as he sought a way down the cliff.



Cougar cubs about four months old. (Note yardstick.) At this age they are eating meat and following the mother from kill to kill

LITTLE PLUME.

THE yellowing leaves of the cottonwoods were softly dropping to earth through the still night air, when the spirit of Little Plume left his lodge in Two Medicine Bottom on its journey to the sandhills. It was very quiet. But a moment later the stillness was broken by the shrill wailings of the women, who were mourning for the husband, father, and brother who had left them; and the next day in camps up and down the river and on other streams all over the reservation there was mourning for the chief who had gone.

Little Plume was a chief. As a young man he had been buffalo hunter and warrior, knowing little else than that. An orphan, he had been taken as a boy into the home of the great chief Three Suns, and by observing the acts and listening to the wise words of the family head, the thoughtful boy had chosen the right path of life. From his early youth he had been untiring in the chase, brave on the war path; but as he matured, he began to think of the welfare of his people. As the older men passed away, the tribe came to look more to him for advice, and that which he gave was always good. As the new conditions of civilization kept crowding upon them more and more, his broad mind saw more and more clearly the dangers to which his people were exposed and the needs and opportunities of the new life. Did a friendly white man talk to him with a sympathetic heart, Little Plume listened carefully and questioned intelligently, groping among a maze of new ideas for such as he might apply to the situation of those about him.

In all the tribe of the Blackfeet no man was so generally beloved as he, and naturally so, because of all the Blackfeet no one had so great a love for the Blackfeet people.

Of the men who during the last thirty years have stood out foremost before their fellows in the tribe, hardly any now remain. White Calf, and Double Runner, and Running Crane, and Running Rabbit, and Bull Shoe and many another have departed on their long journey. Little Plume is the last to go.

The old-time Indians often possessed heroic virtues, and among these one of the most important was love for their fellow tribesman.

Forest and Stream, Nov. 13, 1909

A Blackfoot Cheyenne.

It was winter. The people were camped on Lodgepole Creek, near the Big Horn Mountains. Buffalo were close and small game was plenty. The snow was very deep, and the people did not watch their horses closely, for they thought no war parties would be out in such cold and in such deep snow.

The chief of this camp was also a medicine man. On the ground at the right of his bed in his lodge was always a space where red-painted wooden pegs were set in the ground in a circle. Above this hung the medicine bundles. No one was allowed to step or sit in this circle. No one might throw anything on the ground near it. No one might pass between it and the fire. It was sacred.

It was a very cold night. The wind blew the snow about so that one could hardly see. The chief had gone to a feast in a lodge near his own, and his wives were in bed, but one was still awake. The fire had burned down, so that the lodge was almost dark. Suddenly the curtain of the doorway was thrown back. A person entered, passed around to the back of the lodge, and sat down in the medicine circle.

"Now, what is this?" the woman thought; "why does this person sit in the medicine circle?"

She said to him, "You know that this is the medicine circle? Quick! get up and sit down somewhere else. My husband will be angry if he sees you there."

The person did not speak nor move, so the woman got up and put wood on the fire, and when it was light she saw that the man was a stranger, for his clothing was different from the Cheyennes', but she could not see his face, which he kept covered, all but his eyes. The woman went out and ran to the lodge where her husband was, and said to him, "Come quickly. A stranger has entered our lodge. He is sitting in the medicine circle."

The chief went to his lodge and many with him, for all the chiefs and warriors had been feasting together, and they carried in more wood and built a big fire. Then the stranger moved toward the fire, nearer and nearer, and they saw he was shaking with cold. His moccasins and leggins were torn and covered with ice and his robe was thin and worn. The chief was greatly troubled to see this person sitting in his medicine circle, and he asked him in signs, "Where did you come from?"

He made no answer.

Again he asked, "Who are you?"

The stranger did not reply. He sat as close to the fire as he could get, still shivering with cold.

The chief told a woman to feed him and she warmed some soup and meat over the fire and set it before the stranger. Then he threw off his robe and began to eat like a dog that is starved, and all the people sat and looked at him.* He was a young man, his face was good

and his hair very long, but he looked thin and his clothes were very poor.

The stranger ate all the soup and meat and then he said in signs, "I came from the north. I was with a large party. We traveled south many days and at last saw a big camp by a river. At night we went down to it to take their horses, but I got none and my party rode off and left me. They told me to go with them and they would give me some of the horses they had taken, but I was ashamed. I had taken no horses and I could not go back to my people without counting a coup, so I came on alone, and it is now many days since I left my party. I used up all my arrows and could kill no food. I began to starve. To-day I saw your camp. I thought to take some horses from you, but my arrows are gone; I should have starved on the road. My clothes are thin and torn; I should have frozen. So I made up my mind to come to your camp and be killed.

"Come, I am ready. Kill me! I am a Blackfoot."

A pipe was filled, lighted and passed around, but the chief sat thinking. Everyone was waiting to hear what he would say.

At last he spoke. "An enemy has come into our camp. The Blackfeet are our enemies. They kill us when they can. We kill them. This man came here to steal our horses and he ought to be killed; but you see he has come into my lodge and sat down in the medicine circle. Perhaps his medicine led him to the place. He must have a powerful helper.

"There are many lodges in this camp, and in each of these lodges many seats, but he has come to my lodge and has sat down in my medicine circle. I believe my medicine helped him, too; so now I am afraid to kill this man, for if I do it may break my medicine. I have said."

Every one said the chief's talk was good. The chief turned to the Blackfoot and said, "Do not be afraid; we will not kill you. You are tired. Take off your leggins and moccasins and lie down in that bed."

The Blackfoot did as he was told, and as soon as he lay down he slept, for he was very tired.

Next morning when he awoke there by his bed were new leggins for him and warm hair moccasins and a soft new cow's robe, and he put these on and his heart was glad. Then he ate and the chief told him about the medicine circle and why they had not killed him.

In the spring a party of Cheyennes went to war against the Crows, and the Blackfoot went with them and he took many horses. He went to war often and soon had a big band of horses. He married two Cheyenne women and stayed with the Cheyennes. Sometimes they asked him if he would ever go back to his people, and he would say: "Wait. I want to get more horses, and when I have a big band, a great many, I will take my lodge and my women and children and we will go north and I will make a peace between the Cheyennes and Blackfeet."

One summer the people were running buffalo.

They were making new lodges. One day the men went out to hunt. At sunset they came back, but the Blackfoot did not return. Next day the men went out to look for him and they searched all over the country. Many days they hunted for the Blackfoot, but he was never seen again. Some said he had gone back to his people; others said that a bear might have killed him, or he might have fallen from his horse and been killed, and still others thought a war party must have killed him and taken the horse with them. Neither man nor horse was seen again.

G. B. G.

*When an enemy has eaten or drunk in a lodge he is safe for the time being. He will not be harmed.

THE SQUAWMAN.

THE account of life "In the Lodges of the Blackfeet," that is now appearing in *FOREST AND STREAM*, has attracted much attention. From many parts of the United States, from Great Britain and from the Philippine Islands, we have had inquiries about it, and have been asked by people, who had heard of the tale without seeing it, where the book is for sale and what is its price.

To the old-time dweller on the plains the truth of the descriptions of the buffalo land and its wild inhabitants appeals most strongly. The ethnologist who has studied the mind of primitive man, and above all he who has lived with Indians, recognizes that here is a tale told by one who knows the Indian of the tribe he is describing better than the Indian knows himself. The notable characteristics of the story, which call out the sympathies of the reader most strongly, are its truthfulness, its humanity, and its simplicity.

The story portrays the true life of the Indian, his social intercourse, his true ethical standards and his true human nature, all of which vary from those of the white man in the matter of degree only, and in comparison with certain known classes of the white man such comparison is distinctly in favor of the Indian.

For many years now the term squawman—by which is meant a white man who lives with or is married to an Indian woman—has been a superficial term of reproach, most used by persons who are as ignorant of Indians as they are of the white men who have married Indian women, and so without real meaning. Those who use it know that the term is one of prejudice and reproach, but do not know why it is so. It is a good thing that at last a squawman has arisen who has the power to tell a faithful story of the life led by a white man with an Indian wife in the camps, in the trading posts and in the settlements. The old time squawman was just as good—and just as bad—as the man who had a white wife, or as he who had no wife at all. The bad meaning that the word has come to have, arose no doubt from the few cases occurring in modern times where a white man has married an Indian wife, for the purpose of securing her share in the tribal property, or of being supported by her. But this is something that occurs every day in the centers of our highest civilization.

The old-time man who married into a tribe of wild Indians was entitled to just as much respect and consideration as his daily life showed was his due. In the fact that he had married an Indian woman there was no reproach.

Forest & Stream April 14, 1906.

V-27-1

The Redman, Sept. 1914
The Story of Spo-Pee:

From the New York World.

Mrs. Ella Clark, wife of Malcom Clark, a Blackfeet Indian of Montana and a graduate of the Carlisle Indian School, came to Carlisle last March with a party of Indian pupils. From Carlisle she went to Washington, D. C., in company with her husband and other members of the Blackfeet delegation who were going there on some tribal business. On her return to Carlisle en route home she told of her accidental meeting with Spo Pee and how she finally got him to talk. Her story coincides, in the main, with that given below.—EDITOR.



SP O PEE "the silent Indian," had served out thirty-two years of a life sentence for murder before a Blackfeet Indian woman (Mrs. Malcom Clark) visited him at the Government Hospital for the Insane, across the river from Washington, and charmed him out of his silence with a Blackfeet baby song. Spo Pee felt the call of old memories of the Western prairies stir within him and he broke his silence under the spell of music.

He told his history to the Indian woman and the story created a sensation. It resulted in an investigation by the Indian Office of the Interior Department, and Spo Pee was pardoned by President Wilson.

The old man's story begins in the early '80s on the Montana prairies. Spo Pee was a great hunter and a warrior as well, and the pride of the Blackfeet was carried deep in his heart. In those days the buffalo had not disappeared from the face of the prairies, and although Spo Pee carried his smoothbore with the other braves, he had learned the trick of drawing a bow with the best of them.

Many a Blackfeet maiden cast shy eyes upon him as he passed. To his wigwam Spo Pee brought many a haunch of buffalo and many a costly skin or its equivalent in ammunition and trifles from the traders of the scattered posts.

Spo Pee's People Are Massacred.

THE buffalo began to grow scarce, and one day the bison were forgotten, for the white man had crowded his red brother and there was bloody war on the prairies.

Spo Pee was one of a party of war painted braves that rode away from an Indian village one morning at dawn, for the battle was on

Indian, or rather, his descendants, until the average Indian now has more money than the average white man.

Having money, however, is different from keeping it. The rich Indian is considered legitimate prey by some white men, and the Government hitherto has not protected its red wards from the money-loving pale face. Rich in some respects, the Indian is poor in others. In stamina, in ambition, in the proper sort of pride, he is lacking. But when it comes to money and its equivalent he is no longer "Poor Lo."—*Birmingham (Ala.) News.*

PRESIDENT WILSON has signed an order setting aside 4,600 acres of land along the Pond d'Oreille River, Washington, as a reservation for the Kalispel Indians. They have lived on the land for generations, but there has been a gradual encroachment of white settlers. The President has signed a similar order setting aside land in Utah for the Goshute Indians.—*Greensburg (Pa.) Tribune.*

THE policy of the Federal Government in closing all saloons in the Indian lands ceded to the United States in 1855, and now constituting a greater portion of the State of Minnesota north of the forty-sixth parallel, has been upheld by the Supreme Court as a valid exercise of the guardianship over the 7,000 Indians still in that section. More than 382,000 white persons live in the ceded territory.—*Williamsport (Pa.) Grit.*

A TREATY dated 1797, sanctioned by the Senate and signed by the President, was successfully used by three Seneca Indians in the Supreme Court as a defense against the charge that they were illegally fishing in Eighteen-Mile Creek, says a Buffalo dispatch. The arrests were made by a deputy warden.

The case came before Justice Pooley on habeas corpus proceedings. Chief Kennedy produced the book containing the treaty which gave the Indians perpetual rights to fish and hunt in the section of the country where they were arrested.

Justice Pooley held that the treaty superseded the State laws and the Indians were released.—*Houston (Tex.) Post.*



Indian Commissioner CATO SELLS

SPO PEE



A Blackfoot Conveyance in the Days of Spo Pee



Mrs. Malcom Clark and Her Three Children at Their Home on the Blackfeet Reservation, Montana

with the white man. All day they rode and at night they came back to the village, but something had happened during the day.

The war party had been gone but a few hours when a war party of the white men rode out from one of the army posts with a brutal officer at its head. The soldiers rode over the brow of the hill and down a gentle slope, and there they came upon the Indian village.

Only the women, children and the old men were home, for the braves and the warriors had gone away on the war path. Simple and terrible were the directions the officer gave to his men.

"Wipe 'em out!" was his order, and then followed one of those Far West tragedies that cause the white man shame even to this day. The soldiers were soldiers and war is war, so the women and the children and the old men had no chance. Unarmed and defenseless they stood and died while the bullets rained upon the camp.

Every woman, every child, and every Indian patriarch perished there on the prairie, for the white men, hardened with Indian warfare, showed them no mercy. Slaughtered in their wigwams not an Indian lived to tell the tale. The bodies were dragged outside and the village set on fire. The cavalymen mounted their horses and rode away over the horizon.

At evening the Indian war party returned to find only a heap of ashes and the dead bodies of their families to mark the busy village that had stood there at dawn. Spo Pee, searching with the others, suddenly grew stiff and the cry of a wounded animal came from his throat. Before him lay the murdered form of his mother beside the ashes of his wigwam.

The Oath of Revenge.

SPO PEE said never a word as he prepared her body for the Indian burial. They made a little Indian cemetery of the victims, placing the bodies on the rude platforms, out of the way of the wolves and coyotes, and then Spo Pee went on the warpath in earnest. No longer was the white man the enemy of his people. The white man was now Spo Pee's own deadly enemy and he swore an oath that he would not die until ten of the white men were gone to their reckoning as payment for his mother's murder.

The old army records show that the officer who ordered the massacre was severely reprimanded for his bloody work, but all the reprimands of earth would not restore the mother to Spo Pee.

A day or two later the body of a murdered white man was found on the plains. Spo Pee was rounded up by the soldier patrol and because he was the only Indian found in the Territory of Montana near the body of the white man, he was brought to trial before the Territorial courts.

The proud spirit of the Indian brave scorned to beg for mercy or even to plead in his own behalf. He was found guilty of murder by the court, but the judge was a kind man and he felt that Spo Pee, if he killed the white man, had been acting along the natural lines of Indian revenge.

The penalty for murder in Montana in those days was a quick hanging, the quicker the better, but Spo Spee had earned the sympathy of the trial judge and the sentence was made life imprisonment, rather than the death penalty.

Expected Death by Torture.

WHEN Spo Pee was sentenced to spend all the rest of his life behind prison bars and never again to feel the freedom of the wide prairies, his spirit did not bend, for he deigned not to ask the nature of his fate. He felt that the white man would put him to death at leisure, and, as befitted a brave of the Blackfeet race, he would not show a sign that terror was at his heart and brain.

They took Spo Pee to the Detroit Federal prison, and the name of Spo Pee began to grow dim. To the soldiers he was "only an Indian" and not worth worrying about. The grass grew long above Spo Pee's trail and he no longer hunted the buffalo and the white man on the rolling plains of Montana.

When they locked him up in Detroit Spo Pee merely believed that his imprisonment was another variety of the refined cruelty of the white man. He was convinced that his imprisonment was merely the forerunner of his death—a pause before the white man led him forth and executed him in some diabolic fashion as happened to suit the tastes of the white man at that moment.

His guards at the Detroit prison, however, felt that Spo Pee's mind was failing. His silence only deepened with the passing of the days, and when the case reached the attention of the prison officials they decided to send Spo Pee to the Government Hospital for the Insane at Washington, where all other insane prisoners were sent.

Spo Pee did not know that he was considered insane. His transportation to the asylum more than thirty years ago was simply another move in the game of torture, he believed. All attempts to get him to answer questions at the Government Hospital failed, just as the same attempts had failed at Detroit.

The days lengthened into weeks and the weeks into years, but as the years went by Spo Pee became one of the features of the institution and the Indian and his peculiarity were pointed out to visitors.

From time to time, parties of Indians came to the Government hospital and many of them tried to converse with the Blackfeet brave. But their language was not the language of Spo Pee and he regarded them with sullen hate and refused to break his silence. Always he waited, year after year, for the long-delayed vengeance of the white man, which he felt sure would come some day in terrible form and end his servitude forever.

The winter of 1913-14 was changing into spring when a party of Blackfeet Indians came to Washington on business with the agents of the Great White Father. While they were in Washington, they decided to visit the Government Hospital where Spo Pee was incarcerated, still serving out his life sentence under the belief that any day might be his last on earth.

Even to Spo Pee the memories of the plains were growing vague, and he had come to regard his place of confinement as home. The guards were kindly to the old Indian, but his calm, silent composure never relaxed. When the party of visiting Indians came to the Government hospital, one of the guards showed them Spo Pee.

"Ask them to talk to him," said one of the guards to the interpreter. "He might belong to their tribe."

Several of the Indians tried to induce Spo Pee to speak, but they were not successful. There was a little Indian woman in the party, however, who was very curious about Spo Pee's history. She determined to persuade the Indian to break his long silence, and she set about the task with all the patience of an Indian woman.

Lullaby Melts a Heart.

SPO PEE made a few harsh sounds, but the Indians could not understand. From long silence he had forgotten even the accents of his native speech.

Then the little woman pushed forward. She silenced the men and spoke to Spo Pee. She dropped the questioning tone the braves had used, and from her lips came the sounds of the "little people's talk"—the baby talk of the Blackfeet.

They were simple little words she spoke, delivered in a lulling, sing-song tone, that only the mother and babies of the tribe could understand. Years before, those sounds had been heard by Spo Pee at his mother's knee, and they stirred strange memories within him.

She sang to Spo Pee of the villages, of the plains, of the wide prairies, and the vanished buffalo. The old man's eyes lit with a strange fire and she began to question him. She asked Spo Pee, among other questions, his name, and the long-silent Indian opened his mouth and said: "Spo Pee."

But the little woman did not pause. She kept steadily on her sing-song chant—the chant of the "little people," and suddenly Spo Pee startled those about him with the question: "Where is Three Bears?"

This was the first question that had fallen from Spo Pee's lips in all those long thirty-two years, and one of the members of the party, startled out of his Indian stolidity by the question, answered:

"Three Bears has been dead for twenty-six years."

The words, however, meant nothing to Spo Pee, but he understood the Blackfeet death sign and they told him in sign language of the passing of Three Bears. A shadow passed over the face of the old Indian and he seemed saddened, but the spoken word had rolled back the silence of three decades and Spo Pee had spoken.

Two days later the Indian woman came again, and Spo Pee asked her when the white man would put him to death. Curious at his question she drew out the story of his strange belief of coming execution and the story made a sensation.

Spo Pee told her of braves long dead and of tribal history that had died with her fathers. When the Indian woman left the institution she went at once to the office of Cato Sells, Commissioner of the Indian Office of the Interior Department. She told Mr. Sells of the case, and he promised to make an investigation.

Mr. Sells kept his promise to the Indian woman, made not more than two months ago. He had a search made into the early court records of Montana, and he laid this data before the Department of Justice. It was found that the white man for whose mur-

der Spo Pee had been sentenced to life imprisonment had really been killed across the border in Canada and that the Montana court was without jurisdiction.

Spo Pee was questioned, and he declared that he killed the man in self defense. He said the man was a trader who tried to kill him and that to save his own life Spo Pee struck first. The Department of Justice acted favorably on the case, but while all this investigation was being made the news of it was kept from Spo Pee and from the public. Mr. Sells said he was afraid that a hitch might occur, and if the old Indian had been told his hopes might have been raised, and the failure of the investigation would embitter him still further against the white man.

The time came when the Department of Justice acted favorably on the application of Spo Pee for a pardon. This application was made by Commissioner Sells on behalf of the old warrior and he was in total ignorance of the effort that was being made on his behalf. Finally the matter was placed before the President and the Department of Justice approved the application for a pardon.

The Great White Father, who does not make haste in deciding for his Indian children, considered the application for several days and finally signed it. The application, with the President's signature attached, was delivered to Commissioner Sells last Tuesday morning. (July 9, 1914.)

He did not at once go to Spo Pee, but he sent one of the agents of his office across to St. Elizabeth's, in the Anacostia hills, where Spo Pee had spent thirty-two years of his life as the price of a territorial court blunder, made when the West was "wild and woolly" and the life of an Indian held at low valuation.

Tardy Justice at Last.

THEY broke the news gently to the old Indian and when he realized that he was finally free and about to return to his native Montana hills and prairies, he permitted himself a broad smile. At 9 o'clock Tuesday night Spo Pee, grave of face but happy as a child at heart, was brought to Commissioner Sells's office in the Pension Building.

They told him to make ready his belongings for the journey back to the land of his fathers. They told Spo Pee that the buffalo had disappeared from the plains, that the Indians, too, were nearly gone,

and that the white man no longer fought with his red brother for the possession of the land.

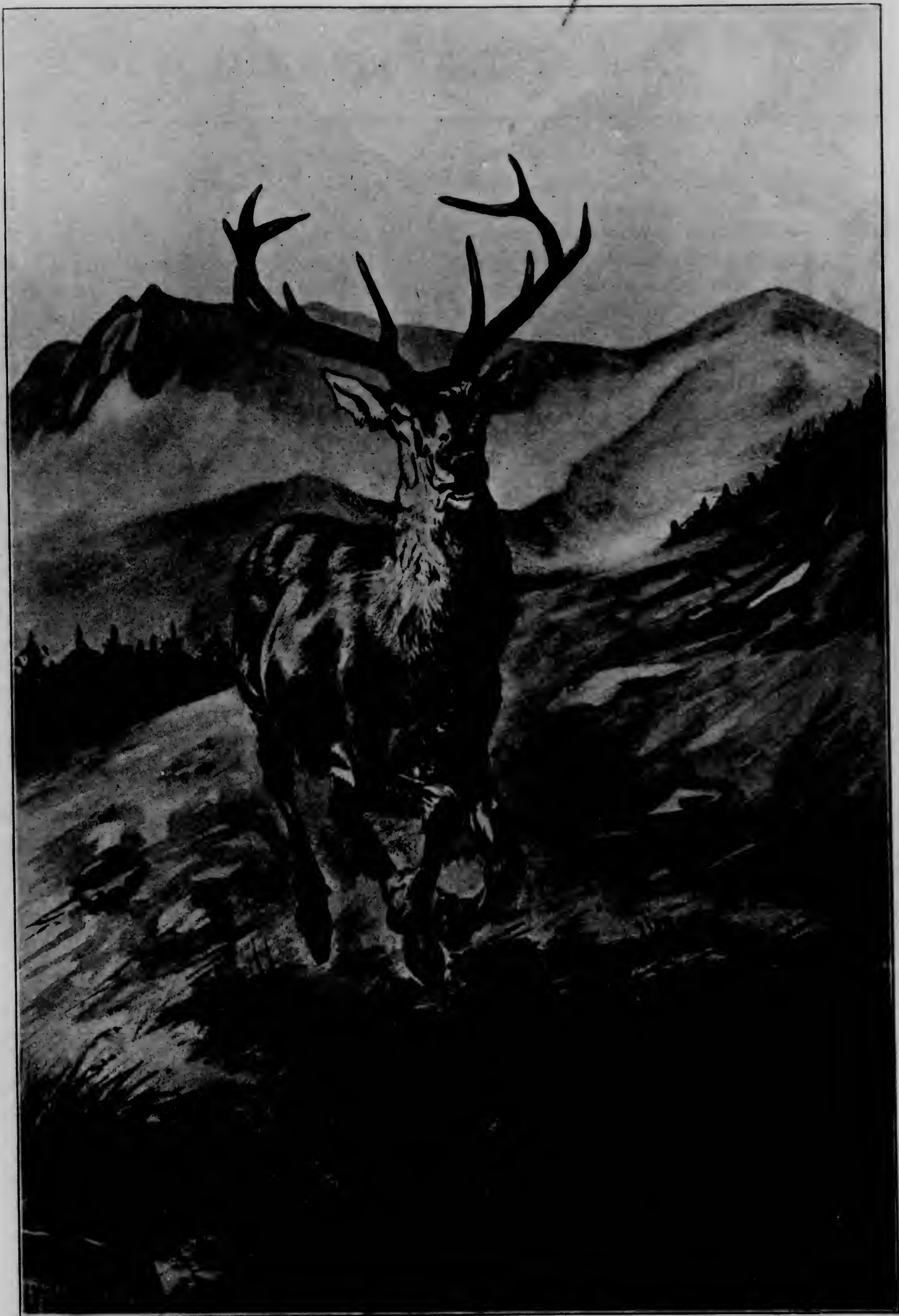
Spo Pee nodded gravely and went back to the Government Hospital to spend his last night of confinement. Early on Wednesday morning he was up at his work. He gathered together all his belongings and early in the forenoon Spo Pee, accompanied by an officer of the Indian Office, left Washington for the land of his fathers.

The Blackfeet have been given a reservation up in Montana, not very far from the town of Great Falls, and here Spo Pee will go to live out his days. The white man is making tardy recompence for the injustice that cost Spo Pee nearly a lifetime of confinement, but Spo Pee is an old man now, and hate, like love, cools with age.

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IN THE FURY OF THE RUT

Western Field - Oct. 1908.

A BLACKFEET ROMULUS

BY JAMES WILLARD SCHULTZ.

Author of "My Life as an Indian," "Floating on the Missouri," etc.



FOR more years than I care to count I have been obsessed by the desire to write this story of the person who, born into the world by a mother with barren breasts, was reared on the milk of his parents' dogs. I have wished to tell what effect this had upon him physically and mentally, but I have been deterred by the fear that no one would believe me—or rather the old friend who told it to me—and I do not wish either of us to be called "nature fakers."

Hugh Monroe (Rising Wolf), ex-Hudson Bay Company, and ex-American Fur Company man, told the tale to me in the long ago, and knowing him so well, knowing him to be absolutely truthful, I believe it. Yet I never would have retold it had I not obtained evidence to prove that the story is true. This evening I met a gentleman who has lived many years in the far East; he informed me that wolves steal numbers of children in India; the mothers place their babes in the shade of a tree when working in the fields; along comes a wolf and, snatching one, carries it to the den to feed to her young. Occasionally, although generally severely lacerated by the animal's teeth, for some unknown reason a child is permitted to live and is nursed and fed by the animals. The British Indian Medical Association has recorded five such cases; the children were rescued from the wolves and placed in the Government Asylum in the Hill country. None of them lived long; the change in diet and environment caused them to simply waste away. One of them was the original of Kipling's "Mowgli."

Here, then, is the tale, transcribed from my journal under the date: December 28, 1879. I wrote it that night by Rising Wolf's lodge-fire, and just as he told it to me as we sat smoking together. I translated it, however; there were some Blackfoot guests there also, and he spoke in their tongue:

"In the first year of my residence with the Blackfeet, away back in buffalo days, I made friends with a man named Is-sis-tse (Wolverine), whose lodge was always placed next to the one in which I lived, in that part of the great camp circle belonging to the Black Quiver gens. We were both mere youths, but he had been married for over a year to a girl much younger than he. She could not have been more than fifteen when I first met her, a slender, delicate looking little thing with long, heavy braids of hair and big, black, intelligent eyes that had a world of love in them whenever they were turned upon her youthful husband. Young as she was, that spring she gave birth to a boy, a surprisingly large, well-formed child to spring from such a frail little mother. As might have been expected in such a child woman, she had no milk in her breasts for her offspring. First one woman and then another was asked to nurse it, but each one had a babe to nourish and could not rob it for another's child. Here, there, the infant was carried and allowed to take a little milk from this one's and that one's breast, but it never got a sufficient quantity. Most likely this changing from one to another's milk also was a cause of its frequent illnesses; any way, the child soon became thin and puny, and we all thought that it would die. Both father and mother adored it, and 'twas pitiful to see them bending over it, almost distracted when it wailed for that which was not to be had.

"One evening when I was visiting Is-sis-tse and planning a hunt, one of his dogs sneaked into the lodge and sniffed around for scraps of food. It was a female, and her teats hung low from her body, swollen and heavy with their fullness of milk. 'There!' my friend exclaimed, pointing at her. 'There! little mother of my son, is milk a-plenty; the child shall fatten on it.'

"Pik-sah-ke (Bird Woman) was horrified. 'What!' she cried, 'feed our child milk of the most filthy and most despised of animals? I can not allow it. Most likely the milk would

poison it; if not—well, surely the gods would never favor a child reared in that way.'

"Is-sis-tse leaned over, propped his chin with his hand, and considered her words. Then, calling the bitch to him, he pressed a little of her milk into the palm of his hand and tasted it. 'Tis rich!' he said, 'thick and rich! There is no doubt the child would grow fat and strong upon it; but what you say about the gods may be true. I will call a feast, inviting a few wise ones to come and talk over this matter. Hurry and roast a few tongues.' He stepped outside if the lodge and shouted the invitations, calling three times each person's name and adding: 'You are invited to come and eat and smoke with me.'

"They soon came, five ancient 'medicine' men—as the frontiersmen called them. They were not doctors, however, but, so to speak, priests of the Sun thought to have great favor with the lord of day through the efficacy of a sacred pipe and various mystic objects they possessed. The broiled buffalo tongues were placed before them and they leisurely ate portions of the rich meat. Then Is-sis-tse filled, lighted, and passed his big, black stone pipe, and as it went from hand to hand he told his trouble and asked the guests' advice. 'Ah!' 'Ah!' they severally exclaimed, and looked at one another.

"'What think you of it?' one asked the company in general. And 'What is your opinion in this, my friends,' queried another.

"'Friend,' said one to Rising Feather, 'you are the oldest of us all; wisest of us all; tell us what you think about this.'

"Thus appealed to, the white-haired old man straightened up and, after due deliberation, said: 'Without doubt, the Sun never intended dogs' milk for human food, but he caused it to flow from all animals alike for the same purpose: to support the life of the newly born. As this poor child's mother has no milk, surely the gods will not turn from it in anger if it be fed by an unclean animal. If any harm were to come, would it not fall upon the parents, who caused it to take the milk, instead of the helpless child? I am of this opinion: the little one may take the dog's milk, a very small amount at first, and until we see what effect it has. You two, the father and mother, you must purify yourselves, make sacrifices to the Sun, pray often for his pity and powerful help.'

"'Ai! Ai! It is truth. Your words are ours,' his listeners exclaimed.

"Said one: 'Even now the child cries from hunger; let it suck the strange teats right here before us while we pray for its welfare.'

"'Sis-oom! Sis-oom!' her master called, and the huge bitch came sneaking in from her shelter in the sage-brush, where lay her new-born pups. She was of that breed-of-the-North dogs that disappeared about the same time as the buffalo, but from a different cause; in their case strychnine, with which baits for wolves were poisoned. There were two distinct breeds of Blackfeet dogs, both of undoubtedly ancient lineage and such persistent primitive traits that they inter-bred no more than do their brothers, the wolves and coyotes. One of these breeds was a long, low-set, bench-legged animal like what we can imagine a cross between a dachshund and a coyote might be. The other was a huge, grizzly-coated, wolf-headed, wolf-like dog of exceedingly aggressive temperament. No white man was safe from them, especially after night-fall, unless he wore a blanket or robe when walking about in camp. Broadly speaking, they were not demonstratively affectionate creatures, perhaps for the reason that their owners never made pets of them; yet they were very loyal to the members of the lodge to which they belonged, and when not off foraging were never far from its edge, sleeping beside it in the coldest winter weather, and in summer dozing on its shady side.

"Sis-oom cringed before Is-sis-tse with drooping head, and tail-tip nervously wagging between her legs, while he fed her morsels from a sheet of dried meat. 'Her teats must be washed with sweet-grass water,' said Rising Feather, who by common consent had become master of ceremonies. 'Also, the pups must be killed, that they may not again defile them, and because there is no more milk than the child will need. Who will make way with them?'

"There was no answer. Unlike other Algonquin tribes, the Blackfeet were not dog eaters, and moreover, while they considered them to be foul creatures, they revered them in a way, believing that they possessed certain occult powers, such as seeing the ghosts that are abroad in the night. They held it to be a sin to kill the animals. I doubt if any one of the people would have made away with them, but I had no such scruples. While the animal was being washed with the scented and sacred

water I hurried out and killed and buried the seven wee pups.

"At the crucial moment the young woman hesitated. 'Oh,' she cried, tears streaming down her cheeks, 'I am afraid—afraid! Never was such a thing done before. I fear that the gods will be angered; that the milk will prove poisonous to my child and it will die.'

"'Girl!' said Rising Feather, sententiously, 'unless your child thrives on this milk it must die anyhow; this is your only chance to save it; take courage and let it feed while we pray.'

"The little one voraciously imbibed the longed-for milk. Sis-oom at first growled ominously and struggled to rise, but Is-sis-tse held her fast and she soon desisted; Rising Feather, having lit a pipe and blown a whiff of smoke skyward, another to the ground, prayed earnestly: 'Hai-yu, Sun! Hai-yu, Above People! And you, dwellers in the deep waters! Pity us all; men, women, children, take pity on us all and give us long life, abundant food, good health, and happiness. Hai-yu! all you Sacred Ones! Listen to my prayer. Pity this poor child; it can not live except by the milk of this unclean animal. Cause this milk to strengthen it, oh, Sacred Ones! Let the child grow fat and strong upon it, let it live to become a powerful hunter; a terror to the enemy; the pride of the father and mother who so dearly love it. Hai-yu! all-powerful Gods! listen, oh, listen to this prayer and have pity on us all.'

"'Hai-yu! Hai-yu!' the listeners cried. 'Grant his prayer, oh, Sacred Ones! It is our wish; listen to this prayer and have pity on us all.'

"There was an interval of silence in the lodge; and all eyes instantly watched the child enjoying its long-needed nourishment. 'It has had enough for the present,' said Rising Feather, finally, and Pik-sah-ki snatched the child to her bosom. It cried loudly upon being separated from its new-found food supply. Sis-oom, released from durance, shot out of the lodge to her nest in the brush. Again the big pipe was passed from hand to hand and the talk became general; a little later we all arose and went our several ways.

"Sis-oom missed her pups and went whimpering and nosing from lodge to lodge in search of them, at last howling dismally over her loss. Is-sis-tse called her in to him again, and the child was fed by her several times during the night. By the next evening she had

apparently forgotten all about her pups, and finding that she was well treated and well fed, took up her abode in the lodge. In a couple of more days she regarded the babe as her own; she was jealous of its mother, whined for it, and licked it with her soft tongue just as if it were really her own offspring.

"Weeks passed and the little one thrived wonderfully upon its extraordinary diet. I am inclined to believe that dog's milk has more nutritive, more strengthening properties than that of the human animal. Naturally the time came—all too soon—when Sis-oom's teats began to dry up, and soon after that she would growl and struggle when required to nurse the child, although she loved it none the less, and was uneasy when it was taken away from her side. Finally, when she would or could give no more milk, another council was held, another bitch with new-born pups was selected to take her place. Sis-oom did not like this addition to the family, although 'twas one of her daughters, and nagged and bit the interloper whenever she found an opportunity.

"By the time this second foster mother's milk ceased to flow, Sis-oom gave birth to another litter of young which were promptly put out of the way, and again she nursed the child. Thus several years passed, Sis-oom alternating with others of her kind in supplying the child's necessary food. The young one had early been named by Rising Feather, after due prayer and sacrifice, Pe-awh-ko-mi (Far-away-he-hows). This in memory of an incident in the christener's war days not relevant to this story.

"Pe-awh-ko-mi, from the beginning of his creeping—and we may say conscious days—was happy only when with Sis-oom and the other dogs of the family. They were well-nigh inseparable, especially he and Sis-oom. He seemed to have imbibed something of dog nature with the milk he thrived upon, and from constant association with the animals. In his creeping days he would often grasp Sis-oom by the hair of each flank as she stood over him and, hanging on tenaciously, partly rise and suckle a teat. If annoyed by any one when creeping about the lodge, he would spring stiffly forward and back just as a puppy does under similar provocation, and make queer little puppy-growl-like exclamations of anger. When Sis-oom growled or barked he would scurry to her with all speed.

"It was a great trial to Pik-sah-ki that the boy did not show for her the affection that a child naturally shows for its mother. Neither did he care for his father, nor, as he grew older, for other children. Dogs were his playmates and companions, the faithful Sis-oom always at his side. Once she rescued him from the river, grievously lacerating an arm in seizing and dragging him to the shore. Other children early learned to keep away from him; when they found that he would not associate with them they retaliated by abusing him until, one day, he seized a youngster larger than himself, threw him to the ground, and bit his throat severely, following the example of the young dogs he played with. Sis-oom, too, was no friend to other children; she would not allow them to go near her foster child.

"Naturally, Pe-awh-ko-mi was a long time learning to talk, as he associated so little with his kind. Yet he was more than ordinarily intelligent, and during the long winter days in the lodge he could not help but learn, constantly hearing the conversation of his elders. It was not until he was seven or eight years old that he began to take some interest in human affairs. Then, above all things, he loved to listen to the tales of the gods and the god-like animals—progenitors of those of the present day, strange creatures that had the power of speech and could change themselves into men and women when they so willed. Of Ancient Wolf—he who, away back in the dim past, in the very beginning of things, was chief of a village that owned a buffalo corral where buffalo were tolled over a cliff and into it to furnish food for the people—he never tired of hearing. Such tales were not told in the daytime, lest the tellers, as a punishment for mentioning the gods while the sun was above the horizon, should lose their eyesight. So the boy went often and more often to Rising Feather, who was already blind, and listened to his stories of Ancient Wolf and others through long hours. Intently he listened and pondered, never tiring. He learned the 'Wolf Song' the old man taught him, a strange, weird song which, although it is a song without words, makes the listener fairly see the wide, sombre plains, and distant wolves, grim, gaunt, lifting their melancholy voices in long-drawn rising and falling cadence. 'Grandfather,' the child would say, 'Did I not sing it correctly? I know the wolves; I hear them nights; I

know what they are thinking when they cry so long and sadly away out there in the dark.'

"'And what do they think?' Rising Feather would ask.

"'Oh! much, my grandfather. Mostly they cry because their hearts are low; they mourn for their dead and the days when they, too, lived in comfortable lodges surrounding a coral red with the meat of buffalo.'

"'Ai! Ai! No doubt; no doubt,' the old man would agree, sagely nodding his head. 'They do, indeed, cry sadly.'

"When Pe-awh-ko-mi was fourteen years old Rising Feather's shadow departed to the Sand Hills, where are congregated the shadows (souls) of all the Blackfeet who have gone before. After his death the youth kept more aloof from his people than before. Try as his parents would, they could not induce him to treat them with affection. He simply would not or could not share their joys and sorrows. He was never cross with them; he was always dutiful; but he asked not to know what was in their hearts. He hid his thoughts from them and when in the lodge would sit and stare absently at the fire, never speaking save to answer some question. In pleasant weather he was always away with his dogs—Sis-oom's numerous descendants—exploring the country adjacent to camp, and as he grew older riding far out on the plain, the dogs trailing along at his horse's heels. In time he became a skillful hunter, a good shot, and kept the lodge well supplied with meat and skins.

"On one of his hunts Pe-awh-ko-mi captured three wee wolf pups and brought them home. As he had been raised, so were they—on dog's milk, which they shared with three pups of their own age. Although she strenuously objected to the little strangers at first, their foster-mother soon came to regard them as her own offspring. They grew to be huge specimens of their kind, and showed great affection for Pe-awh-ko-mi. It was interesting to see them playing with him, wagging their tails and frisking like so many dogs, or trailing after him for a hunt.

"It was customary to learn the way of the war trail at an early age. The youths went a number of times with parties as novitiates—pipe-bearers and servants of the partisans or leaders of the expeditions. One morning, when he was about seventeen years of age, Pe-awh-ko-mi surprised his parents by inform-

ing them that he was going to war and asked his mother to furnish the necessary equipment: several pairs of moccasins, an awl, some needles, sinew thread, and a pouch of pemmican. Of course they objected to his plan, especially when they learned that he intended to go alone. 'You have had no experience,' said his father. 'You will surely fall into the hands of the enemy.'

"Watchfulness and caution will enable me to avoid that," he replied.

"You have not yet taken the great fast and found a sacred helper," his mother urged.

"I do not need the fast," he told them. "Ever since I can remember, Ancient Wolf has been my sacred helper, and none of the gods have greater power. I know that he will help me to escape the dangers that everywhere await those who go away to war."

"If go you will, then I must accompany you and teach you the way of it all," said his father, "but first we will have a sacred sweat, purifying our bodies; we will make sacrifices, and we will get a sacred-pipe man to daily call out our names before the people and pray for us during our absence."

"That does not please me!" Pe-awh-ko-mi exclaimed. "Ancient Wolf, I tell you, is my sacred helper and I need no other; nor anything else that you mention. Also, I go alone."

"He did go alone—save for his three wolves, from which he never parted. The people who stood grouped about their lodges watching his departure shook their heads. Pe-awh-ko-mi was a mystery to them; they did not care to talk about him, but they thought much. Was he, they wondered, a sane person, and as he claimed to be, truly a favorite of Ancient Wolf, or was there something lacking in his intelligence? Some there were who hinted that a person who had been raised on dogs' milk might be expected to act differently from other people."

"There was sadness enough in one lodge. Is-sis-tse and Pik-sah-ki sat by their little fire and talked about the absent one. 'He never would listen to my counsel,' the father complained."

"Oh! powerful gods," the mother cried, "guide him back safely to us who so dearly love him. Oh, you Above People! Make love to grow in his heart for us, even as our hearts are full of love for him!" Daily, and for many

days, the two made sacrifices to the sacred ones and prayed for their son's safe return.

"Pe-awh-ko-mi was away a very long time—so long that it was thought he was dead; and then, one day, to the surprise of every one, he returned. He rode into camp driving a fine band of horses, leading one packing a lot of weapons and finery of all kinds, and followed by his wolves. Three scalps were tied to the mane of the horse he rode. He came silently, not with a rush and singing the victory song as do those returning from successful raids. He did not even smile as he rode through the great camp, and looked neither to the right nor left. Therefore, the people did not shout his name in praise, but stood and as silently watched him. He dismounted in front of his lodge; his mother came out and, clasping him to her bosom, began chanting the song of praise. He released himself from her arms and entered the lodge, leaving her to unpack and care for the horses. The wolves scattered the dogs from the shady side of the lodge, scratched the ground, turned around and around, and laid down."

"How happy Is-sis-tse was when he saw his son, and how proud when the mother brought in the fine weapons and beautiful things that had made up the pack. 'Tell us about it,' he said, examining the weapons and smoothing out the finery. 'Tell us where you went, my son, what you did, how you obtained these beautiful things and the scalps.'"

"I just took them," Pe-awh-ko-mi replied. "I killed the men and took their scalps and property. Where? Oh, over on the other side of the Back-bone-of-the-world" (the Rocky Mountains). He would say no more about his raid. Many visitors came to the lodge. Is-sis-tse feasted them and passed the usual number of pipes, and felt relieved when they were gone, they were so very strange in their ways because he could not—and his son would not—tell the story of this successful raid."

"From that time on, between greening grass and falling leaves, Pe-awh-ko-mi passed his days in lone expeditions of war. Always he returned with plunder—horses, fine wearing apparel, weapons, and often scalps. On one of his earlier forays he brought back a handsome young woman. He did not tell—and she could not—where he had captured her. She seemed not to understand signs, and her language was different from any the Blackfeet had ever

heard. She was a busy worker and kept her lodge neat and clean. She made no friends, turning coldly from even her mother-in-law. Theirs was, indeed, a mystery lodge. No one ever heard the young couple talk or laugh; they never entered other lodges and gave no feasts; they had no children. Because they were regarded with suspicion and even dread, by some, mothers would scare unruly children into obedience by saying: 'Hush! Mind, now, or I will call Pe-awh-ko-mi.'

"With certain of the surrounding tribes the Blackfeet were on friendly terms. These, in turn, were friendly with others whom the Blackfeet ever warred against. Through those friendly to both sides passed news of one enemy to the other. From the Kootenays the Blackfeet learned that the Pen d'Orilles, the Flat Heads, Nez Percés, and others beyond the Back-bone-of-the-world lived in constant fear of a strange and powerful enemy who not only stole their horses and other property, but prowled around their camps and killed unwary men by seizing them and, apparently, tearing open their throats with his teeth. The Gros Ventres also told of this terrible person; they said that the Crows, the Assinaboinés, Cheyennes, and Crees were frequently harassed by one they had named 'Weasel-man,' because he killed his victims just as that animal does—by cutting their throats in order to suck their blood. Not a mark of knife, arrow, or war club had ever been found on any of his victims."

"The visitors who brought news of the terrible Weasel Person of course heard what their hosts suspected, that this tearer of throats was no less a person than Pe-awh-ko-mi; and through them in time the far tribes learned that he who so harassed them was a Blackfoot. Thus it came about that one day in new-grass time a deputation of Gros Ventres arrived in the Blackfeet camp with a message from the Crows. 'We learn,' said the latter, 'that one of your people, a man named Pe-awh-ko-mi, is the person who has so long infested our country and killed so many of our people in a foul and fearful manner. To Pe-awh-ko-mi, therefore, our young warrior Broad Eagle sends these words: "Dog-face! I dare you to meet and fight me at any place you may choose within the next two moons. I do not expect you to do so, for I believe you to be a coward, a despicable dog who dares not meet an enemy face to face."'

"Having heard the messengers, the Blackfeet chiefs considered the matter and then sent for Pe-awh-ko-mi. He refused to attend their council. 'Tell them,' he surlily said to the young messenger, 'that if they wish to see me they can come here to my lodge.'

"Humiliating as this was, they were, perforce, obliged to go to him, accompanied by the Gros Ventres. It was the first time any of them had entered the lodge, and as they took their seats they looked around it curiously, and some of them, perhaps, half fearfully, expecting to see gruesome things there stored. Weapons and costumes and scalps of the enemy there were, more than they had ever seen in the possession of one man, but nothing unusual met their eyes and they were somewhat disappointed. Pe-awh-ko-mi gave them no greeting, lit no pipe; his silent, sad-faced woman prepared no feast; there was a long, embarrassing silence, and evidently the young man did not intend to break it. At last old Under Bull, the head chief, coughed hesitatingly and began: 'Kyi! Pe-awh-ko-mi. You have heard the tales that our friends have brought from time to time about a man who kills certain of our enemies by tearing open their throats? 'Well,' the chief continued, 'thus and thus they say:' repeating the awful tales as shortly as possible—and at last they declare that you are that person. Do they speak the truth?'

"There was no answer, Pe-awh-ko-mi gazing abstractedly at the ground in front of him as if he had not heard. More and more ill at ease, Under Bull hesitated long before continuing what he had to say: 'The Crows send you a message by the young Gros Ventres; their leader will repeat it to you,' he concluded, with a sigh of relief."

"Nervously, and as quickly as possible, the young man gave him Broad Eagle's words. Pe-awh-ko-mi straightened up in his seat, his jaws clicked sharply, and his eyes shone. 'I will meet him!' he said, in a voice that was almost as loud as the roar of a wounded grizzly. 'I will meet the Broad Eagle. Do you chiefs agree with the Crows as to the time and the place.'

"In the season of ripe cherries was the time appointed for the meeting of the two combatants, and the place was to be at the junction of Warm Spring stream and the Yellow River (the Judith). Thither the Crows moved from the Yellowstone, making frequent camps and

hunting by the way, and thither also traveled the Blackfeet in the same manner from the North country. The two tribes had agreed upon a truce, to be broken under no consideration for at least a moon after the meeting of the two men.

"In due time scouts of each tribe reported that the other was but a day's journey away, and then, one afternoon, the Blackfeet trailed down into the timbered valley of the large stream, the Crows into that of Warm Spring, and soon hundreds of new-made lodges gleamed white in the green cottonwood and willow groves. The great chiefs met and feasted and counceled, making final arrangements regarding the matter that had brought the hostile tribes together. There was much visiting and feasting and dancing; it was as though they had ever been friends and allies instead of enemies.

"The combat was set to take place on the fourth day, and a place was chosen for it on the bare plain between the two streams. Those were anxious days for Is-sis-tse and Pik-sah-ki. They constantly visited their son to give advice, to entreat him to make rich sacrifices and pray the gods for success. As always, he made no reply, gave no sign that he heard them. They made sacrifices to the Sun for him, and the mother—whose love never failed in spite of his coldness—vowed to build a Sun-lodge if the great god favored him in the coming strife. That Pe-awh-ko-mi did not care for his parents was another reason why the Blackfeet so disliked him, for that was considered a great sin.

"The morning of the anxiously-awaited day came at last and the people hastened to the appointed place, the Crows gathering on the south, the Blackfeet on the north side of it. The Seizer bands—police of the camps—allowed none to go there armed; a death struggle was to take place and in the excitement of it, had they weapons, relatives and partisans of the combatants might start an encounter that would involve the whole people. There was a long wait; the great crowds talked in low tones; their voices sounded like the far-away hum of marsh flies. At the east side of the place stood the chiefs of the two tribes having a final talk. At last they raised their hands and shouted to the fighters to come forth.

"The young men arose at once, cast aside their robes, walked out from the edge of the

lines of anxious spectators, and stopped, facing each other. Proud and straight and tall they were, and richly dressed in fringed and painted garments of fine buckskin and trailing head dresses of eagle-tail feathers. The Crow carried two scalps attached to his shield. The other's war shirt, front, back, and sleeve seams, and the outer seams of his leggings were black with them. It was the first time the people had seen him so dressed, and loud and deep were the exclamations of surprise. How many, many were the lives that were represented by the black and glossy fringe!

"Raising bow and quiver and shield and then depositing them on the ground, Pe-awh-ko-mi cried: 'I dare you to lay yours aside.' The Crow did so without a word. In like manner, at the Blackfoot's challenge, they cast aside their knives. Their sole weapon was the war club—a small, oblong, sharp-pointed stone securely fastened to a semi-pliable handle of rawhide bound with willow withes. At Pe-awh-ko-mi's side stood a big wolf, the only one he had at that time. Numbers of them he had raised, but they generally disappeared in the mating season to breed and raise their young, occasionally returning to him when that task was completed.

"Broad Eagle was the first to move, starting toward his enemy with slow and careful steps. Pe-awh-ko-mi did not move. Nearer and nearer the Crow came to him and the people held their breath in their anxiety. Was it possible, they asked themselves, that their strange kinsman was, after all, a coward? I was anxious, as excited as the rest; there was a choking sensation in my throat—my heart beat furiously and a strange chill crept over me.

"It happened quicker than anything I ever saw before or have seen since: Pe-awh-ko-mi suddenly rushed at his enemy, parrying a blow with his war club that sent the other's weapon whirling into the crowd, and stooping, he seized the Crow below the knees and tossed him backward over his head. The man struck the ground prone on his breast, and before he could move Pe-awh-ko-mi was upon him, seizing him by the wrists and bending his arms backward and together until he had them firmly in his grasp. He seemed to have the strength of a dozen men. Half turning the prone and helpless Crow, with a fearful cry of rage and triumph he bent and buried his teeth in his victim's throat, and so did the wolf which had been restlessly, excitedly following

his movements. Both man and animal tore at it in a perfect frenzy of delight. For an instant the man paused and looked up, seeming not to see the people who stood speechless, motionless, horrified at the ghastly sight of him—mouth, cheeks, chin, and bosom smeared with red blood, and he clearing it from his lips with his tongue! Unwarily he had released his hold of his victim, and the dying Crow, pushing aside the wolf with one hand, with a last convulsive effort raised up and struck him fair in the temple with the other, in which was clutched a piece of sharp and slender rock. It pierced the bone, and the Blackfoot fell over on the Crow with twitching muscles and died before the latter bled to death.

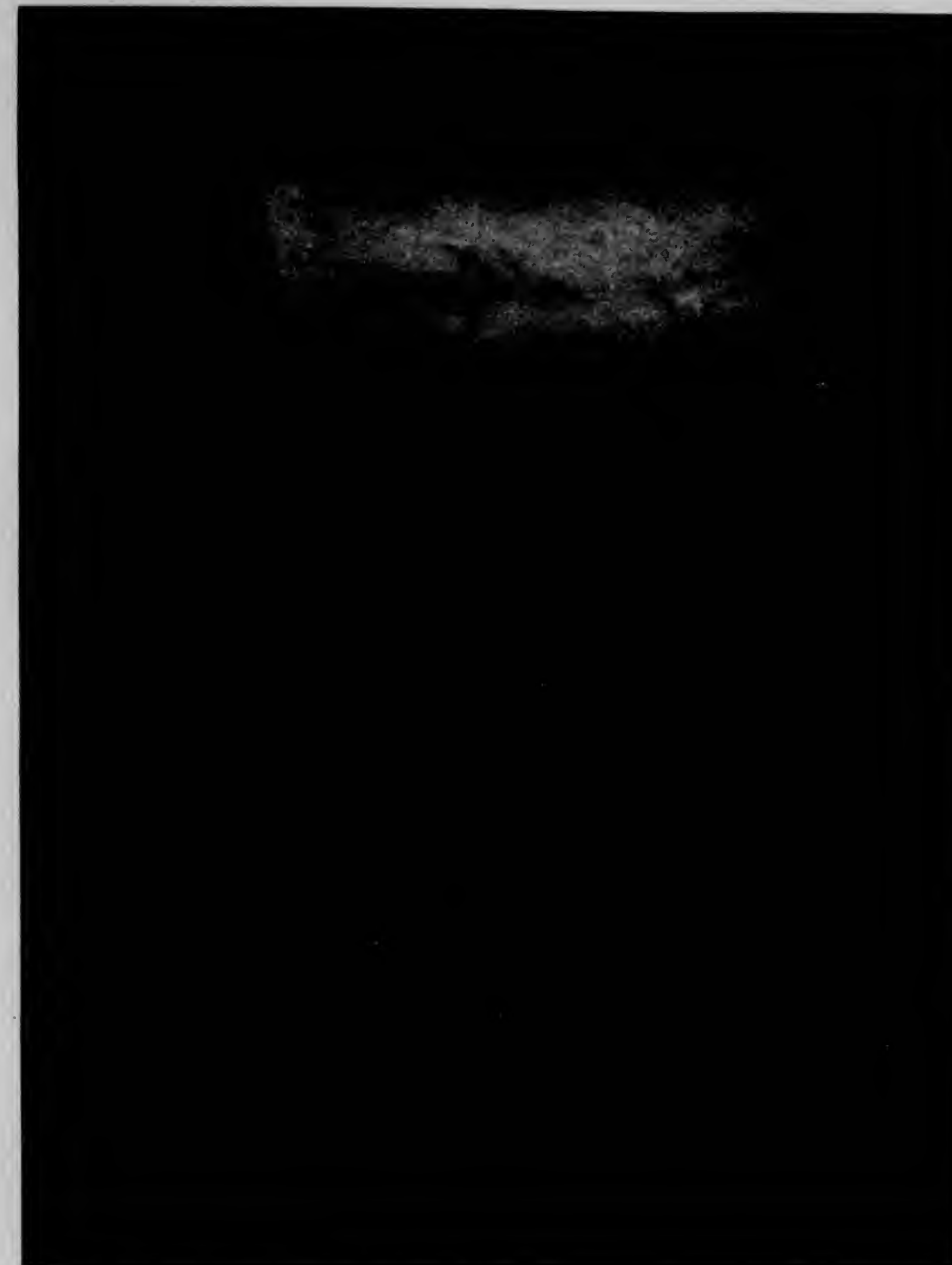
"A great roar went up from the people, and with one accord the relatives of the dead men rushed to the still forms. Pe-awh-ko-mi's

woman was the first to reach them; shrieking, laughing, dancing with joy, she spat upon the body of her man, kicked it, grabbed up handfuls of earth and cast them in the bloody face. Then, breaking away from those who seized her, she fled through the crowd and disappeared, and was never seen nor heard of again.

"And so died Pe-awh-ko-mi, the most understandable and bloodthirsty man who ever trod the Northwest plains."

* * *

Dear old Hugh Monroe—superstitious man that he was—was always firm in the belief that with the milk of the dog, upon which he was raised, Pe-awh-ko-mi acquired the instincts, the traits of the dog. In other words, he believed that matter in a marked degree affects the mind. Who shall say that he was mistaken?



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Among the Blackfeet at Festival-Time.

BY JAMES W. SCHULTZ, OF KIPP, MONTANO.

As "Wide World" readers know, Mr. Schultz himself has lived among these picturesque redskins for many years, so that his article has a real scientific value, partly on account of its absolute accuracy and partly because of the extraordinary photographs with which he has furnished his text. One may safely style this article a graphic account of perhaps the most remarkable Pagan ceremony in the world, with striking photographs showing almost every phase of the curious ritual.

THE Blackfeet Indians reside in Northern Montana and in the province of Alberta, Canada. They have been separated so long from the parent stock (the Algonquins) that they now have nothing in common with their brother tribes. Their customs and traditions have changed, their dialect is different, and they have, for a very long time—several centuries, in fact—been at war with the people of their own blood.

In their prime they numbered 80,000 souls. To-day there are but 6,000. War with the white man, small-pox, and "fire water" have nearly exterminated the race.

A general study of the Blackfeet, their conditions and customs, has well repaid the writer for the years he has spent among them; and of especial interest to him has been their religion. It is quite without a parallel among all the peoples of the world, civilized or savage, for it provides no happy future life for the departed spirits.

The origin of the devotion to the Sun is traced to a mythical brave named Scarface, so-called because of a disfigurement. Scarface made love to the daughter of a rich chief, and she told him that she would marry him when he got rid of his scar. It was unkind, but Scarface resolved to see what could be done. After consulting all the animals, from the wolverine to the wise beaver, he was taken across the great waters by two swans to the land where the Sun and Moon lived, with their son Morning Star. All the other children of the Sun and Moon

had been killed off by some mysterious birds, whom Scarface tackled and demolished one after the other. He was cut up himself, however, and returned home to have his wounds bound up by the horrified Moon. When the Sun came home and learnt what had been done, he asked Scarface to name his own reward.

On the earthly visitor asking to have his scar removed the Sun produced a mysterious black ointment and anointed him. Not only was the disfigurement taken away, but Scarface was a changed man, radiantly beautiful to look upon. Thereafter the Sun took him into his confidence, and taught him all the mysteries of his power and medicine, and how the people of the earth should pray to him and make sacrifices. Finally, the Sun gave the young man certain medicine tokens, as well as beautiful weapons and clothes, and then Scarface parted sadly with the Moon, and with Morning Star, who was very sorry to lose his friend. Finally, the Sun led him forth and pointed far, far away to where they could see the earth, wide and flat. And he showed him a broad, shining road,* saying: "Follow that, and it will take you straight home."

Scarface faithfully carried out the Sun's instructions, teaching the people how to pray to him and make sacrifices; how to build the great lodge which they were required to give the god each year, and what ceremonies to perform when doing so. Thus, through this young man, the people became possessors of great knowledge, and learned



MR. JAMES W. SCHULTZ WRITES FROM THE BLACKFEET RESERVATION AS "ONE OF THEMSELVES," AND IS THEREFORE AN UNQUESTIONED AUTHORITY. [Photo.]

* The Milky Way.

great effort, however, I had the tact to utter these words: "In the name of the *Rasoul*, bring me water, for I am fainting from my wounds."

The result of this appeal was extraordinary, for the two men at once turned and left me at a run in order to get me what I wanted. Half crazy with terror, I pushed my way through the dense throng, and hurried in the direction of our *khan*. Before I had gone 300yds. I was amazed to see before me the unfortunate Kolobja, calmly strolling about and "doing" the sights, for all the world as though he were a tourist. I hurriedly pulled at his garment, and whispered to him to follow me. I am afraid that this in itself drew suspicion upon us both. Perhaps he did not recognise me, owing to the blood that covered my face; but, at any rate, he remained where he was. I had no time to return for him, and hurried on as fast as I decently could. I looked neither to the right nor to the left until I had gone a long way, and then I ventured to look back. What I saw thrills me with horror even at this distance of time. The wretched Kolobja was in the hands of the two men who had suspected me in the Kääba, and I have no doubt that he was torn to pieces after a short examination. The unhappy man has never been heard of since, so there cannot be the least doubt as to his fate. To this day I am much affected when I see the photo. of him which I have lent for reproduction in this narrative.

Blame me or not as you please for not going to his assistance; but I ask you, what good would it have been? Would it not have meant the loss of two lives instead of one? My conscience is clear.

When I saw that Kolobja was seized I fairly raced out of the city, and then pushed on and on, thirsty and hungry, until I tumbled exhausted to the ground, only half conscious. I remained thus until the evening, when I roused myself

and took the main caravan road. I tried to clean my face with dust, and covered my wounded forehead with the garment I had about me. I then hurried straight on into the desert until I was at least three miles from Mecca.

Here I spent the night in hunger and wretchedness, and next morning joined a caravan returning to Jeddah, posing as a devout beggar throughout the journey. And certainly I *was* a



"WHEN I SAW THAT KOLOBJA WAS SEIZED I FAIRLY RACED OUT OF THE CITY."

beggar, in that I had to beg for food, and devout in my thankfulness at my miraculous escape. I was obliged to walk the whole of the way to Jeddah (about five days), as I had no money with me. Arrived there once again, I was helped by the agent of M. Klong and others whom I knew directly or indirectly. A day or two later I sailed direct to Port Said, proceeding from there to Constantinople and from thence home to Sofia.

where to turn in times of sickness, danger, and distress.

Now, I have transcribed the above straight from one of my note-books, in which I wrote it many years ago, just as it was told me by the old men of the tribe as we sat about the evening fire. A digression it is, and, as matter, outside the peculiar scope of *THE WIDE WORLD*; but you will see that it is not irrelevant. It is indispensable if you wish to understand what follows. Many changes have taken place since the dim days of Scarface. The buffalo has disappeared, and the Blackfeet themselves become a race of herders—raisers of beef instead of hunters of buffalo. They have become proficient in many of the ways of civilization, but through all their varied experience they have faithfully clung to their religion. Missionaries have threatened them with a life in hell instead of the Sandhills,* and the Government, even, which guarantees religious liberty to all, has sought to prevent them from holding their annual festival to the Sun. It was held as usual last summer, and armed with a camera, and accompanied by an artist friend, the writer attended it from start to finish.

In his instructions to Scarface the Sun said that when any male person was grievously sick, or in great danger, it would be proper for his wife or mother to vow to build a great lodge to the god, and make sacrifices to him, if only he would cause the one in question to regain his health or escape the dangers which beset his way. If the person making the vow were pure and good, if the one prayed for was deserving, then the Sun said he would heed the prayer of the female suppliant. As usual, there was much sickness among the Blackfeet last winter, and before spring several women had painted their faces and clothing red—the sacred colour; and had gone about through the camp, calling on everyone to bear witness that if the people they prayed for were restored to health they would build a lodge for the Sun and make many sacrifices to him. When making this vow it was the duty of any man who knew that the woman was not everything she ought to be to say so, whereupon she would be in disgrace for the rest of her life. In the old days if it happened that a wicked woman made the vow she was killed by the soldier band.

Spring came at last, and preparations were begun for the great festival. The tongues of the cattle butchered at the Agency weekly were

collected by the medicine women, as we may term those who made the vow, until they had 300—the number the Sun required. As fast as they were obtained these tongues were cut into thin sheets, and dried with much ceremony by the medicine women, and certain other women whom they called in to help. Before being cut the tongues were boiled for a few moments, and not a drop of the water was allowed to be thrown out, it being drunk as soon as cool. While the tongues were being cut some old men sang, one after another, some medicine songs, principally songs without words. There are 300 different songs for the tongue cutting. The moment a woman makes the vow above mentioned there are certain things which are for ever after prohibited to her. For example: she must never handle meat, nor dig in the ground; she may not touch a bear skin; cannot build a fire, nor carry out ashes from the fire-place. These rules the Sun made in order that those performing this vow should be distinguished as under his special protection. Anyone breaking one of them is sure to go blind.

The place selected for the building of the great medicine lodge last year was a broad level flat several miles to the west of the Agency, where there was ample room for the great camp. The time always appointed is the opening of the servis-berry season, when the fruit hangs ripe and dark on every bush—that is to say, generally in the last days of June. We repaired to the place on the 28th, and the next day the camp moved in. At the head of the long procession came the medicine women,* riding their red-painted horses very slowly, and accompanied by their husbands. Following them came their pack-horses bearing the sacred tongues and the medicine sacks containing the incense, paints, and costumes. Then came the main body of the people riding and driving—a long, long column of them; and as they arrived they took up their appointed places on the flat and prepared their camp. In a few minutes all but the centre of the prairie, where the Sun's lodge was to be, was covered with the white tepees of the tribe; and the horses, hundreds and hundreds of them, were turned out to graze on the neighbouring hills.

The next day the actual ceremonies of the festival began. Four days of certain rites were to be performed, and on the last of them the huge lodge to the Sun was to be erected. In a large tepee on the north side of the unoccupied portion of the flat the holy medicine women were gathered with their husbands. They had put on the garments prescribed by the Sun,

* Sandhills, the mythical purgatory of these Indians (Blackfeet—Spat-si-Kwa), a barren, sandy waste lying to the north-east of the Cypress Hills, Province of Alberta, Canada.

* I was strictly forbidden to take a photograph of these interesting devotees.



THE BROAD LEVEL FLAT SELECTED FOR THE MEDICINE LODGE FESTIVAL LAST SPRING. ALL EYES ARE FIXED ON SOME MEMBERS OF THE PARTED HAIR SOCIETY, WHO ARE SHOWING HOW THEIR PAST GREAT DEEDS WERE DONE.

From a Photo. specially taken for "The Wide World Magazine."

which have been handed down from one to another for generations. They consisted of dresses made of elk-skin, with togas of the same material and head-dresses of snake-skin, of raven-tail feathers, and the white-furred weasel. Their faces were painted red with an outer band of black, thus representing day and night. We endeavoured to get a photograph of these women, but were forbidden to bring the camera anywhere in their vicinity. They began on the first day to give portions of the sacred tongues to the people, who came in crowds as soon as the sun had risen. The husbands of these women priests, with a number of aged men, sat by to see that no undeserving woman obtained any of this sacred food. No one whose reputation was not of the best was allowed to receive the strange sacrament. As each family was given its portion (from a quarter to a whole tongue), they went on to make way for others, and then the portion was divided so that each member received a little of it. Holding it aloft, everyone then said a prayer to the Sun, asking for long life, health, and happiness, as well as an abundant supply of food and protection from the enemy. Then breaking off a small bit of the meat and pushing it into the earth, each one said: "Oh, ground person! Oh, mother, we present to you a piece of this sacred tongue. Have mercy on us."

After the prayer they ate their portions in silence, and then, separating, went about visiting and gossiping as usual. Having given out tongues for a time, the medicine women repaired to a point just east of the place reserved for the Sun's lodge, and erected a sweat-house of one hundred willows, one half of the sticks being painted black and the other half red. Rocks were heated near by in a large fire, and when all was ready the priestesses escorted the men to it who were to "take the sweat." These were their husbands, and several old men, who, as owners of various sacred medicines, were supposed to be especially favoured by the Sun. The framework of the medicine sweat-house was now covered with robes and blankets. Next, the men one by one crawled inside, and divested themselves of their clothing. The hot rocks were then passed in and placed in a little hole dug in the centre of the structure. A pail of water was now handed in, and on top of the lodge was placed the skull of a large buffalo-bull, half of



THE SWEAT-HOUSE OF BENT WILLOW-RODS BEFORE THE ROBES WERE PUT ON. NOTICE THE CEREMONIAL BUFFALO SKULL ON TOP.

From a Photo. specially taken for "The Wide World Magazine."

its broad, white forehead being covered with spots of red paint and one half with black. These spots represented the shots of the enemy, which, among other things, the Sun was to be petitioned against. All being ready inside, the oldest of the husbands of the medicine women dipped a buffalo tail in the water, and sprinkled the red-hot rocks. Steam began to rise, and all those with this leader, as well as the women outside, chanted the buffalo-bull song—a weird, solemn tune in minor chords. Then the old man prayed, saying: "Pity us, oh Sun—men, women, and children. Have pity on us all, and let us survive. We are building you a lodge. We are about to fulfil the words of your commands long since given to our fathers. We pray that what we are about to do will find favour in your sight. Give us all a long life. Give us health;

on the south side. On this the great day of the ceremonies, crowds of prosaic outsiders—tourists and excursionists, in fact—began to arrive early. Some were on horseback, some in waggons; whilst others came by the trains of the Great Northern Railway, which is here but a mile from the border of the flat. As we watched the crowds of people, some of them fashionably dressed ladies and gentlemen and children, wandering through the camp and gazing at the many curious objects, and as we saw the trains of the Great Northern go thundering by, we could not help but think of the days when we had seen this same tribe performing their religious rites where, as yet, the foot of the white man had scarcely trod. There they still roamed the prairies where they willed in search of the buffalo and the elk, and with savage



IGNORING THE EXCURSION TRAINS OF THE G.N.R., THESE TYPICAL BLACKFEET BRAVES WENT THROUGH THEIR GREAT CEREMONIAL AS THEIR FOREFATHERS DID BEFORE THE WHITE MAN CAME.

From a Photo. specially taken for "The Wide World Magazine."

give us plenty of food. Protect us from the snare of the enemy. Have pity on us; have pity on us."

The prayer over, more songs were sung, and then there was further praying by others, and again more songs, the ceremony lasting perhaps an hour. When at last the coverings were raised and the men came out they were dripping with sweat, and, repairing to the stream near by, they plunged into its cool depths. All this day, and the succeeding three, the medicine women neither ate nor drank. They were not to touch food or water until after sunset of the day on which the big lodge was erected.

On the second day another sweat-lodge was erected on the west side of the clear space, and the same performance was gone through as on the preceding one. The next day after that one was built on the north side; and early in the morning of the fourth day the last one, completing the four cardinal points, was erected

ferocity fought and drove away other tribes which they found upon their lands. That was but a few years ago; but what a change since then! Here was the railway close at hand, which had brought the change about. Here were the white-skinned people who had hemmed them in—who, in one way and another, had reduced their numbers from thousands to hundreds; and who, in a few short years, would fence in, plough up, and reside upon this last remnant of the great hunting grounds of the red men. And yet here, in the face of these evidences of civilization—ignorant of the fate which is soon to overtake them—these poor people were praying to their god as of yore, and making sacrifices to him of their best, with implicit faith that he will still bring them safely through all adversities.

A number of young men were now digging a circle of holes in the space between the lodges in which the forked sticks were to stand, which



HERE WE HAVE A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE GREAT MEDICINE LODGE ERECTED IN HONOUR OF THE SUN. EVERY PHASE OF ITS CONSTRUCTION WAS MARKED BY STRANGE CEREMONIES.
From a Photo. specially taken for "The Wide World Magazine."

would form the support of the wall of the great lodge. Then a larger and deeper hole was made in the centre of the circle for the great forked post which would hold up the roof. At last they were ready, and, springing upon their waiting horses, hundreds of men hurried away to the wooded valley over the hill to cut and bring back the necessary timbers and brush. Presently they were seen returning, dragging with their lariats the long poles, heavy posts, and piles of leafy brush. As the sturdy horses flew over the ground, regardless of the heavy strain of the lariats, numerous light riders rode alongside the posts and shot them full of holes, shouting the war-cry and singing their songs of triumph. They were illustrating the way they serve the enemy. Arrived at the place where the holes were dug, each post was laid in position, ready to erect; and then suddenly a great hush fell upon the people. Out from the lodge where they had been staying came the medicine women, preceded by their husbands, all in single file, and walking very slowly in step to the time



HERE WE SEE THE LODGE OF THE RAVEN MEDICINE MEN WHO DANCED IN THE GREAT STRUCTURE SEEN AT THE TOP OF THE PAGE.
From a Photo. specially taken for "The Wide World Magazine."

of a sacred song they were singing. The women wore the costumes they had assumed the first day of their fast, but the men wore nothing except a "breach-clout," moccasins, and a black blanket thrown over their shoulders. Their bodies and legs were painted red, with black stripes. The faces of both men and women were painted red, whilst in black on their foreheads were representations of the Sun and the Morning Star; a black streak was also painted down each cheek just in front of the ears. Advancing to where the centre post lay, the little party passed entirely round it, and then stopped a moment, while the women offered up some prayers. Then they went round it again and again, four times in all. After the last round the men stepped up on the post, and the women returned to their lodge. After a moment the men began the Raven dance, flapping the blankets with which they had covered their heads in imitation of the bird's wings. The Sun told the brave Scar-face that of all birds he liked the raven best—it was so cunning, so tireless and sure in its quest for food. Hence

the bird plays an important part in the ceremonies. The dancers stopped at intervals, and at the conclusion of their fourth dance they dropped their robes in the crutch of the post and then fled. At once the young men of the different societies of warriors advanced, singing and shouting. They placed the butt of the post in the hole, raised it as high as they could with their hands, and then with light lodge-



THE BUFFALO-TAIL SOCIETY OF BRAVES DANCING INSIDE THE MEDICINE LODGE.
From a Photo. specially taken for "The Wide World Magazine."



THESE ARE THE THREE PRIEST-DEVOTEES, WHO DANCE AND PRAY IN THE MEDICINE LODGE AND WHISTLE WITH THE WING-BONE OF AN EAGLE.
From a Photo. specially taken for "The Wide World Magazine."

poles pushed and held it in an upright position, while others tamped the dirt firmly about its base. The wall-posts were then put up, and long heavy poles placed in the crutches from one to the other. Next the roof-poles were laid, the butts of them resting on the wall frame and the tips in the crutch of the centre post, in which a bunch of birch brush had already been laid. And now a warrior stepped forth with a fresh beef-hide, which he cut into strips for fastening the roof-poles to their supports. As he cut each strip he recounted a deed of valour—the killing and scalping of an enemy here, the taking of a band of horses there, feats of great danger he had gone through, and so on. He was vigorously applauded by the surrounding throng. Lastly the brushwood was laid up against the wall, everywhere save a space on the eastern side, which was left for a doorway. Three men now went inside—men who during the year had vowed to the Sun that if he would grant their request (either the recovery of themselves or their relations from sickness) they would act as the Ai-tup-is-kat-si* when the people built the god's lodge. The prayers of these three had at least been granted, for here they were making preparations to fulfil the vow. As the women had fasted for four days they were now to fast so long as the ceremonies continued—in this case two days.

* Untranslatable. There is no English equivalent for this word; though perhaps as near a definition as may be given is "whistles for everyone."



OFFERINGS OF THE INDIANS (ROBES, BLANKETS, ORNAMENTS, ETC.) HUNG ON THE BIG CENTRE-POST AND APEX OF THE LODGE.
From a Photo. specially taken for "The Wide World Magazine."

With some brush they had brought for the purpose they quickly made a little alcove inside the great lodge, covering the ground with layers of the prickly juniper vine, upon which they were to sleep at nights! During the day it was to be their duty to stand in front of the entrance to their alcove and whistle, dance, and pray, each being provided with an ancient whistle made of the wing-bone of an eagle, which was blown in imitation of the cry of that bird. These men were supposed by their incantations to keep the rain from coming, and if a black cloud showed itself above the horizon, they redoubled their exertions, and frantically waved their hands at it, commanding it to depart. As they had been made well after their vows to the Sun they were said to have great influence with the god; so one after another, and in little groups, the people came and asked them to pray to the Sun in their behalf. Each of the faithful brought his offering to the Sun, a choice robe, a blanket, or some article of use and adornment, to all of which were attached bunches of the sage which is found on all the plains of the West, and, as the Sun told Scarface, is a sacred plant. Handing the offering to one of these priests, as we may call them, the person asked him to present it to the Sun for him. The priest first painted a strip of black on the person's forehead. Then, taking the offering, he passed it several times over the giver's

shoulders and head, held it aloft, and uttered the prayer. As these offerings were received they were hung at the top of the big centre-post and on the apex of the lodge, where they remained as mute evidence of the people's faith in their god. Here, too, in the old days, those warriors who had escaped great dangers fulfilled their promises, and were suspended by incisions in their back or breast, suffering terrible agony, until the flesh gave way and they fell fainting to the ground.

While the people were crowding into the great lodge to make their offerings there arose outside a great cry of "Here he is! Here he comes!" and we rushed out to see what was the cause of the excitement. We found an Indian, surrounded by a big crowd, who held a large, writhing, wriggling rattlesnake of the deadly diamond-backed variety in his hands, as carelessly as if it had been a length of rope. The snake darted its wicked-looking head here and there, thrust out its fire-red tongue, and



"SUDDENLY THE MAN OPENED HIS MOUTH AND THE SNAKE THRUST IN ITS HEAD."

From a Photo. specially taken for "The Wide World Magazine."



ONE OF THE GUILDS OR SOCIETIES OF BRAVES DEMONSTRATING HOW ITS HEROIC DEEDS WERE ACCOMPLISHED IN THE PAST.
From a Photo. specially taken for "The Wide World Magazine."

sounded its rattles ceaselessly, as though very angry.

"The Sun is good," said the snake-man, in a loud voice, so that all could hear him. "He has given me power over these crawling creatures whose bite is death. Great is the Sun."

Lifting the snake higher, he held it so that its head was close to his cheek, and it seemed to rub against him, feeling along by his ear, up under the crown of his hat and along his eyes. Suddenly the man opened his mouth, the snake thrust in its head, and he closed his teeth on it so tightly that we could see its skin wrinkle under the pressure. We thought he was going to bite it in two, but after a moment he again held it out, opened its mouth, and allowed us to see that the fangs were intact. All the afternoon the snake-charmer went round performing this feat. We learned that he had had two of the reptiles, but one had escaped during the preceding night.

Up till now the warriors of the tribe had not been especially noticeable. But during the rest of that day and for the next two they became the centre of interest; for, during that time, nearly every one of them publicly "recounted his coups"—his deeds of valour, that is to say—with the aid of others, showing just how he per-

formed each deed. These exhibitions were enacted both in the lodge and outside near by it, and were vivid portrayals of the fierce war the Blackfeet used to wage against the surrounding tribes.

We were especially pleased by the recital of a chief named Little Plume. He appeared on the scene, beautifully dressed in buckskin shirt and leggings ornamented with bead-work and ermine skins, and after telling of several raids against the enemy, while but a lad, he remarked, "At last I got married." Here his wife appeared leading a horse, upon which were packed some bedding and a couple of skin sacks. "I said to my wife," went on Little Plume, "I have but a few horses—only forty, counting the colts. Now let us pack our horse with a little food and our robes, and go to the country of the Crows. I will take many of their horses and perhaps kill some of the braves." So we started, travelling by night, and in the daytime hiding in the timber along the foot of the mountains. At last we arrived in the Crow country. After travelling all one night the sun arose, and we found we would have some distance to go to get into the timber, where we could hide and rest until night should come again. I looked carefully over the prairie and the surrounding hills, but could see no sign



THIS IS THE BLACKFEET CHIEF, LITTLE PLUME, THE DEMONSTRATING OF WHOSE PAST EXPLOITS PROVIDED QUITE A CONSIDERABLE MELODRAMA.

From a Photo. specially taken for "The Wide World Magazine."

of the enemy. 'We are safe enough,' I said; 'but still, let us hurry and get into cover.' At last we arrived at the timber, and were suddenly attacked by three Crows. I killed them all."

Little Plume and his wife now started to walk out in the open space reserved for the exhibition, the woman leading the horse. At the same instant two men representing Crow Indians appeared about a hundred yards distant, cautiously sneaking over the ground, with rifles cocked, and stopping every few steps to look and listen. Suddenly they perceived Little Plume, and at the same time he saw them, and cocking his rifle commanded his wife to lie down. As the woman crouched to the ground the Crows fired simultaneously. Little Plume returned the fire, one of the men falling and dropping his gun as naturally as if he had indeed been killed. The other, who had a muzzle-loader, poured some powder into the barrel, and was hastily getting a ball down on top of it, when another shot from Little Plume dropped him also, though he struggled to regain possession of his gun which he dropped when he fell, his left leg evidently being broken. Little Plume ran up and shot him again at close range. Just as he fired another actor, representing a third Crow, appeared, mounted on a powerful black horse, and charging down to where the squaw lay, jumped off the animal, grabbed hold of her, and attempted to raise her into the saddle. She screamed and struggled,

and her husband came running back as fast as he could. The Crow, seeing that he could not force her on to the horse, now got out his knife and attempted to stab her, but she held on to his arms so tightly that he could not use it. Just then Little Plume came running up and gave him a fierce lunge in the breast with his narrow knife. With a wild yell the Crow fell to the ground; the woman fainted beside him, and her husband, triumphant, went through the motions of taking his enemy's scalp.

Thus, the "counting of the coups" went on for two days, and the spectators saw many vivid phases of Indian warfare illustrated in a manner worthy of experienced actors. There was much dancing, too, by the different societies into which the warriors are divided. In the late afternoon of the second day after the great lodge was erected the festivities came to a close. There was a hurried packing up of the

tepees; horses were harnessed, saddled, and packed; and the people scattered out in all directions towards their homes. The setting Sun looked down on the great lodge erected in his honour, standing alone on the deserted plain, the offerings to him idly floating and swaying in the evening breeze.

Next year, at the same time, another Sun festival will be given. Those wishing to see the interesting ceremonies, as described and photographed here, can obtain good accommodations at the Agency, which is only a mile from Durham Station on the Great Northern Railway.



THIS SQUAW IS THE WIFE OF LITTLE PLUME. SHE "ACTED" WITH HER HUSBAND WHEN HE SHOWED HOW HE HAD FOUGHT THE CROW INDIANS.

From a Photo. specially taken for "The Wide World Magazine."

Sunset - Sept. 1903

A Blackfoot's Burial

By THEODORE H. HITTELL.

The Blackfoot warrior, cold in death,
A grim and ghastly corse,
Bolt upright, like a man with breath,
They bound upon his horse.

His limbs, in fringed buckskin dressed,
They tied from side to side;
And down his back, from bristling crest,
His feathers floated wide.

Upon his saddle front they lashed
His scalps, above a score;
Some large, some small, some rudely gashed,
Some thick with clotted gore.

Around his neck his wailing squaws
Arranged his triple chain
Of eagle talons, grizzly claws,
And fingers of his slain.

His corded right hand grasped his spear,
The flint-tip to the fore;
His left, his bow; and, hanging near,
Long shafts his quiver bore.

'Twas thus, as from Shoshone fight
He oft had come in pride,
They decked him now, in martial plight,
For this, his last wild ride.

The sun was sinking low and red;
The Tetons were aglow;
His kinsmen closed about the dead;
The torrent foamed below.

The horse was loosed; he jumped aside;
He reared; he pitched; he lunged;
To throw his burden vainly tried;
Then forward madly plunged.

They followed fast; they shouted loud;
They chased him round and round;
Till, frenzied by the frantic crowd,
He leaped, with fatal bound,

Over the beetling granite whirled,
Into the raging tide;
Down, down, torn limb from limb, they swirled;
Done was the Blackfoot's ride.

How to Do Without Servants

By FLORENCE JACKSON STODDARD

IT is a long time since Owen Meredith declared that "civilized man cannot live without cooks," but before that, Cervantes had said, or reminded the world, that "the devil sends cooks." The housewife of today who tries to regulate her domestic affairs to harmonize with the ideas of the times, and the conditions of the country, realizes that both these statements are true, in part, at least. In the United States, the question of domestic service becomes more and more a problem as the means of following other employments increase, and the persons who might be counted on in former times as making a class from which to draw the house worker, have developed beyond that stage and are now able to have homes of their own.

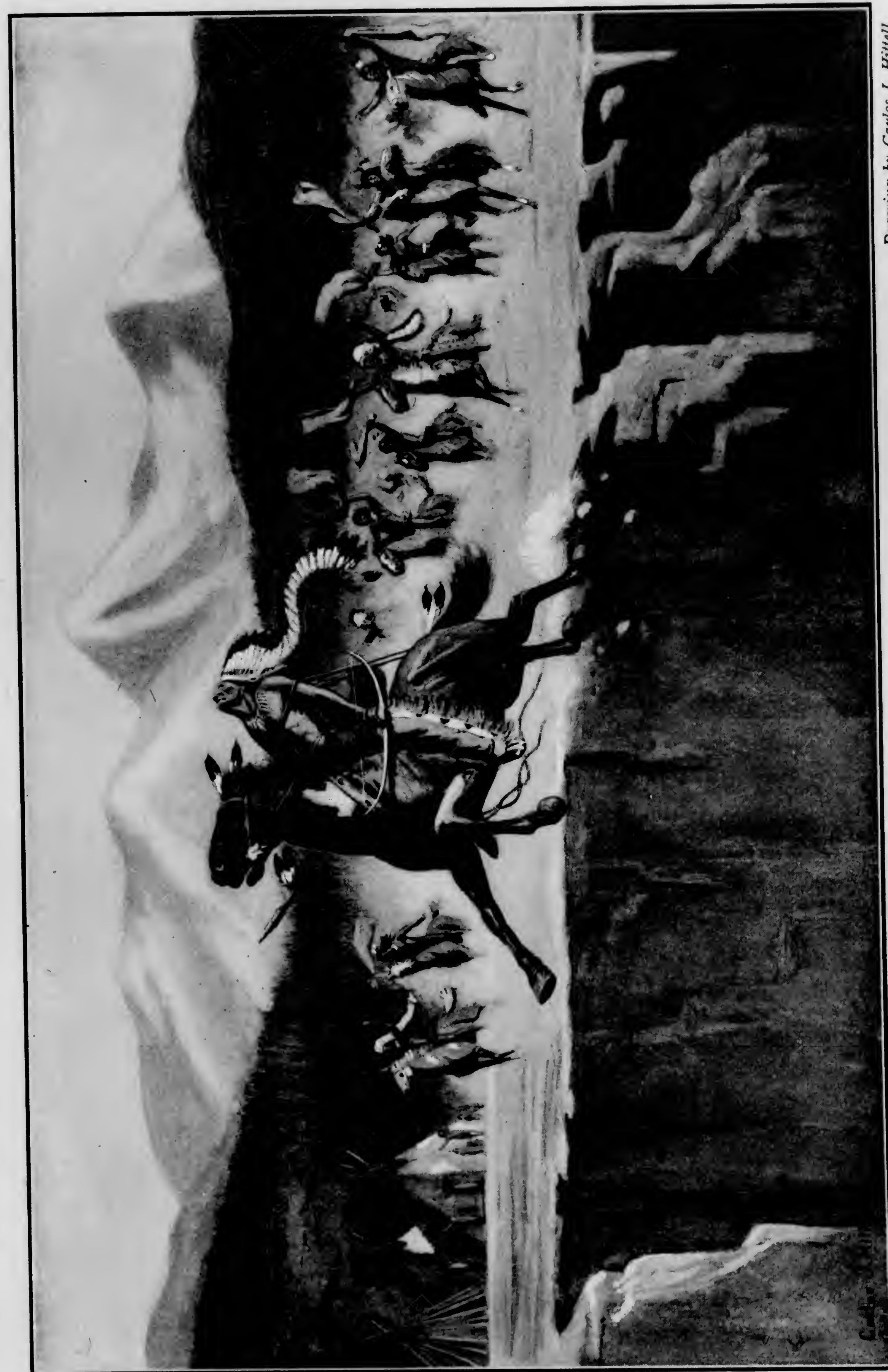
The discouraged mistress of a less ambitious period, unable or unwilling to do her own work, believes that this state of affairs is the result of a too great mixing of classes, or that people who were once energetic and thrifty, anxious to earn reasonable wages by ordinary means, are too proud or too lazy to engage in the employments that they are fitted for and are only overcrowding the markets of cheap clerkships or factory places in order not to be known as "living out." There is some truth in this supposition, but it does not comprise all the reasons for defection in the ranks of house workers. As Kipling would say: "That is another story," and as such can wait. The subject to consider at present is, "How to do without servants?"

While acknowledging, then, both the necessity and the desire of every woman who has a home to keep it in the best possible manner, and to make it an abiding place of peace and happiness, we cannot fail to recognize that to do this without servants, that is without help in the unavoidable drudgery of daily routine, requires two qualities—strength and determination—strength of body as well as of mind. More often it is the latter only that is possessed, and the woman so endowed is fond of saying, "Oh, I work on my will power; I'm not much in the

way of strength, but I can do a whole lot when I determine to."

Unfortunate creature, and unfortunate home! For the day will come when she no longer can spur on the worn-out body, and the housework so indefatigably discharged will have made an invalid, before her time, of one whose will power rightly directed would have kept her healthy, and not deprived her home of any necessary thing. Behold, then, a sacrifice to the unnecessary! A sacrifice, probably to pounds and pounds of sweetmeats put up at a cost of strength that could have been weighed in the lessening avoirdupois, as the worker roasted her skin and her brains bending over fires that were, if she did but have perception to see it, her own funeral pyre, not consuming her at once, but lengthening the torment through years and making her at last a wreck, useless to family or to herself. And this was the effect of using the will power to work on.

Or here is another, a sacrifice to home-made bread! Mountains of bread have been made and baked by frail women, kneading out in youth the strength that they will want by and by to enable them to even cut the bread for their tables. Here is another who is a sacrifice to Sunday dinners. Not to the eating, but to the nervous strain and physical labor imposed by getting a meal of elaborate dainties at the end of a week already used up in hard work. Oh! the responsibility Sunday dinners will have to answer for one day! Dinners that feed, to unwholesome gorging, the persons who partake, making them fit only for a drowsy evening, while the cook that civilized man cannot live without, is now also scullery maid, doing up piles of dishes, or like Charlotte, she may, having seen her lover carried past her on a shutter, "like a well-conducted person, went on cutting bread and butter." Or to apply the idea, the weary housewife, having cooked, served (for more likely than not she has seated all the family comfortably and then trotted about serving them, never once allowing the har-



Drawing by Carlos J. Hiltell

Over the heaving granite whirled,
Into the raging tide;

For almost every one knows that a so-called "extract" is not a simple extract at all, but a combination, a product of art. There are three or four basic odors, and with these the perfumer works, blending, mixing, as the painter uses his primary colors to make the most delicate tints and shades. Each flower contains its quota of sweet, which when extracted is called the otto of that flower, but from some of the sweetest blossoms no otto can be extracted, and here comes in the perfumer's skill. To make a heliotrope scent, or a lilac, the primary odors have to be blended, and when in successful proportion, fixed, as the artist fixes his colors, with odors, some unpleasant and most all costly, musk and ambergris, but with staying properties that will hold the fleeting combination just secured. Jasmine, tuberose and violet, in different proportions, are in almost every so-called extract or familiar compound as the Jockey Club or new mown hay.

To make one pound of rose oil, it is stated, the otto of five million blossoms is required, or one hundred pounds of violets, or twelve millions of violets to make a single pound of violet oil, and when this is supplemented with the further numerical statement that Parisian perfumes alone consume over a million pounds of flower oil a year, an idea of the industry is gained.

One of the pleasant features of the industry is the occupation it offers to a large number of people, and light work, too, adapted to girls and women. For leaving the preparation of flowers for perfumes out of the calculation, there is employment for a large corps of women in the dressing and arrangement of attractive packages.

The manzanita perfume, made by the California firm, is said to possess peculiar efficacy in the sick-room, and it

carries its individual fragrance to other states and countries with a suggestion or reminiscence of a shaded land where wild azaleas grow, mingling their perfume with the piny odors of the favored spots where lives the red-limbed manzanita.

Quaint is the record of historic scents, for that perfumes were considered to be of enough importance to record we know, for we have been told that maidens in ancient Greece and Rome had their particular perfume which they were allowed to use, always a simple scent, as matrons were allowed the compound extracts, a queen boasting of twenty-seven. From the myth of Medea, the pioneer perfumer, past Poppœa to Queen Elizabeth,

who perfumed her wigs with Spanish leather steeped in musk, we have had all sorts of foibles, some based on known properties, others with no firmer foundation than my lady's whim; from the beginning of history to the present day the record is broken, but picturesque in its lapses as in detail. And from the custom of ages we have gathered a few hints which the modern



JAPANESE IRIS BED

perfumer does not ignore. One is that jasmine used alone tones the system, but that almost all of its compounds debilitate and depress.

Who can say that that is all fable? That lavender is soothing, even to my lady of nerves, who can deny? The citrene scents, neroli, bergamot and orange-flower water are said to be stimulating, while neroli, with jasmine added by niggardly fingers, should be used when Madame has hysteria, so that laughter shakes the tears from her lashes. So perhaps in future novels manzanita may supplant the shop-worn eau-de-cologne, and that heroine of the Pacific may banish her nerves or soothe her headache with the subtle perfume and cooling suggestion of the manzanita.

interest in one of the garages. She and her partner did not agree on the management and she sold out to him. The garage she now owns was then for sale under bankruptcy proceedings and Mrs. Wilson, again borrowing money, bought it. For a long time it was a losing venture, and she had to get right in with the other mechanics and help make expenses. Gradually, because she believed in "deliver the goods as you said you would, even if you lose money," things began to grow easier. The first year showed a little profit, the second year a larger one, the third year business was so profitable that Mrs. Wilson is now able to spend half her time at her housekeeping, giving afternoons only to the garage, but when necessity arises she dons overalls and tackles any job.

"At first," she says, "I found that men resented the fact that the garage was run by a woman, not only my customers, but the men who worked for me, but I asked no favors and after I had shown them that I knew as much about their business as they did I won their respect. It's no easy game for a woman but it pays—if you're willing to give it all the effort it requires."

Mrs. Wilson now has ambitions for a six-story garage, plans for which are in the making. She expects to pay for it out of the revenues of the business which three years ago went into bankruptcy in the hands of a mere man.

PAUL N. WILSON.

A Blackfeet Artist

LONE WOLF sat in his tepee at the edge of Glacier Park in the Rocky Mountain foothills, painting on canvas with masterful strokes. For an hour and a half I watched in silence while from rough outlines appeared the gaunt figure of an aged Indian, seated cross-legged in a tepee, his gaze fixed upon a deer-skin at his feet. Then Lone Wolf rose, carefully wiped the brushes and turned toward me, standing at the full height of his straight and angular six feet.

"What is it to be?" I asked.

"Memories," he replied in a voice deep and vibrant. "Memories of an Indian who has parted with all his possessions but the deerskin. On it he is painting the story of his life. Iron Eater posed for the figure. Now I am painting it."

And no one has keener vision than Lone Wolf in depicting the tragic story of the vanishing race of red men. He is a Blackfeet Indian, whose tribe is passing to hunting-grounds where white men may not encroach. I had been introduced to him by Susan, wife of Two Guns White Calf, who does not speak English and whose daughter Mary is a tribe interpreter. The reservation is near Glacier Park; Lone Wolf's cottage and his studio tepee are above a little stream, tributary to Medicine river. Here he was born on a wild wintry night thirty-eight years ago

and grew to boyhood among the customs and traditions of his people. In summer he modeled figures of horse, buffalo, cougar and bear from clay found in a brook. Yellow Wolf, his grandfather, saw that the work was good and did not chide him when the small fingers filched a bit of ochre or crayon from the lodge of the tribal painter, and on a bit of deer-skin or the shoulder-blade of elk or buffalo tried to paint the animals familiar to him. There came unhappy days when he had to go to school where nothing interested him but lessons in drawing. At eleven he was punching cattle with young bucks whose evil deeds he mistook for glorious heroism. Expelled from school at twelve because he rebelled at a routine of chores he became an expert horse-wrangler, rode in contests, engaged in various deviltries including a cattle raid, was arrested and handcuffed; leaping to the back of a cayuse he escaped the sheriff by putting the manacles over the saddle horn and guiding the horse with

his knees. Lone Wolf has redeemed himself since then. Today the sheriff is one of his staunchest friends.

Among the Navajos in the Grand Cañon of the Colorado he punched cattle, painted landscapes, posed for the movies, won a beautiful belt trophy as champion bronco buster of Arizona and Old Mexico. His first canvases were sold in 1908. Last year a dozen paintings exhibited in New York City revealed the soul of the artist and his insight into the hearts of men. This year's exhibit will be a dramatic portrayal of the first Americans in their great present need of government aid. When Montana was taken from the Blackfeet they numbered seventy thousand. Not two hundred survive. Ever friendly to the whites, they did not resist invasion. Lone Wolf's heart is with his people. He said:

"They are grossly mistreated. Their ration is pitifully small. They are denied hunting and fishing. Every summer I return, bringing food and clothing, and



Lone Wolf is a Blackfeet Indian artist. He paints remarkable pictures portraying the characters, customs, traditions and tragedies of tribes who are victims of governmental neglect. His income he shares with his people

I have sometimes cooked all day for the hungry. I share my income with them. If Americans as individuals would provide for them as wards during the winter it would be a great mercy [to my unfortunate people.]

ESTELLE LE PREVOST.

Alaska's Treasurer

"THERE wasn't a cent in the Treasury," said Walstein G. Smith, Territorial Treasurer of Alaska. We were sitting on the sun-porch of his comfortable home, looking down over the city of Juneau to the blue Gastineau Channel where concrete buildings and ore dumps of three great gold mines were reflected in the water. The rumble of ore cars came from the mountain back of us. Steamers laden with the season's salmon pack lay at the docks below; trading schooners of fur buyers and the gas boats of fox-ranchers and halibut-fishers rode at anchor in the bay.

"Yes," he continued, "though Alaska produced in wealth nearly nine hundred and fifty millions of dollars from 1867, the year of its purchase, to 1920, there wasn't a single cent in the Treasury in 1913 when the office of Territorial Treasurer was created at the meeting of the first Alaska Legislature. I was given the appointment because no one else wanted it, I reckon. There wasn't even a tax law drafted then and it didn't look as if enough money would come in to pay office rent, let alone a salary. My first equipment as Treasurer was exceedingly modest. I hadn't a book or a pencil and went into debt personally for printing, stationery and rent. In two little rooms here in Juneau I set up a couple of rickety chairs and an old desk that had been thrown out of the Governor's residence.

"It was over two months before a cent of revenue came in. By this time I was up to my ears in debt, but too busy to worry. The first legislature was making new tax laws to supply the Treasury with funds, but they were blazing trails in their line as I was in mine. Falcon Joslin, a well-known Alaskan operator, voiced the popular opinion of all my Job-comforting friends when he said confidentially one day, anent these laws: 'Smith, honestly, I don't think you can raise a dollar on any of 'em!'"

But Smith hadn't been a banker all his business life for nothing and he set to work to find a solution to the paradoxical financial problem of Alaska—the richest territory in the world, with the poorest treasury. He was obliged for two

years to do all the clerical work himself in addition to his other duties. He had to work with a land whose coast line, including islands, is long enough to encircle the globe; a country with more area than England, Ireland, Scotland, Norway, Sweden and Finland combined, and a climate as diversified as that of the United

not into account inaccessibility, snow and ice, but commands that properties must be sold when taxes become delinquent.

That Smith did solve Alaska's financial problem is evidenced by the prosperous state of the Treasury today and by the fact that he has remained in office ever since the office was created. As to how he overcame the obstacles, results will have to speak for him, for while he will tell what every other official has done to benefit his country, no amount of questioning will make him talk of his own achievements.

Here is an example of the amusing things that come up. In December he sent to a storekeeper nine hundred miles in the interior a notice to pay a delinquent tax of \$25 for dispensing non-alcoholic beverages. In June, on the first mail out, the following answer was received:

Dere Sir: I dont ow you any taxis. I dont sell non-alcoholic drinks all I sell is beer I make myself out of hops and malt, and I dont sell \$25 wort a year. if I hav to pay this taxis I hav just to quit sellin it thats all.

Smith's first Alaska experience in banking was not as Treasurer. In 1907 he was sent to establish a bank at Katalla, a new town where two rival railroads and two breakwaters were building. It had seventeen saloons, the reputation of being the wildest place in the Territory, no harbor, and was a place of terrific gales, the Pacific rolling in to break on a bar that stretched across the front of the town. Steamers came to anchor two miles out, unloaded cargoes and passengers on to scows and launches—when the weather permitted. Very often it didn't. Smith made two attempts to land before he was able to go ashore, then was forced to leave his baggage aboard, owing to the storm. His endeavors to land his cash, books and furnishings for the First Bank of Katalla are history. Ella Higginson in her book on Alaska refers to him as the itinerant banker. She writes:

One whole banking outfit including everything necessary for the opening of a bank save the cashier, who was already there, and the building, which was waiting, was taken up on the steamer. Not being able to lighter it ashore the steamer carried the bank to Cook Inlet (eight hundred miles). Upon its return conditions again made it impossible to enter the bay and the bank was carried back to Seattle. When the steamer again went north, the bank went too; when the steamer returned, the bank returned.

Finally some cash and the safe were landed but there wasn't a chair to sit on nor a book to begin with, so Smith was forced to wait again. He found himself



There wasn't a cent in the treasury when Walstein G. Smith was appointed Territorial Treasurer of Alaska. Nothing to it but its high-sounding title. But you can make bricks without straw if you have brains and energy of the Walstein G. brand. He has saved Alaska's financial face

States. Sections of it are as mild in temperature and as accessible all the year as the northern part of California, while others are frozen in, ten months out of twelve, and have only two mail deliveries a year. It was Smith's job to reconcile these conflicting areas, as regards tax returns, and figure out how the residents of the outlying districts might get their taxes in to the capital at Juneau before they were delinquent—for the law takes

The Pikuni or Blackfeet Indian of Today

COLD-MAKER has come again to the Pikuni. His partner, Snow-Maker, is with him. They came from the Far North country and they are great cowards. They visit the Pikuni each year, for they know that these Indian children fear them greatly. Cold-Maker and Snow-Maker shake hands with each other and laugh, as they hover over the Great Mountains. Looking down on these helpless people who have been driven from their shelter and hunting grounds, to the open prairie, they say, "Now we have them in the Piskun 'Buffalo Corral' and this winter we shall make them suffer, as we have for the past 100 winters. We have with us our great helper, who has been our chief, always. He is old now, but he is powerful. His name is the Indian Bureau. His heart is glad when he can bring misery and suffering to the Indians. We three, of much power, have no pity. Ah-h!"

The Indian Bureau is 100 years old. Here are four examples of conditions on the Blackfeet Reservation which I have seen with my eyes. Hundreds of like cases exist thruout the reservation, which clearly shows the unfitness of the Indian Bureau and its workings.

1. An Indian Lodge, the home of a little boy who is infected with T. B., his neck and face a mass of running sores. Strips from an old soiled apron were bound about the boy's head. He wore no shoes or stockings. A torn cotton shirt and khaki trousers was all that the boy wore. A sister has trichoma. One wash basin was used by the entire family. The girl would dry her face with her apron and the boy would use his sleeve. No physician had visited this family, neither have they been cautioned by anyone about danger of infection. Lack of proper food was clearly evident. It was supper time and a pail of berry soup was all that they had. The day was cold and rainy and they all wore thin, cotton clothes.

2. A widow with two little children, one of whom she was nursing, lives with her old father. He is a pure blood and is highly respected by his people. These little children's legs were bare. They and their mother wore thin cotton dresses. The weather was biting cold. All the food that they had was a little smoked meat, given them by a friend. The mother is tubercular.

3. A child in a neighboring lodge is afflicted with trichoma. She uses the same wash basin that the other children use. No visiting nurse or physician to tell them otherwise.

4. A certain school presided over by a most capable, splendid woman, who works for a mere pittance. She loves those Indian children; that is why she stays there. I inspected the sanitary conditions in this school and found an earthen drinking fountain with a jet faucet. The jet was broken and the children were obliged to suck the water with their lips, from the metal jet. There was one wash basin for all. No towels, either cotton or paper. The girls used their aprons to wipe their faces on. The boys their sleeves for the same purpose. As cited above, trichoma and T. B. exist in nearly all families. The chance for contagion is apparent. If the teacher complained, in all probability she would be "fired."

T. B. and trichoma, as well as unsanitary conditions, exist in nearly every lodge on this reservation to such a deplorable degree that it is a menace to the safety of the public. The great hotels and chalets that are built on the stolen lands of the Blackfeet Nation employ no Indians. It appears that they do not wish to endanger the health of their patrons. However,

it remains a fact that both guests of the hotels and citizens of nearby villages come in close contact with disease thru intermingling at stores, postoffices, railroad stations, etc.

The Indian agent on this reservation is doing all that he can. He knows the conditions and is on the job all the time. He is sincere in his efforts to bring content and comfort to the Pikuni. Thru the efforts of this agent the raising of crops has improved. If this agent had the benefit of funds that are ruthlessly wasted by the Indian Bureau, the public would soon see a great change for the better, in the deplorable conditions on this reservation. What can an agent do with disease when the Bureau furnishes him physicians at a salary of \$1,000 per year?

YOU may say, "Why don't the Indians work?" There is no work. This reservation is isolated. The hotels will not employ an Indian, even as guide in the mountains, which were once theirs. "Why don't they farm it? Why don't they raise stock?" They have no money with which to carry on successful farming or stock raising. Their income from leasing land at 10 cents an acre, amounts to about \$16 per year. This money is nearly always held for payment for supplies gotten in the past. They do not have adequate teaching. Neither does the climate warrant successful crop raising each year. One Indian planted his cabbage like carrots are planted. He was never told to thin them out or transplant. The Pikuni have no tribal or individual herds.

The head of the Indian Bureau writes that he has visited this reservation, that he found all the Indians contented and happy. He speaks with a crooked tongue. When there is a sickness in an Indian family, the heads of this family are not contented and happy. Their hearts are sad. Any white person who goes to the other side of the curtain, which is guarded by the Indian Bureau, will find conditions as stated. Few white people know the evil workings of the Indian Bureau. They believe the Bureau to be just, for this Bureau spends vast sums of money belonging to the Indians for printing literature, telling of the good work being done for the Indian. The white people believe it to be true. The tongue of the Bureau is crooked. The Indian Bureau is one of unjust oppression, cruelty and unfitness. It is bad. Apparently all that the Bureau has done for the Indian in the past 100 years has been to rob him, waste his money and tell him that his God is a nothing God.

A pure-blood Pikuni, a great buffalo hunter in the old days, was standing on a rock overhanging a canyon. Pointing to where the sun comes from he said, "All that country at one time belonged to my people. The Great White Father lied to us with a cunning tongue. He stole our lands. That is why my shirt is ragged cotton and not made from the hide of an elk. That is why we have no warm blankets for the old people and children. That is why the Pikuni suffer. Look, Apinawki-Pita, the Pikuni is like that band of sheep, which you see grazing on the bench land and owned by the white man. He has a sheep herder there with his dog, to guard the sheep and keep them from straying. There are sheep herders for all the Indians. The Indian agent is the sheep herder. The Great White Father is the owner of us all. He is a bad owner, for his bands are dying fast and soon there will be no more Indian sheep."

That is all I have to say.

Wash.

APINAWKI-PITA.

(C. F. Schuster.)



A Vanishing Glory

A generation ago the picturesque lodges of the Blackfeet sheltered a happy and contented people. Today two-thirds of the children are tubercular, most of the adults are chronically undernourished and the old are actually dying of hunger and exposure. Details of the sordid drama are given on page 38.



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Wash. Post. Jan. 30, 1903.

CHIEF'S LONELY DEATH

Noted Indian Warrior Dies in Hospital Here.

NONE OF HIS TRIBE AT HAND

White Calf, Aged Eighty, Scarred with the Wounds of Many Battles, Had Come to Washington to Protest in Behalf of His Fellows on Lane Deer Reservation—Seized with Pneumonia.

White Calf, head chief of the Blackfoot Indians, who played a part in the celebrated Indian wars of the West in the '60s, and fought on many a bloody battlefield with Gen. Miles, winning that soldier's high regard for his military abilities, died at Providence Hospital at 11:25 o'clock last night of pneumonia, aged eighty years. He came to Washington less than a week ago to lay before Indian Commissioner Jones a protest from his tribe, located at the Lane Deer Reservation, in Montana, against proposed measures to lease certain valuable lands from the Indians, but while his mission was largely successful, the aged chief, battle-scarred and worn out by prolonged fight against encroaching civilization, did not live to see his pleadings with the Great White Father successful. In his day White Calf was a power to be reckoned with, and in the annals of the Indian uprisings of the Northwest he has a place as secure as that of Sitting Bull or Big Foot.

No Indian at His Death Bed.

White Calf died alone, with not a fellow-chief or brave to take a message back to his people. Yesterday morning the band of about half a dozen Indians from the Montana reservation which came to Washington on Sunday to plead for their rights returned to Lane Deer and left the head chief of the tribe in the hospital. Their work was concluded and they could not stay. They carried with them the sad news of his illness, and

it was seen yesterday morning that White Calf could not live.

The Indian was taken ill three days ago with a severe attack of pneumonia. Dr. Thomas N. Vincent was called in at the Indian boarding-house on Third street northwest, where all Indian visitors stay, and had the venerable chieftain removed to the hospital. There he grew rapidly worse until the end came late last night.

White Calf had at least one friend in Washington, and Dr. A. C. Merriam, of the Biological Survey, last night mourned his loss. Dr. Merriam some years ago, while on a survey in Montana, met the chief, and an intimate friendship sprang up between them. When White Calf was taken ill Dr. Merriam gave him every attention possible, and finally summoned a physician.

Body Covered with Old Wounds.

In the early sixties, when White Calf was in the prime of manhood, he was an aggressive participant in the Indians' struggle for supremacy against the whites. When taken to the hospital the physicians marveled, for never before had such a man been treated there. White Calf was covered with wounds. His aged body had been cut and torn in innumerable frays. His breast, when bared, was literally covered with gunshot wounds, now long since healed, while his limbs and trunk bore witness to the strenuous life he had led.

It was in connection with the famous Chief Big Foot, and the historic battle of Wounded Knee, that White Calf first won enduring fame. On that occasion, when the United States troops, under Capt. Whiteside, engaged hand-to-hand with the remnants of Red Cloud's band, White Calf was in the heart of battle. Big Foot's band had agreed to surrender to the government troops, and the Indians, including squaws and papooses, were drawn up on a small plain surrounded by hills.

Big Foot was ill with "the white man's disease" at the time, and White Calf, a little chief then, was in command of a portion of the band. The order of the troops was that the Indians should surrender their arms, but this order was misunderstood.

The soldiers then attempted to disarm the red men.

The Indians were crouching on the ground, chanting their death song. When the first hostile move of the troops was made in an instant the plaintive chant changed to the war song. The Indians sprang to their feet, drew rifles from beneath their blankets, and opened fire on the troops at short range. Troops and Indians then engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle, which makes one of the bloodiest pages in American Indian war history. White Calf, after the Indians were forced to surrender, was sent with the remnants of the band from reservation to reservation in Dakota and Wyoming. For some years the Indians have been living at Lane Deer, Mont., about ninety miles north of Fort Keogh.

LIFE AMONG THE BLACKFEET.

BY J. WILLARD SCHULTZ.

Eleventh Paper—Folk-Lore.

THE OLD MAN MEETS A WONDERFUL BIRD.

AS the Old Man was walking in the woods one day he saw something very queer. A bird was sitting on the limb of a tree making a peculiar noise, and every time it made this noise its eyes would go out of its head and fasten on the tree, then it would make another kind of a noise and its eyes would go back to their place.

"Little Brother," cried the Old Man, "teach me how to do that."

"If I show you how to do that," replied the bird, "you must never let your eyes go out more than three times a day, for if you do, you will be very sorry."

When the bird had taught the Old Man the trick he was very glad, and did it three times, then he stopped. "That bird has no sense," he said, "what did he tell me to do it only three times for? I'll do it again, anyhow." So he made his eyes go out a fourth time, but alas! he could not call them back again. Then he cried to the bird: "Oh, Little Brother!" come help me get back my eyes." But the little bird did not answer him. It had flown away. The Old Man felt all over the trees with his hands but he couldn't get his eyes, and he wandered all over crying and calling the animals to help him. A wolf had much fun with him. The wolf had found a dead buffalo, and taking a piece of the meat which smelled, he would hold it close to the Old Man's nose, then the Old Man would say, "I smell something dead," and he would grope all around in hopes to find it. Once when the wolf was doing this, the Old Man caught him, and plucking out one of its eyes put it in his own head, then he was able to find his own eyes, but he could do the trick the little bird taught him no more.

Moral: Do as you are told.

THE OLD MAN RUNS A RACE.

One day the Old Man killed a jack rabbit and quickly built a fire to roast it on. Far off a coyote smelled the cooking, and coming up limping very badly, holding up one of his paws, he said: "Old Man! Old Man! Give me a little. I am very hungry."

Then the Old Man said to him: "Go away! If you are too lazy to catch your eating I will not feed you."

"My leg is broken," said the coyote. "I can't run. I am very hungry."

"Go away," said the Old Man; "I will not feed you."

Then the coyote limped away. Pretty soon he came back again and asked for only one leg of the rabbit.

"Here," said the Old Man, "do you see that butte way over there? Let's run a race to that butte, and whoever gets there first will have the rabbit."

"All right," said the coyote. So they started. The Old Man ran very fast, and the coyote limped along after him. But when they had got close to the butte the coyote turned round and ran back very fast, for he was not lame at all.

He had been fooling the Old Man. The Old Man ran back as fast as he could after the coyote, and when he got to the fire the coyote was sitting upon a little hill eating the rabbit.

"Oh, my little brother," cried the Old Man, "give me a piece of it."

"Come and get it," said the coyote, as he swallowed the last piece of it, and trotted off on the prairie.

Moral: Feed the hungry. Things are not always as they look to be.

THE OLD MAN PUNISHES A THIEF.

One night the Old Man sat by the fire roasting a piece of meat. It was a very large piece of meat, and he went to sleep before it was cooked. A lynx, which had been watching him, now crept up and began to eat the meat. The Old Man woke up, and seeing what was going on grabbed the lynx saying, "Oh, you thief," and he pulled off his tail, all but a short piece, and pounded him on the head, making his nose very short. "There," said he, throwing him out into the brush, "that's the way you lynxes will look after this." To this day the lynxes have short tails and noses.

[Note.—Many of the best legends which explain the different phenomena of nature are related with the doings of the Old Man, but unfortunately they are so indecent that they cannot be translated and printed.—J. W. S.]

Blackfoot Tribes

Nov. 20, 1885

thus fixed, he cannot be disturbed in possession by the landlord, except on the payment of a fine known as 'compensation for disturbance.' The tenant may sell his tenant-right to another, who has then all the privileges as against the landlord which the original tenant enjoyed. In this way are secured the three 'F's,' — Fair rents, Fixity of tenure, and Free sale. In this way, also, the landlord is almost completely deprived of any real control of his property.

The act has not been, by any means, a dead letter. Eighty-five sub-commissioners were, in 1883, engaged in the work of determining 'fair rents,' and the number was afterwards somewhat increased. As a result a general reduction in rent was effected, amounting on the average to about twenty per cent, and in some cases to thirty per cent and upwards. This virtually amounts to a confiscation of from one-fifth to one-third of the capitalized value of landed estates in Ireland. Its moral effect may lead to a still further reduction in value: for who can be sure that a government which has confiscated one-fifth of the estate will not subsequently confiscate it all if peace and quiet shall not follow as a result of the present measure?

Both acts above mentioned contained provisions intended to favor the growth of a class of peasant proprietors. The purchase of holdings by tenants in the case of estates which fell under the jurisdiction of the encumbered estates court, was favored by the authority given to the Irish board of works, in 1870, to advance two-thirds (increased in 1881 to three-fourths) of the purchase-money at three and a half per cent interest, to be repaid at intervals during a period of thirty-five years. It has already been proposed to extend this authority so as to let them advance all the purchase-money at a lower rate of interest, for a longer time.

He would be a bold man indeed who would assert that these acts, sweeping as they are, constitute any real contribution to the actual solution of the Irish problem. Such a statement could only be made by one who had a political point to gain, or who had given but little attention to the actual investigation, even at second hand, of the social and economic conditions which prevail over a large part of Ireland. The difficulty lies deeper than any mere landlordism, and it will not be long until the Irish land question will be again to the front, and that, too, whether Ireland be under English or Irish rule.

These acts, however, mark a new era in English legislation on this subject. They indicate (and herein lies the hopeful feature of the case) that the English people are now ready to take up this and similar questions in earnest. They are now

willing to throw to the winds all doctrinaire theories of *laissez-faireism*, to disregard alarmist speeches about approaching communism or socialism, and to close their ears to the old song about the supreme sacredness of private property. They are now determined, after getting all the light they possibly can from economic and historical science, to make use of the only means which promises any solution whatever, viz., that of actual experimentation. The outcome of the recent experiments in Ireland, to which the late acts have been practically limited, will afford great assistance in the solution of the Scottish and English land questions, which must soon come to the front.

E. J. JAMES.

THE BLACKFOOT TRIBES.

At the late meeting of the British association for the advancement of science, a committee of the anthropological section presented a report (prepared by Mr. Horatio Hale) on the tribes of the noted Blackfoot confederacy. The report comprises many particulars relating to the origin and history of the tribes, the character of the people, their mythology, languages, and mode of government, and their present condition. The facts have been mostly derived from correspondence with missionaries now residing among the people, and from official documents, with some memoranda made by the author of the report during an exploring tour in Oregon. Only a brief abstract of the information thus brought together can here be given.

The tribes composing the confederacy are, or rather were, five in number. Three of these, forming the nucleus of the whole body, are the original Blackfoot tribes, who speak the same language, and regard themselves as descended from three brothers. These are the Siksika, or Blackfeet proper; the Kena, or Blood Indians; and the Piekanè, or Piegans (pronounced Peegans), — a name which is sometimes corrupted to 'Pagan Indians.' To these were added, when the confederacy was at the height of its power, two other tribes, — the Sarcees, who joined them from the north; and the Atsinas, who came under their protection from the south. The Sarcees are a branch of the great Athabaskan or Tinnèh family, which is spread over the northern portion of the continent, in contact with the Eskimo. The Atsinas, otherwise known as Fall Indians and Gros Ventres, are shown by their language to be akin to the Arapohoes, who once wandered over the Missouri plains, but are now settled on a reservation in the Indian Territory.

The dividing line between the United States and

SCIENCE.—SUPPLEMENT.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1885.

RECENT LAND LEGISLATION IN ENGLAND.

THE attitude of the English government toward the land question has undergone a thorough revolution within the last generation. Thirty years ago all propositions to reform the abuses which had grown up under the present system of land laws were uniformly met by loud protests about the sacredness of vested interests, the 'naturalness' of the existing order, and the danger to society and the government of disturbing it in any way whatever. It was insisted that it would be a violation of all sound principles of political economy for the government to go beyond its province so far as to interfere with the relation of landlord and tenant, or that of tenant and laborer, or that existing between these classes as a whole and the public. So vigorous was this protest, and so in accordance with the prevailing views as to the true sphere of government interference, that reformers were usually content to withdraw their propositions.

But this attempt to delay or prevent much-needed reforms in governmental policy was destined to bring with it the usual penalty. The disease, which might have been modified, if not entirely cured, by mild remedies rightly applied at an early stage, became more and more deep-seated and serious with every passing year. The movement for reform, too long delayed, and gathering force with every rebuff, has finally proved irresistible, and in its onward sweep has carried the government and the people far beyond what would have been necessary if legitimate demands had been satisfied in the first place.

The evidence of this is seen very plainly in the changed attitude and policy of the government, which has recently given most unmistakable evidence of its determination to take up the question in earnest, and to leave no stone unturned in order to secure a permanent settlement. In this endeavor, limited thus far chiefly to one phase of the Irish land question, it does not propose to be checked by any theoretical considerations as to the true limits of government interference. It stands ready to do any thing which promises to afford permanent or even temporary relief. If necessary, it will declare martial law. It will

confiscate landed estates by the wholesale. It will change a tenant at the will of the landlord into a tenant at his own will. It will convert a tenant into a proprietor. It will lend money, to those wishing to buy land, at low rates of interest and on insufficient security. It will destroy all freedom of contract in regard to the use of land. It has, indeed, already done all these things.

The proof of these statements is to be found in the history of recent acts of parliament on the land question.¹ It is impossible to convey a clear idea of such a complicated problem as the Irish land question in a brief space, but one or two of the most important points may be set forth which will illustrate the far-reaching sweep of recent legislation.

The act which really introduced the new policy was that of 1870, which declared whole classes of contracts hitherto in vogue between landlord and tenant to be void both in law and equity, and established the novel principle of compensation for disturbance or damages for eviction. It took from the landlord the right to dismiss a tenant so long as he paid his rent. It secured to the latter a just compensation for all improvements, whether made with or without the consent of the landlord, and conferred on him the power to sell his tenant-right, with all the privileges pertaining thereto. This act was in form, therefore, a great encroachment on the control of the landlord over his property. But as it did not regulate the amount of rent which the latter might exact, it left him, after all, in practical control of his property, since he might raise the rent at will, and evict the tenant if he did not choose to pay it. It rather aggravated than lessened the difficulty.

The act of 1881, which was the most important act relating to Ireland, was the logical outcome of the act of 1870. It finished the work which the latter had begun by establishing a series of optional courts for regulating rents. They are optional in the sense that either landlord or tenant may resort to them in case he is not contented with the terms of a lease. The court, in case of a resort to it, fixes the rent which the landlord may exact. When the rent is thus judicially fixed, it is to hold good for a period of fifteen years, when, by a similar process, it may be modified to suit altered circumstances during another period of like duration. As long as the tenant pays the rent

¹ *Economic aspect of recent legislation.* By WILLIAM WATT. London, Longmans, Green, & Co., 1885.

NOVEMBER 20, 1885.]

SCIENCE.

457

Canada has cut the confederacy in two. Most of the Piegiens, with the few surviving Atsinas, reside on the American side, where a large reservation has been set apart for them, along the head waters of the Missouri River. The residue of the Piegiens, with the Siksika, Kena, and Sarcee bands, dwell on reserves laid off for them near the southern boundary of the Canadian north-west territories, adjacent to the Rocky Mountains. Thus the lands occupied by these tribes, though much diminished in extent, are in the same region which they held fifty years ago, when their confederacy was the dominant power among all the Indians west of the Mississippi. At that period their numbers were reckoned at thirty thousand souls. Various causes, but more especially the ravages of the small-pox, have greatly reduced them. The population of the four Canadian reserves is computed at about 6,500, divided as follows: Blackfeet (Siksika), 2,400; Bloods (Kena), 2,800; Piegiens (Piekanè), 800; Sarcees, 500. On the American reservation there are stated to be about 2,300, mostly Piegiens, with some Sarcees. This would bring up the total number of Indians in these tribes to nearly 9,000 souls.

The country inhabited by the Blackfeet was the favorite resort of the buffalo. The vast herds which roamed the plains, or found shelter during the winter in the woody recesses of the mountains, furnished the tribes not merely with food, but with the skins which made their tents and their clothing. The complete extermination of these animals, which has taken place during the last five years, has made an entire change in the mode of life of these Indians. From a race of wandering hunters, they have become a community of farmers, and, as the official reports show, have displayed a remarkable aptitude for the arts of civilized life. Under the direction of superintendents and farm instructors appointed by the Canadian government, they have erected comfortable log-houses, well furnished with cooking-stoves, table-ware, and other household appliances, and have raised large quantities of potatoes, barley, oats, turnips, and other esculents. They have shown themselves always orderly and prudent in their dealings with the government and the white settlers.

The Blackfoot language was formerly supposed to be entirely different from any of the languages spoken by the surrounding tribes. This was the report of the first explorers. Further investigations have shown that this opinion was not well founded. The language proves to be Algonkin in its grammar, but to be in a large part of its vocabulary widely different from other Algonkin tongues. It is evidently a mixed language, of the

kind which results from the conquest of one tribe or nation by another speaking a different tongue. What is known of the history of the Blackfeet shows how this conquest and intermixture may have taken place. The Blackfoot tribes formerly inhabited the Red River country, from which, as there is good reason to believe, they were driven westward by the Crees, who formerly dwelt in Labrador and about Hudson Bay, but who now occupy the ancient homes of the Blackfeet along the Red River and the Saskatchewan. The Blackfeet, when they retreated to their final refuge in the valleys and plains along the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, had in their turn to overcome and absorb the population which they found there. The traditions of the people, and other circumstances, seem to show that the tribe thus conquered — and whose language probably furnished the foreign portion of the Blackfoot vocabulary — had come from the west or Oregon side of the mountains.

In further confirmation of this view, it is shown that the Blackfeet have not only a mixed language, but also a mixed religion. While their legendary cosmogony and their principal deities are purely Algonkin, their chief religious ceremony, the famous sun-dance, to which they are fanatically devoted, — the most extraordinary trial of faith and of endurance known among the western Indians, — is clearly of exotic origin. It is wholly unknown to the other Algonkin tribes, except to a few Crees, who have apparently learned it from the Blackfeet. It also prevails among the Dakotas, but chiefly in the western bands nearest to the mountains and to the Blackfeet.

The form of government among the Blackfoot tribes, as among the Algonkin tribes in general, is very simple. Each tribe has a head chief, and each of the bands composing a tribe has its subordinate chief; but the authority of these chiefs is little more than nominal. Their prerogatives are chiefly those of directing the movements of a camp, of presiding in council, and of representing the tribe or band in conferences with other communities. The term 'confederacy,' applied to the union of the Blackfoot tribes, is somewhat misleading. They have no proper inter-tribal league, like that of the Iroquois nations. There is simply a good understanding among them, arising partly from the bond of kinship, and partly from a sense of mutual dependence. Even the three proper Blackfoot tribes can hardly be said to have a general name for their whole community, though they sometimes speak of themselves as *Sawketakic*, or 'men of the plains,' and occasionally as *Netsepoyè*, or 'people who speak one language.'

The foregoing, as has been stated, is only a brief summary of the contents of this report, which is given in an abridged form in *Nature*, and will doubtless hereafter be published in full by the association. The facts which it presents disclose in the people of this aboriginal Switzerland qualities much above the average, and should lead to further inquiry into their history and characteristics.

SOME REACTION-TIME STUDIES.

THE study of reaction times derives a great interest and importance from the fact that by this means another bond of relation between mind and matter becomes apparent. All material actions require time. Mental actions as well, from the perception of a sensation to the highest expression of the intellect that offers itself to experimental investigation, also occupy an appreciable amount of time. This mental time is not constant as the time of a falling body in space, but is affected by slight variations in bodily and mental conditions.

M. Beaunis¹ has studied the effect of one important mental requisite, namely, expectation. The reactions were made to a visual sensation, and 36 persons besides himself (most of whom were medical students) were experimented upon. A signal (*advertisement*) was given, whereupon the subject held himself in readiness for the flash of light, so as to react by pressing the key as quickly as possible. The time between the signal and the flash of light is the *expectation time*; that between the light and the seeing of it, the *reaction time*. The expectation time was varied from .3 sec. to 3 sec., and the following conclusions were reached:—

(1) As others had already shown, the reaction time is shorter if a signal is given than if it is not.

(2) The *longer* the expectation time, the *shorter* the reaction time. The experiment may be compared to the problem of finding an object in a dark room by bringing the light of a bull's-eye lantern upon it. When there is no signal, that is, when directed to find the object without time to get the lantern ready, it would evidently take longer to find the object than it would if time were given to get the lantern in position; and the longer this time, the quicker would the object be found. The attention acts as the bull's-eye lantern.

(3) The difference between the minimum and maximum times is greater than when a signal is not given, and increases as the expectation time increases.

(4) The influence of several individual differences, etc., was evident. In two of the medical

students the reactions were always slow. In many it was very quick. M. Beaunis was the only person who was accustomed to this kind of experimentation, and in his case a much smaller percentage of experiments had to be thrown out as faulty than in the others. The effect of health was marked in one case. Feeling slightly indisposed in the morning, M. Beaunis's reaction time was .37 sec., *i.e.*, abnormally slow. In the afternoon it was .222 sec., showing that the normal condition was returning. Two hours later it was normal (.160 sec.).

An extremely interesting research is that of Guiccardi and Ranzi,¹ in which they compare the reaction time to a sound impression in normal persons with the same in patients suffering from auditory hallucinations. The reaction time is obtained somewhat in this way. The making of the sound which serves as the stimulus sets into motion a chronoscope, which the subject stops, as soon as the sound is heard, by pressing an electric key. In this way the following table, giving in seconds the time necessary for hearing the sound, was prepared:—

	Normal.	Hallucinated.
Average of 10 shortest reactions out of 50	.1012	.0947
Average variation	.0033	.0046
Average of remaining 40 reactions	.1259	.1403
Average variation	.0132	.0206
Average of all 50 reactions	.1135	.1175
Minimum time	.0885	.0802
Maximum time	.1731	.2287

Taking the mean of the 10 shortest reactions, or comparing the minimum reaction time, we see that those suffering from hallucination are quicker in their perception of sound; and this difference must be ascribed to morbid irritability of these centres of apperception. On the other hand, the other averages, and especially the average divergence from the mean reaction time, *i.e.*, the average variation, and the maximum time, show that normal persons can command a steadiness and regularity of the attention, which is impossible in those afflicted with sound hallucinations.

In many cases the reaction time is and must be studied under rather artificial conditions. This circumstance is apt to weaken inferences drawn from such studies to similar processes in normal mental activity. In a recent study² of the time necessary for recognizing letters, numbers, colors, etc., this difficulty has been successfully overcome. Small letters were fastened to a revolving drum, and looked at through a slit of variable width in a screen held before the letters. The letters are

¹ *Revue philosophique*, September, 1885.

² "Ueber die zeit der erkenntung und benennung von schriftzeichen, bildern und farben," by J. M. Cottell. *Philosophische studien* (Wundt), vol. ii., No. 4. Leipzig, 1885. The work was done in the psychophysical laboratory of Johns Hopkins university.

¹ *Revue philosophique*, September, 1885.

The Sportsman Tourist.

LIFE AMONG THE BLACKFEET.

BY J. WILLARD SCHULTZ.

SECOND PAPER.

IN ancient times the Blackfeet used dogs to transport their households goods when moving camp. But the people were not then very migratory. In those days the dwellings were made of stones, sticks, mud and grass. Tradition, however, does not mention the size or shape of them. With the advent of the horse (Blackfoot Pō-nō-kah'-me-ta, i. e., elk-dog) all this was changed. Instead of building stationary dwellings the people made portable lodges of tanned buffalo cowskins; and, mounted on their strong ponies, roamed at will all over their vast domains. The first horses the Blackfeet possessed were stolen from the South. It is said that "those who made stone arrow points saw not horses." So it must have been at about the close of the last or the beginning of the present century that they first possessed them.

Before the days of trading posts the Blackfeet made kettles of earth, cups and ladles of mountain-sheep and buffalo horns, bowls of wood, fleshers and tanning implements of flint and bone, and awls and needles of bone. Knives were made of flint, bows of mountain-sheep horn or wood, backed with sinew and sometimes with snake skin. Arrow and spear points were of flint, long, narrow and slightly barbed. The ancient dress of the men consisted of a cowskin shirt, breech-clout, belt and leggings, and a toga of cowskin or a buffalo robe.

The women wore a short-sleeved gown of cowskin, short leggings of some kind of fur, and a cowskin or buffalo robe toga.

Moccasins were made in winter of buffalo robe. In summer of cowskin with parfleche* soles. Necklaces, bracelets and earrings were made of animals' teeth and claws and birds' claws. White, yellow and reddish earths were used for paint.

The Indians are represented as being a silent, sullen race, seldom speaking and never laughing or joking. However true this may be of some tribes, it is certainly not true in regard to the Blackfeet. The social customs of these people are an interesting study. Let us imagine ourselves in the midst of them for a day and see how they live. It is just sunrise and the fires are being kindled; vast quantities of smoke are rising from the smoke-holes of the lodges and ascending in thin columns in the still morning air. Everywhere women may be seen carrying water and food for the morning meal. Here, close by, is a large, plain lodge. Let us enter it. As we push aside the curtain and enter with much difficulty through the small oval hole, we are greeted by the owner of the lodge with the salutation, "Enter, friend; sit," and with a wave of his hand our host motions us to a seat on his left. While he is preparing a pipe full of tobacco, let us examine the interior of the lodge. The seats, or more properly lounges, are each about seven feet long. At either end of them are inclined frame works of willows, on which as also along the entire length are spread buffalo robes. Behind, brightly painted cowskins are hung to more effectually keep out the cold air. Between the lounges, in the little triangular spaces, are piled various sacks of painted parfleche, which contain dried meat, dried berries, and different articles of general utility. Our host's seat is directly opposite the doorway; on his right are the seats of his wives; on his left, where we are sitting, are the visitors' seats. Suspended from a lodge-pole behind a long row of drying meat is a baby. It is swathed in a huge roll of furs and only its head is visible. Like most all Blackfoot babies it never cries, but restlessly rolls its great black eyes about as if seeking to understand what is going on about it. For the first year of its life the baby is kept in this roll of cloth, incapable of moving either hands or feet. At the end of that time it will be released, a straight, well-formed child.

While we are smoking the pipe, we hear the owner of an adjacent lodge shouting out for a "feast," that is, giving out the invitations. He says:

Mēk'-ōt-sē-pē-tān ki-tūm-ōk-ō-wah Nāt'-ō-wap-ah ki-tūm-
Red Eagle you will eat Blind Medicine you
ōk-ō-wah Ap'-pē-kun-ny ki-tūm-ōk-ō-wah
will eat White Spotted Robe you will eat

and so forth through a long list of names, and at the close adds:

Nē'-oks-kūm ki-toks-o-tchīs-ī-po-wai.
Then you will smoke and they.

He has mentioned our names in his shouted invitations, so of course we must attend. As we enter the lodge we find we are the first arrivals, but the other guests soon come in and take their places, according to their rank, near the host or near the doorway. "Medicine" men sit next the host. Next to them come the chiefs, warriors and old men. The young unmarried men are seldom invited to a feast. Before each guest is placed a plate of food, which is all he may have. If he does not eat it all, he may carry the remainder home with him. No food is set before the host, however; he does not eat in the presence of his guests. Every one eats slowly, and a general conversation is carried on. Sometimes the talk is about the success of a war party, or again one may tell of some funny incident, at which there is a general laugh. When all have finished eating, the great stone pipe is filled with a mixture of "larb" and tobacco, and handed to the guest on the extreme right, who lights it, after which it is smoked in turn to the extreme left and then handed back to the one who lighted it, and thus kept going around the circle until it is smoked out. After three pipefuls of tobacco have been smoked, the host ostentatiously knocks out the ashes and says, "Kyī!" whereupon the guests arise and file out of the lodge. All day this feasting is kept up, and often far into the night.

While the men thus while away the hours in feasting and smoking, the women may be seen steadily at work, tanning robes or skins, drying meat or berries, or making moccasins. The children pass their time in mimic warfare and dancing, or making mud images of men and animals. If in winter, they may be seen sliding or spinning tops on the ice. The tops are made of bulls' horns, and are kept in motion by whipping with pliable thongs. These children may be seen in the middle of the winter, playing on the ice and snow without clothing or moccasins. If they become sick nature is their only physician, but nature's work is hindered by the incessant drumming and singing which is kept up until the patient either dies or recovers. Only the very strongest constitutions can successfully buffet the ills of Blackfoot child-

hood. Is not this a good illustration of the survival of the fittest?

Gambling is a favorite amusement. On pleasant days the men have an out-door game which is very popular. The small wooden wheel used is about four inches in diameter. It has five spokes, and on these are strung different sizes and colors of beads. At each end of a level space logs are placed about thirty feet apart. The wheel is rolled back and forth between these logs by two players, who throw arrows at it. Whichever first succeeds in bringing his arrow in contact with a certain spoke which has been agreed upon wins the game.

The only other game the Blackfeet have is what we call "kill the button." It is played by both sexes. When only men play, a large lodge is cleared, and an equal number of players take their places on each side of the lodge. In front of them are placed rails on which time to the gambling song is beaten with sticks. Each man bets with the one directly opposite him, and the stakes are piled up in a heap on the ground. Some skillful player now takes two little bones, one white and the other painted red. As the song is begun he deftly tosses the bones from one hand to the other, rubs his palms together and finally holds out both hands for the one opposite to guess which contains the red bone. The winner then takes the bones, and thus the game is kept going, first one side losing then the other, and sometimes it is kept up for a night and day. The bets vary in value from a necklace to two or three horses. This gambling song is the most weird tune the writer ever heard. At first it is a scarcely audible murmur, like the gentle sighing of an evening breeze, then it increases in volume and reaches a pitch unattainable by most voices, sinks quickly to a low bass sound, rises and falls like waves and finally dies away.

But when the sun has gone down, and darkness spread her sable mantle over the land, then the Blackfoot camp may be said to have fairly waked up. Bright fires are kindled in every lodge. The sound of drum, song, and laughter fills the air. The Indian dogs, which have dozed on the sunny sides of the lodges during the day have also waked up, and mock their brethren in the darkness beyond with long drawn, melancholy howls. In one lodge may be seen a group of old men, smoking the great stone pipes, and telling of the "deeds of other days." In several lodges, professional story tellers are entertaining large audiences with tales of the past and stories of the adventures of the ancient men and animals. As the speakers become interested in the stories they are relating, they rise to their feet, and with wonderfully perfect gesticulation and voice, imitate the movements and speech of the characters in their legends. Grouped about them sit the dusky listeners, never moving nor speaking except to laugh at some funny part of the story. So spellbound are they at the rhythmic voice and movement of the speaker that the men forget to keep the pipe lit, and the women drop the half sewed moccasin from their motionless hands.

There, in another lodge, a party of young men are going through a war dance preparatory to a raid on the horses of some neighboring tribe. In another lodge a party of men and women are having a social dance. Near the doorway sit the musicians, who beat time to the dance song on drums made of rawhide stretched over a hoop. On one side of the lodge stand the men, on the other the women. As the drumming begins all sing and dance. The "step" is a double bending of the knees. Occasionally a woman will dance over to one of the men, and deftly throwing her toga over both their heads, give him a hearty kiss, whereupon there is a general burst of laughter. For this favor the man is expected to make the woman a present of some little article of finery. Standing by the fire are huge bowls of food of which the dancers partake at intervals. Such was the life of the Blackfeet when the writer first knew them. With plenty of buffalo meat for food, and plenty of buffalo robes for clothing, no people were happier than they. But now, surrounded by a strange race which is driving the game from their land and depriving them of their means of sustenance, what wonder that they are silent and sullen?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

*Rawhide.

LIFE AMONG THE BLACKFEET.

BY J. WILLARD SCHULTZ.

THIRD PAPER.

THE Blackfeet are pre-eminently a prairie people. The great cañons and wooded slopes of their mountains are unknown to them. On the prairie, however, from the Daskatchewan to the Yellowstone, there is not a streamlet or slough by which they have not pitched their lodges. The reason for this is that it has always been much easier to kill buffalo than mountain animals, and as buffalo have always been found near their camp, they have never been obliged to clamber over the mountains in search of food. Again, the mountains have always been inhabited by hostile tribes, which, although no match for the Blackfeet on the prairie, could totally destroy them once they penetrated the timbered defiles of their mountain home.

In a former number of the FOREST AND STREAM the writer has described the manner in which the Blackfeet used to catch buffalo.* Another ingenious method of hunting was the *Pis-tsis-tse'-kay* for catching eagles. Perhaps of all the articles used for personal adornment, eagle feathers were the most highly prized. They were not only used to decorate head-dresses, garments and shields, but they were held as a standard of value. A few lodges of people in need of eagle feathers would leave the main camp and move up close to the foothills, where eagles are generally more numerous than out on the prairie. Having arrived at a good locality, each man selected a little knoll or hill, and with a stone knife and such other rude implements as he possessed dug a pit in the top of it large enough for him to lie in. Within arm's length of the mouth of the pit he securely pegged a wolf skin to the ground, which had previously been stuffed with grass to make it look as life-like as possible. Then, cutting a slit in its side, he inserted a large piece of tough bull meat and daubed the hair about the slit with blood and liver.

In the evening, when all had returned to camp, an eagle dance was held in which every one participated. Eagle songs were sung, whistles made of eagle wing-bones were blown, and the "medicine men" prayed earnestly for success. The next morning the men arose before daylight, and smoked two pipes to the sun. Then each one told his wives and all the women of his family not to go out or look out of the lodge until he returned, and not to use an awl or needle at any kind of work, for if they did the eagles would surely scratch him, but to sing the eagle songs and pray for his good success.

Then, without eating anything, each man took a human skull and repaired to his pit. Depositing the skull in one end of it, he carefully covered the mouth over with slender willows and grass, and lying down, pillowed his head on the skull, and waited for the eagles to come. With the rising of

*We quote from Mr. Schultz's paper in the FOREST AND STREAM of June 1, 1882:

Not so very long ago I happened to be camped with a gens of the Pe-gun-ny, at a place called Willows Round, situated some fifteen miles above here, on the Marias River. Early in the evening I saw old Po-kah-yah-yi, in whose lodge I was stopping, ascend a steep bluff not far off, and giving him time to reach the top, I followed, and was soon seated by his side. Directly opposite us across the river were the remains of a *pis-kan*, or, as the white men out here call it, a "buffalo pond." Why so called I cannot say, the literal translation of the word "*pis-kan*" being "falling-off place." "Now, my friend," said I, after I had regained my breath, "tell me all about that *pis-kan*. How did you make it; how many buffalo did you catch in one day; and how many winters ago did you use it?"

The old man's story was as follows:

"In those days we had no guns, but used to kill many buffalo with bows and arrows; and sometimes we used the *pis-kan*. When we made a *pis-kan* we first found a little open glade by the river where the prairie came down and ended in a cut bank as high as a man. From this cut bank we built a strong fence clear around the edge of the glade. We used big trees to make the fence—logs and sticks, and anything that would help to keep the buffalo from breaking out. Then we built two lines of stone piles far out on the prairie, two lines that ever diverged from each other. Then the *pis-kan* was built.

"The night before we intended to make a drive we always had a buffalo dance. All the people danced. The medicine men all wore buffalo robes, and sung the buffalo songs. Every one prayed to their secret helpers for good luck. Early the next morning the people went out and hid behind the stone piles on the prairie. The medicine man who was going to call the buffalo put on a buffalo robe, hair side out, and sitting down smoked one pipe to the Sun. Then he spoke to his wives and all the women of his lodge, saying, 'You must not go outside until I return. You must not look out of the doorway or any hole. Take this sweet grass, giving it to his head wife, and every little while burn a small part of it so that the Sun will be glad. Pray that we will have good luck.' Then he mounted a dark colored horse and rode out on the prairie. When he came near a band of buffalo he began to ride quickly in circles and cried out to the buffalo, saying, '*E-ne-uh! E-ne-uh!*' [meaning "Buffalo!"] The buffalo was first a little scared; then they began to follow him slowly, and soon ran after him as fast as they could. Then the medicine man rode into the shoot, and after the buffalo had also run in he jumped out to one side of the stone piles, and the herd passed by. The people behind kept rising up and shouting, which made them run all the faster. The buffalo in the head of the band were afraid of the stone piles, and kept right on in the middle of the shoot; those in the rear were scared by the people continually rising behind them, and so pushed the leaders ahead. When the band had got close to the edge of the *pis-kan*, all the people closed in on them, and with a great shout drove them over the cut bank into the inclosure. Then with their bows and arrows, the men killed all the buffalo; even the old bulls were killed. The fattest cows were then marked for the chiefs and medicine men by placing sticks on the tails, and the rest were divided up among the people."

The above narrative is true in every respect. As late as 1865 the Pe-gun-ny used these *pis-kans* on the Upper Marias. Mr. Jos. Kipp, the well-known Indian trader, tells me that in 1864 he saw the Pe-gun-ny capture over seventy-five head of buffalo in this manner. Sometimes three or four drives were made in one day. About seventy-five buffalo were the average drive, though sometimes more than a hundred were taken.

the sun came all the little birds, the good-for-nothing birds, the crows, ravens and hawks, but with a long sharp-pointed stick the watcher deftly poked them off the wolf skin. The ravens were most persistent in trying to perch on the skin, and every time they were poked off would loudly croak. Whenever an eagle was coming the watcher would know it, for all the little birds would fly away, and shortly an eagle would come down with a rush and light on the ground. Often it would sit on the ground for a long time pruning its feathers and looking about. During this time the watcher was earnestly praying to the skull and to the sun to give him power to capture the eagle, and all the time his heart was beating so loudly that he thought the bird would surely hear it. At last, when the eagle had perched on the wolf skin and was busily plucking at the tough bull meat, the watcher would cautiously stretch out his hands, and grasping the bird firmly by the feet, quickly bear it down into the cave, where he crushed in its breast with his knee.

The deadfall was another contrivance the Blackfeet had for catching animals, especially wolves. It is possible, however, that the early fur traders taught them how to make it. The running noose was extensively used at the *Pis-kans* for catching wolves. Antelope were caught in a manner like that practised by some African tribes: long lines of bushes were stuck up on the prairie like the initial letter *P*, the lines joining on some sharp knoll or hill, where a large pit had been dug and covered over with light poles and grass; a man was concealed behind every bush; a few men then drove a band of antelope into the mouth of the *P*, and from there they were quickly scared on into the pit, after which they were killed and the meat distributed among the hunters.

Meat was the principal diet of the Blackfeet. They either ate it fresh by boiling or roasting it, or they dried it and made it into pemmican, which consists of finely-pounded dry meat, grease and berries. Every summer vast quantities of berries were dried and preserved for winter use. Blackfoot delicacies were pemmican, dried tongue and back fat, marrow guts and "boss ribs," but perhaps the greatest of all delicacies was an unborn buffalo calf.

In ancient times the Blackfeet cultivated but one plant, the tobacco. This plant is not indigenous to the Northwest, but it is easy to conceive how the Blackfeet came to possess it. The tribes were not always at war with each other; treaties were often made which remained unbroken for years, and during these years of peace a lively intertribal commerce was carried on. Thus in time the tobacco plant was carried from tribe to tribe westward to the land of the Blackfeet, and perhaps even across the Rockies to the tribes on the Pacific Slope.

The writer was told not long ago by an old Cree Indian that his people used to make yearly journeys from the north Saskatchewan to the Yellowstone to exchange their furs with southern tribes for paint. A good illustration of Indian commerce.

LIFE AMONG THE BLACKFEET.

BY J. WILLARD SCHULTZ.

FOURTH PAPER.

THE Blackfeet divide the year into two seasons, winter, stō-yē, meaning "closed," and summer, nā-pōs, meaning "open." These seasons are subdivided into months, a month being the length of a moon—about twenty-eight days. Different phases of the moon are termed:

New moon—Ān'-nūk-nūm, or "in sight."

Half moon—Stahk-tsī kyā-nūk nūm, or "half in sight."

Full moon—Ksīs-tos-īm, or "round."

Last quarter—E-ne', or "dead."

Different seasons of the year are termed: Spring—"grass starts up;" early summer—"make lodges;" midsummer—"berries ripe;" autumn—"leaves drop;" early winter—"water freezes;" midwinter—"very cold." The people have no idea how many months constitute a year. One old fellow told the writer that winter has seven months and summer nine. It is customary to note the duration of any important event by counting the days with sticks.

The cardinal points of the compass are named: North—Āp-pūt'-ōs-ōhts, "behind direction;" South—Ām-skāp'ōhts, "ahead direction;" East—Pē-nāp'ōhts, "low direction," and West—Āh-mēt'-ōhts, "up direction." Intermediate points such as Southwest, Northeast, etc., are not recognized. Speaking of the wind, it is said to be going to a certain direction, not coming from.

The class names for animals are exceedingly interesting. Three great classes are recognized: First, Spūhts'-ah-pēk-sēks, or "above animals," including everything which flies; second, Sō-ōhts'-uh-pēk-sēks, or "beyond animals," including all strictly land animals; third, Kse-ōhts'-uh-pēk-sēks, or "under animals," including fishes, lizards, crabs, "polly-wogs," turtles and the beaver and otter.

Animals are named from some peculiarity of habit, motion, color or shape which they possess and some from the sound which they make. Antelope and deer are collectively named Ah-wa-kas, meaning "runners." Distinctively, the antelope is called "prairie runner," the white-tail deer "swaying tail," and the black-tail "black-tail." The beaver is called "the tree biter" and the otter "wind hair," its fur being used to wind around scalp locks. Buffalo are termed e-ne'ūh, which is very nearly the same as e-ne' the word for death. Ducks generally are called "red feet." The owl is named "all ears," the bull bat "fighter." The chickadee (*Parus atricapillus*) is called nē'-pō-mūk-ī, for does it not always keep saying nē'-pō-mūk-ī! nē'-pō-mūk-ī! "Summer is coming! summer is coming." There is not a single quadruped to be found in the country for which the Blackfeet have not a name. But many of the birds, especially the migratory ones, are not named other than to be called "little animals."

All birds and quadrupeds are supposed to have languages as well as men. Of all the above animals, the geese are said to be most intelligent. "They have chiefs who go ahead and watch out for good camping grounds, where is plenty of food, and where no enemies are to be found." Of all quadrupeds, the beaver is considered the most intelligent. He works in the summer and in the winter he has a warm hole, plenty of food, and does nothing but eat, dance, sing and sleep.

The Blackfeet profusely decorated ~~parflesche sacks robes~~ skins, etc., with brightly painted designs. Figures having sharp angles are the most common. Many note the history of their brave deeds in pictographs on large cow skins. Battles, war expeditions, the number of scalps taken, are represented, and the whole is interspersed with pictures of the different "medicine" animals the person has seen and killed. When the Blackfeet make a picture of a mammal, bird or reptile, they generally draw a line from the mouth to the center of the body and then make a triangular figure to represent the heart. In the February number of the *Popular Science Monthly* is an article on a prehistoric cemetery. Fig. 20 representing part of the drawing of an animal, has the line extending from the mouth backward. Unfortunately the piece of rock on which the animal is drawn, has been broken; were it complete, the triangular figure at the end of the line would undoubtedly be seen. According to some illustrations by Mr. Frank Cushing, in the February *Century*, the Zunis of New Mexico also represent the hearts of animals in their pictographs; thus it will be seen that the Blackfeet, the Zunis, and a tribe which was extinct several hundred years ago, had a common method of picturing animals.

The Blackfeet have a great many different songs. They are, however, songs without words, save one drinking song about the old man. The writer has endeavored to sing these songs and to repeat them on the violin, but has wholly failed. Nor has he ever met a white man who could repeat one of them.

The musical scale of the Blackfeet is quite different from ours, only a few of the bass sounds can be produced on the piano, the higher ones not at all. As the songs are nearly all of a sacred nature, they will be particularized in another place.

Vol. X+I, No 21 @ 20.85 8405.

above us. If that goat had been on the top of Mount Elias, I imagined he need not feel safer if our allies ever, any way near as completely fagged out as we did, but one was not the case. The identity of the game had not been classified as certain more than five minutes before one of the "Stick" Indians that had carried about a hundred and twenty pounds over the trail, and the only one having his yam with him (a flint-lock, smooth-bore Hudson Bay musket), started in pursuit and soon was seen across the valley, making his way up the steep snowbanks until he looked like an ant crawling over a white wall. The goat in the meantime, having walked around once or twice to show that he really was a goat, remained as immovable as if he had been placed there solely for statuary purposes. The "Stick," in his maneuvers, had gotten three or four hundred feet above the goat, and I believe would have bagged him, if it had not been for a little black mongrel cur that had followed him up and evidently frightened the game, which came trotting down the mountain flank. The Indian followed him like a chamois, stopping only when the goat would stop. The animal, after running on a level for some time, changed his course and came bolting straight for camp, within four or five hundred yards of which he ran, getting every one excited, one Indian borrowing the Doctor's carbine cartridges and grabbing up my Winchester, another with a Springfield rifle and a box of revolver cartridges, put out after him, but none of them ahead of the indefatigable "Stick" (except the goat). Two or three wild shots from camp and the game started up the eastern mountain side, as if he wanted promotion, the "Stick" sticking to him about three hundred yards behind, like a hero. On they went, until the goat was fully as high as he had been on the opposite side, when the "Stick" and the other Indians gave up the chase. A big Chilkoot brought back my rifle, with the wrong cartridges jammed into the feed magazine, chamber and muzzle. If I had been starving I do not believe I would have wanted that chase for all the goat meat in Brooklyn.

Early on the morning of the 11th my packers commenced stringing out to ascend the snowy pass that frowned down on us at an angle of not less than sixty degrees. How these small Indians, not averaging over 140 pounds, could carry 100 pounds up such a precipitous mountain side was marvelous beyond measure. In many places the ascent seemed almost perpendicular, the Indians crawling up on their hands and knees and using the stunted spruce and juniper roots to assist them along. In other places along the snow banks probably covering glacial ice, the unloaded packers had to go forward and prepare the trail so that footholds could be had in places where a misstep would have sent them many hundred feet down, and where those packers having boxes often scraped them on the ice, so steep was the incline. One or two hundred feet was climbed at a time, and then a rest for a few moments alternated until by 10 o'clock we stood in the little gully of snow that the Indians said was the top, for by this time we were in a dense fog which drifted along and hid everything from view, although it had been as clear as crystal when we started. From the summit we descended quite rapidly for a few hundred yards, which brought us on a small lake two or three hundred yards across, with not only ice upon it but the ice deeply covered with snow. This little lake was discharging its waters to the northward and was therefore one of the sources of the Yukon. From here the walk was still on the snow for four or five miles, and some of the packers put on their snowshoes to keep from sinking in the softer places. Where the basin contracted to a narrow gorge we could hear the water under us as we traveled on the snow, and a little further on these snow-bridges had caved in, showing their abutments to be twenty-five and thirty feet thick.

At about five in the afternoon we caught a glimpse of the lake at the Yukon's head, where the Indians, acting as packers, would deposit our effects and return, and at seven we landed our weary selves on its picturesque banks, thankful that the worst was over. What was my surprise when the packers came straggling in to have them sling their packs before me to show that all was right, demand their money, coolly remarking that they would return that night, some of them even to the head of canoe navigation on the Dayay. I was glad enough to get rid of them and to be left alone with my own party and the Indians that were to go through with me, so that we could construct our raft and commence that journey which is more in keeping with my title than this hasty preamble has been.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LIFE AMONG THE BLACKFEET.

BY J. WILLARD SCHULTZ.

FIFTH PAPER.

"THE method of Mythologic Philosophy," says that eminent ethnologist, Major J. W. Powell, "is this: All the phenomena of the outer objective world, are interpreted by comparison with those of the inner subjective world. Whatever happens, some one does it; that some one has a will and works as he wills. The basis of the philosophy is personality. The persons who do the things which we observe in the phenomena of the universe are the gods of mythology—the *cosmos is a pantheon*. Under this system, whatever may be the phenomena observed, the philosopher asks 'Who does it?' and 'Why?' and the answer comes 'A god with his design.' * * * The actors in mythologic philosophy are gods." Thus in the mythologic philosophy of the Blackfeet: In the beginning was a great womb in which everything was conceived, animals, trees, man, everything was in this womb and they fought continually to see who should be born first. Once, when they fought furiously, they burst the womb, and a man jumped out first. So all the animals and everything called him Old Man, and he named them my Young Brothers. The Old Man made the people, but instead of putting hands on them, he put on claws like the bears, and they dug roots and ate berries for food. In those days the buffalo used to drive the people into pits-kans, and then kill and eat them. One day the Old Man came along when the buffalo were feasting on them, and when he saw what they were doing, he sat down and cried and tore his hair. And he said: "I have badly made the people, they cannot defend themselves." And he went to where were yet a few people, and with his stone knife slit their paws, making fingers thereon. And he taught them to make bows and arrows, and knives. And he made their right arms the strongest that they might bend the bow with great force. He talked to the people, saying: "When the buffalo again come to drive you into the pits-kan, go quietly and hide your weapons under your robes. When you have come into the pits-kan, then draw your bows and shoot rapidly." And the people did as they had been

LIFE AMONG THE BLACKFEET.

Forest and BY J. WILLARD SCHULTZ.

Stearns, Vol. XXI.

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"THE method of Mythologic Philosophy," says that eminent ethnologist, Major J. W. Powell, "is this: All the phenomena of the outer objective world, are interpreted by comparison with those of the inner subjective world. Whatever happens, some one does it; that some one has a will and works as he wills. The basis of the philosophy is personality. The persons who do the things which we observe in the phenomena of the universe are the gods of mythology—the *cosmos is a pantheon*. Under this system, whatever may be the phenomena observed, the philosopher asks 'Who does it?' and 'Why?' and the answer comes 'A god with his design.' * * * The actors in mythologic philosophy are gods." Thus in the mythologic philosophy of the Blackfeet: In the beginning was a great womb in which everything was conceived, animals, trees, man, everything was in this womb and they fought continually to see who should be born first. Once, when they fought furiously, they burst the womb, and a man jumped out first. So all the animals and everything called him Old Man, and he named them my Young Brothers. The Old Man made the people, but instead of putting hands on them, he put on claws like the bears, and they dug roots and ate berries for food. In those days the buffalo used to drive the people into pits-kans, and then kill and eat them. One day the Old Man came along when the buffalo were feasting on them, and when he saw what they were doing, he sat down and cried and tore his hair. And he said: "I have badly made the people, they cannot defend themselves." And he went to where were yet a few people, and with his stone knife slit their paws, making fingers thereon. And he taught them to make bows and arrows, and knives. And he made their right arms the strongest that they might bend the bow with great force. He talked to the people, saying: "When the buffalo again come to drive you into the pits-kan, go quietly and hide your weapons under your robes. When you have come into the pits-kan, then draw your bows and shoot rapidly." And the people did as they had been

accurately counted and remembered. The head chief of the gens is the one who has counted the most "coups." When he dies, or when he becomes too old to go to war, the young man who has counted the most "coups" next to him becomes head chief. The chief of a gens is the warrior who, of all the warriors belonging to the gens, has counted the most "coups." Now, when all the "coups" had been counted, all the young men who had been in battle for the first time were made warriors. Slits were cut in their backs, and cords were passed through them, to which were attached buffalo heads, and the young men ran a long ways, dragging the heads by the slits in their backs, and if any one cried or would not run, he could not become a warrior. Women, too, came into the lodge, and they wore clothes like the one of whom they would speak. Their hair was dressed the same and they were painted like him, and they touched the Sun's things and told what brave deed the one of whom they spoke must do that they might always love and honor him.

Now, when all these ceremonies had been done, generally at the close of the third day, the people returned to their lodges and the medicine men only remained behind, to whom came the sick that they might survive. The medicine men cured them. After that the O-kān was left and no one could come near it, or take away the presents which hung in it, for everything belonged to the Sun. And after this, when a man was very sick, and even the "medicine men" were not sure they could save him, then would the head wife of the sick man put on a garment of cowskin only, and barefooted, she would walk all about among the lodges saying loudly: "Take pity Sun! very sick lies my husband. You have seen my ways; you know that I am not guilty of any sin. Pity take and make my husband well; I will build you a lodge; I will make the O-kān. We all will build the O-kān and make you presents. Hear me, hear me, and give us full lives." So it happens that every summer when the berries are ripe that a lodge is built for the Sun. Sometimes only one woman promises to build it, and again, many women make the promise.

The building of the O-kān and the attending ceremonies is designed for three purposes; first, any woman who has been unfaithful to her husband is then pretty sure to be exposed and killed, and in this way adultery is suppressed to a great extent; second, the lodge is built for the Sun, the wonderful Above-People, and the Old Man—it is an offering to the gods; third, the public counting of the "coups" is designed to stimulate the warriors to brave deeds, that they may receive the plaudits of the people. A chieftainship is an enviable position among the Blackfeet, and can only be obtained by most indomitable courage in war.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Original Defective

Jan. 3, 1884.

The Sportsman Tourist.

LIFE AMONG THE BLACKFEET.

BY J. WILLARD SCHULTZ.

SIXTH PAPER.

THE religion of the Blackfeet is a strange mixture of three stages of mythologic philosophy. It consists of remnants of *Hecastothoism*, a complete *Zootheism*, and, to a certain extent, *Physitheism*.

So far as the writer knows, only three inanimate things are worshipped now by the Blackfeet, but there is conclusive evidence that their religion was once pre-eminently hecastotheistic, that is, that they worshipped trees, rivers, mountains, rocks, in fact, all inanimate things. There is a certain fossil found in the bluffs along the rivers which is much the shape of the buffalo. It is called e-nis'-kim, buffalo rock, and is worshipped by all. It is sometimes hung on the necks of little children as a necklace, but is more frequently deposited in the "medicine" sacks of the "medicine men." The legend of it is as follows:

Long ago, in the winter time, the people were starving, for no buffalo could be found. The young men went out to hunt every day, but not even a poor old bull could they find. They waited and waited for the buffalo to come, saying: "Surely they will be here to-morrow," but they did not come; and at last the people were so hungry and weak that they could not move the camp. Now, one day a young married man killed a jack rabbit, and he hastened home and said to one of his wives: "Go quickly now and get some water; we will cook this rabbit and eat it." When the young woman was going down the path to the river she heard something singing, and she looked about to see what it was. There, jammed into a crevice of the bark on a cotton-wood tree, was a stone (the e-nis-kim), and with it a few buffalo hairs, for there had a buffalo rubbed himself. And the woman was afraid and dared not go past the tree. And the e-nis-kim sung a beautiful song, and the woman stood and listened. And when it had finished, it said: "Take me to your lodge; and when it is dark call all the people and teach them to sing my song. Pray, too, that you may not starve; that the buffalo may come, and when it is once more day your hearts will be glad." So the woman took the e-nis-kim home and gave it to her husband, telling him all that had occurred. In the evening all the people came and learned the song and prayed, and while it was yet dark they heard the buffalo coming. Many came, and the sound of their running was like thunder, and as soon as it was daylight the hunters went out and killed many fat cows, and the peoples' hearts were glad.

Another object of hecastotheistic worship is a large red and white colored rock lying on the side of a hill some five miles above Fort Conrad on the Marias River. It was once on the very top of the hill, but successive raining seasons have gradually washed the loose soil from under it, so that each year it moves down a few feet. The Blackfeet regard this as a supernatural power and consequently worship it. Seldom does one pass by it without making it a present of a bracelet, or string of beads, or something of more or less value.

The middle butte of the Sweet Grass hills is also worshipped. The worship, however, partakes more of fear than veneration. It is said that if any one happens to camp by it, that it will appear to him in his dreams and ask him for a woman, promising in payment some of the game which is so plentiful on its slopes. Camps are never pitched at its base, and any one hunting about it must make it a present.

It is not unlikely that there are more objects of Blackfoot hecastotheistic worship than the ones given above, but as yet the writer is unacquainted with them.

Zootheism forms an important part of the Blackfoot religion. Still, the animal gods hold but a secondary place among the wonderful beings, the rulers of the universe. Each Indian has his own secret god, either an animal or a star, or constellation of stars. Having arrived at the age when he may go on the warpath, each young man goes out on the prairie or to some lonely spot by himself, and then fasts for four days and four nights. Whatever he dreams of, as he lies in a half insensible state, he takes for his god, for his secret helper. But the Blackfoot's prayers are not directly to this secret helper. The wonderful animal which he takes for his own god is not directly asked to fulfill his wishes. Animals are supposed to be much nearer the supreme gods (the Sun, Moon, Old Man, and the Stars) than mortal man, and the secret helper is implored to ask the supreme gods to grant whatever the Indian may pray for.

Of the physitheistic gods, the Sun stands at the head; next to him in power is his wife, the Moon, and after them the Morning Star, their son, named E-pi-sū-ahts—early riser. In the mythic tales which will close this paper, the reader will find accounts of the doings of the wonderful animal gods and bright people of the sky.

The soul, that part of the person which never dies, is supposed by a Blackfoot to be his shadow. After death this shadow leaves the body and travels to the Sand Hills, a large barren tract of prairie some thirty miles beyond the sweet-grass hills. Here, living in lodges which are not visible to the mortal eye, are all the Blackfeet who ever lived on earth. Their daily occupations are the same as those they pursued on earth. "Still," said an old fellow to me once, "what a life-for-nothing life it must be. Their bones have no meat on them, their horses and dogs are only skeleton dogs and horses, and they hunt, kill and eat skeleton buffalo. But," continued the old fellow, "how useless it must be to eat only what looks like the shadow of meat."

Before death the shadow is called kwō-tūck; after death it takes the form of the skeleton and is then named stā-au. Although the Sand Hills are the homes of the many dead, the stā-auks, or, as we may translate it, the ghosts, do not always live there. They have the power to come and go unseen, and often visit the spots which were dear to them, and it is thought that they are always present at a death to lead the new ghost to his future home. A ghost also is capable of avenging any wrong which may have been done to him before death. Sometimes he will come and whistle over the lodge of any one he hates; sometimes he shoots invisible arrows, which quickly kill any one whom they may hit. Enemies, who have been killed and scalped, are thought to be specially invested with this power of shooting invisible arrows. Not long ago the Cree Indians made a raid on the horses belonging to this place, and in the fight which ensued two of them were killed and scalped by the Blackfeet. A few days since, a little child—belonging to one of the Blackfeet who were in the fight—was taken suddenly sick and

died in a few hours. The reason assigned for its death was that the ghost of one of the fallen Crees had shot it.

Every person, after death, is supposed to go to the Sand Hills. The good and the bad are both certain to go. The "happy hunting grounds" of another world are unknown to the Blackfeet. Their idea of a future life is a dreary, everlasting make-believe existence, a pantomime of the life in this world.

Disease is supposed to be caused by the many evil ghosts which are constantly hovering about, seeking an opportunity to take life. These ghosts have many ways of causing death. Sometimes they shoot their invisible arrows; sometimes they cause small, unseen animals to enter persons and eat their vital parts; again, they kill by degrees, causing one to suffer and linger for a long time in great agony; and sometimes they commence at the feet and kill one slowly, every day killing up toward the body a little further until death at last ensues.

When a person dreams, the Blackfeet believe that his shadow has in reality been away from his body and actually participated in the acts of which he has dreamed. The dream is thought to be a special gift from the gods, thus enabling man to look forward into the future and ward off any danger that may be threatening him. If a man dreams that he has seen a person long since dead, he immediately on waking makes a present to the gods, entreating them to drive the death ghosts away. If he dreams of anything good, he also makes a present to the gods, to pay them for the good fortune which they may give him. Thus, no matter of what one dreams about, it is sure to be interpreted either for good or bad.

The Sportsman Tourist.

LIFE AMONG THE BLACKFEET.

BY J. WILLARD SCHULTZ.

SEVENTH PAPER.

THE Blackfoot medicine practices consist chiefly of incantations. Some few roots and herbs are used, and bleeding and blistering is also practiced.

In Blackfoot a "medicine man" is called a Bear-man and a "medicine pipe" a bear-pipe. The bear, the wonderful monster, most powerful of all the animals, is thought to be—like the strange white buffalo—the special property of the gods. Whenever a person killed one he left the meat as an offering, and took only the claws for a necklace, and a small piece of the hide to wrap around the bear-pipe. Any one but a Bear-man terms the bear Kí-yu. The Bear-man, however, must never use this word, the name for the animal being Nämp'ska. Unfortunately, the writer has been unable to learn the meaning of either of these words. A bear-pipe is in reality no pipe at all, merely a very long wooden pipe-stem, beautifully wrapped and decorated with pieces of all kinds of fur, scalps, and many colored feathers. When in use any large pipe-bowl is smoked which will fit the stem. When not in use it is rolled up in fur, and in pleasant weather hung on a tripod outside. At other times it is kept suspended on a lodge pole just above the seat of the owner. A large quantity of tobacco and herb is always kept with the bear-pipe, and besides this, the following articles which are used in the pipe ceremonies: A strip of white buffalo robe, which is placed around the forehead of the Bear-man, one or more rattles, the dried scrotum of a buffalo bull filled with small pebbles, a pair of wooden tongs, a bag of red paint, another of sweet grass, and a string of bells made of dried buffalo hoofs.

When not in use, no one may touch a bear-pipe except the Bear-man, Nämp-skan, and his head wife, the Bear-woman, Nämp-skä'kí. When it is suspended in the lodge no one may pass between it and the fire; fire or ashes may not be carried out of the lodge, and the wood in the fireplace must be laid so that the sticks touch each other in the center, the long ends projecting away from the pipe. When a person enters a Bear-pipe-man's lodge he must, on leaving, go out by the same side of the lodge by which he entered. For instance, if one should pass by the right side of the lodge on entering and on going out go around the left side of the lodge, thus making a complete circle around the pipe, he would be sure to have some bad luck befall him. Months frequently pass during which the pipe is not unrolled. Certain occasions only warrant this important ceremony. At the o-kan, as before stated, the bear-pipes are smoked, and again, the first time thunder is heard in the spring. A bear-pipe is valued equal to from ten to fifteen or more head of horses, and frequently is bought and sold. If a man possessing one of these pipes dies, the pipe and all its appurtenances is buried with him. The writer has never witnessed the ceremonies at the changing of ownership of a pipe, and is unable to say whether the pipe is then smoked or not.

Only within the last few weeks has the writer been able to learn anything at all of the ceremonies and duties of the Bear-men, and only after repeated disavowal of all belief in the white man's God was he allowed to witness the peculiar ceremonies. The first time he was present the pipe was only unwrapped, the occasion being the healing of a sick woman. The Bear-pipe-man was an old gray-headed man. When I entered the lodge it was already well filled with men who had been invited to participate in the ceremony. Between the aged Bear-man and his wife, the Bear-woman, was the pipe, as yet unrolled, lying on a carefully folded buffalo robe. Plates of food were placed before each guest, and when all had eaten and a common pipe had been lighted, the ceremony commenced. With the wooden tongs (made of a forked branch of willow) the woman took a large coal of fire from the fireplace and dropped it on the ground directly before the bear-pipe. Then, while every one joined in singing a pipe song, a beautiful, low, plaintive chant, she took a bunch of dried, sweet grass and, alternately raising and lowering her hand in time to the music, at last dropped it on the coal. As the thin column of perfumed smoke rose from the burning herb, both she and the Bear-man leaned over it and, grasping handfuls of it, rubbed it over their persons to purify themselves before touching the sacred pipe. They also took each a small piece of some kind of root from a little bag and ate it, signifying that they purified their bodies, not only on the outside, but on the inside.

The man and woman now faced each other and began the Buffalo song, keeping time to the music by touching with their clenched hands—the right and left alternately—the wrappings of the pipe. Occasionally, they would make the sign for buffalo—viz., both hands—tightly closed—elevated to and touching the sides of the head, forefinger of each crooked obliquely forward to represent the horns. After singing this song for some ten minutes they changed the tune to the Antelope song; and instead of touching the pipe wrappings with the clenched hands, which represented the walking of buffalo, they closed the hands, leaving the index finger in the form of a hook and the thumbs partly extended and in time to the music, as in the previous song, alternately touched the wrappers with the right and left hands, and occasionally brought the hands to the side of the head, making the sign for antelope, and uttered a loud Kíh! to represent the whistling or snorting of the animal.

At the conclusion of this song, the woman put another bunch of sweet grass on a coal and carefully undid the wrappings of the pipe, holding each one over the smoke that it might be pure. At last the last wrapping was removed, the Bear-man gently grasped the stem, and every one beginning to sing the Pipe song, he raised and lowered it several times, shaking it as he did so, until every feather and bit of scalp and fur could be plainly seen.

At this moment the sick woman entered the lodge and with great effort, for she was very weak, walked over to the Bear-woman and knelt down before her. The Bear-woman then produced a small bag of red paint and painted a broad band across the sick woman's forehead, a stripe down the nose, and a number of round dots on each cheek; then picking up the pipe-stem she held it up toward the sky and prayed, saying, "Listen, Old Man, take pity! Listen, Sun, take pity! Listen, all Above-people, Animals, Under-water-people, all take pity! Let us survive. Let us survive. Let us survive. Why is our daughter now sick? Give her a complete life. Give us good, give us all complete lives." At the conclusion of this short prayer all the people uttered a m-m-m-ah! and reaching out their arms folded them

across their breasts, signifying that they took the words to their hearts. Every one now commenced the Pipe song, and the Bear-woman passed the pipe-stem over different parts of the sick woman's body, after which she arose and left the lodge.

The old man then took a common pipe which had been lighted and blew three whiffs of smoke toward the sky, three to the ground and three on the bear-pipe-stem, and then repeated much the same prayer as that said in the ceremony of the o-kan. Three drums were then produced, the war song commenced, and the old man, rattle in hand, danced three times from his seat to the doorway and back. This was an entirely new dance to the writer, and was intended to imitate the movements of the bear. The old man stooped down very slightly, kept all his limbs very rigid, extended his arms like one giving a benediction, and danced back and forth in time to the music in quick, sudden steps. He then took the pipe-stem, and holding it in front of him, went through the same performance. Afterward the pipe-stem was handed to the guests, and each one holding it aloft for a few seconds made a short prayer. The person who sat on the left of the writer prayed for a continuance of life for his wives and children, the person on the right prayed for success in horse stealing. This concluded the ceremony.

Vol. XXI No. 25

492

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The Sportsman Tourist.

LIFE AMONG THE BLACKFEET.

BY J. WILLARD SCHULTZ.

Elighth Paper.

NOT long ago, about the 1st of May, the first thunder of the season was heard. I went immediately to a Bear-man's lodge and found him drumming and singing the Thunder song. "To-morrow, my son, to-morrow," said the old fellow as I looked in at the doorway, "we will dance, come to-morrow, I am only singing now because my heart is glad." The next day, at the proper time, with a number of other guests, I entered the lodge.

The pipe-stem had already been unrolled. In front of the fire were two huge kettles of cooked berries and a large wooden bowlful of them was given to each guest. Each one, before eating, took a few of them in his fingers and rubbed them into the ground, saying, "Take pity all Above-people, look at us."

When all had finished eating a large black stone pipe bowl was filled and fitted on the Bear-pipe stem, the Bear-man then held it aloft and quickly repeated this prayer: "Listen, Thunder, listen, Old Man, Sun, all Above-people, all Above-animals, listen, take pity. You will smoke; the Bear-man fills his pipe. Let us not starve; make the berries large and sweet; let the bushes have a heavy load. Look at all the women and little children; look at us all; let us reach old age, let our lives be complete. Let us destroy our enemies, help the young men in the battles; man, woman, child, we all pray to you; take pity and give us good."

He then took the pipe and danced with it as in the previous ceremony. At this time another storm had come up and the thunder crashed directly over our heads. "Listen," said the Bear-man, as he stopped dancing. "It hears us; we are not doing this uselessly;" and he raised his face, animated with enthusiasm, toward the sky, his whole body trembling with excitement, and holding the pipe aloft once more repeated his prayer. All the rest of the people were also excited and repeatedly clasped their arms over their breasts, saying, "Take pity! Good give us, good give us!" After this the pipe was handed to a guest on the right end of the circle. Another guest took a lighted brand from the fire and counted four "coups," at the end of each "coup" touching the bowl with the fire, and when he had repeated the last one the pipe was lighted. It was then smoked back and forth around the circle, each one as he received it for the first time repeating a prayer before he put the stem to his lips. When it was smoked out a hole was dug in the ground, the ashes carefully knocked into it and covered over, and the Thunder ceremony ended.

When people are so sick that they cannot leave their lodge they often send for a Bear-man to come and "doctor" them. Although certain roots and herbs are used for medicine, as before stated, the most efficacious remedy is thought to be the I-so-kín-uh-kin, the songs for the sick. These songs are not the property of any individual or gens, but may be sung by any one. They are supposed to drive away the evil ghosts. The drum is always an accompaniment of the I-so-kín-uh-kin, with sometimes rattles, hoof bells and whistles. All the women of the lodge join in the singing. Sometimes the chief doctor or singer blows upon the patient through a bird's wing-bone, after each breath uttering a loud "whoo!" Water is also blown in the form of spray. In cases of rheumatism and other diseases when the pain is very often acute in certain parts of the body it is usual to bleed the place by cutting an incision or two with a knife. Blistering is done with hot rocks, and sometimes dried prickly pear thorns are inserted in the flesh, and burned, the thorn being consumed to the very point. People of one gens very seldom doctor people of another one. Although any one may be a doctor only one or two persons in a gens—those who have been very successful with patients—have much practice. Sometimes the doctor is a man and sometimes a woman. When one of these doctors is called upon to practice on a sick person, it is customary to demand a present at the very beginning, a horse or a number of robes, after a day or two another present is exacted, and it often happens when a man's sickness is protracted that he is obliged to pay out his very last horse and other valuable property in doctor fees.

BY J. WILLARD SCHULTZ.

p. 512

Ninth Paper.

IN each tribe of the nation are two painted lodges, one colored red, the other white. The owners of them, like the Bear-men, are supposed to be favorites of the gods, and able to cure sickness. The value of one of these lodges is about equal to fifteen heads of horses, and they are frequently bought and sold. The tradition regarding them is this:

Long ago, the three tribes of the Nation were camped on Bow River. One day two young men were sitting by the river making arrow shafts. Directly beneath them, where the water ran swiftly against a cut bank, was a large whirlpool. One of the young men happening to look down, saw a large lodge in the bottom of the whirlpool, and he said to his companion, "Oh look! See that beautiful lodge down there;" and his friend looked but could see nothing but the water ever whirling round and round. Then said the other, "I am going down into that lodge," and his companion tried to dissuade him, saying, "Do not go, for the River people will grasp you and you will never return." But the young man was not afraid, and pulling off his clothes, he dived into the water.

When he had got to the bottom of the river, he came to the lodge, and it was painted red, and he went round to the doorway and entered it. Only one person sat in the lodge, an old man whose hair was very white and long. He did not speak or look up but kept singing a strange song. Hanging up, on the inside of the lodge, were many buffalo robes, fine furs, and weapons, all of them painted red, and at the doorway hung a bunch of hoof bells also painted red. Now, after a long time, the old man raised his head and he said, "Why have you come in?" And the young man said, "On the bank of the river I was making arrows, and way down in the water I saw your lodge; and I wished to see the way you live. That is why I came." Then said the old man, "Your heart is brave, return to your people and make a lodge like mine; it shall be Nät-os-e (of the sun) and the Sun will be glad."

When the young man returned to the bank he found his companion weeping and calling him by name, for he thought he was drowned, and he told all that he had seen in the underwater lodge. As they stood looking down into the whirlpool the other young man saw a lodge at the bottom and quickly dived into the water. After a time he returned and told his companion of his adventure; the lodge which he found was painted white, and inside were white buffalo robes, and white furs, and white painted weapons, and there was an old man who had spoken just as the other old man had spoken to the first young man who went down. Then the young men hurried home and told what they had seen, and they each made a lodge like the ones they had found in the whirlpool.

Nearly all the different tribes of Western Indians with which the writer is acquainted, build "sweat lodges." The Blackfeet are not an exception, but it is very probable that their traditions regarding the origin of the "sweat lodge" and the purposes for which it is used are different from those of any other Indians. According to tradition, the Old Man first built a sweat lodge and told the people to do so that the sun would quickly hear their prayers.

A sweat-lodge consists of a framework of light willows, covered with cow skin. It is in the shape of a hemisphere, about three feet high and six or seven feet in diameter. In the center a small hole is dug in the ground, in which are placed red-hot rocks. Every thing being ready, those who are to take the sweat crawl inside, the cow skins are pulled tightly down, so as to exclude all circulation of air, and water is thrown on the hot rocks, causing a dense steam which makes the perspiration fairly drip from one's body. When the sweat is over (it generally lasts for an hour and a half), the cow skins are removed and the framework left for the sun, it never being used a second time. During the process of sweating, prayers are offered by the Bear-man or painted lodge man. If neither of these be present, the oldest warrior makes the prayer. Occasions for building a sweat-lodge are: To pray for the success of a war party; to pray for the recovery of persons from illness, and for a continuance of life. E-nûks-âp-Y! e-nûks-âp-Y! "Let me (be) old, let me (be) old," is the constant prayer of every Indian. Women never enter a sweat-lodge.

Mr. Joseph Kipp once told the writer that when the small-pox was raging among the Indians they would crowd into sweat lodges, take an unusually hard sweat, and then jump into the icy waters of the river. Many, he said, never reached the bank again; hundreds of them being chilled and powerless to combat the strong current, were swept away.

When a war party is made up, the one most noted for his bravery and success is chosen for leader. Before starting it is the duty of the leader to build a sweat-lodge for a Bear-

pipe-man and any others whom the Bear-pipe-man may invite. Prayers are offered for the success of the party, and beside the sweat-lodge the leader erects a pole on which is hung a valuable present for the sun. Each member of the war party also makes the sun a present, and sometimes a sacrifice. This sacrifice consists in cutting off a long lock of hair or a piece of flesh, and sometimes a joint of a finger, and giving to the sun. Women also make these sacrifices, the reason for so doing being that if they give the sun a piece of their body he will be glad and preserve them and their relatives from death. Every day during the absence of a war party the Bear-pipe-man mounts his horse and, rattle in hand, rides all through the camp, calling out in a loud voice the names of the absent ones. He also visits the lodges of the relatives of the absent war party and sings and prays that they may be successful, the women all joining in the songs. In the event of a war party returning with scalps of the enemy, a war dance or scalp dance is held. All the women wear the shields, weapons and finery of their husbands, and have their hair parted, and their faces painted just like a man's. One or more women carry the scalps on slender poles, and have the lower half of their faces painted black. The men, most of them having drums, form into a line, and opposite them stand the women. All sing, and in time to the music the women gradually advance and come up to the men, then fall back, and again advance, and so on. When an enemy is killed near camp it is customary to bring in his feet and hands, which are shot at and kicked around by the women.

When a person dies, and as soon as life is pronounced extinct, the female relatives of the deceased securely wrap the body in cow skins and robes, and having built a stout scaffold between the branches of an adjacent tree, they fasten the corpse to it with innumerable thongs. Contrary to a statement by John Young, of the Piegan Agency, all persons—men, women and children—are buried in this manner. Sometimes, however, chiefs are buried in their own lodges. There are two ways of burying in lodges; one is to suspend the deceased on a platform high enough from the ground to prevent the wolves from reaching it; the other method, as described by Mr. Kipp, is to dig a grave directly under the accustomed sitting place of the chief. After the body has been laid in it a strong platform is built just above it and covered over with stones and dirt. The weapons of a dead person were always buried with him, and in the graves of women and children articles of housewifery and toys were always placed. At the burial place of a chief or a noted warrior several horses were generally killed. At the burial lodge of a chief which the writer once found, were the skeletons of four horses. Mourning observances devolve chiefly upon the women. The wife or mother of a deceased person lacerates the calves of her legs, cuts off her hair and a joint of a finger to show her grief. The father or husband cuts off part of his hair and goes without leggins for a number of days.

For the first few days succeeding a person's death all the near relatives of the deceased spend the greater part of the time on hills adjacent to the camp, where they sit and mourn, calling the name of the dead person over and over again, until they become so hoarse they cannot speak. After a short period the men give up mourning altogether. A wife or mother, however, mourns for a year or two, not daily, but at irregular periods.

LIFE AMONG THE BLACKFEET.

BY J. WILLARD SCHULTZ.

Tenth Paper—Folk-Lore.

THE OLD MAN AND THE ROCK.

Once the Old Man was crossing a large prairie, and becoming tired, he sat down on a rock to rest. After a time he arose to resume his journey, but before going he threw his robe over the rock saying, "Here, I give you my robe because you have let me rest on you. Always keep it." And he went away.

Now he had not traveled on very far when it began to rain, and meeting a coyote, he said to it: "Little brother, little brother, run back to that rock and get my robe, and we will get under it and keep dry." So the coyote ran to the rock, but returned without the robe. "Where is it?" the Old Man asked. "Si-yah!" replied the coyote, "the rock said you gave him the robe and that he was going to keep it."

Then the Old Man was very angry, and he went back and jerked the robe off the rock saying, "I only wanted to borrow the robe until this storm is over, but now that you have acted so mean about it I will keep it, you don't need a robe anyhow, you have been out in the rain and snow all your life, and it will not hurt you to always live so." Saying which he and coyote went up in a coulee and got under the robe.

Ere long they heard a noise, and the Old Man said: "Little brother, run up on the hill and see what is making that noise." Soon the coyote came running back and said: "Run! run! the big rock is coming," and they both ran away as fast as they could. The rock gained on them and the coyote, running into a badger hole, was run over and killed. The Old Man was very scared, and as he ran he threw off all his clothes, but the rock kept gaining on him all the time. Not far off he saw a band of buffalo bulls, and he cried out to them, saying: "Oh, my brothers, help me, help me; stop that rock." And the bulls all ran at it and tried to stop it, but it crushed in all their heads. Deer and antelope also tried to stop the rock, but they shared the same fate as the buffalo, and a number of rattlesnakes formed themselves into a lariat and tried to noose the rock, but those that formed the noose were ground to pieces. The rock was now very close to the Old Man, so close that now and then it would strike his heels. As he was about to give up he saw a flock of bull-bats circling over his head, and he said to them: "Oh! my little brothers, help me; I am almost gone." Then the bull-bats flew down against the rock and made their peculiar cry, and every time they struck it they chipped a piece off, and at last the chief bull-bat broke the rock in two. Then the Old Man, to pay them for saving his life, made very wide mouths on them and named them "Pi-tô-iks"—fighters.

Moral: When you make a present never take it back.

THE OLD MAN AND THE ELK.

One evening the Old Man was walking along a ridge and he was very hungry. Not far off he saw a large band of elk, and he said to himself, "I will kill every one of those elk, and then I won't be hungry." So he went up to the elk and said, "Oh, my brothers! I am lonesome because I have no one to follow me." The elk said, "Go on, Old Man. We will follow you."

Then the Old Man led them close to a high cut bank, and he ran up a little and got down and came under the bank where it was straight up and down, and he called out to the elk, "Come on, here I am; jump right down." But the elk said, "It is so dark we can't see to jump. Build a fire." Then the Old Man built a fire, but still the elk were afraid to jump. "Don't be afraid," the Old Man said, "jump right down; it's nice; you will laugh."

Then the elk jumped and were killed, all except one doe elk, which stood on the bank yet. "I don't hear any one laugh," she said, and she was frightened and ran away.

Then the Old Man skinned all the elk and cut the meat up to dry and hung the tongues up on a pole. When it was daylight he went off, and at night came back very hungry. All the meat was gone; the wolves had eaten it all up. He took down the tongues one by one, but they were all hollow; the mice had eaten all the meat out of them. So the Old Man had nothing to eat that night.

Moral: Never kill more meat than you need.

THE OLD MAN MAKES SOME BAD WEAPONS.

Once the Old Man was fording a river when the current carried him down stream and he lost his weapons. He was very hungry, so he took the first wood he could find and made some arrows, a bow, knife and spear. When he had finished them, he started up a mountain. Pretty soon he saw a bear digging roots, and he thought he would have some fun, so he hid behind a log and called out "No-tail animal, what are you doing?" The bear looked up, but seeing no one kept on digging.

Then the Old Man called out again, "Short-tail ground-eater, what are you doing?" Then the bear rose up on his hind feet, and seeing the Old Man ran after him. The Old Man commenced shooting arrows at him, but the points only stuck in a little way, for the shafts were rotten and the bear pulled the points out as fast as they struck him. When the arrows were all gone he threw his spear, but that too, was rotten, and broke off. Then the Old Man grasped the bear by the hair and tried to stab him, but the knife handle also broke, for it was rotten. All his weapons were broken, so the Old Man turned and ran, and the bear pursued him. As he ran, the Old Man looked about for some weapon, but he could find none. Neither could he see any animal to help him. At last he saw a buffalo bull's horn lying in the path. Picking it up, he placed it on his head and turning round, shook his head at the bear, and bellowed so loudly that the bear was scared and ran away.

Moral: Always make your weapons of good wood.

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LIFE AMONG THE BLACKFEET.

BY J. WILLARD SCHULTZ.

Tenth Paper—Folk-Lore.

THE OLD MAN AND THE ROCK.

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Then the elk jumped and were killed, all except one dog-elk, which stood on the bank yet. "I don't hear any one laugh," she said, and she was frightened and ran away.

Then the Old Man skinned all the elk and cut the meat up to dry and hung the tongues up on a pole. When it was daylight he went off, and at night came back very hungry. All the meat was gone; the wolves had eaten it all up. He took down the tongues one by one, but they were all hollow; the mice had eaten all the meat out of them. So the Old Man had nothing to eat that night.

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[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LIFE AMONG THE BLACKFEET.

BY J. WILLARD SCHULTZ.

Eleventh Paper—Folk-Lore.

THE OLD MAN MEETS A WONDERFUL BIRD.

As the Old Man was walking in the woods one day he saw something very queer. A bird was sitting on the limb of a tree making a peculiar noise, and every time it made this noise its eyes would go out of its head and fasten on the tree, then it would make another kind of a noise and its eyes would go back to their place.

"Little Brother," cried the Old Man, "teach me how to do that."

"If I show you how to do that," replied the bird, "you must never let your eyes go out more than three times a day, for if you do, you will be very sorry."

When the bird had taught the Old Man the trick he was very glad, and did it three times, then he stopped. "That bird has no sense," he said, "what did he tell me to do it only three times for? I'll do it again, anyhow." So he made his eyes go out a fourth time, but alas! he could not call them back again. Then he cried to the bird: "Oh, Little Brother!" come help me get back my eyes." But the little bird did not answer him. It had flown away. The Old Man felt all over the trees with his hands but he couldn't get his eyes, and he wandered all over crying and calling the animals to help him. A wolf had much fun with him. The wolf had found a dead buffalo, and taking a piece of the meat which smelled, he would hold it close to the Old Man's nose, then the Old Man would say, "I smell something dead," and he would grope all around in hopes to find it. Once when the wolf was doing this, the Old Man caught him, and plucking out one of its eyes put it in his own head, then he was able to find his own eyes, but he could do the trick the little bird taught him no more.

Moral: Do as you are told.

THE OLD MAN RUNS A RACE.

One day the Old Man killed a jack rabbit and quickly built a fire to roast it on. Far off a coyote smelled the cooking, and coming up limping very badly, holding up one of his paws, he said: "Old Man! Old Man! Give me a little. I am very hungry."

Then the Old Man said to him: "Go away! If you are too lazy to catch your eating I will not feed you."

"My leg is broken," said the coyote. "I can't run. I am very hungry."

"Go away," said the Old Man; "I will not feed you."

Then the coyote limped away. Pretty soon he came back again and asked for only one leg of the rabbit.

"Here," said the Old Man, "do you see that butte way over there? Let's run a race to that butte, and whoever gets there first will have the rabbit."

"All right," said the coyote. So they started. The Old Man ran very fast, and the coyote limped along after him. But when they had got close to the butte the coyote turned round and ran back very fast, for he was not lame at all.

He had been fooling the Old Man. The Old Man ran back as fast as he could after the coyote, and when he got to the fire the coyote was sitting upon a little hill eating the rabbit.

"Oh, my little brother," cried the Old Man, "give me a piece of it."

"Come and get it," said the coyote, as he swallowed the last piece of it, and trotted off on the prairie.

Moral: Feed the hungry. Things are not always as they look to be.

THE OLD MAN PUNISHES A THIEF.

One night the Old Man sat by the fire roasting a piece of meat. It was a very large piece of meat, and he went to sleep before it was cooked. A lynx, which had been watching him, now crept up and began to eat the meat. The Old Man woke up, and seeing what was going on grabbed the lynx saying, "Oh, you thief," and he pulled off his tail, all but a short piece, and pounded him on the head, making his nose very short. "There," said he, throwing him out into the brush, "that's the way you lynxes will look after this." To this day the lynxes have short tails and noses.

[Note.—Many of the best legends which explain the different phenomena of nature are related with the doings of the Old Man, but unfortunately they are so indecent that they cannot be translated and printed.—J. W. S.]

XXII, 1, Jan. 31/84-7-5

LIFE AMONG THE BLACKFEET.

BY J. WILLARD SCHULTZ.

Twelfth Paper—Folk-Lore.

THE ADVENTURES OF KUT-O-YIS.

LONG ago there lived on the Maria's River a very rich old man, and he had a wife and three beautiful daughters. All the young men looked at these young women and wanted to marry them, but their father said no. No one but the richest young man could have his daughter. From a far off camp came a young man, very rich, and he married the three sisters.

After a time this young man began to treat his old father-in-law very badly. He took all his dogs away from him and his weapons, and gave him very little to eat. Not far from where they lived was a large cave, where this son-in-law, whose name was Many Feathers, kept a herd of buffalo, and every time he wanted meat he would let one out and kill it. One day, when he let one out, he only wounded it, and it ran out on the prairie. He gave his father-in-law a bow and arrows and sent him after it. The old man chased the buffalo a long way, but could not catch it. As he was going along the trail he picked up a large clot of blood which had dropped from the animal's wound and hid it in the folds of his robe. When he returned home Many Feathers was very angry, and he said: "Why did you not kill that cow?" "Because I couldn't catch it," replied the old man. "What did you pick up out there on the prairie?" "Nothing," said the old man. "I ran a prickly pear in my foot and stooped to pick it out."

Then the old man went to his lodge and said to his wife, "Go quickly, old woman, and get some water, I have a clot of blood which we will boil and eat." When the water was hot they threw the clot of blood in it, and pretty soon they heard a cry like that of a child, but they looked in the kettle and could see nothing. Three times they heard this cry, and when they looked in the kettle the third time they saw a beautiful baby boy, and they took him out and named him Kût-ô-yîs: Clot of Blood. In one day the boy grew to be a man, and he said to the old man, "Father, why have you nothing to eat in your lodge?" Then the old man told him how his son-in-law had taken all his dogs and weapons away from him, and that they would have starved to death had it not been for their youngest daughter, who stole a little meat for them whenever she could. "Never mind, father," said Kût-ô-yîs, "let us make a bow and arrows and a knife and we will go hunting." When they had made the weapons they went out on the prairie and Kût-ô-yîs killed a fat cow.

When they were skinning it the old man saw Many Feathers coming toward them, and he was afraid; but Kût-ô-yîs lay down behind the buffalo and said: "Let him come, I will kill him." When Many Feathers came up close he said, "Who killed that cow?" "I did," replied the old man. "Well, I am going to kill you," said Many Feathers, and he commenced to string his bow, but Kût-ô-yîs jumped up and shot an arrow through his heart. Then they went home and Kût-ô-yîs killed the old man's oldest daughters, for they had not pitied him, and he took the youngest one for his wife.

Now, way out in the Sweet Grass Hills, there lived a big wolf, so big that a man was only a mouthful for him. Kût-ô-yîs went to kill this wolf. When he came to where the wolf was, he let it swallow him, and when he got in its belly he found many people there, some dead and some yet alive. And Kût-ô-yîs said to the living, "Get up and dance," and they all danced. Kût-ô-yîs held a knife firmly on the top of his head and every time he danced the knife cut into the wolf's heart, and pretty soon they felt the animal sway and fall over dead. Then they cut a hole in its side and crawled out, and Kût-ô-yîs took off the scalp and gave it to the sun.

Kût-ô-yîs killed all the bad animals. There were two great man-eating snakes which he killed, and he let only one little one live. "The people will not be afraid of little snakes," he said, "so you can live and make little ones."

NEW GLASGOW ROD AND GUN CLUB.—At the annual meeting of the New Glasgow (Nova Scotia) Rod and Gun Club, held Jan. 31, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, H. T. Sutherland; Vice-President, John K. Fraser; Secretary-Treasurer, J. Howard Cavanagh; Executive Committee, W. B. Moore, R. A. Walker, Jas. S. Fraser. The club is in a prosperous condition, owns a club-house, boats, decoys, and a trap-shooting outfit, and the members expect to do some tall shooting this season.

Inc. XII No. 4.
Feb. 21, '84. R 64

LIFE AMONG THE BLACKFEET.

BY J. WILLARD SCHULTZ.

Thirteenth Paper—Folk-Lore.

SCAR-FACE, THE MAN WHO WENT TO THE SUN.

THERE was once a young man who had a great scar on his cheek. He was a very good young man, but because he had this deformity, the people made fun of him and called him Scar-face. There was a very beautiful girl in the camp, and one day Scar-face met her when she was going after water and asked her to be his wife. But the girl laughed and said: "Do you think I would marry such an ugly man as you are? When you get that great scar off your face then come and ask me. I don't want to marry an ugly man." Now, Scar-face loved this girl, and his heart cried because she had spoken so badly to him, and he went off alone and prayed to all the animals to help him. His secret helper said to him, "Go to the Sun, he is good and will help you." Then Scar-face arose and started on to the Sun.

After the second day, he could travel only at night, for it was very hot. In the day time he slept in big holes which he dug in the ground. When he had come close to the Sun's place, he found in the trail some one's leaving. A war shirt was there and many weapons of strange and beautiful make. But he touched them not, for, he said, some god has left them there and will come for them. Now a little way further on he met a young man, the most beautiful person he had ever seen, his hair was very long and he wore a shirt and leggings and robe made of some strange animal's fur, and, his moccasins were embroidered in strange colors. The young man said to him, "Did you see a war shirt and some weapons lying on the trail?"

"Yes," said Scar-face, "I saw them."

"But didn't you touch them?" asked the young man.

"No," replied Scar-face, "I thought some one had left them there, so I did not take them."

"You are not a thief. What is your name?" said the young man.

"Scar-face."

"Where are you going?" asked the young man.

"To the Sun," replied Scar-face.

"My name, said the young man "is E-pî-sû-ahts [early riser, the Morning Star], the Sun is my father. Come, I will take you to our lodge. Now he is not sitting there, at night he will enter."

They came to his lodge, very large it was, and very beautiful. Many unknown animals were painted on it in strange colors, and behind it, suspended on a tripod, were the war clothes of the Sun, made of large and beautiful feathers and the skins of great animals. Scar-face was ashamed to enter such a great lodge, for his clothes were of common cow skin and his moccasins all torn with much travel; but Morning Star said, "Enter, my new friend; and fear not; our hearts are like our faces, we conceal them not."

They entered. All about were sitting-places covered with white robes, and everything was strange. One person sat in the lodge and that was the Moon (Kô-kô-mîk'-ê-is: Night-light), the Sun's wife, and the mother of Morning Star, and she spoke to Scar-face kindly, and gave him something to eat. "Why have you come so far from your people?" she said.

Then Scar-face told her about the beautiful girl who would

marry him because of the ugly scar on his face, and that he had come to ask the Sun to remove the scar. Now when it was time for the Sun to return home, the Moon hid Scar-face under a pile of robes. But as soon as the Sun got to the door-way he stopped and said, "I smell a person."

"Yes, father," said Morning Star, "a good young man has come to see you, a very good young man. I know he is a good person, for he found my beautiful clothes in the trail and did not touch them."

"I am glad," said the Sun, as he entered the lodge and took his accustomed seat, "that a good person enters my lodge. Be friends, my son," said he to Morning Star, "with this newly arrived young man."

The next day the Moon called Scar-face away out of the lodge and said to him, "Go with Morning Star and hunt where you please, but never go near a large lake way out there, for by that lake live great birds with long sharp bills, which they use to pluck out people's hearts. I have had many sons, but these birds have killed them all except Morning Star. Never let him go there."

Now, one day when the young men were out hunting, they came in sight of this lake and saw the great sharp-billed birds swimming in the water. "Come," said Morning Star, "let us go and kill the birds." "No, no," said Scar-face. "we must not go near them," but Morning Star ran quickly to the lake, and so he followed, for thought he, "I may save him." The birds, seeing the young men close, came and fought them, and with their spears the young men killed them all, and they cut off their heads and carried them home.

Now, when the Sun came home that night, the Moon told him what a brave deed the boys had accomplished, and his heart was very glad. "My heart is glad," he said, when he had sung a song, "for the sharp-billed birds which have killed my children are destroyed. Speak, my son Scar-face, what can I do to pay you?"

Then Scar-face told the Sun about the beautiful girl he loved, and that she would not marry him because of the scar on his face. "Pity me," he said; "take off this scar which makes my heart so sad."

Then the Sun made some powerful medicine, and put it on Scar-face, which made him handsome, and he took him and Morning Star to the Moon, and said, "Look, mother; which is your son?" and she recognized Morning Star.

Then he took the boys away and rubbed some more of the medicine on Scar-face, and again he took them before the Moon and said, "Now, mother, which is your son?" and she looked a long time, but could not tell which was Morning Star, for the Sun had made Scar-face beautiful, just like his own son.

Then the Sun gave him some beautiful clothes and food and told him he could return home. "But, my son," said he, "do not marry that girl. A woman who will not marry a good man merely because he has a scar on his face is surely not a good woman. Be glad that you did not get her. But punish her, that the people may know that a bad face is no sign that the heart is bad," and he told him what to do.

When Scar-face started to return home Morning Star hung on his neck and cried, saying: "How can I part from my friend, my brother?" and the Moon also cried, saying: "How can I let my new son go away?" and all their hearts were sad.

Now, when Scar-face had come close to his home, he met a young man, and inquired if his father still lived in the camp; and learning which lodge his father owned, he entered and sat down, and no one knew him, and when he told his father and mother who he was and where he had been, for a long time they did not believe him.

Toward evening he walked out in the camp, and all the people crowded around him to listen to his wonderful story, and the beautiful girl whom he had loved called him away to one side, and she said: "You are such a good-looking man that I will be glad to be your wife," and Scar-face replied: "All right, come into my lodge to-night," and when she had come in and lain down beside him he smothered her to death with a robe, for so the Sun had told him to do, and he married good women and lived a long time, and when he died the Morning Star came and took him back to the Sun, where he lived forever.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MARCH 20, 1884.]

FOREST AND STREAM.

LIFE AMONG THE BLACKFEET.

BY J. WILLARD SCHULTZ.

Fourteenth Paper—Folk-Lore.

[Concluded.]

THE CAUSE OF SPOTS ON THE MOON.

LONG ago there lived a man, who had a wife and son, and his wife was not faithful to him. She ran away with another man. But the woman loved her son, and would often disguise herself in men's clothing and go and talk and play with him. Now one day, after the woman had visited her son, the little boy said to his father, "I think I know my mother. It is she who comes often, dressed in men's clothes, and plays with me and tells me stories." Then said his father, "When she comes again ask her to make you some arrows and a bow."

Not long after she came again, and the little boy said, "Oh, my friend, please make me a bow and some arrows so I can shoot the little birds," and his mother commenced to make them. When she had finished an arrow, the boy's father came in and looked at the arrow and knew that no man made it, and he said to the woman, "You are my wife," and she was afraid, and did not deny it. Then the man took his knife and cut her to pieces, and threw the pieces out of the lodge; but instead of falling to the ground they went way above and stuck on the moon. You can see them yet, the spots on the moon.

THE WOLF-MAN.

There was once a man who had two wives. They were unfaithful. Very bad were their hearts. So the man left the main camp and lived way out on the prairie with his bad wives. And one of his wives said to the other, "Let us kill our husband and go back to the main camp, where we may see our lovers." Now, near where they were camped was a tall butte, and every night when he came home the man would go up on it and sit and look all over the prairie to see where the buffalo were feeding and to see if any enemies were coming. And on top of the butte was a buffalo bull's skull, upon which he would sit.

One day, when he was out hunting, the women went up on the butte and dug a deep pit in it. Then they covered the mouth of it with small sticks, earth and grass, and placed the buffalo skull on top. When the sun was almost down they saw their husband coming home, the dogs loaded down with the meat he had killed. "There he is, there he is," they cried, "let us hurry and get his supper." And when he had finished eating he went up on the butte, and when he seated himself on the buffalo skull the slender sticks gave way and he was thrown to the bottom of the pit. When his wives heard him cry, they looked, but could not see him, so they knew he was in the pit, and they quickly packed the lodge on the dog travois and moved into the main camp. "Where is your husband?" the people asked. "Three days ago he went out to hunt, and has not returned. We fear he is killed," they replied.

Now when the man fell down into the pit he cried, and a wolf heard him. The wolf said, "I hear a person crying," and looking about he soon discovered the man in the pit. Then the wolf howled, *Ah-h-w-o-o-o-o-o-o, ah-h-w-o-o-o-o-o-o!* And when the other wolves heard him they came running to see what was the matter. There came also many coyotes, black wolves, red foxes, kit foxes, badgers and mice; the little mice came too. And when they were all come, the wolf who had found the man said, "Here is my find. In this hole is a fallen-in-somehow-man; let us take pity on him and dig him out, and we will have him for a brother." Then all the animals commenced to dig, and soon had a hole almost to the man. And when they had dug very close to him, the find-him wolf called out, "Hold on; I want to say something," and when all the animals were listening he said, "Now I found this man. We will all have him for our brother, but I claim that he ought to live with us big wolves, for I found him." All the animals agreeing to this, the big wolf went down in the hole, and tearing down the rest of the dirt dragged the almost dead man out. And when they had given him a kidney to eat, the big wolves took him to their holes; and they brought him to the hole of a big blind medicine wolf, and the medicine wolf made wolf paws and a wolf head on him. The rest of his body was like a man's.

Now, in these days the people caught buffalo in pis-kans,* and all around these pis-kans they made openings and set nooses in them, so when the wolves came to steal meat they were caught by the neck. One night the wolves all went down to steal meat, and when they had come close to the pis-kan the man-wolf said; "Sit here all of you, and I will go first and fix the places so you will not get killed," and he went first and sprung all the nooses. Then he went back and called all the wolves and the others, the coyotes, foxes and badgers, and they all went in the pis-kan and feasted, and took meat to carry home.

In the morning, the people were surprised to find all their nooses drawn out, and they said, "Perhaps it was what?" Many nights were the nooses drawn out and their meat stolen by the wolves. One night when the wolves came they found only bad bull's meat and the man-wolf was angry, and he howled out, "Ah-bad-you-give-us-o-o-o-o," and the people heard and said, "It is a man-wolf who has done all this." So they put dried meat, pemmican and tongues in the pis-kan, and many people hid in there.

The next night when the man-wolf came he saw the good food and ran to it, then the men all jumped up and caught him with ropes, and they took him to camp. When they took him into a lodge by the fire they knew him, and said, "Here is the man his wives said was killed," and they brought his wives into the lodge. Then the man-wolf told what his wives had done, and they were immediately killed.

THE THUNDER BIRD.

None of the people knew what the thunder was, and the people often talked about it, and said, "Perhaps it is what?" Now, once the people moved toward the Sweetgrass hills after buffalo, and one day when they were traveling two boys found a queer bird on the prairie, and caught it and carried it to their father's lodge, and many people came in to look at it, for no one had seen a bird like it, and while they were talking it suddenly arose and flew out the smoke-hole of the lodge, and a great thunder shook the lodge, and knocked the people down, and they knew then that it was the bird which made the thunder.

The rainbow is called *Nāp'-i-ō-tō-kāh-tchīs*, Old Man's lariat; or, more correctly, Old Man's catching instrument. When he wishes the rain to cease he throws out this lariat and catches it all.

The constellation Pleiades is termed the *E-kīt-sī-kūm*, even, and the legend is, that a woman once had seven bad

children, and that one day she threw them up in the sky, where they were changed into stars.

Sun-dogs are said to be fires lighted by the sun to warn the people that danger is near. "When you see the signal fires, watch, for the enemy is coming."

The foregoing legends are all that the writer has learned thus far, which may with propriety be printed in a public journal.

The Blackfoot language is an exceedingly difficult one to master, and the writer has decided to omit any remarks upon it, for as yet he is not sufficiently versed in it to give any very valuable information regarding its peculiarities. Below is an interlinear translation of the story of the "Wind-maker," which will give some information regarding the structure of the language.

Ō-mēks'-Iks-ah	sām'-i-au	It-sīn-ō'-yē-au	I'-so-pōm-stan
They	hunted	saw they	wind-maker
ē-tāh-wah'-kwō-e au	e-tōt'eks-sō-pwō'-e	e-tō-mūt'-up-	
chased him they	came very wind	commenced	
sō-pwō-e	e-tūn'-ūk-ō-pō-pō-kī-yēk-au	ah-wah-kwō-yē	
wind	blown off they	chased him	
ō-mē' ō'-mūk-sī-kīm-ī	e-tūh-pūs'-kwō-ē-au	ēt-sū'ō-mūk-i-yēk	
That big	water chased him toward	under ran	
It-ēū-ō-wūt-sīn-i-yēk-au	It-sīk'-sō-pwō-e	Kīn'-yī-yī	
saw him no more they	ceased wind	That's it	
It-sīn-ō'-yē-au	I'-sō-pōm-stan	I'-sō-pōm-stan	Kish-tā-pek-se
saw him	Wind maker	Wind maker	Spotted animal
nāt'-ōt-sī-nūm	īn-ō-yē'	ūhk-sō-yīs	īn-ō-yē'
like color	long	his tail	long
			ō-tō-kīsts
			his ears
ēt-sīn-ūs'-tse.			
down hang.			

Free translation: Some hunters once saw the wind-maker and chased him; there came a strong wind which blew them off, but, persisting, they chased the animal into the lake, and as soon as he disappeared under the water the wind ceased blowing. Then they knew that they had seen the Wind-maker. He was a spotted animal, and had a long tail, and long ears which hung down.

*The following account of the Blackfeet pis-kan was given by Mr. Schultz in FOREST AND STREAM of June 1, 1882:

Not so very long ago I happened to be camped with a gens of the Pe-gun-ny, at a place called Willows Round, situated some fifteen miles above here, on the Marias River. Early in the evening I saw old Po-kah-yah-yi, in whose lodge I was stopping, ascend a steep bluff not far off, and, giving him time to reach the top, I followed, and was soon seated by his side. Directly opposite us across the river were the remains of pis-kan, or, as the white men out here call it, a "buffalo pound." Why so called I cannot say, the literal translation of the word "pis-kan" being "falling-off place." "Now, my friend," said I, after I had regained my breath, "tell me all about that pis-kan. How did you make it; how many buffalo did you catch in one day; and how many winters ago did you use it?"

The old man's story was as follows:

"In those days we had no guns, but used to kill many buffalo with bows and arrows; and sometimes we used the pis-kan. When we made a pis-kan, we first found a little open glade by the river where the prairie came down and ended in a cut bank as high as a man. From this cut bank we built a strong fence clear around the edge of the glade. We used big trees to make the fence—logs and sticks, and anything that would help to keep the buffalo from breaking out. Then we built two lines of stone piles far out on the prairie, two lines that ever diverged from each other. Then the pis-kan was built."

"The night before we intended to make a drive we always had a buffalo dance. All the people danced. The medicine men all wore buffalo robes, and sang the buffalo songs. Every one prayed to their secret helpers for good luck. Early the next morning the people went out, and hid behind the stone piles on the prairie. The medicine man who was going to call the buffalo put on a buffalo robe, hair side out, and sitting down smoked one pipe to the sun. Then he spoke to his wives and all the women of his lodge, saying, 'You must not go outside until I return. You must not look out of the doorway or any hole. Take this sweet grass,' giving it to his head wife, 'and every little while burn a small part of it so that the sun will be glad. Pray that we will have good luck.' Then he mounted a dark colored horse and rode out on the prairie. When he came near a band of buffalo he began to ride quickly in circles and cried out to the buffalo, saying, 'E-ne-uh! E-ne-uh!' (meaning buffalo). The buffalo were first a little scared; then they began to follow him slowly, and soon ran after him as fast as they could. Then the medicine man rode into the shoot, and after the buffalo had also run in he jumped out to one side of the stone piles, and the herd passed by. The people behind kept rising up and shouting, which made them run all the faster. The buffalo in the head of the band were afraid of the stone piles, and kept right on in the middle of the shoot; those in the rear were scared by the people continually rising behind them, and so pushed the leaders ahead. When the band had got close to the edge of the pis-kan, all the people closed in on them and with a great shout drove them over the cut bank into the inclosure. Then with their bows and arrows, the men killed all the buffalo; even the old bulls were killed. The fattest cows were then marked for the chiefs and medicine men by placing sticks on the tails, and the rest were divided up among the people."

The above narrative is true in every respect. As late as 1865 the Pe-gun-ny used these pis-kans on the Upper Marias. Mr. Jos. Kipp, the well-known Indian trader, tells me that in 1864 he saw the Pe-

Blackfeet "In the lodge of the Blackfeet"

1906

The Lodges of the Blackfeet.

(Concluded from page 395.)

On the southern side of the circle is a lodge belonging to Head Carrier, an old man of some importance and possessed of some spiritual power. The painting of this lodge is very old, and I have no adequate explanation of it. The black band close to the ground is unmarked, but above, and resting on it, are a number of black, roughly circular paintings, which represent the heads of enemies. On the front and on the back, and so with their extremities almost touching at the ground on either side, are two rainbows in three colors, red, blue, and black, from below. Each runs from the black band at the ground nearly to the smoke-hole, and so forms a high, narrow arch. Within the rainbow, at the back, is the full-faced figure of a naked man, about three feet high. The figure is painted in reddish brown, but the hair, heart, life-line, and kidneys are bright blue. The man holds in his left hand a pipe, which he is filling in order to give the sun a smoke. In his right hand he holds, by its handle, an



HEAD CARRIER'S LODGE.

object with the outlines of an ordinary palm-leaf fan, from the outer border of which project a number of eagle tail-feathers. These tail-feathers he is about to present to the sun. The butterfly cross is below the smoke-hole, in the usual place.

Growing Buffalo's lodge shows on the south side a male mule-deer, and on the north side a female mule-deer. The color of each is bright yellow; the life-line is red and green in alternating blocks. The kidneys, knees, hoofs, and rump patch are green, the teats and genitals red.

White Dog's lodge shows the usual band with the "dusty stars" at the ground, and resting on this band are conical or oval figures, the conventional signs for mountains. Besides these, at the back of the lodge, and resting on the band, is another conventional sign—that for a pine



WHITE DOG'S LODGE.

tree, a broad, sharp cone, from the sides of which project slender, upright lines a few inches long; this is yellow. Almost half-way up the lodge, on the south side, is a male snake, and on the north side a female snake; these are red, yellow, and blue, in sections. At the top of the lodge, below the smoke-hole, are three narrow red and three narrow yellow bands alternately; these represent red and yellow clouds. The very top of the lodge and the wings are black (the night), with six stars (the Pleiades) on the wings.

Red Head's lodge has the base-band red, and resting on it are the conventional mountains. At the back and front of the lodge, rising well toward the smoke-hole, are great red paintings three or four feet wide, six or eight feet high, rounded above and resting on the band below. These represent the great masses of rock often seen on the prairie, and against which the buffalo used to rub themselves—erratic boulders dropped by the glacier. Hanging down from the smoke-hole behind are four



RED HEAD'S LODGE.

horse-tails. They represent four horses stolen by the maker of the lodge.

Stingy's lodge is old and faded. The band below contains large circles—stars. Above, about half-way up the lodge, an undulating band, twenty inches wide, runs around the lodge; it is composed of three narrow brown and two narrow red stripes, which is believed to represent a river. Above this band, on the south side, is seen a male eagle in flight, showing one of the wings; and on the north side a female eagle flying, also showing one wing. On the north side the lodge-wings bear four stars which represent the Pleiades, and on the south side seven



LONE CHIEF'S LODGE.

stars—the Great Bear or Dipper. Behind and below the smoke-hole is the butterfly cross with the horse-tail hanging from the middle. The horse-tail brings good luck; he who has it on his lodge is likely to be fortunate in securing horses, and to have many of them. Also it is suggested that the lodge is sold for horses.

Three Bears' lodge has around the bottom a yellow band showing "dusty stars," and with mountains resting upon it. Above that it is unpainted until the smoke-hole is reached; about this the lodge is painted yellow, and hanging down from this yellow painting, the border of which is horizontal, are pairs of conventionalized eagle-



SINGLE CIRCLE LODGE.

claws. The claw to the south is blue, and the one to the north, yellow. The wings show stars—the north wing the Great Bear, the south wing the Pleiades. At the back, below the smoke-hole, is a representation of the sun with a horse-tail tied to the center. Above, and on either side of the door, is a blue painted circle, in the center of each of which are bells and a bunch of raven feathers, and from the center of these circles run the strings by which the door hangs. This door must be a calf skin with the fur left on it.

This lodge was discovered in the following way: Once a man with his son was out in winter hunting buffalo, and as they were returning to the camp, the two were overtaken by a severe snowstorm and lost their way. They made a shelter for themselves from the green hides that they were carrying, and lay down in it and slept. In his sleep the man dreamed that a person came to him and said, "Friend, I invite you to come to my camp." He accepted the invitation and his host told the lost man that he wished to make him a present of a lodge. In front of



YELLOW-PAINTED LODGE.

his own lodge the host put down two blocks of wood, painted different colors, and requested the lost man to take his choice. He did so, and the block which he chose was painted as this lodge is painted. When the lost man awoke, the storm had ceased and the sky was clear, and with the boy he went home to the camp. When spring came he made himself a lodge and painted it as he had seen the painting on the block of wood.

After that, no matter how dark the night or how bad the storm, this man never lost his way; the lodge brought him good luck.

Old Running Rabbit's lodge is called the Single Circle lodge. It has only a single ornamental circle about it. It takes its name from the man who designed it. Single Circle Lodge was a beaver priest, and this lodge undoubtedly had its origin from the Beaver society. Its



SHORT ROBE'S LODGE.

discoverer dreamed that the otter and the beaver gave him the lodge.

About the lodge, four or five feet above the ground, runs a band of red, two feet wide, on which are shown six black otters, three on each side, all running from back to front. The females are on the north side and the males on the south side. The white teeth and red mouths are shown, as if half the face had been cut away. The life-line is alternately red and green. The kidneys are green; except for this the animals show black. In front, extending from the ground up on either side of the door and almost to the smoke-hole, three feet wide and rounding off above, is a solid mass of red which represents the rock in the bank where the otters lived. At the back of the smoke-hole, high up, is a green moon with a narrow yellow border, and to the center of the moon is tied the luck-bringing horse-tail. Within the lodge, just above the door, is a rattle made of calf-hoofs with a calf's tail hanging down, to announce the arrival or departure of anyone

entering or leaving the lodge, since whoever goes in or out is quite sure to touch the calf's tail with his head.

The yellow-painted lodge, or the otter lodge, belongs to George Starr, an English-speaking half-breed. It shows at the ground a black band with stars, and on the band rest mountains alternating with cattail rushes. At the front and back are two great red rocks—that at the back with a mink running up either side, that at the front with a weasel running up either side. The ground color of the lodge is yellow. Eight otters, four on either side of the lodge, run from the back to the front. The male otters are on the south side and the females on the north, and the same is true of the minks and the weasels. The otters are very dark brown or black, with red kidneys, and red and blue life-lines. The butterfly cross below the smoke-hole at the back is blue, with a horse-tail attached to it. The top and wings of the lodges are black and show the constellations—the Great Bear on the north side and the Pleiades on the south.

Dan Lone Chief's lodge shows at the base a band of red sky with a single row of stars; mountains rest upon the band. About five feet from the ground, at front and back, are full-faced buffalo-cow heads with the tongues hanging out. Higher up is a fringe of buckskin sewed to the lodge-covering, and on this buckskin as a path, on either side of the lodge, are five ravens walking toward the front of the lodge. Each raven holds in its bill a piece of red flannel representing a bit of flesh. Above, and just below the smoke-hole are three bands, two red and one yellow, which represent sunrise clouds. The black sky (the night) shows about the smoke-hole and on the wings, with the Great Bear on the north wing and the Pleiades on the south. At the back is a blue butterfly cross, and five horse-tails hang down below it.

Short Robe's lodge shows a red band below with a regular double row of puff balls. About two feet above this, and running all around from one side of the door to the other, is a set of double deer-tracks. The hoofs are blue, the dew-claws yellow, and the pasterns red. Above, a long female mule-deer, yellow in color, shows on the north side and a male on the south side. The nostrils, eyes, a round spot in the ear, knees, kidneys, hoofs, hocks, and rump patch are blue; the life-line is red and blue; the coloring in the two animals is the same. Above, near the smoke-hole, are bands, three in all, showing red and white clouds. The Dipper appears on the north wing and the Pleiades on the south wing.

In this lodge-painting among the Blackfeet various sacred objects are commonly represented by certain conventional symbols. Red, white, and blue bands stand for the red morning cloud, the white cloud, and the blue sky; black indicates night; white circles are stars, rather tall cones are mountains, half-ovals are rocks. The pine tree, the cattail rush, and various birds and animals are readily recognizable. Perhaps of all the signs used, the least expressive are the eagle claws seen near the top of Three Bears' lodge.

It is interesting to note that it is the custom of lodge painters always to show the male animal on the south side of the lodge, while the female is placed on the north side. I have been unable to procure from the Indians an explanation of this, but it is almost always the case except in the *In-is'kim* lodges, where the male is on the east or front, and the female on the west or back of the lodge.

Although the Blackfeet give us no reason for placing the female animal on the north and the male on the south side of the lodge, a story told by an allied tribe is suggestive. One of the creation tales of the Cheyenne Indians states that the first people made by the Creator were a man and a woman, and that the woman was placed to the north, and the man to the south, and that the Creator sat between them and talked to them. He told them that where the woman was it should be always cold, but where the man was it would be warm, the grass would be green, and it would never snow. About the man, all through the winter, there would be birds in great numbers, but when spring came they would all spread their wings and fly away to the country where the woman was and would live there until the autumn, when they would again go south to the man's home. This very likely may have some relation to the fructifying power of the sun, which in the spring moved northward, warming the earth, melting the snow, and causing all things to grow.

The symbols by which the different objects are shown are not intricate, but simple. All of them appear to be true copies of nature according to the Indian school of art. It may even be questioned whether they should be called symbols rather than pictures.

The night with its journeying stars is mysterious. The Sun is the most powerful of the gods, and his daily coming the most important event of the Blackfeet's lives. The red cloud which represents his rising, the Thunder-bird standing for the dreaded lightning, the rainbow symbolical of the clearing storm, represent the powers of the Above people.

The powers of the earth are evident in the figures of the prairie and in the mountains, the most impressive features of the earth that the Blackfoot sees, and still more strange and mysterious to him because—true prairie dweller—he never ventures into them nor explores their narrow defiles and dark recesses. Many of the rocks and boulders scattered over the prairie—especially if odd or unusual in shape—possess a sacred character; they are prayed to, and gifts are offered to them.

Certain mountains were prayed to, and a prayer made by an aged Blackfoot to the chief mountain is an impressive example:

"Hear now, you Chief of Mountains, you who stand foremost; listen, I say, to the mourning of the people. Now are the days truly become evil and are not as they were in ancient times. But you know. You have seen the days. Under your fallen garments the years are buried. Then were the days full of joy, for the buffalo covered the prairie, and the people were content. Warm dwellings had they then, soft robes for coverings, and the feasting was without end.

"Hear now, you Mountain Chief. Listen, I say, to the mourning of the people. Their dwellings and their raiment now are made of strange thin stuff, and the long days come and go without the feast, for our buffalo are gone. Useless, indeed, the drum, for who would sing and dance while hunger gnawed within him.

"Like an old blind man your people feel their way along, falling over unseen things, for the gods are angry.

In vain the usual offering to the Sun. Where now the hundred tongues, the snow-white robes which always were his share? And because we cannot find them he turns away his eyes, making our medicine useless. So then we fall and die, even as an old blind man who cannot see the way.

"Hear, now, you who stand among the clouds. Pity, I say, your starving people. Give back those happy days. Cover once more the prairies with our real food that your children may live again. Hear, I say, the prayer of your unhappy people. Bring back those ancient days. Then will our medicine again be strong, then will you be happy and the aged die content."

The animals which inhabit sky and earth and water are potent in various ways, and their help is needed as well. Of all of them the buffalo has the greatest power, but that of the deer and the elk is also great. Birds in general possess power, but the eagle and the raven are especially strong helpers. The Under-water animals are powerful, as shown by the many stories told of them. Of them all the most sacred is the beaver, to which the otter is supposed to be related. The mink is another under-water animal, and the weasel is related to it. The skins of all these *Mustelidae* are extensively used for ornament. The muskrat is also a powerful helper.

The paintings on the lodges represent sacred animals or objects which possess protective power, and the painting was adopted and is continued to insure good fortune. It is analogous to certain acts performed to-day by some sects of the Christian religion, as offerings to patron saints. The paintings thus require no special explanation and need be accounted for by no elaborate theory.

The Trapper's Thanksgiving.

BY EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

"YES, I reckon old Parson Rogers was right, said Dave Miller, my old-time guide, with whom I was enjoying a two weeks' outing with rod and gun. "He said," continued the guide, and as he threw a couple of logs on the evening campfire that was blazing before our tent, and then returned to his seat beside me on the bed of hemlock boughs, which filled our canvas house with an exquisite fragrance, "that we are all wanting in a proper thankfulness for the mercies, and blessing's we are all the time receivin'; that we're ungrateful critters to make the best of us. I allow that I'm no wuss nor better than my nabors, and judgin' by myself, the old preacher was right. I know I've grunted and growled when bad luck came my way, and when better things happened along I didn't show a right spirit of thankfulness I should have; we're a poor lot of critters, anyhow, but I'm sartain I felt grateful enough onct, if I never did afore nor since; in fact I've never let my thanks grow dim, though the circumstance happened five years ago.

"If you can keep awake a half hour or so, I'll tell you about it, the story is not overlong." And this was the story:

I was trappin' on one or two streams that empty into Long Lake at the upper end, and had two lines of traps each six miles long, good and strong, east and west of my camp, that I had used for sev'ral seasons; it was a comfort'ble log camp, and many's the good pack of fur I've carried away from it. There was a long stretch of sandy beach quite handy to the mouth of the larger stream, and there was an amazin' lot of clams bedded in it, that would be a good spot for muskrats; perhaps you know that the musquash, though it mostly feeds on the roots and herbage of water plants and grasses, it often eats fresh water clams; in fact, the rats kill a big lot of 'em, great beds of the shells being often found on the shore where the clams bed.

Yes, it's a mighty pooty trappin' kentry up there, mink being plentiful, and there was a good sprinklin' of otter, too; and up the west branch there was a beaver pond on a small stream that empties into it, and there was quite a bunch of the critters as I found out to my satisfaction.

I s'pose you've seen a beaver dam and know something of how it's made. I've seen a number of 'em in my time, and I tell you it was hard to believe the critters made 'em. To build one of these dams the beavers begin by felling a good-sized tree across the river, or a large brook, rather; they have picked out a spot for makin' a pond, and they cut the tree down with their big sharp gnawin' teeth as well as I could do it with an ax; they select a shaller part of the stream, and in some way, they know exactly how to gnaw the wood so that the tree will fall exactly right. By jingo! a lumberman couldn't chop it better to have it fall at the proper angle, which is just a little up stream. If there is another tree on the opposite side that can be felled so as to meet it, all the better, they get it there, you can bet; that's the first step. The critters then begin cuttin' sticks of green wood 3 feet or so long and 4 or 5 inches thick. Yes, sometimes nearly a foot thick, and these they drag down to the upper side of the fallen trees, and lay 'em clost together lengthwise. Some people say these logs are stood on end; that the beavers stick 'em down into the river bed, but I doubt it. It stands ter reason, much as I give the beaver credit for, that he can't handle those heavy sticks in that way; for my part I don't see how they manage to even drag 'em into the proper place in the dam, from a hundred feet or more away; they must be gosh mighty strong beasts, anyway. When all the logs are packed together just right, they are bound or withed together with limbs of trees which the critters weave among 'em. They are then packed with mud and clay, which the beavers fasten on, using their big, flat tails as trowels, and the whole is weighted down with rocks and pebbles. You can have some idee how hard they keep to work, when I say I've seen dams 300 feet long and 8 feet thick, and as tight as a mill dam.

Oh, yes! They're mighty understandin' critters, and no mistake. Some people wonder why they build their dams; my idee is they do it so they can have a reg'lar height of water all the time. It's not often they build their lodges in a nat'ral pond, because that might rise in a freset and cover 'em; and so with a river, it might become too strong and sweep 'em away. No,

they prefer small streams or brooks, which can't raise anyway higher than the top of their dam.

Yes, the beaver dam is a mighty tight affair, and in winter it freezes as hard as stone.

In their pond they lay up a big stock of logs for provender, cords of 'em are cut down and carried near their lodges, and their grub is ready for 'em any time all winter long. Oh, yes, they've got big heads, the beavers have for sartain. The critters are gettin' pooty skarc, I'm sorry to say, for their pelts are allers sartain to fetch a good price, and the meat is good eatin', too; the Injuns eat the entire anim'l, but I don't care for anything but the hind quarters, which are as good as the best lamb you ever tasted; in fact, I doubt if you could tell it from lamb, if put before you at the table. As for the tail, when it's nicely stewed, it makes the richest dish ever eaten; there's nothin' that ever compares with it, unless it's a moose's muflet, which, when stewed, is very much like it in flavor and richness. But that's neither here nor there, and nothin' to do with my story. As I said afore, I had two lines of traps, each six miles, good and strong, and I tended 'em one day, and the other the next, and I'll tell you I had to hustle to take off the pelts, get back to camp and stretch 'em and git supper afore dark.

Well, I had a pretty good catch and I felt rich, for furs were bringin' a good price then. I had been out nearly the four weeks that I had planned to put in, and three days afore Thanksgiving I made my last rounds, takin' up my traps and bringin' 'em into camp. Of course I might have done well to put in a couple of weeks more, but I wanted to be home on Thanksgiving sartain.

Well, on the last trip to camp I had a pooty middlin' heavy pack, and as I had my rifle along, I thought, seein' I was so well loaded, I'd cut across a stretch of barrens to save a couple of miles, there bein' an old loggin' road most of the way. I had hardly got out of the heavy growth and started in on the path when I saw two animals movin' about fifty rods or so in the open; they were a couple of moose, one of 'em a big bull with a rousin' set of horns, and the other a two-year-old bull with nothin' on his head to brag on. You may be sartain it didn't take me long to drop my pack and begin to stalk 'em. As you very well know, a moose or caribou is hard to stalk in the open barren, 'specially when there's no scrub firs or pines to get behind, but luck was with me, the wind was blowin' from them to'ard me, and I wormed and crawled along until I got in good shootin' distance.

I had one of the old-fashioned breechloading cavalry carbines that threw a pooty heavy bullet mighty spiteful, and if it hit a moose right it knock him over, sartain.

Well, I got up on my knees, took off my hat and laid it on the ground beside me, and put my cartridges on it. I had only five of 'em left and couldn't afford to lose or waste any. I got a good bead on the big one, aimin' just behind the fore shoulder, and pulled. The smoke was hardly out of the gun afore I had another cartridge in and its bullet flyin' at the other moose. I then got a third cartridge into the breech and jumped up. The big moose was lying on the ground about done for, but the other was tryin' to hobble away on three legs, the off fore shoulder havin' been smashed. I gave him a quartering shot along the back and he dropped.

Well, I had my hands full for sartain, two moose and my pack and nearly a mile from camp, and only three or four hours of daylight left. I dressed the critters in first class shape, for they both were in good condition and well worth carryin' home, and by riggin' a couple of poles as a sort of sledge, got both to camp afore dark, but I was about beat out, I'll tell you.

That was on Monday, and I planned to be home on Thursday, which was Thanksgivin' day. I had two days left, and I had no doubt I could do it easy if I could continue to git all my dunnage down the lake in one trip. I had a good-sized row boat along, big enough to carry four men and my pack, and my canoe, but both of 'em couldn't hold traps, furs, camp outfit and the moose. I lay awake awhile that night until I thought out a good plan, and next morning I was up at daybreak and makin' a raft of logs at the shore of the lake, a few sticks havin' been left there by lumbermen or drifted there during high water. It was quite a good, strong affair, and I knew it would carry the moose and anything I wanted to put on it, and I had no doubt I could tow it with the boat, provided the wind was fair.

It took me till Tuesday noon to git the raft ready and the moose loaded on it, and I had the rest of the day to pack up my odds and ends and git everything ready to start early the next mornin'.

About 2 o'clock I thought I'd take my rifle and cruise around a little. You know how it is when we're in the woods, we always want one last day's cruise afore we leave, and I had mine and no mistake, and I shall never forgit it, for it was the worst scrape I ever got into, and no mistake.

I forgot to say there had been a light snow fall in the night, not more than an inch or so, but it was enough to last all day, anyhow. It was a good trackin' snow, and I started out with my rifle and two remaining cartridges in search of somethin' in the way of game to top off with. I had gone hardly half a mile afore I saw the tracks of a bear; they were the biggest tracks I ever saw, and I knew the critter was a whopper.

Now, I daresay you know that even when you see the tracks of a bear it is not allers easy to foller 'em up, for the critter is a mighty cute beast, and knows a thing or two about hidin' his trail. I was keen to foller him, for I knew those big tracks meant somethin' good. To throw off anyone who is follerin' his tracks the bear goes through all sorts of maneuvers; it is a common thing for him to travel back over his trail, and when he comes to a windfall he'll walk along on that as far as he can and then jump off at one side, and you'd hardly think it possible for the beast to take such long leaps as he does.

No, the bear never takes a bee line for his den, the natur' of the beast being a cautious, wary one. As I said afore, the tracks of my bear were so large I knew

alcohol stove of the smallest size, a 4-ounce flask of alcohol and one of brandy, and, if you smoke, your pipe and a tin box of tobacco. A compass you will take, of course; but it will prove of slight service if the cave is labyrinthine.

The rear man of the party should carry a ball or tube of light twine for a guide line. This he will let out as he goes along. It is an infallible guide back to the entrance. Each of the other men should carry a spare ball of twine. The man next to the leader should have a 50-foot length of half-inch rope, wrapped about him like a sash. Carry nothing in your hands but a lantern. The camera and flash-lights may well be left behind for a subsequent trip. Some magnesium ribbon should be taken, to light up large chambers. It is also useful in flash-light photography to get depth of background. In this case, the man who lights the ribbon should be well concealed from the camera, or you will get curious effects of forked lightning in your picture.

Other useful things that may be added to your outfit, if the party be large enough to carry them, are a cold chisel, geologist's hammer, bags for specimens, a dip-net for blind fish, a thermometer, and a pocket aneroid. To measure accurately the height of large chambers, carry some toy balloons with thread attached. But, on the first trip, at least, go light, with everything stowed as compactly and get-at-able as possible. Remember that you must use both hands in crawling over difficult passages, and in climbing or descending. Do not omit a ball of oiled tow or cotton. This is to be weighted with a stone, lighted, and cast into any sink-hole or chasm where you may fear fire-damp. This gas is only found in deep holes that have no draft, and is, I believe, never met in caves proper. The air of a true cavern is purer than that outside, and you can work harder in it without fatigue. One does not catch cold in a cave, whatever may be the temperature, unless he has been imprudent in entering before cooling off, or emerging too abruptly. In this respect, it is wiser to explore caves in winter than in summer. The temperature of a cavern is constant the year round, but that of different caves varies from each other. The extremes, I think, are about 45 to 60 degrees.

Most novices are afraid of meeting snakes or "varmints" in caves. It is a rather foolish dread, though natural. Serpents or beasts in caves of any considerable size are almost as rare as spooks. If, by extraordinary chance, you should meet one, it will probably be near the entrance. The only snake that I ever saw in a cave had tumbled in by accident when frightened. The only signs of wild beasts that I have discovered in such places were those of a woodchuck, and some bear beds made long, long ago. The newspapers once published a story of our killing a five-foot rattler in a cavern, and printed a photograph of the reptile for verification. The snake was genuine enough, but he was killed outside the cave. If you should encounter a wild beast underground, just flash your lantern in his face and scare him to death.

The only interesting mammal that I ever found in a cave was a white bat. In a small cavern chamber, Sid and I had paused, lost in admiration of the beautiful white incrustation that covered the rock above and all about us. Never, save after a fall of snow, when ice crystals glittering in bright sunlight heighten the effect, have I seen such dazzling purity of whiteness. As we gazed, Sid suddenly pointed to something clinging within reach above my head. It was a bat, virgin white as the roof from which it hung. White rats in caves I had heard of, but not of albino bats. Sid was of the opinion that the sudden appearance of such horrid, antediluvian monsters as ourselves, and our voices breaking the age-long silence, had frightened the poor thing until its hair turned white. We captured it, and confined it in an empty lunch box. An hour or so later, when we emerged, our first thought was of our prize, and how it would appear by daylight. Sure enough, it was white as snow. Some time later we examined it again, and, to our astonishment, it had turned to a dirty yellow. I took it home. The next day it was a common every-night bat, of conventional color. Some of the white incrustation of the cave, that I had brought with me in a bag, had turned to the color of iron rust, after exposure to the sunlight. I presume that the bat had been well dusted with it.

The difficulties encountered in cave exploration are analogous to those of mountaineering, save that you may need a boat, and you must depend utterly upon artificial light. It will not do to rope the members of the party together, for the way is often so tortuous that such a rope would be a nuisance, if not a positive source of danger. It is sometimes necessary to go hand-over-hand on a rope, and such exercise should be practiced before starting, unless one is already adept. In such maneuvers, and in crawling through narrow holes or crevices, go slowly and cautiously, one at a time.

It is hair-raising to have a man wedged in the rock so that he cannot move. I had one such experience, and it is enough. Some two years ago I discovered a "blowing-hole" in a wild part of Ste. Genevieve county, Missouri. When first found it was merely a 6 or 8-inch hole in the middle of a cattle trail. In summer a cold blast blew from it, scattering the leaves for yards around. The rains enlarged this opening until a man could lower himself into it. Five feet below the surface it connected with a crack in the rock that looked as though it had been rent asunder by an earthquake. This crevice descended at a sharp angle, but was too narrow to admit a man. Sid and I enlarged it with a cold chisel until, with a rope, a thin man could slide down edgewise. It went down at an angle for 20 feet, then vertically for 25 feet, and then connected with a cavern of comparatively recent formation. Later a party of seven men attempted to explore this cave. We were below from seven to nine hours, but did not reach the drainage level. It was when trying to get out that the "stick" came. Three men succeeded in climbing to the surface, but No. 4, when almost at the top of the vertical shaft, got one leg fast in a crack and could not dislodge it. The men outside could not free him, nor could we below, for we could not get at him. No. 4 was nervy, and did not whimper, but his position was unenviable, to say the least. His strength waned, but

he dared not let go the rope for fear of breaking his leg. Those of us below could not get out until he did. All the chisels in the county could not have liberated him in a week. Finally, by careful and gentle wriggling, the poor fellow freed his leg and reached the surface. And he wants to go down into that cave again.

Well, no sport is sport unless it involves some risk. It is something to know that your nerve has been tested, and that it has borne the strain.

HORACE KEPHART.

F+S. Nov. 21, 1903.

The Lodges of the Blackfeet.

(Continued from page 874.)

THE importance of the buffalo to all prairie tribes is, of course, well understood. It furnished them with food, clothing, and shelter. From its hide they made lines and cinches, and with it they covered their saddles; the sinew gave them thread for sewing; they carried water in its paunch and also boiled meat in it; its ribs and its dorsal spines gave them their knives, and arrowpoints and hoes were made from the shoulder-blades; cups and spoons and ladles were fashioned from the horns; the hide of the neck formed their shields and gave them glue for their arrows and their bows; the head of the humerus was used to rub hides to make them soft; they braided and twisted ropes from the hair; the brain was used for tanning, and the fat from the bones was eaten; if the people were troubled with certain simple skin diseases, they rubbed their bodies with the gall mixed with the contents of the paunch, and this cured them. It is not strange, therefore, that among the prairie tribes the buffalo was regarded as a most important protecting spirit, and was the chief among all the animals of the plain.

A sacred object of great importance—because connected with the food supply—was the buffalo stone or iniskim of the Blackfeet. This buffalo stone possessed in itself some power, which gave its possessor the ability to draw the buffalo to him. Buffalo stones were found on the prairie, and the person who succeeded in obtaining one was regarded as very fortunate. Sometimes a man while riding over the prairie heard a peculiar faint chirp, such as a little bird might utter. He knew the sound to be made by a buffalo stone, and stopped and searched for it, and if he failed to find it, marked the place and returned next day to look for it. If it was found he was glad.

These buffalo stones are usually small ammonites or sections of baculites or sometimes merely oddly shaped nodules of flint. It is said that if an iniskim was wrapped and left undisturbed for a long time it would have young ones. That is, two small stones similar in shape to the original one would be found in the package with it.

All this is of the olden times, and since there are no longer buffalo, the buffalo stone is no longer useful. Yet within a few years an old woman gave me an iniskim that had been in her husband's family for many generations, and told me that if I would rub this stone with the kidney fat of a barren buffalo cow, and pray hard, I should never be hungry.

There was a time, far, far back, when the people did not know about the buffalo stone, but at that time, in a season of great want and suffering, the first one was found. It was winter and the buffalo had disappeared. Heavy snows had fallen; so deep that the people could not move after the buffalo; so the hunters killed deer and elk and other game along the river bottom, but these did not last long, and presently they began to starve.

One day a young married man killed a rabbit, and since he and his wives and children were all hungry he ran home fast and told one of the women to hurry to get water to cook it. She went down to the stream and bent down to fill her bucket, and as she did so she heard the sweetest singing she had ever heard. It was near her, but she could see no one, and for a long time she forgot her water and looked and listened. Presently she took a few steps in the direction from which the singing seemed to come, and then it appeared that it came from a cottonwood tree close to her, and when she was near to the tree the singing sounded almost in her ears. She looked closely at the tree and saw wedged in the bark by a branch an oddly shaped stone, and with the stone some wool from a buffalo which had rubbed there. And now she saw that the song came from the stone. She was frightened, and did not dare even to run away. After a little while the singing stopped, and the stone said to the woman, "Take me to your lodge, and when it is dark call in the people and teach them the song that you have just heard. Pray, too, that you may not starve, and that the buffalo may return. Do this, and when day comes your hearts shall be glad."

The woman took the stone from the tree and carried it back to her lodge and gave it to her husband, telling him about the song and what the stone had said. After it became dark the young man called the chiefs and old men to the lodge, and his wife taught them the song, and they prayed as the stone had directed them. Before long they heard a noise, a rumbling sound, at first a long way off and gradually coming nearer. It was the tramp of a great herd of buffalo coming. Since that time the people have taken care of the buffalo stone and prayed to it.

Two of the most important lodges in the Blackfoot camp are known as the *In-is-kim* lodges. Both are painted with figures of the buffalo, and they came to the tribe long, long ago, "in about the second generation after the first people." Formerly all the Blackfoot tribes lived far to the north of their present home, yet these lodges are said to have been discovered near the place where the Siksikau now dwell. These lodges came to the tribe in the following manner:

One day, long, long ago, two old men, friends, had gone out from the camp to find some cherry-shoots with which to make arrows. This was on Bow River, below the Blackfoot crossing. After they had gathered the branches, they sat down on a high cut bluff on the river bank and peeled the bark from the shoots. The river was very high. One of these men was named Weasel Heart, the other, Fisher.

As they sat there, Weasel Heart chanced to look down into the water and saw the top of a lodge and its poles standing there above the surface. He could not believe that what he saw was actual, yet it was broad daylight,

and, however hard he looked, the top of the lodge and its poles were there.

Weasel Heart said to his companion: "Friend, do you see any object in the water or on the other side?"

Fisher looked across the river and said, "I see only some buffalo."

"No," said Weasel Heart, "I do not mean on the prairie; look down into that deep hole in the river and you will see a lodge there."

Fisher looked as directed, and saw the lodge—it was the black buffalo lodge. "Oh, yes," he said; "I see it, and I see another lodge standing in front of it." Then Weasel Heart saw that lodge, too—it was the yellow buffalo lodge.

They wondered at this and could not understand it; but they were both men of strong hearts, and presently Weasel Heart said: "Friend, I am going down to enter that lodge. Do you sit here and tell me when I get to the place." Then Weasel Heart went up the river and took a drift-log to support himself, and pushed it out into the water and swam down toward the cut bluff. When he had reached the place where the lodge was, Fisher told him, and he let go the log and dived down and disappeared from view.

For a long time Fisher sat there waiting for his friend; but at last, after he had been there for half the day, he looked down the stream and saw a man on the shore—it

they cannot do so; let us try to make a crossing so that it will be easier for them." So Weasel Heart, alone, crossed the river and sat on the bank on one side and Fisher sat opposite him on the other. Then Fisher said to the people: "Pack up your things now and get ready to cross; I will make a place where you can cross easily."

Weasel Heart and Fisher filled their pipes and smoked, and then each started to cross the river. As each stepped into the water, the river began to go down, the crossing grew more and more shallow. The people, with all their dogs, followed close behind Fisher, as he had told them to do. Fisher and Weasel Heart met in the middle of the river, and when they did so they stepped to one side up the stream and let the people pass them. Ever since that day this has been a shallow crossing. These lodges came from the Under-water people—*Sú ye tuppi*.

Certain of the *In-is-kim* are kept in these lodges in little bags. They can be kept only in these lodges, and by these lodge-owners.

The yellow-painted buffalo lodge has, surrounding the border, at the ground, a black band, fifteen to eighteen inches in width, on which are painted a double row of white disks, four to six inches in diameter. These disks, called stars in my article in the *Anthropologist*, are not the stars of the sky, but what the Blackfeet call dusty stars, the term used for the puff balls which grow on the prairie and which when ripe seem to inclose fine powder



BLACK-PAINTED BUFFALO-STONE LODGE.

was Weasel Heart, who walked up the bank until he had reached his friend. Fisher said to him: "I was afraid that something bad had happened to you. I have been waiting a long time. You went into that lodge that you saw (the black buffalo lodge); now I am going to do the same thing, but I shall go into the other one."

Fisher went up the stream and then swam down, as Weasel Heart had done, and when he reached the place, he disappeared as Weasel Heart had disappeared, and the log he had been resting on floated down the stream. Weasel Heart waited for his friend as long as Fisher had waited for him, and when Fisher came out of the water, it was at the place where Weasel Heart had come out. He joined his friend and they went home to the camp.

When the two had come to a hill near the camp, they met a young man, and by him sent word that the people should make a sweat-house for them. After the sweat-house had been made, word was sent to them, and they entered the camp and went into the sweat-house and took a sweat, and all the time while they were sweating sand was falling from their bodies.

After this the people moved camp and went out and killed buffalo, and these two men took hides and built two lodges, and painted them just as the lodges were painted that they had seen in the river.

Now, the people wished to cross the river below the Blackfoot crossing, but as the stream was deep it was always a hard matter for them to get across. The dogs and the travois were often swept away, and the people lost many of their things. At this time the tribe wanted to cross, and Fisher and Weasel Heart said to each other: "The people wish to cross the river, but it is high and

or dust. The band close to the ground therefore represents the prairie or the earth. The ground color of the lodge is yellow, while the buffalo are brown. The bull is painted across the front of the lodge, the cow across the back. The pinning of the lodge passes down behind the bull's shoulders. In the bull, the hoofs, the two eyes (both on one side of the head), the knees, tongue, genitals, kidneys, tail, and horns are green. The life-line is red and green in alternate blocks, and the heart is green. A spot between the horns, and the insides of the ears, are red. The cow has the tail, kidneys, hoofs, ankles, horns, tongue, ears, two eyes (on one side), and the nostrils red. The life-line is red and green. In each animal the tongue protrudes; each is licking the rump of the other. Below the smoke-hole at the top is the butterfly cross.

The black buffalo lodge has the black band at the ground with a regularly-spaced double row of disks representing stars. The buffalo bull and cow are black on white ground. The bull is at the front of the lodge, its pinning passing down just back of the shoulders. The tongue, two eyes, horns, hoofs, front pasterns, heart, and genitals are green, the nostrils, inside of ears, a spot between the horns, the wrists, hind pasterns, hooflets, kidneys, tail spot, and hocks are red. The cow is similar, except that the tail spot is green. At the back of the lodge there is a green butterfly cross; the wings are black, painted with stars, and the points of the wings carry buffalo tails and hoofs.

The two lodges last mentioned are situated on the northwest side of the camp-circle, and are not far apart.

GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

FOREST AND STREAM.

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OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

THE Christmas Number of the FOREST AND STREAM will be the regular issue of December 5. It will be enlarged and handsomely illustrated, and the cover will be printed in colors. The price will be 25 cents. Order from your newsdealer in advance.

The pictorial features of the Christmas FOREST AND STREAM will be of exceptional interest and value. The number will be among the handsomest publications of the season.

DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI.

We shall begin in our issue of November 21 Raymond S. Spears' story of the expedition "Down the Mississippi" which he has undertaken at the instance of FOREST AND STREAM and for the benefit of its readers. Those who followed Mr. Spears in his "Walk Down South" require no assurance that in the new serial they have a rich treat in store. The chapters will be among the many good things to appear in the forthcoming issues of this journal.

BIRD COLLECTING PERMITS.

THE excellent bird protective law modeled by the A. O. U. Committee on Bird Protection has been adopted by a very large number of the States of the Union. The general excellence of this law is quite universally acknowledged. Enforced, it protects the birds, and its definition of orders, families, and so on, make quite clear what birds may, and what may not, be killed.

One of the provisions of the bill declares that any one who wishes to obtain a permit to collect non-game birds for scientific purposes, besides paying a fee for the permit, must furnish a bond to the amount of \$200.

The provision as to the bond was not hastily determined on, but was the result of careful thought. It was made a part of the bill by ornithologists, and of course not with any desire to work hardship to actual workers in that science. Its purpose was clearly to make the securing of a permit difficult and expensive for the multitude of young men and boys who fancy that they are ornithologists, but who in fact are merely collectors, who destroy birds and gather together their skins, much as other boys and men collect old postage stamps.

The destruction of birds by such collectors was very great, and it was proper that it should be stopped. The true ornithologist will kill what specimen he needs, and no more. He may be wholly trusted. He needs no permit. But a State official knowing nothing of birds or of ornithology cannot possibly distinguish the real ornithologist from the false, and cannot be expected to exercise discretion in the issue of permits. He must be bound by a statute.

For some time a feeling has existed among some ornithologists that the provision of the A. O. U. law which requires a bond to scientific men, and which was adopted in the September-October number of the FOREST AND STREAM, was a hardship to the true ornithologist. Mr. Walter K. Fisher, of Pike county, Pa., has taken from the law the words "to scientific men," which hedge about the law, and has proposed to the A. O. U. Committee, impossible in the present state of the law, for example, to issue any permit to a collector. In the issue of November 14, 1908, the A. O. U. Committee has decided in favor of the true ornithologist, and has adopted the law proposed by Mr. Fisher.

weeks with an expenditure of \$8.50 to obtain a permit, and by the time it had been secured the man's opportunity for collecting was over.

Mr. Fisher's plea for the abolition of the bond provision of the A. O. U. law is a strong one, but there is much to be said on the other side.

It has been the experience of the A. O. U. Bird Protection Committee, when endeavoring to pass the model law, in any State where there has never been bird protection, that opposition has been made to the scientific collection clause. The ordinary citizen is unable to understand why he should be deprived of the privilege of shooting birds while it is granted to another person who also wishes to shoot birds—but for scientific purposes. It is the belief of that committee that unless the provision to grant a permit for scientific collecting is hedged about by special restrictions, there will be more cases like that of Virginia, where the permit provision will be omitted from the law.

There have in the past been many persons who collected birds for the purpose of selling the skins, or for purposes of barter and exchange. For these men severe restrictions are needed.

THE BLOOMING GROVE PARK CHARTER.

WHEN the topic of game preserves was under discussion in our columns recently, Mr. Charles Hallock contributed a note saying that the Blooming Grove Park Association had established pleasant relations with the dwellers of the vicinity of its preserve in Pike county, Pa., by giving them employment in various capacities on the preserve. It is well known that while this policy of peace and conciliation worked to the satisfaction of all concerned in the beginning, there subsequently developed much friction between the club and the people of the region; and the club sought to protect its privileges less by the promotion of good feeling and more by the application of the powers vested in it by the charter.

The charter was granted in 1871 to an association of sportsmen who set forth in their preamble that they desired to establish in Pike county, Pa., certain tracts of land as a park for preserving and propagating the different varieties of game animals, birds, and fish, both of Europe and America, and preventing their extinction, and to supply the same for propagation to different sections of our country. To accomplish this it was represented that for the full success of the enterprise the association should make and enforce its own game laws as to the time and manner of taking game and fish. One provision of the charter accordingly read: "It may make its own game laws through its board of directors, and may add to, repeal, or change the same from time to time." It was further empowered to select from among its game keepers special ones who should have the right and authority of deputy sheriff or constables, and it was made the duty of the sheriffs of Pike and Monroe counties to deputize these game keepers.

An elaborate system of penalties was provided for shooting or fishing or for simple trespass on the property of the association, the penalties for trespass running from \$10 to \$60 in the discretion of the magistrate, and from \$30 to \$60 for possession of fishing tackle or guns upon the property. For killing game and taking fish the penalties ran from \$40 to \$300, with imprisonment as an alternative in default of payment. And there were other provisions looking to the severe punishment of trespassers by increasing the sums forfeited for the possession of game and fish. Added rigor was secured by a section which read:

"The laws of the State relating to fish or wild animals shall not be applicable to any of the territory owned or hired by said corporation or over which it shall acquire the right to kill or take game or fish; except that any person not licensed or authorized by said corporation to take game or fish within the aforesaid boundaries, who shall take, shoot or hunt game, or catch fish within its boundaries, contrary to the game laws of this State, shall be liable to the penalties provided by said laws in addition to the penalties herein provided."

The opinion has more than once been expressed by lawyers that if the Blooming Grove Park charter should ever be taken into court it would be held to be unconstitutional. This has now been done.

In 1900 Charles Hazen, of Pike county, was arrested by one of the park constables and charged with having killed a deer on the Blooming Grove Park territory. He was summarily convicted by a magistrate under the provisions of the charter and was fined. In default of pay-

ment he was committed to jail, the right of trial by jury being denied him. Hazen appealed to the Court of Quarter Sessions, which held that his conviction was void, because the charter was unconstitutional. The opinion was written by Judge George S. Purdy. The association carried the case to the Superior Court, and Judge Purdy's decision was reversed. Then Hazen went to the Supreme Court, which, Justice Dean writing the decision, upholds Judge Purdy, and declares the conviction of Hazen illegal, and the association's charter null and void because unconstitutional.

THE REAL DOG DAYS.

THE real dog days of the year are the days of the open season, when the beautiful game birds and animals, so strong, so swift of flight, and so resourceful in strategy, may be taken into possession legally if the sportsman have the requisite skill to take them in a sportsmanlike manner at all.

This is the season when the hound, the setter or the pointer, is annually in the ascendant. Those dogs are now the stars of the hunting world.

In the minds of all true sportsmen, setters and pointers and hounds now hold exalted associations with the game birds and animals. From the shadowy nooks in man's memory they spring forth to the foremost places.

In this sportsmen's annual season every dog may have his day, and if he be a good dog, faithful, skillful and enduring, he may have a day or several days additional. Dog days, as a whole, are good days.

These are the days in which the hunting dog is pampered with the best of foods, the gentlest of caresses, the most affectionate of glances, the coziest of sleeping quarters. He holds now a constant exalted place in his master's conversations at home and abroad. So enthralling is the subject that it is almost as great a pleasure to listen as it is to talk. And note the capabilities to expand! The merits of the dog which at first required but one hour to recount, are elegantly elaborated by repetition till a half day or even a whole day is none too much time in which to present the favorite's past performances, wonderful intelligence, present abilities and princely ancestry. Hours are all too short when such useful information is so disinterestedly presented to the hearers. The dog, then, by virtue of his master's affection and attention, is brought out of the unmerited obscurity of months, a pleasure to his master and a blessing to his master's friends. The dog justly holds a leading place then in his master's affairs, and the master in turn takes a leading place in his friends' affairs, with the dog as a theme. This is the season when the dog enjoys truly great days.

Nor is the sudden spasm of appreciation confined wholly in application to the dog. The owners, too, who have spare dogs or spare guns, present or prospective, find themselves better remembered by sportsmen friends in the open season than in the close season, and thus benignantly participate in the revival. Such owners will frequently find themselves pleasantly removed from the obscure nooks of memory to the most forward and esteemed places of friendly attention, as is proper when one is the subject of purposes concerning guns and dogs loanable, or shooting invitations obtainable. Thus the opening of the shooting season restores many neglected dormant friendships which otherwise might be lost forever.

It is not entirely an untenable hypothesis that, on the one hand, as between the man who is unconsciously tentative with an ulterior friendly purpose to borrow a dog or gun, and, on the other, the man who is eagerly intent on decoying a friend into some verbal ambush in which he is forced to listen to a three-hour eulogy about the pointer or setter, Dash or Carlo, there is an equality of merit, all unappreciated by the unfortunate few who have not the enthusiasm of the true sportsman. In the sum total there is a certain equity established between the sportsmen of enthusiastic sentiment and the sportsmen of enthusiastic materialism.

And yet, when freed from the ego, which makes a dog better than all other dogs on earth because he is owned by the owner, a three-hour story may be of real interest to every one. But a story and a eulogy may be distinctly different in the matter of friendly or public interest.

And yet the real dog days for the dog are the days when the friends of his master are entertained with tales of him which never cease.

The Sportsman Tourist.

The Lodges of the Blackfeet.

MAN seems to be the only animal that is subject to the decrees of fashion. His clothing, his food, his furniture, and his dwelling change in appearance—if not from year to year, at least from decade to decade, or from century to century. Nor is this—as at first might be thought—a mere refinement of civilization. It is not only the fashionable man or woman, dwelling in cities, anxious to be up with the times and sensitive to criticism by fellow beings, that changes; primitive man also, though his fashions change more slowly, nevertheless alters the way in which he wears his hair, the appearance of his clothing, the shelters which protect him from the weather.

Among primitive man in America a form of dwelling long used is swiftly passing out of existence. The Indian lodge or teepee—the highest development of tent known to our aborigines—is disappearing, and for a very good reason. The lodge cannot be set up without a considerable number of lodge poles, and in these days lodge poles are hard to get. The lodge of ancient times, made from buffalo skins, and when the people were free to travel where they pleased over the prairie, was most useful, but now the buffalo skin is no longer to be had, canvas can only be bought for money, and in place of using the great amount of canvas needed for a lodge and sixteen or eighteen poles, the Indian is coming to live in a wall tent, which takes less canvas and far less weight of wood. Even among the least advanced tribes, therefore, the lodge is disappearing, and the wall tent is taking its place.

The old time skin lodges of the various prairie tribes have often been described, but the detail of the manufacture and much of the meaning of their ornamentation has never been printed, so far as I know. With the purpose of setting down some of these matters not generally known, I some time ago contributed to the American Anthropologist an article on the lodges of the Blackfeet. It is to the courtesy of Mr. F. W. Hodge, the Editor of that Journal, that I owe the permission to print here the same matter with some additions and with the illustrations used in the Anthropologist.

The old-time lodges of the Blackfeet were made always of an even number of skins—eight, twelve, fourteen, sixteen, twenty, and sometimes even thirty, thirty-two, thirty-four, or thirty-eight skins. The very large lodges were unusual. They commonly contained two or more fires, as described in my "Blackfoot Lodge Tales" (p. 187). Such a lodge was a load too heavy for one horse to carry; it was therefore in two pieces, pinned in the front in the usual way by skewers running from the top of the door up to the smoke-hole, and, in later times, buttoned up the back with the old Hudson Bay brass buttons. Probably at an earlier date the lodge was pinned together at the back as at the front.

Lodges were made in the spring or early summer, and for this purpose the hides of the buffalo cow only were used. A lodge in constant use did not commonly last more than a year. Holes were worn in it in packing: an ill-trimmed lodge-pole might wear other holes. The frequent wetting and drying of the sinew caused the seams to open, and while the woman resewed them and put patches over each hole that appeared in the covering, it was likely, when the heavy spring rains came on, to leak badly and so to be uncomfortable. When this point was reached, the woman began to think of making a new lodge, and notified her husband that skins were required for a new lodge-covering.

From the hides brought in by her husband, the woman carefully selected and laid aside those best adapted for a lodge-covering, and tanned them with special reference to the use to which they were to be put. She took pains also to save all the best sinews from the backs of the buffalo, taking off the straps in ribbons as long as possible—sometimes three or four feet in length.

When she had tanned the required number of skins, collected all the sinews needed, and prepared the necessary awls, the woman talked over the matter with her husband, and, having shown him that all was ready for the making of the lodge, he advised her to proceed. Meantime it was generally known through the camp that such and such a woman was preparing to make a new lodge. She now prepared a considerable supply of food, chief among which were kettles of boiled sarvis berries, and requested some old man to invite certain women to eat with her. The invitation was conveyed to the women early in the morning, and they were expected to come at once.

After the guests had come to the lodge and had eaten, the woman spoke to them, saying: "Friends, I am going to make a lodge. My skins and sinews and awls are ready, and now I wish for help to make the lodge." When they accepted the invitation, the women understood what it meant, and by accepting it they agreed to assist the lodge-maker. No direct reply to her speech, therefore, was needed or expected. After she had told them her wishes, she opened her bundles of sinews and distributed them among the women, each of whom carried a package away with her. It was the business of each to split the sinews she had taken to make thread for sewing the lodge-skins. The thread was made by splitting the sinew with the fingernail, wetting half the length of the strand in the mouth, twisting the end with the fingers so as to point it, and then, holding that end in the mouth, rolling the wet sinew between the palms of the hands for about half the length of the strand—sometimes two feet. The untwisted part was merely knotted at the end.

The next morning another group of women were invited to eat, as before. These were the sewers, and with them was called one known to be a good fashioner of lodges, who should be the cutter and designer. She carried the pattern of the lodge in her mind, and was guided only by her judgment. Like the thread-makers, these women came to the lodge in the early morning. After they had eaten, and the hostess had told them what she wished, the women began to rise and to leave the lodge. All around the border of the lodge, close up against the lining (and so immediately behind the people, who were sitting on the beds), were bundles of tanned skins—two or three tied up in a roll together. As the women went

out, one by one, each picked up one of these bundles and carried it out with her. At a short distance from the lodge they stopped, untied their rolls of skins and spread them on the ground together, edge to edge, so as to cover an irregular square, and then sat down about them in a circle. Then the old crier called out for the thread-makers to bring the thread, and soon the women to whom the sinews had been given were seen coming, each bringing her bundle of thread which she placed on the hides just within the circle of the women, so that a bundle lay before each one.

Now, the old woman to whom the designing was entrusted arranged the skins on the ground to the best advantage, cut off a piece here, another there, indicated where a gap should be filled up by a patch, and then set the sewers to work. Each had been provided with her awl and thread, and they worked fast. The designer superintended the making, seeing that the half-circle was true and of the right length, that the various tapers were properly drawn and were the same on each side, and that the ears and the front-pieces were properly put on. All the other women sewed under her direction, and obeyed whatever orders she gave. From time to time food was carried out to the sewers, who stopped to eat as they felt inclined. The sewing was usually finished in a day.

The string or strap at the top and back of the lodge, by which the lodge-covering was tied to the back pole, required special treatment. It is by means of this back pole that the covering is raised so as to go about the framework. It was important that this piece of leather



I.—THUNDER-BIRD LODGE.

should be sewed to the lodge-covering by a woman particularly chosen, for, if it were sewed by a woman of jealous or quarrelsome disposition, the lodge would always be smoky, whether or not there was wind. So a good-natured woman, one of cheerful disposition, was always chosen for the task of sewing on this piece.

When the women had finished sewing the lodge, they at once set it up and pinned down the sides close to the ground, put on a door, and closed the smoke-hole as nearly as possible. A fire was then started in it, and sagebrush thrown on the fire to make a thick smoke. This was done in order that the lodge-skins might be thoroughly smoked, so that they would never get hard when wet.

In putting up the lodge, the Blackfeet tie four poles together, and the remaining poles rest on the crotches of these four. The butts of the four tied poles are not set on the ground in a square with equal sides, but in a rectangle whose sides are longer than the front and back. The front of this rectangle faces east, while the back is to the west and the two long sides are on the north and the south. The remaining poles lean against the crotches of these four in a rough circle, much smaller than the circumference of the lodge is finally to be, and the lodge-covering is tied to the back pole, which is the last one put up. When the lodge-covering is put on, it is drawn about the frame until the borders meet in front of the lodge, and then a woman, mounting on a travois as a ladder, pins these borders together, using from fifteen to twenty-five slender skewers about the size and shape of the wooden skewers used by butchers. Other women now go inside and move the butts of the poles outward, so that the lodge shall be properly stretched. But the lodge may have to be used for some little time before it is thoroughly stretched and so tight that there is no danger of its leaking anywhere.

Often a new lodge-covering is put over poles that have been in use for years, but if new poles are to be made, these are chopped by the man and his wife on the edge of the mountains and brought into camp. A good-sized lodge requires twenty poles; a very large one, thirty. Obviously, the greater the number of the poles, the better a well-made lodge will be stretched, the tighter it will be, and the longer it will last. Some tribes use a greater number of poles than others, and those who use the most, commonly have the best lodges. When the new poles have been brought to camp, rough and with the bark and the stubs of the branches still on them, women are invited to eat stewed berries, and, after they have eaten, the hostess asks her guests to help her peel and trim the poles, and this work is commonly finished in one day.

If, for any reason, a lodge is persistently smoky, the Piegiens are likely to shoot a blunt-headed arrow up into the smoke-hole trying to hit the poles where they come together. This is supposed to remedy the trouble.

In old times the Piegiens, when camp was made, used often to spread a buffalo-robe over the diverging lodge-poles above the smoke-hole; it was tied to one, two, or three of the poles. This brought them good luck, so that

if enemies attacked the camp nobody would be hurt. It also made them light and active in their bodies, able to get about quickly, and to escape danger. It was an old custom, for which no reason can now be given.

The Piegiens know the lodges of the Crows at a distance, because of the shortness of the lodge-poles. This gives the lodge a "cut-off" appearance, quite different from the lodges of the Blackfeet, of which the poles extend from four to six feet above the top of the lodge.

Besides this, the wings of the Crow lodges have pockets into which the poles fit, whereas the Blackfeet wings have eyelets in the tips through which the poles pass, and often, if the poles which support the wings are slender, little twigs are lashed across them near the ends to prevent them from passing too far through the eyelet.

No lodge—at least no properly made lodge—is actually conical in shape. All are more nearly vertical at the back than at the front. The backs of the lodges of many mountain tribes seem very straight—almost at right angles to the ground—while the slope at the front is long and gentle. The difference has relation to the stability of the lodge. The lodge is always pitched back to windward, and the inclined poles in front resist the force of the wind, so that the lodge cannot be blown over.

At the last Medicine lodge of the Piegan Blackfeet, I learned the history of a few of the painted lodges. It is to be understood that the painting on each lodge is the special property of the lodge owner, and can be used only by him unless he sells his right to it to another individual, in which case the buyer has the sole right to the design and to any "medicine" or mysterious power which may accompany it. In a majority of cases the designs or the medicine which belongs to them, or both, have come to the original painter of the lodge through a dream, and where this is the case, it is commonly indicated by the butterfly (*a-pun-ni*) cross at the back of the lodge, immediately below the smoke-hole. I have already called attention to this sign and to its meaning.

Among the lodges seen that summer was one known as the Thunder-bird lodge, in the erection of which a special ceremony must be observed. The reason for setting it up on this occasion was that a certain young man believed that he detected in the sky the signs of a storm, and, filling the pipe, took it to Iron Pipe, the owner of the Thunder-bird lodge. The young man told Iron Pipe that he wished to have fine weather during the Medicine lodge, and offered him the pipe. Iron Pipe accepted it, smoked, and began to pray. The putting up of the Thunder-bird lodge, and the ceremonies which attend it, always cause a storm to cease if one has begun, and insure fair weather. Before it is put up a sweat-house must be built—the lodge-covering of the Thunder-bird lodge being used to cover the sweat-house—into which the lodge-owner goes, takes a sweat, and prays. After this he paints his forehead and the backs of his hands yellow, and a small blue spot on each temple. His women who erect the lodge can do the work only if painted with yellow paint on the forehead.

While the women were bringing the lodge-covering from the sweat-house, where it had just been used, Iron Pipe himself was engaged in painting the back pole bright blue, and in tying a bunch of bells on the end of it. The lodge-covering doubled once was now placed on the ground just behind where the lodge was to stand; a lodge-pole was laid on it, and the distance measured from the base of the lodge-covering to the top of the smoke-hole. Another pole was measured along the other border of the lodge. After it had received its painting, the blue-painted back pole was not placed on the ground, but was rested on a tripod, the butt pointing toward the south and the raised point toward the north. The four poles, tied together at the points measured on two of them were set up as already described. But in this case, the tying not being altogether satisfactory, one of the younger women proposed that they should be taken down and a guy-rope attached to them.

"No," said another older woman, "now it is up, it cannot come down."

When the lodge had been erected, it was seen that it was blue in color—it being of canvas—darkest above and pale near the ground. It was supposed to have been all one shade of blue, which represents the sky. At the back of the lodge, low down toward the ground, was painted a yellow disk nearly two feet in diameter. The northern half of this disk was dotted with small blue spots which represent hail; the southern side was plain yellow, meaning rain. The idea is, that before the rain reaches the ground it has turned—on the northern half of the circle—into hail. Above the middle of the yellow disk was the Thunder-bird sketched in blue, with outspread wings and with a zigzag line—a lightning flash—running upward from its head (Fig. 1). A drum painted in a similar manner went with the lodge, and was hung on a tripod immediately behind it. No man on foot or on horseback, and no wagon may pass between the back of the lodge and the tripod on which the drum hangs. No noise must be made near the lodge, and the lodge owner would not consent to have his lodge photographed.

On this occasion, when the lodge had been erected, the threatening storm passed away and the weather became clear again.

GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Death of Theodore

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THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

In the Lodges of the Blackfeet.

I.—Fort Benton.

WIDE brown plains, distant, slender, flat-topped buttes; still more distant giant mountains, blue-sided, sharp-peaked, snow-capped; odor of sage and smoke of camp fire; thunder of ten thousand buffalo hoofs over the hard dry ground; long-drawn, melancholy howl of wolves breaking the silence of night, how I loved you all.

I am in the sere and yellow leaf, dried and shrivelled, about to fall and become one with my millions of predecessors. Here I sit, by the fireplace in winter, and out on the veranda when the days are warm, unable to do anything except live over in memory those stirring years I passed upon the frontier. My thoughts are always of those days; days before the accursed railroads and the hordes of settlers they brought swept us all, Indians and frontiersmen and buffalo, from the face of the earth, so to speak.

The love of wild life and adventure was born in me, yet I must have inherited it from some remote ancestor, for all my near ones were staid, devout people. How I hated the amenities and conventions of society; from my earliest youth I was happy only when out in the great forest which lay to the north of my home, far beyond the sound of church and school bell, and the whistling locomotives. My visits to those grand old woods were necessarily brief, only during summer and winter vacations. But the day came when I could go where and when I chose, and one warm April morning in the long ago I left St. Louis on a Missouri River steamboat, bound for the Far West.

The Far West! Land of my dreams and aspirations! I had read and reread Lewis and Clark's "Journal," Catlin's "Eight Years," "The Oregon Trail," Fremont's expeditions; at last I was to see some of the land and the tribes of which they told. The sturdy flat-bottom, shallow-draft, stern-wheel boat was tied to the shore every evening at dusk, resuming her way at daylight in the morning, so I saw every foot of the Missouri's shores, 2,600 miles, which lay between the Mississippi and our destination, Fort Benton, at the head of navigation. I saw the beautiful groves and rolling green slopes of the lower river, the weird bad lands above them, and the picturesque cliffs and walls of sand stone, carved into all sorts of fantastic shapes and form by wind and storm, which are the feature of the upper portion of the navigable part of the river. Also I saw various tribes of Indians encamped upon the banks of the stream, and I saw more game than I had thought ever existed. Great herds of buffalo swimming the river often impeded the progress of the boat. Numberless elk and deer inhabited the groves and slopes of the valley. On the open bottoms grazed bands of antelope, and there were bighorn on nearly every butte and cliff of the upper river. We also saw a great many grizzly bears, and wolves, and coyotes; and evenings, when all was still aboard, the beavers played and splashed alongside the boat. What seemed to me most remarkable of all, was the vast numbers of buffalo we passed. All through Dacotah, and through Montana clear to Fort Benton, they were daily in evidence on the hills, in the bottoms, swimming the river. Hundreds and hundreds of them, drowned, swollen, in all stages of decomposition, lay on the shallow bars where the current had cast them, or drifted by us down the stream. I am inclined to believe that the treacherous river and its quicksands, its unevenly frozen surface in winter, played as great havoc with the herds as did the Indian tribes living along its course. Many and many a luckless animal, sometimes a dozen or more in a place, we passed, standing under some cut bluff which they had vainly endeavored to climb, and there they were, slowly but surely sinking down, down into the tenacious black mud or sands, until finally the turbid water would flow smoothly on over their lifeless forms. One would naturally think that animals crossing a stream, and finding themselves under a high cut bank would turn out again into the stream and swim down until they found a good landing place; but this is just what the buffalo, in many cases, did not do. Having once determined to go to a certain place, they made a bee-line for it; and, as in the case of those we saw dead and dying under the cut banks, it seemed as if they chose to die rather than to make a detour in order to reach their destination.

There were many places after we entered the buffalo country which I passed with regret; I wanted to stop off and explore them. But the captain of the boat would say: "Don't get impatient; you must keep on to Fort Benton; that's the place for you, for there you'll meet traders and trappers from all over the northwest, men you can rely upon and travel with, and be reasonably safe. Good God, boy, suppose I should set you ashore here? Why, you wouldn't in all likelihood keep your scalp two days. These here breaks and groves shelter many a prowlin' war party. Oh, of course, you don't see 'em, but they're here all the same."

Foolish "tenderfoot," innocent "pilgrim" that I was. I could not bring myself to believe that I, I who thought so much of the Indians, would live with them, would learn their ways, would be a friend to them, could possibly receive any harm at their hands. But one day, somewhere between the Round Butte and the mouth of the Musselshell River, we came upon a ghastly sight. On a shelving, sandy slope of shore, by a still smoldering fire of which their half-burned skiff formed a part, lay the remains of three white men. I say remains advisedly, for they had been scalped and literally cut to pieces, their heads crushed and frightfully battered, hands and feet severed and thrown promiscuously about. We stopped and buried them, and it is needless to say that I did not again ask to be set ashore.

Ours was the first boat to arrive at Fort Benton that spring. Long before we came in sight of the place the inhabitants had seen the smoke of our craft and made preparations to receive us. When we turned the bend and neared the levee, cannon boomed, flags waved, and the entire population assembled on the shore to greet us. Foremost in the throng were the two traders who had some time before bought out the American Fur Company, fort and all. They wore suits of blue broadcloth, their long-tailed, high-collared coats bright with brass buttons; they wore white shirts and stocks, and black cravats; their long hair, neatly combed, hung down to their shoulders. Beside them were their skilled employes—clerks, tailor, carpenter—and they wore suits of black fustian, also brass buttoned, and likewise their hair was long, and these latter, almost without exception, wore parfleche-soled moccasins, gay with intricate and flowery designs of cut beads. Behind these prominent personages the group was most picturesque; here were the French employes, mostly creoles from St. Louis and the lower Mississippi, men who had passed their lives in the employ of the American Fur Company, and had cordelled many a boat up the vast distances of the winding Missouri. Without exception these men wore the black fustian capotes, or hooded coats, fustian or buckskin trousers held in place by a bright-hued sash. Then there were bullwhackers, and mule-skinners, and independent traders and trappers, most of them attired in suits of plain or fringed and beaded buckskin, and nearly all of them had knives and Colt's powder and ball six-shooters stuck in their belts; and their headgear, especially that of the traders and trappers, was home-made, being generally the skin of a kit fox roughly sewn in circular form, head in front and tail hanging down behind. Back of the whites were a number of Indians, men and youths from a nearby camp, and women married to the resident and visiting whites. I had already learned from what I had seen of the various tribes on our way up the river, that the everyday Indian of the plains is not the gorgeously attired, eagle plume bedecked creature various prints and written descriptions had led me to believe he was. Of course, they had, all of them, such fancy attire, but it was worn only on state occasions. Those I now saw wore blanket or cow (buffalo) leather leggings, plain or beaded moccasins, calico shirts, and either blanket or cow leather toga. Most of them were bareheaded, their hair neatly braided, and their faces were painted with reddish brown ochre or Chinese vermilion. Some of them carried a bow and quiver of arrows; some had flint-lock fukes, a few the more modern cap-lock rifle. The women wore dresses of calico; a few "wives" of the traders and clerks and skilled laborers even wore silk, and gold chains and watches, and all had the inevitable gorgeously hued and fringed shawl thrown over their shoulders.

With one glance the eye could take in the whole town, as it was at that time. There was the great rectangular adobe fort, with bastions mounting cannon at each cor-

ner. A short distance above it were a few cabins, built of logs or adobe. Back of these, scattered out in the long, wide flat bottom, was camp after camp of trader and trapper, string after string of canvas covered freighters' wagons, and down at the lower end of the flat were several hundred lodges of Piegiens. All this motley crowd had been assembling for days and weeks, impatiently awaiting the arrival of the steamboats. The supply of provisions and things brought up by the boats the previous year had fallen far short of the demand. There was no tobacco to be had at any price. Keno Bill, who ran a saloon and gambling house, was the only one who had any liquor, and that was alcohol diluted with water, four to one. He sold it for a dollar a drink. There was no flour, no sugar, no bacon in the town, but that didn't matter, for there was plenty of buffalo and antelope meat. What all craved, Indians and whites, was the fragrant weed and the flowing bowl. And here it was, a whole steamboat load, together with a certain amount of groceries; no wonder cannon boomed and flags waved, and the population cheered when the boat hove in sight.

I went ashore and put up at the Overland Hotel, which was a fair-sized log cabin with a number of log walled additions. For dinner we had boiled buffalo boss ribs, bacon and beans, "yeast powder" biscuit, coffee with sugar, molasses and stewed dried apples. The regular guests scarcely touched the meat, but the quantities of bread, syrup and dried apples they stowed away was something surprising.

That was a day to me, a pilgrim fresh from the effete East, from the "States," as these frontiersmen called it, full of interest. After dinner I went back to the boat to see about my luggage. There was a gray-bearded, long-haired old trapper standing on the shore looking absently out over the water. His buckskin trousers were so bagged at the knees that he seemed to be in the attitude of one about to jump out into the stream. To him I approached a fellow passenger, a hair-brained, windy, conceited young fellow bound for the mining country, and said, looking intently at the aforesaid baggy knees: "Well, old man, if you're going to jump, why don't you jump, instead of meditating over it so long?"

He of the buckskins did not at first comprehend, but following the questioner's intent stare he quickly saw what was meant. "Why, you pilgrim," he replied, "jump yourself." And instantly grasping the youth by the legs below the knees he heaved him out into about three feet of water. What a shout of laughter and derision arose from the bystanders when the ducked one reappeared and came gasping, spluttering, dripping, ashore. He looked neither to the right nor the left, but hurried on board to the seclusion of his cabin, and we saw him no more until he pulled out on the stage the next morning.

I had letters of introduction to the firm which had bought out the American Fur Company. They received me kindly and one of them took me around introducing me to the various employes, residents of the town and to several visiting traders and trappers. Of the latter I met one, a man only a few years older than myself, whom I was told was the most successful and daring of all the traders of the plains. He spoke a number of Indian languages perfectly, and was at home in the camp of any of the surrounding tribes. We somehow took to each other at once, and I passed the balance of the afternoon in his company; we eventually became great friends. He still lives; therefore, as I may in the course of this story tell some of the things we did together, for which we are now both truly sorry, I will not give his right name. The Indians called him the Berry; and as Berry he shall be known in these chronicles of the old plains life. Tall, lean, long-armed and slightly stoop-shouldered, he was not a fine looking man, but what splendidly clear, fearless dark brown eyes he had; eyes that could beam with the kindly good nature of those of a child, or fairly flash fire when he was aroused to anger.

It was not half an hour after the arrival of the steamboat, before whisky dropped to the normal price of "two bits" per drink, and tobacco to \$2 per pound. The white men, with few exceptions, hied to the saloons to drink, and smoke, and gamble. A few hurried to load their wagons with sundry kegs and make for the Indian camp at the lower end of the bottom, and another, still larger, ran out on the Teton as fast as their horses could run.

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IN THE LODGES OF THE BLACKFEET.

We begin to-day the publication of a series of chapters descriptive of life with a wild people on the Western plains. It is a graphic and intimate picture, such as perhaps has never before been written; and its interest will prove to be well sustained to the end.

PRIZES FOR GAME HEADS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM offers three prizes of \$20, \$10 and \$5 respectively for the best moose heads secured in the year 1905 in the hunting grounds of the United States and Canada.

It offers also three prizes of \$15, \$10 and \$5 respectively for the best white-tail deer heads taken in the hunting season of 1905 in the United States or Canada.

The heads will be judged from photographs submitted to the FOREST AND STREAM. In estimating their merits the two qualities of size and symmetry will be taken into consideration. With the photograph of each head must be sent a memorandum of the place and the time of its taking and the name of the person taking it. The competition will be open to amateur hunters only; and with this single restriction it will be open to the world. There are no entrance fees. The photographs submitted will be the property of FOREST AND STREAM. Entries for the competition must be made not later than Jan. 15, 1906. The awards will be determined by a committee of representative sportsmen to be announced later.

DRUMMING OF THE RUFFED GROUSE.

Few subjects have been so much discussed by sportsmen as the whistle of the woodcock and the drumming of the ruffed grouse. To the latter sound much mystery has always attached. The dull roll of thunder comes out of the air, from a distance, in the depth of the forest, and excites the wonder of the listener, but its direction and its distance seem so uncertain that he is not likely to try to find it. Few persons have seen the bird in the act of drumming, and of those few, a still smaller number have been trained to observe the ways of nature or to draw just conclusions from what they may have seen. Nevertheless, many people—some observers and some mere theorists—have expounded their views on the subject. It has been declared that the grouse drums by beating his wings against the object on which he stands, against his own body, or against each other above the back; but none of these have satisfied all the conditions and all are to be rejected. The best descriptions of the drumming ever given is that by Mr. William Brewster, printed in the old American Sportsman, in 1874, and the still earlier one of Audubon in his "Birds of America."

In this year of 1905, however, Prof. C. F. Hodge, of Clarke University, carried on a series of observations on his domesticated ruffed grouse which point to another explanation, and which, illustrated by a multitude of photographs, appear to show that the sound is made by the rapidly repeated blows of the stiff wing quills against the erected and expanded feathers of the side, which thus form a feather cushion. Professor Hodge says: "In fact, the sound, so far as quality goes, can be best imitated by striking with a wing properly stretched or even a concave fan on an extremely light eiderdown cushion." Professor Hodge conjectures, too, that the bird while drumming fills the air sac of the breast and abdomen. "In this way the contour surfaces of the strong wing supports along the sides are made to inclose a large cavity filled with air and this acts like the resonance chamber of a drum, and yields the booming throb to the air."

Many ornithologists, judging by analogy from the habits of other grouse, have conjectured that the air

sac at the sides of the neck had some—as yet entirely undetermined—relation to the drumming of the grouse. This, of course, remains to be proved.

Certainly no one has ever had such ample opportunity for studying and recording by photography the drumming of the ruffed grouse as had Professor Hodge, who, in two days, took no less than forty photographs of the bird in action, and his account, illustrated by these pictures in the Country Calendar, must be regarded as the most important contribution ever made to the subject.

Professor Hodge believes, as has long been agreed, that the drumming of the ruffed grouse is a mating call. The fact that the bird drums in autumn is no valid objection to this conclusion, since many birds produce in autumn sounds which we are accustomed to regard as peculiar to the breeding season, though such sounds are often or usually made by young birds.

THE BOTTLE JOKE.

To construct a joke which shall be piquant, pointed, pertinent and merry, is a matter of no small mental activity and endowment. Such witty brightness is far above the intellectual compass of the average jokesmith of business, who, with calm premeditation to earn his wages and support his family by the sweat of his brow, valiantly attempts to yank mental glistenings from his foggy sensorium. Thus come many pointless jokes.

The joke-maker has unlimited commercial incentive to joke to the limit of his capacity. The trade demand, even for fourth-rate wit or humor, far exceeds the supply, or the capacity to manufacture it.

The raw material, unfortunately, is long since second-handed, so far as it is available, inasmuch as it has been worked over and over from time immemorial. Even at that, it is limited in quantity, hence the trade demand, even for fourth-rate jokes, far exceeds the supply. This is an encouragement to him who produces the imitation or bogus product, and affords opportunity for malice to disport itself as humor.

Of the malicious jokes, none is more flagrant and false than the "bottle joke," that moss-grown play of the fat-witted which portrays the sportsman afield with a bottle around which man, dog and gun revolve. This has been served up from time immemorial in all its combinations, recasts, variants and attenuations, till a certain part of the non-sporting public would be justified in believing that a well-filled bottle was the essential part of a sportsman's equipment, and that sport itself was a mere pretext to betake oneself to the woods where, in seclusion, all constraint would be abolished.

No baser libel could be perpetuated on sportsmanship than that which seriously implies that the bottle is an integral part of the sportsman's outfit. The effervescent, mirthful joke, full of fun and merriment without malice, brightens the moments and benefits mankind; but the malicious joke, which leaves hurt and false opinion, is deserving of condemnation. A sportsman may be a total abstainer or he may not, precisely as other men in other vocations or avocations may be. Indeed, the sportsman of to-day is one and the same man in business and sport. In other words, the business men of America are all sportsmen, following sport in some one or all of its different forms of shooting, fishing, yachting, camping, etc.

However, in this matter, one's judgment should be fully tempered with charity, for the reason that the jokesmiths, earning their bread by a racking mental anguish, compared to which the sweat of the brow is as naught, are not unworthy of commiseration, not forgetting a kind thought for the public also. They are an ancient, venerable guild, of whom more was expected than their treasury contained. There are but few elementary jokes, the most honored of which are the mother-in-law joke and its attenuations, the doctor and his patients, etc., with the bottle joke, in all its variants of snakebites, lost key-hole, swaying lamp-posts, etc. With this dearth of rough joke material on the one hand, and the antiques of thought pervading the gray matter of the average jokesmith on the other, the true spirit is without doubt to feel thankful that the joking conditions have long since reached bed rock, and cannot become worse.

The bottle joke will probably survive, and bounce up in due season in the spring when the young man's mind or the old man's mind lightly turns to thoughts of fishing,

and in the fall, when their mind turns to dog and gun, and perchance between time, when the days wax hottest, or the bleak, chilling winds sweep from the north, for a good thirst is not a matter of labor or sport, nor is the knowledge of what will best assuage it confined to guilds or classes.

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH FOXHOUNDS.

THE recent contest between a pack of American hounds, the Grafton pack, of Massachusetts, Mr. Harry W. Smith, master, and the Middlesex pack, English hounds, of Virginia, resulted in a victory for the American hounds. With this victory there were associated the honors of which the Townsend trophy was the emblem, and the \$2,000 stake. The official award, after two weeks of sport and critical observance of the packs' doings by the expert judges, was rendered as follows:

We award the match and stake, together with the Townsend cup, to the Grafton pack, which, in our estimation, did the better work with the object of killing the fox in view.

The decision was signed by Mr. Charles McEachern, of Montreal, and Mr. James K. Maddux, of Warrenton, Va. The kill was an essential consideration in the match as contemplated, but as neither pack had killed within the official knowledge of the judges, that circumstance was necessarily omitted in consideration of the award.

There was a large gathering of fox hunters, gentlemen and ladies, who rode pluckily across country regardless of walls, ditches and rough going. Several hard falls occurred, but fortunately no one was seriously injured.

The race between the two packs, one American the other English, has much more of importance than appears on the face of it. For many years past, the American foxhound has been sneered at as a frivolity of the hunting field, by English fox hunters and by some American fox hunters who had seen the English hounds hunt in England, or who formed their opinions and derived their knowledge from hearsay. Some packs of pure English hounds were established in this country; but the rivalry between the respective supporters of the two kinds of hounds was uncompromisingly distinct. Some informal races were run in the past to determine which of the breeds was the better, but apart from establishing a general belief in the superiority of the American hounds, they were indeterminate. This race between the Grafton pack and the Middlesex pack, was run under all the formal conditions essential to an authoritative decision.

For the English hound, nearly all or quite all the attributes of excellence were claimed. In particular it was asserted that he was much faster, much more enduring and much more of a true foxhound than was his lighter-built, taller and less robust confrere of the States. On the other hand, the American fox hunter held that the heavy-boned, heavy-bodied and comparatively short-legged English hound was physically incapable of competing with the American foxhound, however much satisfaction he may give to English sportsmen on English fields.

This match will accomplish much in officially establishing the long mooted question of superiority, although many more matches may be necessary before the matter is settled acceptably to all. One match can hardly be said to be absolute in its scope over all. The more matches there are the better for the sport. Nevertheless, up to the present the American foxhound has proved himself to be other than the frivolity of sport at which he was estimated by some who now know him better.

COMMISSIONER JAMES S. WHIPPLE has appointed Mr. John B. Burnham, of Essex, a district game protector. Mr. Burnham has been strongly supported as a candidate for the office of chief protector, and it is assumed that Commissioner Whipple has made him a district protector in order to qualify him for the larger office, the law requiring that the chief protector shall be named from the list of district protectors. If this assumption shall prove correct the appointment will be received with unbounded satisfaction by all the friends of the forest, game and fish who are cognizant of Mr. Burnham's qualifications for the office.

WHEN a man says that he prefers dogs to human beings it will probably be found that human beings prefer a dog to him.

The Indians had hundreds and hundreds of prime buffalo robes, and they wanted whisky. They got it. By the time night closed in the single street was full of them charging up and down on their pinto ponies, singing, yelling, recklessly firing their guns, and vociferously calling, so I was told, for more liquor. There was a brisk trade that night at the rear doors of the saloons. An Indian would pass in a good head and tail buffalo robe and receive for it two and even three bottles of liquor. He might just as well have walked boldly in at the front door and traded for it over the bar, I thought, but I learned that there was a United States marshal somewhere in the Territory and that there was no telling when he would turn up.

In the brightly lighted saloons the tables were crowded by the resident and temporary population, playing stud and draw poker, and the more popular game of faro. I will say for the games as played in those wide open and lawless days that they were perfectly fair. Many and many a time I have seen the faro bank broken, cleaned out of its last dollar by lucky players. You never hear of that being done in the "clubs," the exclusive gambling dens of to-day. The men who ran games on the frontier were satisfied with their legitimate percentage, and they did well. The professionals of to-day, be it in any town or city where gambling is prohibited, with marked cards, false-bottom faro boxes and various other devices take the players' all.

I never gambled; not that I was too good to do so, but somehow I never could see any fun in games of chance. Fairly as they were conducted there was always more or less quarreling over them. Men a half or two-thirds full of liquor are prone to imagine things and do things they would recoil from when sober; and, if you take notice, you will find that, as a rule, those who gamble are generally pretty heavy drinkers. Somehow the two run together. The professional may drink also, but seldom when he is playing. That is why he wears broadcloth and diamonds and massive gold watch chains; he keeps cool and rakes in the drunken plunger's coin. In Keno Bill's place that evening I was looking on at a game of faro; one of those bucking it was a tall, rough, be-whiskered bullwhacker, full of whisky and quarrelsome, and he was steadily losing. He placed a blue chip, \$2.50, on the nine spot, and copped it; that is, he placed a small marker upon it to signify that it would lose; but when the card came it won, and the dealer flicked off the marker and took in the chip.

"Here, you," cried the bullwhacker. "What you doin'? Give me back that chip an' another one with it. Don't you see that the nine won?"

"Of course it won," the dealer replied, "but you had your bet copped."

"You're a liar!" shouted the bullwhacker, reaching for his revolver and starting to rise from his seat.

I saw the dealer raising his weapon, at the same instant Berry, crying out, "Down! Down!" dragged me with him to the floor, everyone else in the room who could not immediately get out of the door also dropped prone to the floor. There were some shots, fired so quickly that one could not count them; then there was a short intense silence, broken by a gasping, gurgling groan. Men shuffled to their feet and hurried over to the smoke enveloped corner. The bullwhacker, with three bullet holes in his bosom, lay back in the chair from which he had attempted to arise, quite dead; the faro dealer, white, but apparently calm, stood on the opposite side of the table staunching with his handkerchief the blood from the nasty furrow a bullet had plowed in his right cheek.

"Close call for you, Tom," said some one.

"He sure branded me," the dealer grimly replied.

"Who was he? What outfit was he with?" was asked.

"Don't know what his name was," said Keno Bill, "but I believe he rolled in with Missouri Jeff's bull train. Let's pack him into the back room, boys, and I'll get word to his friends to come an' plant him."

This was done; the blood-stained chair was also removed, ashes were scattered on some dark spots staining the floor, and after all hands had taken a drink on the house, the games were resumed. Berry and I strolled out of the place. I felt queer; rather shaky in the legs and sick at the stomach. I had never before seen a man killed; for that matter, I had never even seen two men in a fist fight. I could not forget that terrible death gurgle, nor the sight of the dead man's distorted face and staring eyes.

"Awful, wasn't it?" I remarked.

"Oh, I don't know," Berry replied, "the fish got what he was looking for; these bad men always do, sooner or later. He started first to pull his gun, but he was a little too slow."

"And what next?" I asked. "Will not the dealer be arrested? Will we not be subpoenaed as witnesses in the case?"

"Who will arrest him?" my friend queried in turn. "There are no police, nor officers of the law here of any description."

"Why—why, how, then, with so many desperate characters as you evidently have here, how do you manage

to preserve any form of law and order?"

"Seven—eleven—seventy-seven," Berry sententiously replied.

"Seven—eleven—seventy-seven," I mechanically repeated. "What is that?"

"That means the Vigilance Committee. You don't know exactly who they are, but you may be sure that they are representative men who stand for law and order; they are more feared by criminals than are the courts and prisons of the East, for they always hang a murderer or robber. Another thing, do not think that the men you saw sitting at the tables in Keno Bill's place are, as you termed them, desperate characters. True, they gamble some, and drink some, but on the whole they are honest, fearless, kind-hearted fellows, ready to stay with a friend to the end in a just cause, and to give their last dollar to one in need. But come. I see this little shooting affair has sort of unnerved you. I'll show you something a little more cheerful."

We went on up the "street" to a fair-sized adobe cabin. Through the open doors and windows came the strains of a violin and concertina, and the air was about as lively a one as I ever had heard. Many and many a time I heard it in after years, that and its companion dance pieces, music that had crossed the seas in the ships of Louis XV., and, taught by father to son for generations, by ear, had been played by the voyageurs up the immense length of the Mississippi and the Missouri, to at last become the popular music of the American in the Far Northwest.

We arrived at the open doorway and looked in. "Hello, Berry, come in, old boy," and "Bon soir, Mons. Berri, bon soir; entrez! entrez!" some of the dancers shouted; we went in and took seats on a bench against the wall. All of the females in the place were Indians, and for that matter they were the only women at that time in all Montana, barring a few white hurdy-gurdy girls in the mines of Helena and Virginia City, and of the latter the less said the better.

These Indian women, as I had remarked in the morning when I saw some of them on the levee, were very comely, of good figure and height, and neatly dressed, even if they were corsetless and wore moccasins, far different indeed from the squat, broad, dark natives of the eastern forests I had seen. And they were of much pride and dignity; that one could see at a glance. And yet they were what might be termed jolly, chattering and laughing like so many white women. That surprised me. I had read that Indians were a taciturn, a gloomy, silent people, seldom smiling, to say nothing of laughing and joking with the freedom and abandon of so many children.

"This," Berry told me, "is a traders' and trappers' dance. The owner of the house is not at home, or I would introduce you to him. As to the others"—with a sweep of his hand—"they're too busy just now for any introduction ceremony. I can't introduce you to the women, for they do not speak English. However, you must dance with some of them."

"But, if they do not speak our language how am I to ask them to dance with me?"

"You will walk up to one of them, the one you choose, and say: 'Ki-tak-stai pes-ka'—will you dance?"

I never was what you may call bashful or diffident. A quadrille had just ended. I boldly walked up to the nearest woman, repeating the words over and over that I might not forget them, bowed politely, and said "Ki-tak-stai pes-ka?"

The woman laughed, nodded her head, replied "Ah," which I later learned was yes, and extended her hand; I took it and led her to a place for another quadrille just forming. While we were waiting she spoke to me several times, but I could only shake my head and say: "I do not understand." Whereupon she would laugh merrily and say a lot more in her language to her neighbor, another comely young woman, who would also laugh and look at me with amusement in her eyes. I began to feel embarrassed; I'm not sure that I did not blush.

The music struck up and I found that my partner was a light and graceful dancer. I forgot my embarrassment and enjoyed the quadrille, my strange partner, the strange music and strange surroundings immensely. And how those long-haired, buckskin-clad, moccasined plainsmen did caper and cut pigeon wings, and double shuffle, and leap and swing in the air! I wondered if I could ever, since that seemed to be the style, learn to do likewise. I determined to try it anyhow, but privately at first.

The quadrille ended I started to lead my partner to a seat, but instead she led me over to Berry, who had also been dancing, and spoke rapidly to him for a moment.

"This," said he to me, "is Mrs. Sorrel Horse. (Her husband's Indian name.) She invites us to accompany her and her husband home and have a little feast."

Of course we gladly accepted and after a few more dances departed. I had been introduced to Sorrel Horse. He was a very tall, slender man, sorrel haired, sorrel whiskered, blue eyed, a man as I afterward learned of extremely happy temperament under the most adverse conditions, a sincere and self-sacrificing friend to those he liked, but a terror to those who attempted to wrong him. Sorrel Horse's home was a fine large Indian lodge of

eighteen skins, set up beside his two canvas covered wagons near the river's bank. His wife built a little fire, made some tea, and presently set before us the steaming beverage with some Dutch oven baked biscuits, broiled buffalo tongue, and stewed bull berries. We heartily enjoyed the meal, and I was especially taken with the luxurious comfort of the lodge; the soft buffalo robe couch upon which we sat, the sloping willow back rests at each end of it, the cheerful little fire in the center, the oddly shaped, fringed and painted parfleches in which Madam Sorrel kept her provisions and her various belongings. It was all very new and very delightful to me, and when after a smoke and a chat, Sorrel Horse said: "You had better camp here for the night, boys," my happiness was complete. We went to sleep on the soft couch covered with soft blankets and listening to the soft murmur of the river's current. This, my first day on the plains had been, I thought, truly eventful.

WALTER B. ANDERSON.

The Free Trappers.

MR. JOHN HEALEY, of early Montana and early Alaska days, writes to Mr. Tappan Adney, who had sent him a copy of Hamilton's "My Sixty Years on the Plains": "I thank you for 'Wild Cat's' book. I received it last night at 9 o'clock, and finished reading it before going to sleep. I like Bill, and he is all he claims for himself. The story of his life is good. I knew him very well, and have always admired the man. That he is still living seems wonderful, for Bill was an old man when I knew him forty years ago. I mean he was an old mountaineer."

It was give-and-take in those days, and life was cheap. A man had to take care of himself. The free trappers were all independent men, who would not work for any company. They got credit for their hunting, paid their bills and dissipated their money racing horses and outfitting their women. I have outfitted many of these men, and a better lot never lived. In the Whoop country they were known as wolfers—Belly River wolfers. They were without any doubt the bravest and best men I ever knew. I can't say enough for them. All rivalry ceased when one or more was missing, and whenever volunteers were called for to go in search of the missing ones, the trouble was to keep too many from going. Many of these men have seen the passing of the buffalo, the wolf and the Indian; and now they are riding the plains with buggies and autos just the same as you are doing in the East. I can't help taking off my hat to some of my comrades; they have developed into some of the finest specimens of the Western citizen."

Capt. Luther S. Kelly, better known as Yellowstone Kelly, and now agent of the San Carlos Apaches, writes of the author of "My Sixty Years on the Plains":

"Bill Hamilton was the best sign talker in the Northwest. He talked so fast the Indians had to pay close attention to him."

The author's observations upon the habits and customs of the Indians, the ways of wild beasts and their characteristics, and his accounts of the hardships and hazards of the trapper's life—"one day all calm and peaceful, the next surrounded by hostile Indians"—are very interesting. They describe a phase of our development that has all but passed away. The very simplicity of the story, the absence of any endeavor after "style" or effect, make it the more entertaining.—Detroit Free Press.

Surgery in the Camp.

NOTRE DAME BAY, Newfoundland, Nov. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I read the letter in your issue of Nov. 4 from R. S. Spears on a "Bit of Camp Surgery." Something like Mr. Spears' case happened to me. In the fall of 1903 I was in camp at Patrick's Marsh, one of the best caribou haunts in Newfoundland. Before leaving home I had cut off the top of the second finger of my left hand. It was so sore that I let no one know of it, fearing that its state would prevent my going on the trip. The first day in camp I struck the sore so badly that the wound was opened and it bled. During the night it pained so much that no rest could be had. One of the party, a man from the Bay and used to nature's remedies, inquired the cause of my trouble. When he saw the finger he said he would fix it up all right. He procured some turpentine, or little lumps of the fir tree. This he burnt in an iron spoon to take off the spirits or to reduce its strength. The cut was then well covered with the salve and bound up lightly. That night sweet was the sleep, and three days after the cut was clean and the flesh filling up. Within a week the finger was sound.

BEOTHICK.

Brazilian Woods.

ACCORDING to Handel and Industrie Brazilian forests are furnishing a good field for the investment of foreign capital. Cabinet woods of many kinds abound, are easy to get at and fairly easy to get out. Only small quantities have been exported. This is due to a lack of enterprise on the part of Brazilians. A German consular officer, writing to his government, points out the enormous possibilities of Brazil's forests and calls attention to the fact that an American company, with \$5,000,000, is beginning to exploit some of the best regions. He assigns as a reason for the backward state of the lumber trade the fact that communication with the woods was bad, freights and wages high. The new company hopes to overcome all these by the application of modern transportation and milling methods. For example, an elevated swinging railroad will take the logs out of the woods to the mills and the mills will be near or on good roads.

All communications for FOREST AND STREAM must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.



NATURAL HISTORY



Papers at the A. O. U. Congress.

THE twenty-third annual congress of the American Ornithologists' Union was held at the American Museum of Natural History, New York city, with the exception of the final session, which was at the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences. Meetings open to the public were held forenoon and afternoon, Nov. 14, 15 and 16, the programmes being made up of the reading, illustration and discussion of papers by members. Luncheon was served at noon on each of the three days by the Linnæan Society of New York, and on the evening of the 18th the members met at the Hotel Endicott at an informal dinner.

At the opening session "Some Unpublished Letters of Wilson and Some Unstudied Works of Audubon," by Witmer Stone, Philadelphia, Pa., was the first paper. It was received with the interest always shown by bird students for the works of these pioneer American ornithologists. In "The Evolution of Species through Climatic Conditions," Dr. J. A. Allen, New York city, spoke of the manner in which our present geographic races illustrated the differentiation of species whose distribution covered a wide area, including very diverse climatic conditions, which in time affected the plumage and appearance of the birds. In a paper on "Summer Birds of the Mt. Marcy Region in the Adirondacks," Elon H. Eaton, Canandaigua, N. Y., enumerated many birds, and recounted interesting facts regarding them in their northern forest home. The final paper of the morning was "Pelican Island Revisited," by Frank M. Chapman, New York city. Mr. Chapman illustrated his paper by a beautiful series of views of the home life of these interesting birds on their own exclusive island in the Indian River region of Florida. This island is now a Government reservation, set apart especially for these birds, and is the only place on our coasts where they breed. The slides showed old birds and young, or varying sizes, nests, eggs and method of feeding, in which the young bird puts its head well into the throat of the parent.

The first paper on the afternoon programme was "Some Breeding Warblers of Demarest, N. J.," by B. S. Bowdish, Demarest, N. J., illustrated by lantern slides. Ten species were enumerated as known to breed as follows: Black and white, blue-winged, yellow, chestnut-sided, black-throated green, oven bird, northern yellowthroat, yellow-breasted chat, hooded, redstart and the Louisiana water thrush, and several others were spoken of as probably breeding, though nests had not been found by the author. Thirty slides of birds, nests, eggs, young and nesting sites illustrated the paper. The second paper was "Notes on Wing Movements in Bird Flight," illustrated by lantern slides, by William L. Finley, Portland, Oregon. Mr. Finley has accomplished the most remarkable results in certain branches of bird photography, notably birds on the wing, probably, of any living photographer and nature student, and the series of slides shown on this occasion were a wonderful revelation of his success along this line. The possibilities of bringing out the principles of wing movement in flight were strongly indicated, though Mr. Finley regards his work as only a step in this direction. In a paper on "The Status of Certain Species and Sub-species of North American Birds," J. Dwight, Jr., New York city, following a line of reasoning which he adopted several years ago, regarding the procedure of the American Ornithologists' Union in the matter of nomenclature, argued against the hair-splitting methods of differentiation that has led to such confusion in the case of certain geographical forms. The case was discussed from the opposite side by Mr. Oberholser, impartially by Dr. Allen, and very strongly in favor of a more simple and less complicated method by Mr. D. G. Elliot. The last paper of this session was "Wildfowl Nurseries of Northwest Canada," by Herbert K. Job, Kent, Conn. Mr. Job is one of the pioneer bird photographers, and his work is among the best. His slides illustrated the home life of the waterfowl, which are still to be found in great colonies in this wild northern country.

After the dinner of that evening the members returned to the Museum for an informal reception, at which there was a demonstration of a new projection apparatus. This apparatus not only projects slides, but a magnified and beautifully clear colored reflection of any small object, introduced into the objective, is thrown in color on the screen.

The first paper of the morning session of the second day, "Andreas Hesselius, a Pioneer Delaware Ornithologist," by C. J. Pennock, Kennett Square, Pa., dealt principally with extracts from the note books of this Swedish missionary, whose observations were made some 200 years ago. At that time ornithological observations were few, and those included in these notes were extremely interesting, and couched as they were, in the quaint style of the time, often very amusing. Witmer Stone, of Philadelphia, Pa., discussed "The Probability of Error in Bird Migration Records." Mr. Stone spoke of the conditions that tend to admit error in the records as gathered by single isolated observers and recorded the methods he has adopted, of grouping observers in parties of three or four, who practically cover the same ground, thus affording the opportunity of checking and averaging the observations of each by those of the others. Mr. Stone followed this paper by one on "Some Observations on the Applicability of the Mutation Theory to Birds." The discussion which followed by Dr. Allen and others showed a disinclination to admit the applicability of this theory to birds. Henry Oldys, of Washington, D. C., followed with a discussion of "The Song of the Hermit Thrush." Mr. Oldys has for some time devoted himself to the study of bird song, and gave an interesting account of his experience in securing an opportunity to study the hermit's song, of his impressions regarding it, and its comparison to the song of the wood thrush. He

gave some pleasing imitations of a variety of songs of each of these two species, and concluded by rendering a little song, the words of which he had composed, to the air he had recorded from the most accomplished of the hermit songsters to whom he had listened.

Mr. Chapman concluded the forenoon session with "Impressions of English Bird-Life," illustrated by lantern slides. Besides giving a number of views of English birds, the author gave views of the home and town surrounding of Gilbert White, as well as other characteristic English country scenes, and contrasted the conditions of bird-life in England and this country. England being described as possessed of fewer species but many more individuals.

The afternoon meeting opened with an exhibition of lantern slides and "Similarity of the Birds of the Maine Woods, and the Pocono Mountains of Pennsylvania," by William L. Bailey, Ardmore, Pa. The Pocono Mountain region has been but little worked as ornithological territory, and the author enumerated many species included as normally more northern breeding birds, some of them not having been previously recorded as breeding in Pennsylvania. Prof. Wells W. Cook, of the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., followed with a paper on "Discontinuous Breeding Ranges." The author cited instances of birds found breeding in the southern extremity of the southern hemisphere, and the northern extremity of the northern hemisphere, while between the two extended a vast area over which they were not found during the breeding season. He also mentioned other instances, of species having restricted breeding ranges, separated by extensive longitudinal gaps. The final speaker of the session was Abbott H. Thayer, Dublin, N. H., who demonstrated his claims regarding protective coloration in animals, which, as he explained and abundantly convinced his audience, are not theories but facts. First regarding the views hitherto held of the efficacy of coloration harmonizing with surroundings, Mr. Thayer explained that this was dependent on the nature and effect of the light that the creature was seen in. His contention was that as the prevailing light conditions have the tendency to bring the upper parts into strongest relief, blending into least conspicuousness on the under parts. To counteract this tendency nature has colored her creatures darkest above, shading to lightest beneath. The speaker gave a demonstration of his contention by exhibiting an imitation of a leopard, ground color shaded as in nature, from darkest above to lightest beneath, also with the spots shown, and with a background painted in the same color as the animal. By alternately lighting from above and below the creature was made to disappear when seen in the normal, top light, and to stand out sharply, despite the exact similarity of color to background, when seen in a bottom light. Secondly, the speaker contended that the white upper markings on many creatures cannot be guiding signals for others of the same species, because from the pursuing creature's range of vision these markings would usually come against the skyline and therefore disappear against the sky. They are, therefore, of importance in reducing the creature's silhouette against the sky by subtracting the area of the part that thus blends into the sky. Mr. Thayer also gave a number of other demonstrations. The title of his paper was "The Principles of the Disguising Coloration of Animals."

The opening paper for the forenoon session of the final day was "The Collection of Birds in the New York Zoological Park," C. W. Beebe, New York city. Mr. Beebe gave many interesting experiences in connection with the various experiments that he has such an excellent opportunity of conducting at the Zoological Park, among others mentioning an experiment with two young white-throated sparrows hatched in the Park. These birds were fed in the same manner on the same kind of food, but one was kept in a cage out in the light and air under fairly normal conditions, while the other was kept indoors, in a rather dark place, and subjected to a moisture-laden atmosphere. At the first molt the two birds showed no perceptible change, but soon after the second molt Mr. Beebe found that the bird kept indoors had become an almost uniform dusky color, and with no trace to indicate the identity of the specimen. The skins of the two birds were exhibited. The second paper was "A Contribution to the Natural History of the English Cuckoo, with a Review of the Literature on the Subject," by Dr. Montague R. Levenson, New York city. Dr. Levenson corrected the erroneous statements that the young of the English cuckoo ejected the eggs and young of the bird in whose nest they were hatched, before the young cuckoo was twenty-four hours old, and that they had, at this period, a depression in the anterior portion of the back to enable them the more easily to effect this ejection. He illustrated his paper by drawings and photos, and apparently abundantly proved his contention. Dr. Dwight gave a paper on "Plumages and Status of the White-winged Gulls of the Genus *Larus*," illustrating his remarks with a considerable series of skins. He contended for the elimination of one recognized form, and for the recognition of another new form. A paper by Arthur T. Wayne, Mount Pleasant, S. C., on "A Contribution to the Ornithology of South Carolina, pertaining chiefly to the Coast Region," in the absence of the author, was read by Mr. Brewster. The list of species covered was a quite lengthy one, and was fully annotated. Mr. T. S. Palmer, in the absence of the author, read a paper by O. Widman, St. Louis, Mo., on "Should Bird Protection Laws be in the hands of the National Government?" The author contended that inasmuch as the birds were the guests of the nation, rather than of any one State, the National Government should have the supervision of their protection, thereby securing a uniform law, which otherwise could not be secured. Mr. Thomas S. Roberts, Minneapolis, Minn., related "A Lapland Longspur Tragedy," illustrated by lantern slides. On the night of March 13,

1904, during a heavy migration flight of these birds in southern Minnesota, and northern Idaho, a severe snow storm occurred in this region during which thousands of these birds struck the buildings, telegraph poles, wires and the ice on lakes, many being instantly killed and others injured, some of the latter being revived in the houses and afterward liberated. Mr. Thomas stated that a conservative computation of the number which were killed was 750,000, but that he fully believed that 1,000,000 would be a more nearly correct estimate.

The afternoon session was held at the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences. Mr. F. A. Lucas, in behalf of the Institute, welcomed the Union to the Institute. Mr. Lucas was elected chairman of the meeting. Mr. George K. Cherrie, New York city, spoke on "The Hoatzin and other South American Birds." The exhibition of specimens to illustrate this paper were viewed later. Mr. Cherrie spoke of the habits of this interesting bird, which, while young, has claws on the wings, used like the hooks on the wings of bats, to assist in climbing. They are lost before the bird reaches maturity. The species nests where the structure will be over water when the eggs are laid, and the eggs are not laid until the river rises sufficiently to inundate the lower part of the tree in which the nest is built. The last paper of the Congress was "Among the Water Birds of Southern Oregon," by William L. Finley, of Portland, Oregon. This paper was illustrated by a very large series of beautiful slides, showing the bird life in the great rookeries of this still wild region. The congress was then adjourned. The members were served with refreshments by Mr. and Mrs. Lucas and the exhibitions of specimens in the museum were afterward viewed.

On the morning of the 17th the members visited the New York Aquarium and then went to the New York Zoological Park, where they were entertained by Mr. Beebe, who served refreshments. B. S. BOWDISH.

Daring Deeds of Dogs.

Malty in the Moccasin's Den.

BLACK, heavy, boiling clouds were massing in the southwest. The soft, sweet, voluptuous breeze had been succeeded by an ominous calm. The gay music of most of the birds had died away; even the noisy, irrepressible yellow chat which here renders day and night hideous with his incessant screechings (which may seem most entrancing music to his kin) was awed into comparative silence. It was evident that "a clash of the elements" was impending; and that, in the Ozarks, means something dreadful; for though we seldom get a visit from a dangerous wind, the lightning and thunder are as terrible as any region of the earth can produce. Sometimes the thunder is so loud that a timid being wonders the very globe is not split open—and the concussion causes even the firmest substances to shake and rattle; while the power of the lightning does not need to be merely guessed at, but leaves evidences "susceptible to ocular demonstration."

I have seen a round ball of red, white or blue lightning apparently twenty inches in diameter, crush an oak of at least equal thickness into cord wood and kindling wood, and scatter the fragments in every direction more than 100 feet—that is, they were distributed about the site of the tree in a circle over 200 feet wide. I have known it to break off the upper half of a tall pine—about eighteen inches thick at that part—and hurl the great, heavy top sixty feet from the stump. Last summer five or six trees from fifty feet to 200 yards apart, and most of the poles of a rural telephone line parallel with them for a distance of about a furlong, between Hot Springs and the Ouachita, were struck simultaneously, it is thought, by one and the same discharge. The awful crash was heard at my home on the west side of the Ouachita, about three miles distant—indeed, it sounded as if it had bursted a mountain at our very ears.

This much I have said about the lightning terrors of the region to impress more fully upon the reader the desperate nature of the canine adventure I desire to try to narrate; which, though it may read like a chapter from a "blood and thunder" novel, will, nevertheless, be as literally true as my memory and judgment can make it.

Malty, my faithful friend and well-nigh inseparable companion, had called me forth—perhaps the "red gods" had something to do with it, too—and I was following her anxiously, for her excited manner—bristling and growling—indicated the proximity of something more formidable than a rabbit. What it was I never found out, for soon we came to the brook, and on the shore we were distracted by a new enemy, a good-sized water moccasin.

Now, Malty was not an invincible snake dog as Coallie now is. On the contrary she had been, up to this time, always so rattled at the sight of a snake that I did not consider it safe to allow her to attack one, even of the less venomous sort. Once she had poked her nose right into the jaws of a moccasin while I was pulling at her tail trying to prevent her, and the foe fastened his rough teeth into her so firmly that she drew him backward about a yard before tearing loose from him. Her body soon swelled to nearly twice its proper size, in spite of all I could do, and she was sick with the poison for about two weeks, during which time she refused all food and drink, and kept her head covered up in a dark corner of her room. When anyone uncovered her for examination of her wound she looked and behaved like one ashamed, and immediately hid her head if permitted to do so.

So I now reminded her of her former indiscretion and checked her rashness, while I cast my eyes about for a club, clod or any sort of weapon. Although the snake was surrounded with driftwood, I could not pick up



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

In the Lodges of the Blackfeet.

II.—The Ruse of a Savage Lover.

It was agreed that I should join Berry in the autumn, when he would begin the season's trade with the Indians. He owned a large bull train, with which he hauled freight from Fort Benton to the mining camps in summer, finding in that much more profit than in trading for the deer, elk and antelope skins, which were about the only things of value that the Indians had to barter at that season. Buffalo robes were valuable only from animals killed from November to February inclusive. I did not wish to remain in Fort Benton; I wanted to hunt and travel about in this land of glorious sunshine and dry, clear air; so I bought a roll of bedding, large quantities of tobacco, and .44 rim-fire cartridges for my Henry rifle, a trained buffalo horse and saddle, and pulled out of the town with Sorrel Horse and his outfit. Perhaps if I had gone to the mines instead I would have done better in a financial way. More steamboats had arrived, the place was full of people bound for the gold fields, and there were many just from there with heavy sacks of gold dust in their battered grips and greasy bags. They had made their stake, they were bound for the States; for "God's country," they said. God's country! If there was a more beautiful land than that of the great sunlit plains and mountains, grand and soul-inspiring in their immensity, I never saw it. And I'm glad I did not get the mining fever, for then I would probably never have learned to know them intimately. There are some things of far more value than gold. For instance, a life free from cares or duties of any kind; a life in which every day and every hour brings its share of pleasure and satisfaction, of excitement, of happily earned and well enjoyed fatigue. Had I, too, gone to the placer fields I might have made a fortune, and returned to the States, and settled down in some deady monotonous village, where the most exciting things that ever happened was church festivals and funerals!

Sorrel Horse's wagons, a lead and a trail, drawn by an eight-horse team, were heavily loaded with provisions and trade goods, for he was going with a band of the Piegiens, the Small Robes, on their summer hunt. And this was what had made me at once accept his invitation to accompany him; I would have an opportunity to study the people. Much has been written in these columns about the Piegan Blackfeet, and those who have not read the various articles and are interested in the subject should read Mr. Grinnell's books, "Blackfoot Lodge Tales" and "The Story of the Indian." I must necessarily confine myself in these articles to a few incidents in my long life on the plains which seem to me worth relating.

Sorrel Horse's brother-in-law, L-is'-sis-tsi, Wolverine, and I became great friends. I soon learned to use the sign language, and he helped me in my studies of the Blackfoot language, so difficult that few white men ever did become proficient in it. I may say that by diligently committing my studies of it to writing and by paying especial attention to pronunciation and accent, I learned to speak it as well as any white man ever did, with perhaps one or two exceptions.

How I enjoyed that summer, part of which we passed at the foot of the Belt Mountains and part on Warm Spring Creek and the Judith River. I joined in the frequent buffalo runs, and on my swift and well trained horse managed to kill my share of the great animals. I hunted antelope, elk, deer, bighorn and bear with Wolverine. I would sit for hours on a mountain slope or the summit of some lone butte, and watch the herds and bands of game about me, gaze at the grand mountains and the vast and silent plain, and pinch myself to realize that I was really I, and that it was all real and not a dream. Wolverine apparently never tired of all this any more than I; he would sit by my side, a dreamy look in his eyes as he gazed about him, and frequently exclaim "i-tam'ap-i," which is the word for happiness or perfect content.

Yet, Wolverine was not always happy; there were days when he went about with a long face and a preoccupied air, never speaking except to answer some question. One day in August when he was in this mood I asked what was troubling him.

"There is nothing troubling me," he replied. Then,

after a long silence: "I lied, I am in great trouble. I love Piks-ah'-ki and she loves me, but I cannot have her; her father will not give her to me."

Another long silence: "Yes, well?" I urged, since he had forgotten or did not feel inclined to enlighten me further.

"Yes," he went on, "her father is a Gros Ventre, but her mother is Piegan. Long ago my people protected the Gros Ventres, fought their battles, helped them to hold their country against all enemies. And then the two tribes quarreled, and for many years were at war with each other. This last winter they made peace. It was then I first saw Piks-ah'-ki. She is very beautiful; tall, long hair, eyes like an antelope, small hands and feet. I went much to her father's lodge, and we would look at each other when the others there were not noticing. One night I was standing by the doorway of the lodge when she came out for an armful of wood from the big pile lying there. I took hold of her and kissed her, and she put her arms around my neck and kissed me back. That is how I know she loves me. Do you think"—anxiously—"that she would have done that if she did not love me?"

"No, I do not think she would."

His face brightened and he continued: "At that time I had only twelve horses, but I sent them to her father with a message that I would marry his daughter. He sent the horses back and these words: 'My daughter shall not marry a poor man!'"

"I went with a war party against the Crows and drove home myself eight head of their best horses. I traded for others until I had thirty-two in all. Not long ago I sent a friend with them to the Gros Ventre camp to ask once more for this girl I love; he soon returned, driving back the horses and this is what her father said: 'My daughter shall never marry Wolverine, for the Piegiens killed my son and my brother.'"

I had no comment to make. He looked at me hesitatingly two or three times and finally said: "The Gros Ventres are encamped on the Missouri, at the mouth of this little (Judith) river. I am going to steal the girl from her people; will you go with me?"

"Yes," I quickly replied. "I'll go with you, but why me? Why don't you ask some of the Raven Carriers to go with you, as you belong to that society?"

"Because," he replied, laughing a little constrainedly, "because I might fail to get the girl; she might even refuse to go with me, and then my good friends would tell about it, and people would always be joking me. But you, if I fail, I know you will never tell about it."

One evening about dusk we quietly left the camp. No one except Sorrel Horse—not even his wife—knew of our departure. Naturally, she would be alarmed about her brother's absence, and he was to tell her that the youth had gone in to Fort Benton with me for a day or two. But how genial old Sorrel Horse did laugh when I told him where we were going and for what purpose.

"Haw, haw, haw! That's pretty good! A pilgrim, only three months in the country and going to help an Indian steal a girl!"

"When does one cease to be a pilgrim?" I asked.

"When he has learned all about things and ceases to ask fool questions. I should say, in your case, that people will quit calling you 'pilgrim' in about five years. It takes most of 'em about fifteen to become acclimated, as you may say. But joking aside, young man, this is a pretty serious thing you are going in for; don't get into any trouble; always keep close to your horse and remember that it is better to run than to fight; you can live longer by doing so as a general rule."

We left the camp at dusk, for in those days it was not safe for a couple of men to ride over the great plains in the daytime, too many war parties of various tribes were abroad, seeking glory and wealth in the scalps and chattels of unwary travelers. We rode out of the Judith valley eastward on to the plain, and when we were far enough out to avoid the deep coulees running into it, turned and paralleled the course of the river. Wolverine led a lively but gentle pinto pony on which we had packed in a manner some bedding, and a large bundle of his done up in a fine buffalo robe and bound with many a thong. These things he had taken out of camp the night before and hidden in the brush. There was a glorious full moon, and we were able to trot and lope along at a good pace. We had not traveled many miles

from camp before we began to hear the bellowing of the buffalo; it was their mating season and the bulls kept up a continuous deep, monotoned bellow or roar as they charged and fought about from band to band of the great herds. Several times during the night we rode close to a band and startled them, and they ran off thundering over the hard ground and rattling their hoofs, away, away in the soft moonlight; we could hear them still running long after they had disappeared from view. It seemed as if all the wolves in the country were abroad that night, for they could be heard in all directions, near and far, mournfully howling. What a sad, solemn cry theirs was; so different from the falsetto, impish yelping of the coyotes.

On, on Wolverine went, urging his horse and never looking back, and I kept close up and said nothing, although I thought the pace too fast on a plain honeycombed with badger and prairie dog holes. When at last day began to break we found ourselves in the country of high pine clad buttes and ridges, and two or three miles from the Judith valley. Wolverine stopped and looked all around, trying to pierce the distance still shrouded in the dusk of early morning.

"So far as I can see," he said, "everything looks well. The buffalo and the prairie runners (antelope) feed quietly. But that is not a sure sign that an enemy is not near; even now some of them may be sitting in the pines of those buttes looking down upon us. Let us hurry to the river—we must have water—and hide in the timber in the valley."

We unsaddled in a grove of cottonwoods and willows and led our horses to water. On a wet sand bar where we came to the stream there were a number of human footprints so recently made that they seemed to be as fresh as our own tracks. The sight startled us and we looked about anxiously, holding our rifles in readiness for a quick aim. There was no timber on the opposite side of the stream at that point, and we had just come through the grove above us, so we realized that the makers of the tracks were not in our immediate vicinity.

"Crees or men from across the mountains," said Wolverine, again examining the tracks. "No matter which; they are all our enemies. We must be careful and keep a good watch, as they may be nearby."

We drank our fill and went back into the grove, tying our horses so that they could eat a little of the grass and wild pea growing luxuriantly between the trees.

"How could you know," I asked, "that those whose tracks we saw are not Crows, or Sioux, or other people of the plains?"

"You noticed," Wolverine replied, "that the footprints were wide, rounding, that even the prints of their toes could be seen; that was because they wore soft bottom moccasins, the sole, as well as the upper part, of tanned deer or buffalo skin. Only those people use such footwear; all those of the plains here wearing moccasins with hard parfleche soles."

I had been very hungry until I saw the footprints in the sand, after that I was too busy watching, listening for a possible enemy to think of anything else; and I fervently wished that I had remained in camp and left the young Indian to do his own girl stealing.

"I will go around the inner edge of the grove and have a look at the country and then we will eat," said Wolverine.

I wondered what we would eat, well knowing that we dared not kill anything, nor build a fire, even if we had meat. But I said nothing, and while he was gone I re-saddled my horse, remembering my friend's advice to stay close to it. Presently Wolverine returned.

"The war party passed through the grove," he said, "and went on down the valley. About two nights from now they will be trying to steal the Gros Ventre horses. Well, we will eat."

He undid the buffalo robe bundle and spread out a number of articles; heavy red and blue cloth, enough for two dresses. The stuff was made in England and the traders sold it for about \$10 a yard. Then there were strings of beads, brass rings, silk handkerchiefs, Chinese vermilion, needles, thread, earrings—an assortment of things dear to the Indian women.

"For her," he said, laying them carefully aside and producing some eatables; dry stale bread, sugar, dried meat and a string of dried apples.

"I stole them from my sister," he said. "I thought

that we might not be able to shoot any game or build a fire."

That was a long day. By turns we slept a little, that is, Wolverine slept. I'm sure I scarcely dozed, for I was always expecting the war party to jump us. Yes, I was pretty young at the business then, and so was the Indian. What we ought to have done, after getting water, was to have ridden to the top of some butte and remained there during the day. From such a point we could have seen the approach of an enemy a long way off, and our swift horses could have easily taken us beyond their reach. It was mere luck that we were not seen to enter the valley and the cottonwood grove, for there a war party could have surrounded us and rendered our escape difficult, if not impossible.

Up to this time Wolverine had made no definite plan to get the girl away. Sometimes he would say that he would steal into the camp and to her lodge at night, but that was certainly risky, for if he did succeed in getting to the lodge without being taken for an enemy come to steal horses he might awaken the wrong woman and then there would be a terrible outcry. On the other hand, if he boldly went into the camp on a friendly visit, no doubt old Bull's Head, the girl's father, would suspect his purpose and closely watch her. But this discovery of a war party moving down the river toward the Gros Ventre camp gave him a plain opening.

"I knew that my medicine would not desert me," he said suddenly that afternoon, laughing happily; "and see, the way is clear before us. We will ride boldly into camp, to the lodge of the great chief Three Bears. I will say that our chief sent me to warn him of a war party working this way. I will say that we ourselves have seen their tracks along the bars of the river. Then the Gros Ventres will guard their horses; they will ambush the enemy; there will be a big fight, big excitement. All the men will rush to the fight, and that will be my time. I will call Piks-ah'-ki, we will mount our horses and fly."

Again we rode hard all night, and at daylight came in sight of the wide dark gash in the great plain which marked the course of the Missouri. We had crossed the Judith the evening before, and were now on a broad trail worn in deep furrows by the travois and lodge poles of many a camp of Piegiens and Gros Ventres, traveling between the great river and the mountains to the south. The sun was not high when we at last came to the pine-clad rim of the valley and looked down into the wide, long bottom at the mouth of the Judith; there, whitely gleaming against the dark foliage of a cottonwood grove, were the lodges of the Gros Ventres, some 300 and more. Hundreds and hundreds of horses were feeding on the sage brush flat; riders were galloping here and there, driving their several bands to water, or catching up fresh animals for the daily hunt. Although still a couple of miles away we could hear the confused noise of the camp, shouts, childish laughter, singing, the beating of drums.

"Ah!" Wolverine exclaimed. "There is the camp. Now for the big lie." Then, more seriously, "Pity me, great sun! pity me, you under-water creature of my dream! Help me to obtain that which I seek here."

Oh, yes, the youth was in love. Cupid plays havoc with the hearts of red as well as white people. And—dare I say it?—the love of the red, as a rule, is more lasting, more faithful than the love of the superior race.

We rode into the camp stared at by all as we passed along. The chief's lodge was pointed out to us. We dismounted at the doorway, a youth took charge of our horses and we entered. There were three or four guests present enjoying an early feast and smoke. The chief motioned us to the seat of honor on his own couch at the back of the lodge. He was a heavy, corpulent man, a typical Gros Ventre, Big Belly.

The pipe was being passed and we smoked a few whiffs from it in our turn. A guest was telling a story, when he finished it the chief turned to us, and asked, in good Blackfoot, whence we had come. Nearly all the older Gros Ventres at that time spoke Blackfoot fluently, but the Blackfoot never could speak Gros Ventre; it was too difficult for anyone not born and reared with them to learn.

"We come," Wolverine replied, "from up the yellow (Judith) river, above the mouth of the Warm Spring. My chief, the Big Lake, gives you this—producing and handing him a long coil of rope tobacco—and asks you to smoke with him in friendship."

"Ah!" said Three Bears, smiling, and laying the tobacco at one side. "Big Lake is my good friend. We will smoke with him."

"My chief also sends word with me that you are to keep close watch of your horses, for some of our hunters have found signs of a war party traveling this way. We ourselves, this white man here, who is my friend, and I, we also have come across their trail. We saw it yesterday morning up the river. There are twenty, maybe thirty of them, and they are on foot. Perhaps to-night, surely by to-morrow night, they will raid your herd."

The old chief asked many questions as to what tribe

the war party might be, just where we had seen their tracks, and so on, which Wolverine answered as best he could. Then some boiled meat, some dried buffalo back fat and some pemmican were set before us, and we had our breakfast. While we were eating the chief conferred with his other guests, and they soon went away, as I presumed, to tell the news and prepare to surprise the expected raiders. Three Bears informed us that his lodge was ours; that our horses would be cared for; our saddles and bridles were brought in and piled near the doorway. I forgot to mention that Wolverine had cached his precious bundle away back on the trail soon after daylight.

After our breakfast and another smoke, during which the chief asked all manner of questions about the Piegiens, Wolverine and I strolled through the camp and down to the banks of the river. On the way he pointed out the lodge of his prospective father-in-law. Old Bull's Head was a medicine man, and the outside of his abode was painted with the symbols of his particular dream-given power, two huge grizzly bears in black, below which were circles of moons in red. We sat by the river a while, watching a lot of boys and young men swim; I noticed, however, that my companion kept an eye on the women continually coming for water. Evidently the particular one he longed to see did not appear, and we turned back toward the chief's lodge, after a time. A couple of women were killing a fat pup of three or four months just back of it by strangulation.

"Why are they killing that dog?" I asked.

"Ugh," Wolverine replied, making a wry face, "it is for a feast for us."

"A feast for us!" I repeated in astonishment. "Do you mean that they will cook the dog, will expect us to eat it?"

"Yes, these Gros Ventres eat dog; they think it better than buffalo meat, or other meat of any kind. Yes, they will stew it and set it before us, great bowls of it, and we must eat of it or they will be displeased."

"I will not touch it," I cried. "No, I will never touch it."

"But you will, you must, else you wish to make enemies of our friends; and"—despondently—"perhaps spoil my chance of getting that which I have come for."

Well, in due time the meat of the dog was set before us; very white it looked, and certainly the odor of it was far from disagreeable. But—it was dog. Never in all my life had I dreaded to do anything more than to taste of it, yet I felt that I must. I grasped a rib, set my muscles determinedly, and bolted the meat upon it, blinking and swallowing and swallowing to keep it down. And it stayed down; I made it stay, although for a moment it was a toss-up which would win—the nausea or my will. In this manner I managed to eat a small part of that set before me, partaking liberally of some berry pemmican, which was a sort of side dish. I was glad when the meal was over. Oh, yes, I was very glad; and it was many an hour after before my stomach became normal.

It was thought that the expected enemy would possibly arrive that night; so as soon as it was dark nearly all the men of the camp picked up their weapons and crept out through the sage brush to the foot of the hills, stringing out far above and below and back of their feeding herds. Wolverine and I had our horses up and saddled, he telling the chief that in case a fight began we would ride out and join his men. My comrade went out early in the evening, I sat up for an hour or more, and as he did not return, I lay down on the couch, covered myself with a blanket and was soon sound asleep, not waking until morning. Wolverine was just getting up. After breakfast we went out and walked around and he told me that he had found a chance to whisper to Piks-ah'-ki the night before, when she had come outside for wood, and that she had agreed to go with him whenever the time came. He was in great spirits, and as we strolled along the shore of the river could not help breaking out in the war songs which the Blackfeet always sing when they are happy.

Along near noon, after we had returned to the lodge, among other visitors at tall, heavy, evil-featured man came in; by the nudge Wolverine gave me as he sat down opposite and scowled at us I knew that he was Bull's Head. He had a heavy growth of hair which he wore coiled on his head like a pyramid. He talked for some time with Three Bears and the other guests, and then, to my surprise, began to address them in Blackfoot, talking at us, and there was real and undisguised hatred in his tone.

"This story of an approaching war party," he said, "is all a lie. Look at it; the Big Lake sends word that his people have seen their trail; now, I know that the Piegiens are cowards; still, where there are so many of them they would be sure to follow such a trail and attack the enemy. No, they never saw any such trail, never sent any such word; but I believe an enemy has come, and is in our camp now not after our herds but our women. Last night I was a fool. I went out and watched for horse-stealers; I watched all night, but none

came. To-night I shall stay in my lodge and watch for women-stealers, and my gun will be loaded. I advise you all to do the same."

And having had his say he got up and flounced out of the lodge, muttering to himself, undoubtedly cursing all the Piegiens, and one in particular. Old Three Bears watched him depart with a grim smile, and said to Wolverine:

"Do not remember his words; he is old, and cannot forget that your people killed his son and his brother. Others of us"—with a deep sigh—"others of us also lost brothers and sons in the war with your people, yet, we made the great peace. What is past is past; the dead cannot be brought to life, but the living will live longer and be happier now that we have ceased to fight and rob one another."

"You speak the truth," said Wolverine. "Peace between we two people is good. I forget the old man's words. Do you also forget them and guard your horses, for this night surely the enemy will come."

Again at dusk we saddled our horses and picketed them close to the lodge. Wolverine putting his saddle on the pinto pony and shortening the stirrups. He intended to ride his own animal bareback. He told me that Piks-ah'-ki had been under guard of her father's Gros Ventre wives all day. The old man not trusting her Pigan mother to accompany her after wood and water for the lodge. I again went to sleep early, my companion going out as usual. But this time I did not rest until morning, for I was awakened by the firing of guns out on the flat, and a great commotion in camp, men shouting and running toward the scene of the fight, women calling and talking excitedly, children crying and shrieking. I hurried out to where our horses were picketed, carrying my own rifle and Wolverine's. He owned a fine Hawkins, 32 balls to the pound, which Sorrel Horse had given him. I learned afterward that old Bull's Head was one of the first to rush to the rescue of his horses when the firing began. As soon as he had left the lodge Wolverine, who was lying nearby in the sage brush, ran to it and called his sweetheart's name. Out she came, followed by her mother, carrying several little bags. A minute later they came to where I stood, both women crying. Wolverine and I unfastened the horses.

"Hurry," he cried, "hurry."

He gently took the girl from where she was crying in the embrace of her mother and lifted her into the saddle, handing her the bridle reins.

"Listen," cried the mother, "you will be good to her. I call the sun to treat you as you do her."

"I love her, and I will be good to her," Wolverine answered, and then to us: "Follow me, hurry."

Away we went over the flat, straight for the trail upon which we had entered the valley, and straight toward the fight raging at the foot of the hill. We could hear the shots and shouts, see the flash of the guns. This was more than I had bargained for; again I was sorry I had started out on this girl-stealing trip; I didn't want to charge in where the bullets of a fight that didn't interest me were flying. But Wolverine was leading, his sweetheart riding close behind him, and there was nothing for me to do but follow them. As we neared the scene my comrade began to shout:

"Where is the enemy? Let us kill all of them. Where are they? Where do they hide?"

I saw his point. He didn't intend that the Gros Ventres should mistake us for some of the raiders. But the latter, suppose we ran on to any of them?

The firing had ceased and the shouting; all was quiet ahead of us, but we knew that there in the moonlit sage brush both parties were lying, the one trying to sneak away, the other trying, without too much risk, to get sight of them. We had but a hundred yards or more now between us and the foot of the hill, and I was thinking that we were past the danger points when, with a sputter of fire from the pan and a burst of flame from the muzzle, a flint-lock gun was discharged right in front of Wolverine, and down went his horse and he with it. Our own animals suddenly stopped. The girl shrieked and cried out:

"They have killed him! Help, white man, they have killed him!"

But before we could dismount we saw Wolverine extricate himself from the fallen animal, spring to his feet and shoot at something concealed from us by the sage brush. We heard a deep groan, a rustling of the brush and then Wolverine bounded to the place and struck something three or four hard blows with the barrel of his rifle. Stooping over he picked up the gun which had been fired at him.

"I count a coup," he laughed, and running over to me and fastening the old fuke in the gun sling on the horn of my saddle, "carry it a ways until we get out of the valley."

I was about to tell him that I thought he was foolish to delay us for an old fuke, when right beside of us, old Bull's Head appeared, seeming to have sprung all at once out of the brush, and with a torrent of angry

words he grasped the girl's horse by the bridle and attempted to drag her from the saddle. She shrieked and held on firmly, and then Wolverine sprang upon the old man, hurled him to the ground, wrenched his gun from him and flung it far; then he sprang lightly up behind Pika-ah-ki, dug his heels into the pony's flanks and we were off once more, the irate father running after us and shouting, no doubt for assistance to stop the runaways. We saw other Gros Ventres approaching, but they did not seem to be hurrying, nor did they attempt in any way to stop us. No doubt the angry old man's words had given them the key to the situation, and, of course, it was beneath their dignity to mix up in a quarrel about a woman. We went on as fast as we could up the steep, long hill, and soon ceased to hear the old man's complaints.

We were four nights getting back to the Piegan camp, Wolverine riding part of the time behind me and part of the time behind the girl, when we were on the trail. We picked up, en route, the precious bundle which Wolverine had cached, and it was good, the next morning, to see the girl's delight when she opened it and saw what it contained. That very day while we rested she made herself a dress from the red cloth, and I can truthfully say that when she had arrayed herself in it, and put on her beads, and rings, and earrings, and a lot of other pretty things, she certainly looked fine. She was a very comely young woman anyway, and as I afterward learned, as good as she was handsome. She made Wolverine a faithful and loving wife.

Fearing that we would be followed we had taken a circuitous route homeward, and made as blind a trail as possible, and upon our arrival at camp learned that old Bull's Head had got in there two days ahead of us. He was very different now from the haughty and malevolent man he had been at home. He fairly cringed before Wolverine, descanted upon his daughter's beauty and virtues, and said that he was very poor. Wolverine gave him ten horses and the fuke he had taken from the Indian he killed the night of our flight from the Gros Ventre camp. Old Bull's Head informed us that the war party were Crees, and that his people had killed seven of them, and that they had not succeeded in stealing a single horse, so completely were they surprised and attacked.

Well, I went on no more girl-stealing raids, but I believe I did other things just as foolish on the plains in my youthful days.

Love of Nature and Character.

As Illustrated in Hon. J. Sterling Morton.

Editor Forest and Stream.

The recent article about a monument to the "Father of Arbor Day" brings freshly to mind some incidents of travel with Mr. Morton, which may interest your readers. In the '80's we were both abroad, and meeting near London, agreed to travel together for a while. Matters of social and political economy interested both, and he was a most congenial and profitable companion. His intelligent alertness was remarkable—his purity and simplicity of character not less so.

On a bank holiday in London he arose early and went to Haymarket to study conditions of life as there manifested. He said he saw more drunken women that morning than in all his previous life; also, that the "billingsgate" was the worst he ever heard. The shock to his moral nature was evident.

At Antwerp the guide employed asked that we go out with him at night and "see the sights," at the same time intimating quite plainly their nature. He seemed surprised at our refusal. In referring to the incident afterward, Senator Morton said: "What a commentary it affords on the average American traveler! It makes me ashamed that because he found we were Americans he should have felt at liberty to make such proposals." Mr. Morton's interest in the art galleries at Antwerp was keen, and his criticisms intelligent and appreciative.

The one hour's ride from Antwerp gave some charming scenes of country life—all the ground was cultivated and the whole appearance was fine. Mr. Morton was enthusiastic. At Brussels another side of his character was manifested. Visiting the Palais de Justice we admired its exterior appearance very much. It was lofty, massive and impressive—a combination of Corinthian, Doric and Ionic styles in Belgian limestone. But the interior was disappointing, saddening. Massive columns, well-proportioned to the building, were of crude material covered with mortar in imitation of the exterior limestone. The sham was apparent to a little scrutiny, and Mr. Morton's remarks about all shams showed the thorough and through fineness of his grain.

After a hurried lunch we rushed for the 5 o'clock train, and missed it. But we soon learned that it was better so, as the Cologne train did not leave till 5:50. Senator Morton then said, "This illustrates that many of the ills of life are but imaginary."

Regretfully we bade him good-by at Mayence, once the home of John Gutenberg, of printing fame. The impression made by Mr. Morton during those self-revealing days of travel was indelible and treasured. And that there was an intimate relation between his love of nature and his sterling worth of character is the firm belief of

JUVENAL.

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The Sang Digger.

THE Parson, the Professor and the Superintendent waited until the Sang Digger's wife and the older children had gone off in the dark to the little village church when they slipped across the street to sit by his warm, bright kitchen stove. His youngest girl had remained at home and she was sitting at the table near the lamp working out her problems in multiplication for the next day of school. The Sang Digger, a small wiry man, browned by the weather to the color of a late autumn leaf, was pottering around the stove and the table looking over some fishing tackle preparatory to a trip for bass the next day. He seemed very glad to have the visitors call on him and did his best to make them feel at home.

The Parson was tired. He is a heavy man, and the day's pheasant hunting over the mountains had pretty nearly played him out, and after he had lighted his Pittsburg stogie, he sagged down into his chair like a lump of dough. The Professor had not slept well the previous night. He is a small man, and as his bed fellow weighed nearly three hundred pounds, and in addition to occupying the middle of the bed had snored terrifically whenever he lay on his back, the Professor had put in the night between cat naps and spells of kicking the big man awake and over into his own side of the bed. So the task of interviewing the Sang Digger and making him talk about his experiences in the woods and along the streams fell to the Superintendent.

The Sang Digger was given to much circumlocution in his conversation. He would back and fill, start over again, get ahead of his story, and tell the same thing again with slight variations, so that it was somewhat difficult to get him to make progress in his story. One favorite theory of his—that if you found that the bass would not bite in one pool, and you would go down to the next pool where they would bite, and then return to the first pool you would find them ready to bite there—he told over so many times and with such slight changes that the Superintendent was compelled finally to switch him off to keep the Parson from falling out of his chair with inward laughter.

But finally he was headed in the direction of his experiences in the digging of ginseng, which he followed from the middle of August until the heavy frosts so broke down to the tops of the plants that he could not find them in the woods, and when well started he proved an entertaining talker.

He had a theory that ginseng plants and butternut trees are always associated in the woods and that the presence of red oaks always indicated the absence of ginseng. But his one example seemed to prove only the one section of his rule. He and his partner had climbed to the top of a high knob and were debating which direction to take next. Just below them was a small flat covered with little red oak saplings, and the Sang Digger said that there was no use to hunt down there. But after some further argument his partner plunged down over the bank into the red oaks and the Sang Digger followed. Near the edge of the red oak tract the Sang Digger discovered a few scattering plants which he stopped to dig. In the meantime the partner wandered away some little distance and soon found a large patch of plants from which he finally dug several dollars' worth of roots. And, to cap the climax, the Sang Digger found in the same locality a still larger patch. From the two patches they dug in all some seven or eight dollars' worth. All of these plants were among the red oaks, but when he came to examine more closely he found that near each patch was a small butternut tree.

His adventures had been mostly with rattlesnakes. In his hunt for ginseng he was compelled to travel the mountains for fifty and sixty miles around, and his trips sometimes lasted for weeks, at which times he would live in the woods like an Indian. One evening he had come down a small mountain stream until he reached a fall, and near this fall he found a little lean-to camp made by a fisherman. It was nearly dark and a light rain was falling. He threw his coat and bag of ginseng in on the dead boughs that had made the bed of the former occupant of the shelter and hurriedly prepared and ate his supper. He then built up a good fire for the night and went to get his coat to dry it. As he picked up his coat he heard a rattlesnake "sing out," as he expressed it, and on making light enough to see inside, he found that a large yellow rattlesnake had rounded out among the boughs a depression that looked not unlike the nest of a hen and was lying coiled up in this nest, with head and tail both up. But a snake that he could see he had no fear of, and he soon killed it, and after determining that there were no others in the neighborhood, he calmly lay down and slept until morning.

At another time he and a companion had made camp at the foot of a mountain after a long and hard day's tramp. After eating supper and getting ready for the night both had pulled off their boots to rest their feet. Just before lying down to sleep the companion stepped outside the light of the fire in order that he might see if he could tell what the weather would be on the morrow. In a minute the Sang Digger heard him call in an alarmed way for a light. The Sang Digger snatched a burning stick from the fire and hurried out when he found his companion standing with his feet wide apart and a coiled and rattling snake exactly between them. He had known from the sound that it was very near and had not dared to move for fear of stepping on it. And from between his legs the Sang Digger had killed it with neatness and dispatch before the man had dared move an inch.

Once in daylight he was coming down a mountain side that was bare of anything but scattered vegetation and covered with thin, flat rocks. He had cut a long, stout pole to assist him in the descent, and when near the middle of a patch of stones he heard a snake rattle. Standing still he managed to turn over with his pole many of the flat stones nearest to him, and under nearly every one he found a snake. After killing ten or twelve he made a more violent movement than usual and heard a snake rattle under the large stone on which he was standing. Moving back a little he pried up this stone and found under it three rattlers, all of which he killed. The odor given off by these snakes nearly made him sick.

He was once bitten by a rattlesnake, and his behavior

on this occasion shows how little he could be stampeded in an emergency. He was hunting ginseng on the side of a mountain thickly covered with big timber and the moss-covered trunks of fallen trees. In getting over one of these trunks his foot broke through, and, to catch himself, he put a hand behind him, when a rattlesnake bit him between the thumb and forefinger. After killing the snake and cutting open and sucking the wound in his hand, he went down to the road at the foot of the mountain for mud to plaster over the cut. At this point he missed the little pick he used in his work and went back up the mountain and got it. At the first house he came to he procured indigo and whisky, and his description of the pain when the indigo was applied was very graphic. A physician did not see him until the next day, but the effects of the bite were gone in a few days. He only remembered that there was a peculiar constriction of the chest that was very painful while it lasted. He is a very vigorous man whose heart and circulation are probably perfect, and this may account for the slight effects of the poison. Or is it possible that he was bitten in a spot where there are few blood vessels, or that the snake did not get a fair whack at his hand?

He was lying one night beside and partly under a large fallen tree, near which he had built his fire, when he was aroused by something touching his cheek. He brushed it away with his hand and dozed off again only to be partly aroused by the same thing again. After this had occurred several times he was so wide awake that he got up and proceeded to investigate, when he found that a big porcupine had been rubbing its nose across his cheek. He seemed to think that it would have been very funny if the porcupine had used its tail instead of its nose, or if, when he was brushing it away, he had struck its quills with his hand.

But the Parson's stogie was smoked to the smallest point, the Professor, who is a great botanist, had extracted all the information, scientific and otherwise, that he could get from the Sang Digger, the Superintendent had learned as much as possible about the mountains and streams that he hunts and fishes, the little girl, with her head pillowed on her curls on the table, was sound asleep, and the lanterns were coming down the road showing that church was over; so the three tired and sleepy hunters stumbled back through the dark to their own lodgings to sleep and perhaps to dream of a better day with the pheasants to-morrow.

CHAS. LOSE.
PENNSYLVANIA.

The Biography of a Bear.—XL

WHEN we awoke next morning I felt that our first night's sleep in the tent had not been as refreshing to me as it might have been. For some reason the fishing I had dreamed about, while it had seemed full of excitement, had made me tired. I have only given a synopsis of it in the foregoing chapter, to establish beyond question my veracity as a historian. I submit to my readers that there are many temptations attached to any account in which fish cut a figure, and I point with emotion to the evidences of integrity with which I have chronicled this nocturnal attack of delirium with which I contended. Had I not been scrupulously conscientious in regard to details, I would scarcely have refrained from some little license with which to make the account thrilling. I would not have been content with landing plain salmon, mackerel and a few codfish, where I had an inland ocean of unknown resource from which to produce sea serpents, crocodiles or whales. It is true we hooked fast to something that threatened to be extraordinary, but plain print bears me out in the assertion that I refrained at a critical moment.

Nevertheless, as I saw the sun peep fiery red above the blue summits to the eastward, and as I scanned the waving grass and rushes of the dry lake, I felt regret that it could offer no such possibilities as I had vividly experienced in my dream. The very notion of fishing for smaller fry now palled upon my—"piscatorial propensities." Neither of those words were premeditated. I use them only in emergencies. What I am getting at is the fact that I had lost interest in fishing for a while. I coaxed Dick and Enoch to try the little stream, which they finally did, and reported that there were only a few fingerling trout dodging about among alders, willows and other impediments to any efforts to catch fish there. The swamp, as far as we explored it, offered no sufficient inducements to cause us to attempt excavating a lake big enough to make it attractive as a fishing place. It was attractive enough in other ways, and we gave our time to other pursuits.

The first day we did little more than pike around camp, or collected a little wood, added to the comfort of our tent furniture, and the cooking equipment. We overhauled our supply of provisions, which embraced considerable stuff in cans, that we had learned to look upon with suspicion and sorrow. Our coffee, teas, spices, sardines; in fact, about everything we had in tins or packages put up by American firms, were either adulterated or they were so inferior as to have made adulteration too expensive. It may be we had gotten a bad lot, but as most of them were put up in San Francisco and marked absolutely pure, "So and So's best," "positively warranted," with many other trite maxims, we wondered what something different could possibly be like.

American ingenuity and inventive talent has not wholly exhausted itself upon mechanical devices. It is true, however, that the Patent Office has a bewildering collection of hardware on hand, fashioned after the fancies of a very versatile population. I believe that, properly speaking, it is the world's museum for misfit machinery, both mechanical and administrative, and I had a little to do with that confederation of the sciences a few years ago. I had invented, or I had become entangled with the fancy that I had evolved, a new thing in clocks. I wanted to run them all by electricity, upon a similar system to the telegraph. My plan and its mechanical method was to have all the clocks of San Francisco, New York and the less important centers of the world strung upon a wire. I wanted a central clock, which would open and close the electric circuit as its pendulum swung to and fro, thus furnishing motive power for the thousands of secondary dials. By this system all the clocks would just have to be correct to

words he grasped the girl's horse by the bridle and attempted to drag her from the saddle. She shrieked and held on firmly, and then Wolverine sprang upon the old man, hurled him to the ground, wrenched his gun from him and flung it far; then he sprang lightly up behind Piks-ah'-ki, dug his heels into the pony's flanks and we were off once more, the irate father running after us and shouting, no doubt for assistance to stop the runaways. We saw other Gros Ventres approaching, but they did not seem to be hurrying, nor did they attempt in any way to stop us. No doubt the angry old man's words had given them the key to the situation, and, of course, it was beneath their dignity to mix up in a quarrel about a woman. We went on as fast as we could up the steep, long hill, and soon ceased to hear the old man's complainings.

We were four nights getting back to the Piegan camp, Wolverine riding part of the time behind me and part of the time behind the girl, when we were on the trail. We picked up, en route, the precious bundle which Wolverine had cached, and it was good, the next morning, to see the girl's delight when she opened it and saw what it contained. That very day while we rested she made herself a dress from the red cloth, and I can truthfully say that when she had arrayed herself in it, and put on her beads, and rings, and earrings, and a lot of other pretty things, she certainly looked fine. She was a very comely young woman anyway, and as I afterward learned, as good as she was handsome. She made Wolverine a faithful and loving wife.

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Well, I went on no more girl-stealing raids, but I believe I did other things just as foolish on the plains in my youthful days.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

In the Lodges of the Blackfeet.

The Tragedy of the Marias.

ACCORDING to arrangement, I joined Berry at the end of August, and prepared to accompany him on his winter's trading expedition. He offered me a share in the venture, but I was not yet ready to accept it; I wanted to be absolutely free and independent for a few months more, to go and come as I chose, to hunt, to roam about with the Indians and study their ways. We left Fort Benton early in September with the bull train, creeping slowly up the hill out of the bottom, and scarcely any faster over the level of the now brown and dry plains. Bulls are slow travelers, and these had a heavy load to haul. The quantity and weight of merchandise that could be stowed away in those old-time "prairie schooners" was astonishing. Berry's train now consisted of four eight-yoke teams, drawing twelve wagons in all, loaded with fifty thousand pounds of provisions, alcohol, whiskey, and trade goods. There were four bullwhackers, a night herder who drove the "cavayand"—extra bulls and some saddle horses—a cook, three men who were to build the cabins and help with the trade, with Berry and his wife, and I. Not a very strong party to venture out on the plains in those times, but we were well armed, and, hitched to one of the trail wagons, was a six-pounder cannon, the mere sight or sound of which was calculated to strike terror to any hostiles.

Our destination was a point on the Marias River, some forty-five miles north of Fort Benton. Between that stream and the Missouri, and north of the Marias to the Sweetgrass Hills and beyond, the country was simply dark with buffalo, and moreover, the Marias was a favorite stream with the Blackfeet for their winter encampments, for its wide and by no means deep valley was well timbered. In the shelter of the cottonwood groves their lodges were protected from the occasional north blizzards, there was an ample supply of fuel, and fine grass for the horses. There were also great numbers of deer, elk and mountain sheep in the valley and its breaks, and the skins of these animals were in constant demand; buckskin was largely used for the summer clothing and the footwear of the people.

September on the plains! It was the most perfect month of all the year in that region. The nights were cool, often frosty; but the days were warm, and the clear air was so sweet and bracing that one seemed never to get enough of it. Nor could one tire of the grand, the wondrous extent of plain and mountains, stretching out, looming up in every direction. To the west were the dark Rockies, their sharp peaks standing out sharply against the pale blue sky; northward were the three buttes of the Sweetgrass Hills; eastward dimly loomed the Bear Paws; south, away across the Missouri, the pine-clad Highwood Mountains were in plain sight; and between all these, around, beyond them, was the brown and silent plain, dotted with peculiar flat-topped buttes, deeply seamed with stream valleys and their numerous coulees. Some men love the forest; the deep woods where lone lakes sparkle and dark streams flow slow and silent; and it is true that they have a charm of their own. But not for me, not for me. My choice is the illimitable plain with its distant mountains, its lone buttes, its cañons fantastically rock-walled, its lovely valleys beckoning one to the shelter of shady groves by the side of limpid streams. In the forest one is ever confined to a view of a few yards or rods round about; but on the plains—often I used to climb to the top of a butte, or ridge, and sit by the hour gazing at the immense scope of country extending far, far to the level horizon in all directions except the west, where the Rockies rise so abruptly from the general level of the prairie. And how good one felt to see the buffalo, and the antelope, and the wolves, scattered everywhere about, feeding, resting, playing, roaming about, apparently in as great numbers as they had been centuries before. Little did any of us dream that they were all so soon to disappear.

We were nearly three days traveling the forty-five miles to our destination. We saw no Indians en route, nor any signs of them. On all sides the buffalo

and antelope grazed quietly, and those in our path did not run far to one side before they stopped, and began to crop the short but nutritious grasses. We encamped the second night by a spring at the foot of the Goose Bill, a peculiarly shaped butte not far from the Marias. The wagons were drawn up in the form of a corral, as usual, and in the center of it our lodge was put up, a fine new one of sixteen skins. Berry and his wife, a couple of the men and I slept in it, the others making their beds in the wagons, on the merchandise. We had a good supper, cooked over a fire of buffalo chips, and retired early. The night was very dark. Sometime after midnight we were awakened by a heavy tramping in the corral; something crashed against a wagon on one side of us, and then against another one on the other side. The men in the wagons began to call out, asking one another what was up; Berry told us in the lodge to take our rifles and pile out. But before we could get out of bed something struck our lodge and over it went, the poles snapping and breaking, the lodge skin going on and undulatingly careening about the corral as if it were endowed with life; in the intense darkness we could just see it, dancing round and round, a fiendish dance to a step of its own. At once all was excitement. Mrs. Berry shrieked; we men shouted to one another, and with one accord we all fled to the shelter of the wagons and hurriedly crept under them. Some one fired a shot at the gyrating lodge skin; Berry, who was beside me, followed suit, and then we all began to shoot, rifles cracking on all sides of the corral. For a minute, perhaps, the lodge skin whirled about, and dashed from one end of the corral to the other more madly than ever; and then it stopped and settled down upon the ground in a shapeless heap; from under it we heard several deep, rasping gasps, and then all was still. Berry and I crawled out, walked cautiously over to the dim, white heap and struck a match; and what did we see but the body of a huge buffalo bull, still almost completely enveloped in the now tattered and torn lodge covering. We could never understand how and why the old fellow wandered into the corral, nor why, when he charged the lodge, some of us were not trampled upon. Berry and his wife occupied the back side of the lodge, and he went right over them in his mad career, apparently without even putting a hoof on their bed.

We arrived at the Marias about noon the next day, and went into camp on a fine timbered point. After dinner the men began to cut logs for the cabins, and Berry and I, mounting our horses, rode up the river in quest of meat. We had plenty of fat buffalo cow ribs on hand, but thought that a deer or elk would be good for a change. On our hunt that day we rode up to a point where the "Baker battle" afterward occurred. That is what it is called, "Baker's battle," and the place, Baker's battlefield." But that was no battle; 'twas a dreadful massacre. The way of it was this: The Piegan Blackfeet had been waylaying miners on the trail between Fort Benton and the mines, and they had also killed a man named Malcolm Clark, an old employe of the American Fur Co., who was living with his Indian family near the Bird Tail divide. This man Clark, by the way, was a man of fierce and ungovernable temper, and in a fit of anger had severely beaten a young Piegan who was living with him and herding his horses. Now if you have anything against an Indian, never try to obtain satisfaction by beating him; either get your gun and kill him, or leave him alone, for if you strike him, blood alone will wipe out the disgrace, and sometime or other, when you are least expecting it, he will surely kill you. This is what happened to Clark. The young man got a passing war party to back him, and he murdered Clark. The War Department then concluded that it was time to put a stop to the Piegan depredations, and Col. Baker, stationed at Fort Shaw, was ordered to seek Black Weasel's band and give them a lesson. It was January 23, 1870, at daylight that the command arrived at the bluff overlooking a wooded bottom of the Marias, and there among the trees were pitched eighty lodges of the Piegans, not, however, Black Weasel's band; these were under Chief Bear's Head; but Col. Baker did not know that. Bear's Head's people were, in the main, friendly to the whites.

In a low tone Col. Baker spoke a few words to his men, telling them to keep cool, aim to kill, to spare none of the enemy, and then he gave the command to fire. A terrible scene ensued. On the day previous many of the men of the camp had gone out toward the Sweet Grass Hills on a grand buffalo hunt, so, save for Chief Bear's Head and a few old men, none were there to return the soldiers' fire. Their first volley was aimed low down into the lodges, and many of the sleeping people were killed or wounded in their beds. The rest rushed out, men, children, women, many of the latter with babes in their arms, only to be shot down at the doorways of their lodges. Bear's Head, frantically waving a paper which bore testimony to his good character and friendliness to the white men, ran toward the command on the bluff, shouting to them to cease firing, entreating them to save the women and children; down he also went, with several bullet holes in his body. Of the more than four hundred souls in camp at the time, very few escaped. And when it was all over, when the last wounded woman and child had been put out of misery, the soldiers piled the corpses on overturned lodges, firewood and household property, and set fire to it all.

Several years afterward I was on the ground. Everywhere scattered about in the long grass and brush, just where the wolves and foxes had left them, gleamed the skulls and bones of those who had been so ruthlessly slaughtered. "How could they have done it?" I asked myself, time and time again. "What manner of men were those soldiers who deliberately shot down defenseless women and innocent children?" They had not even the excuse of being drunk; nor was their commanding officer intoxicated; nor were they excited, or in any danger whatever. Deliberately, coolly, with steady and deadly aim, they shot them down, bayoneted the wounded, and then tried to burn the bodies of their victims. But I will say no more about it; think it over yourself and try to find a fit name for men who did this.*

On our way up the river we saw many doe and fawn deer, a bunch of cow and calf elk, but not a buck nor bull of either species. On our way homeward, however, along toward sunset, the male deer were coming in from the breaks and coulees to water, and we got a large, fat buck mule deer. Madame Berry hung a whole forequarter of it over the lodge fire, and there it turned and slowly roasted for hours; about 11 o'clock she pronounced it done, and although we had eaten heartily at dusk, we could not resist cutting into it, and it was so good that in a short time nothing was left of the feast but the bones. I know of no way of roasting meat equal to this. You must have a lodge, to prevent draughts, a small fire; suspend the roast from a tripod above the blaze, and as it cooks give it an occasional whirl; hours are required to thoroughly roast it, but the result more than repays the labor involved.

The men soon cut and dragged out the required logs, put up the walls of our "fort," and laid on the roof of poles, which was covered with a thick layer of earth. When finished, it formed three sides of a square and contained eight rooms, each about sixteen feet square. There was a trade room, two living rooms, each of which had a rude but servicable fire-place and chimney, built of mud-mortared stones. The other rooms were for storing merchandise and furs and robes. In the partitions of the trade room were numerous small holes, through which rifles could be thrust; at the back end of the square stood the six-pounder. With all these precautions for defense and offense, it was thought that even the most reckless party of braves would think twice before making an attack upon the traders. But, of course, liquor was to be the staple

*The Baker massacre, which took place Jan. 23, 1870, on the Marias River, was in its day a well-known event. The official reports declare that 173 Indians were killed and 100 women and children captured. Later and more accurate reports led to the belief that 176 people were killed. Of the killed fifteen men were reported as fighting men between the ages of fifteen and thirty-seven, eighteen were middle-aged and old men between thirty-seven and seventy. The women killed numbered ninety, and the children under twelve years of age—many of them infants in arms—fifty-five. When the news of the massacre reached the East, the newspapers took it up, and there was much excitement about it. Gen. Sheridan was bitterly assailed for his action. There never was any question but that the camp which Major Baker attacked was one of friendly Indians; people who had committed no depredations. The village to which the murderers belonged was that of Mountain Chief, which at the time was camped on Belly River in British America. Details of this destruction of life will be found in Manypenny's "Our Indian Wars."

article of trade, and even the most experienced man could never foretell what a crowd of drink-crazed Indians would do.

The fort was barely completed when the Piegan Blackfeet arrived, and pitched their lodges in a long, wide bottom about a mile below us. I passed the greater part of my time down in their camp with a young married man named Weasel Tail, and another who bore a singular name: Talks-with-the-buffalo. These two were inseparable companions, and somehow they took a great liking to me, and I to them. Each one had a fine new lodge, and a pretty young wife. I said to them once: "Since you think so much of each other, I do not understand why you do not live together in one lodge. It would save much packing, much wear of horses when traveling, much labor of gathering fire-wood, of setting up and breaking camp."

Talk-with-the-buffalo laughed heartily. "It is easy to see," he replied, "that you have never been married. Know this, my good friend: Two men will live together in quiet and lasting friendship, but two women never; they will be quarreling about nothing in less than three nights, and will even try to drag their husbands into the row. That is the reason we live separately; to be at peace with our wives. As it is, they love each other even as my friend here and I love each other, and thus, for the good of us all we have two lodges, two fires, two pack outfits, and enduring peace."

Thinking the matter over, I realized that they were right. I knew two sisters once, white women—but that is another story. And after I married, and my wife and I took up our home with a friend and his wife for a time—but that is still another story. Oh, yes, the Indian knew whereof he spoke; neither white nor Indian married women can manage a common household in peace and friendship.

I enjoyed myself hugely in that great camp of seven hundred lodges—some thirty-five hundred people. I learned to gamble with the wheel and arrows, and with the bit of bone concealed in one or the other of the player's hands, and I even mastered the gambling song, which is sung when the latter game is being played around the evening lodge fire. Also, I attended the dances, and even participated in the one that was called "As-sin-ah' pes-ka"—Assinaboine dance. Remember that I was less than twenty years of age, just a boy, but perhaps more foolish—more reckless than most youths.

In this Assinaboine dance, only young unmarried men and women participate. Their elders, their parents and relatives, beat the drums and sing the dance song, which is certainly a lively one, and of rather an abandoned nature. The women sit on one side of the lodge, the men on the other. The song begins, every one joining in. The dancers arise, facing each other, on their tip toes, and then sinking so as to bend the knees. Thus they advance and meet, then retreat, again advance and retreat a number of times, all singing, all smiling and looking coquettishly into each others' eyes. Thus the dance continues, perhaps for several hours, with frequent pauses for rest, or maybe to feast and smoke. But all the fun comes in toward the close of the festivities; the lines of men and women have advanced; suddenly a girl raises her robe or toga, casts it over her own and the head of the youth of her choice, and gives him a hearty kiss. The spectators shout with laughter, the drums are beaten louder than ever, the song increases in intensity. The lines retreat, the favored youth looking very much embarrassed, and all take their seats. For this kiss payment must be made on the morrow. If the young man thinks a great deal of the girl, he may present her with one or two horses; he must give her something, if only a copper bracelet or string of beads. I believe that I was an "easy mark" for those lively and, I fear, mercenary maidens, for I was captured with the toga, and kissed more often than any one else. And the next morning there would be three or four of them at the trading post with their mothers; and one must have numerous yards of bright prints; another some red trade cloth and beads; still another a blanket. They nearly broke me, but still I would join in when another dance was given.

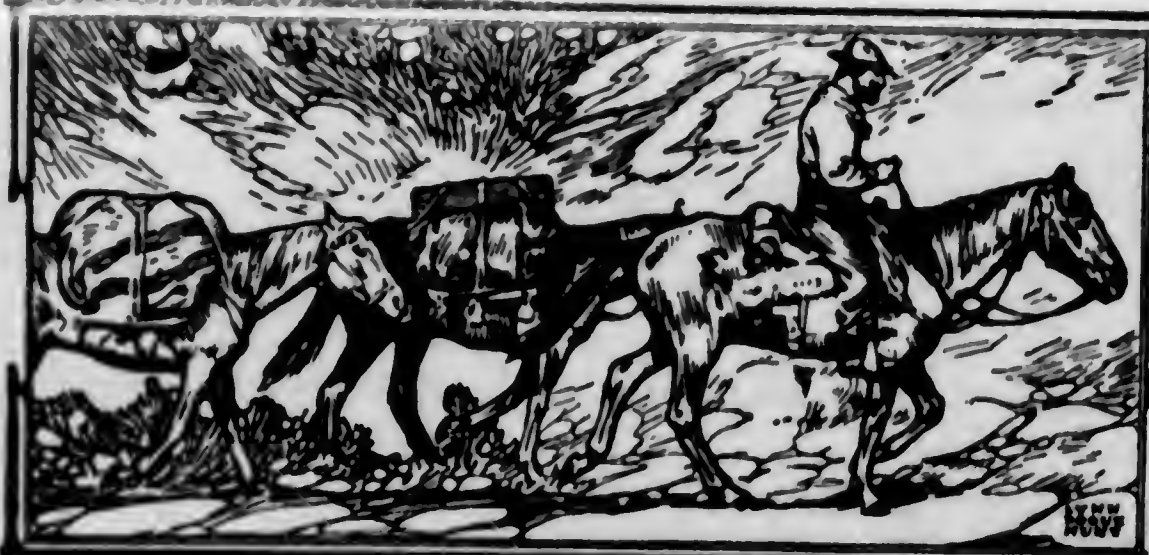
But if I danced, and gambled, and raced horses, my life in the camp was by no means a continual round of foolishness. I spent hours and hours with the medicine men and old warriors, learning their beliefs and traditions, listening to their stories of the gods, their tales of war and the hunt. Also I attended the various religious ceremonies; listened to the pathetic appeals of the medicine men to the Sun as they prayed for health, long life and happiness for the people. It was all exceedingly interesting.

Alas! Alas! why could not this simple life have continued? Why must the railroads, and the swarms of settlers have invaded that wonderful land, and robbed its lords of all that made life worth living. They knew not care, nor hunger, nor want of any kind. From my window here I hear the roar of the great city, and see the crowds hurrying by. The day is bitterly cold,

yet the majority of the passersby, women as well as men, are thinly clad, and their faces are thin, and their eyes express sad thoughts. Many of them have no warm shelter from the storm, know not when they can get a little food, although they would gladly work for it with all their strength. They are "bound to the wheel," and there is no escape from it except by death. And this is civilization! I, for one, maintain that there is no satisfaction, no happiness in it. The Indians of the plains back in those days of which I write, alone knew what was perfect content and happiness, and that, we are told, is the chief end and aim of men, to be free from want, and worry, and care. Civilization will never furnish it, except to the very, very few.

WALTER B. ANDERSON.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

In the Lodges of the Blackfeet.

for Horses.

(Continued from page 467.)

The young and middle-aged men of the tribe were constantly setting out for, or returning from war, in parties of from a dozen to fifty or more. That was their recreation, to raid the surrounding tribes who preyed upon their vast hunting ground, drive off their horses, and take scalps if they could. It was an inspiring sight to witness the return of a party which had been successful. A few miles back from camp they would don their picturesque war clothes, paint their faces, decorate their horses with eagle plumes and paint, and then ride quietly to the brow of the valley overlooking the village. There they would begin the war song, whip their horses into a mad run, and, firing guns and driving the animals they had taken before them, charge swiftly down the hill into the bottom. Long before they arrived, the camp would be in an uproar of excitement, and the women, dropping whatever work they had in hand, would rush to meet them, followed more slowly and sedately by the men. How the women would embrace and hang on to their loved ones safely returned; and presently they could be heard chanting the praises of husband, or son, or brother. "Fox Head has returned!" one would cry. "Oh, Ah! Fox Head, the brave one, has returned, driving before him ten of the enemies' herd. Also, he brings the scalp of an enemy whom he killed in battle. Oh, the brave one! He brings the weapons of this enemy he killed; brave Fox Head!"

And so it would go on, each woman praising the valor of her particular relative; and then the returned warriors, tired, hungry, thirsty, but proud of their success and glad to be once more at home, would retire to their lodges, and their faithful women folk, mother and wife, and sister, would hasten to prepare for them a soft couch, and bring cool water, and set out a feast of the choicest meat and pemmican and dried berries. They were so happy and so proud, that they could not sit still; and every now and then one of them would go out and walk about among the lodges, again chanting praise of the loved one.

No sooner did one of these parties return than others, incited by their success and anxious to emulate it, would form a party and start out against the Crows, or the Assinaboines, or perhaps the Crees, or some of the tribes on the far side of the Back-bone-of-the-world, as the Rockies were called. Therefore, I was not surprised one morning to be told that they were about to start on a raid against the Assinaboines. "And you can go with us if you wish to," Talks-with-the-buffalo concluded. "You helped your friend to steal a girl, and you might as well try your hand at stealing horses."

"I will," I replied. "I'll go with you; it is just what I have been longing to do."

When I told Berry of my intention, both he and his wife protested strongly against it. "You have no right to risk your life," he said, "for a few cayuses." "Think how your people would mourn," said his wife, "if anything should happen to you."

But my mind was made up; I was determined to go, and I did; but not for the intrinsic value of any horses or other plunder that I might obtain; it was the excitement and the novelty of the thing which attracted me. There were to be thirty of us, and Heavy Breast, a grim and experienced warrior of some forty years, was to be our partisan or leader. He himself was the owner of a medicine pipe, which was considered to have great power. He had carried it on many an expedition, and it had always brought him and his parties good luck, taken them through various conflicts unharmed. But for all this, we had to get an old medicine man to pray with us in the sacred sweat lodge before we started, and to pray for us daily during our absence. Old Lone Elk was chosen for this responsible position; his medicine was of great power and had found favor with the Sun these many years. The sweat lodge was not large enough to accommodate us all, so half of the party went in at a time, I remaining with my two friends and going in with the last division. At the entrance of the sweat lodge we dropped our robes or blankets, our only cov-

ering, and creeping in at the low doorway, sat around the interior in silence while the red hot stones were passed in and dropped in a hole in the center. Lone Elk began to sprinkle them with a buffalo tail dipped in water, and as the stifling hot steam enveloped us, he started a song of supplication to the Sun, in which all joined. After that the old man prayed long and earnestly, beseeching the Sun to pity us; to carry us safely through the dangers which would beset our way, and to give us success in our undertaking. Then the medicine pipe was filled, lighted with a coal which was passed in, and as it was passed around, each one, after blowing a whiff of smoke toward the heavens and the earth, made a short prayer to the Sun, to Old Man and mother earth. And when my turn came, I also made the prayer, audibly like the rest, and to the best of my ability. No one smiled; my companions believed that I was sincere in my avowal to be one of them in word, thought and deed. I wanted to know these people; to know them thoroughly; and I considered that the only way to do so was for a time to live their life in every particular in order to win their entire confidence. And so I made an earnest prayer to the Sun, and I thought of something I had learned in other days in a far-away country: "Thou shalt have none other gods before Me," etc. I believed all that once, and listened to a blue Presbyterian preacher of a Sunday threatening us with hell's fire and brimstone, and the terrible anger of a vengeful God. Why, after hearing one of those sermons I was afraid to go to bed, lest in my sleep I should be snatched into purgatory. But all that was now past; I had no more faith, nor fear, nor hope, having concluded that one can only say, "I do not know." So I prayed to the Sun with right good will in the furtherance of my plan.

It was getting late in the season, and the Assinaboines were thought to be a long way from us, somewhere near the mouth of the Little River, as the Blackfeet named the stream we call Milk River. So it was decided that we should set out on horseback instead of afoot. The latter was the favorite way of making a raid, for a party traveling in that manner left no trail, and could effectually conceal themselves during the daytime.

So one evening, led by our partisan, we set forth and traveled southeastward over the dark plain, paralleling the river. My companions were not the befringed and beaded and painted and eagle plume decked warriors one reads about and sees pictured. They wore their plain, every-day leggings and shirt and moccasins and either the blanket or the cowskin toga. But tied to their saddles were their beautiful war clothes, and in a small parfleche cylinder their eagle plume or horn and weasel skin head dresses. When going into battle, if there was time, these would be donned; if not, they would be carried into the fray, for they were considered to be great medicine, the shirt especially, upon which was painted its owner's dream, some animal or star or bird, which had appeared to him during the long fast he made ere he changed from careless youth to responsible warrior.

We rode hard that night, and morning found us within a short distance of the mouth of Marias River. In all directions buffalo and antelope were to be seen quietly resting or grazing; evidently there were no other persons than us anywhere in the vicinity. "It will not be necessary to hide ourselves this day," said Heavy Breast, and detailing one of the party to remain on the edge of the bluff for a lookout, he led us down into the valley, where we unsaddled and turned our horses out by the stream—all but Weasel Tail and I; we were told to get some meat. A charge of powder and a ball meant much to an Indian, and as I had plenty of cartridges for my Henry rifle, and could get plenty more, it fell to me to furnish the meat—a pleasant task. We had not far to go to find it. Less than half a mile away we saw a fine band of antelope coming into the valley for water, and by keeping behind various clumps of sarvis and cherry brush, I managed to get within a hundred yards of them, and shot two, both bucks, in good order. We took the meat, the tongues, liver and tripe and returned to camp, and every one was soon busily roasting his favorite portion over the fire, every one except Heavy Breast. To him fell always the best meat, or a tongue if he wanted it, and a youth who was taking his first lesson on the war trail

cooked it for him, brought him water, cared for his horse, was, in fact, his servant. A partisan was a man of dignity, and about as unapproachable as an army general. While the rest chatted and joked, and told yarns around the camp-fire, he sat apart by himself, and by a separate fire if he wished it. He passed much time in prayer, and in speculating regarding the portent of his dreams. It often happened that when far from home and almost upon the point of entering an enemy's village, a partisan's dream would turn the party back without their making any attempt to accomplish this object. The Blackfeet were very superstitious.

After leaving the Marias, we were careful to conceal ourselves and our horses as well as possible during the daytime. We skirted the eastern slope of the Bear's Paw Mountains, the eastern edge of the Little Rockies—in Blackfoot, Mah-kwi' is-stuk-iz: Wolf Mountains. We expected to find the Gros Ventres encamped somewhere along here—it will be remembered that they were at this time at peace with the Blackfeet—but we saw no signs of them less than four or five months old, and we concluded that they were still down on the Missouri River. Wherever we camped, one or more sentinels were kept posted in a position overlooking the plains and mountains roundabout, and every evening they would report that the game was quiet, and that there was no sign of any persons except ourselves in all that vast region.

One morning at daylight we found ourselves at the foot of a very high butte just east of the Little Rockies, which I was told was the Hairy Cap, and well was it named, for its entire upper portion was covered with a dense growth of pine. We went into camp at the foot of it, close to a spring and in a fine grassy glade entirely surrounded by brush. Talks-with-the-buffalo and I were told to ascend to the summit of the butte and remain there until the middle of the day, when others would take our place. We had both saved a large piece of roast buffalo ribs from the meal of the previous evening, so, drinking all the water we could hold and lugging our roast, we climbed upward on a broad game trail running through the pines, and finally reached the summit. We found several war houses here, lodges made of poles, brush, pieces of rotten logs so closely laid that not a glimmer of a fire could shine through them. It was the way war parties of all tribes had of building a fire for cooking or to warm themselves without betraying their presence to any passing enemy. We saw six of these shelters, some of them quite recently built, and there were probably more in the vicinity. My companion pointed out one which he had helped build two summers before, and he said that the butte was frequented by war parties from all the tribes of the plains, because it commanded such an extended view of the country. Indeed it did. Northward we could see the course of Milk River and the plains beyond it. To the south was visible all the plain lying between us and the Missouri, and beyond the river there was still more plain, the distant Snowy and Moccasin mountains and the dark breaks of the Mussel-shell. Eastward was a succession of rolling hills and ridges clear to the horizon.

We sat down and ate our roast meat, and then Talks-with-the-buffalo filled and lighted his black stone pipe and we smoked. After a little I became very drowsy. "You sleep," said Talks-with-the-buffalo, "and I will keep watch." So I lay down under a tree and was soon in dreamland.

It was about 10 o'clock when he awoke me. "Look! Look!" he cried excitedly, pointing toward the Missouri. "A war party coming this way."

Rubbing my eyes, I gazed in the direction indicated, and saw bands of buffalo skurrying to the east, the west and northward toward us, and then I saw a compact herd of horses coming swiftly toward the butte, driven by a number of riders. "They are either Crees or Assinaboines," said my companion; "they have raided the Crows or the Gros Ventres, and fearing pursuit, are hurrying homeward as fast as they can ride."

Running, leaping, how we did speed down the side of that butte. It seemed but a moment ere we were among our companions, giving our news. Then what a rush there was to saddle horses, don war clothes and head dresses and strip off shield coverings. And now Heavy Breast himself ascended the side of the butte

until he could get a view of the oncoming party, while we waited for him at its base. He stood there, perhaps a hundred yards from us, looking, looking out over the plain, and we began to get nervous; at least I did. I thought that he never would come down and give us his plan. I must confess that, now the time was at hand when I was to engage in an assault, I dreaded it, and would have been mightily glad at that moment to be safely with Berry away up on the Marias. But there could be no retreat; I must go with the rest and do my share, and I longed to have it all over with.

After a wait of five or ten minutes, Heavy Breast joined us. "They will pass some distance east of here," he said. "We will ride down this coulée and meet them." It wasn't much of a coulée, just a low, wide depression in the plain, but deep enough to conceal us. Every little way our leader would cautiously ride up to the edge of it and look out southward, and finally he called a halt. "We are now right in their path," he said. "As soon as we can hear the beat of their horses' hoofs we will dash up out of here at them."

How my heart did thump, my throat felt dry; I was certainly scared. Like one in a daze, I heard Heavy Breast give the command, and up we went out of the coulée, our leader shouting, "Take courage; take courage! Let us wipe them out!"

The enemy and the herd they were driving were not more than a hundred yards distant when we got up on a level with them, and our appearance was so sudden that their horses were stampeded, some running off to the east and some to the west. For a moment they tried to round them in again, and then we were among them, and they did their best to check our advance, firing their guns and arrows. Some were armed only with the bow. One after another I saw four of them tumble from their horses to the ground, and the rest turned and fled in all directions, our party close after them. They outnumbered us, but they seemed to have little courage. Perhaps our sudden and unexpected onslaught had demoralized them at the start. Somehow, the moment I rode out of the coulée and saw them, I felt no more fear, but instead became excited and anxious to be right at the front. I fired at several of them, but of course could not tell if they fell to my shots or those of our party. When they turned and fled I singled out one of them, a fellow riding a big strawberry pinto, and took after him. He made straight for Hairy Cap and its sheltering pines, and I saw at once that he had the better horse and would get away unless I could stop him with a bullet; and how I did try to do so, firing shot after shot, each time thinking "This time I must certainly hit him." But I didn't. Three times he loaded his flint lock and shot back at me. His aim must have been as bad as mine, for I never even heard the whiz of the bullets, nor saw them strike. On, on he went, putting more distance between us all the time. He had now reached the foot of the butte, and urged the horse up its steep side, soon reaching a point where it was so nearly perpendicular that the animal could carry him no further. He jumped off and scrambled on up, leaving the horse. I also dismounted, knelt down, and taking deliberate aim, fired three shots before he reached the pines. I saw the bullets strike, and not one of them was within ten feet of the fleeing mark. It was about the worst shooting I ever did.

Of course, I was not foolish enough to try to hunt the Indian in those thick pines, where he would have every advantage of me. His horse had run down the hill and out on the plain. I took after it, and soon captured it. Riding back to the place where we had charged out of the coulée, I could see members of our party coming in from all directions, driving more or less horses before them, and soon we were all together again. We had not lost a man, and only one was wounded, a youth named Tail-feathers; an arrow had fearfully lacerated his right cheek, and he was puffed up with pride. Nine of the enemy had fallen, and sixty-three of their horses had been taken. Every one was jubilant over the result. Every one was talking at once, telling in detail what he had done. I managed to attract Heavy Breast's attention. "Who were they?" I asked.

"They were Crees."

"How could you tell that they were?"

"Why, I understood some of the words they shouted," he replied. "But even if they had not uttered a sound, I would still have recognized them by their mean faces any by their dress."

I rode over to one of them lying on the ground nearby. He had been scalped, but I could see that his countenance was quite different from a Blackfoot's face. Besides, there were three blue tattooed marks on his chin, and his moccasins and garments were unlike anything I had seen before.

We changed horses and turned homeward, plodding along steadily all that afternoon. The excitement was over, and the more I thought of it, the more pleased I was that I had not killed the Cree I chased into the pines. But the others; those I had fired at and seen

drop; I succeeded in convincing myself that they were not my bullets that had caused them to fall. Had I not fired as many as twenty shots at the man I chased and each one had sped wide of the mark? Of course, it was not I who laid them low. I had captured a fine horse, one stronger and more swift than my own good mount, and I was satisfied.

We got home in the course of four or five days, and you may well believe that there was great excitement over our arrival, and many a dance with the scalps by those who had at one time or another lost dear ones at the hands of the Crees. Hands and faces and moccasins painted black, bearing the scalps on a willow stick, little parties would go from one part of the village to another, sing the sad song of the dead, and dance in step to its slow time. I thought it a very impressive ceremony, and wish I could remember the song, just for the sake of old times.

Dear old Berry and his wife killed the fatted calf over my safe return; at least we had, besides choice meats and bread and beans, three dried apple pies and a plum (raisin) duff for dinner. And I will remark that the two latter courses were a rare treat in those days in that country. I was glad, glad to get back to the fort. How cheerful was the blaze in the wide fireplace of my sleeping room; how soft my couch of buffalo robes and blankets! I stayed pretty close to them for a time, and did nothing but sleep and eat and smoke; it seemed as if I would never get enough sleep.

WALTER B. ANDERSON.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

On Getting Lost.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In his article, "On Not Getting Lost in the Woods," Mr. Manly Hardy is rather severe on those "would-be instructors" who assume to teach how to keep from getting lost in the woods. He lumps all such together as novices who could not themselves practice the expedients that they recommend. A sorry bunch of humbugs, truly!

I think that the trouble with some of those writers is in making sweeping generalizations from facts observed in limited areas. For example, in a certain region, perhaps not five miles square, the moss grows thickest on the north or northwest side of the trunk of straight trees, in a majority of instances. From a hasty observer deduces the rule: "Moss always grows thickest on the north side of a tree." Of course, not true. Moss favors that side of a tree which receives the most moisture and at the same time receives plenty of air. Consequently it is thickest on the top of a prostrate log, on the upper side of a trunk, and, usually, but not always, on the north side of a straight trunk, where the wood is open enough to admit light freely. Where there is a stand of timber the moss grows pretty evenly all around, or its growth may be erratic. If the writer believes unreservedly in the moss theory, upon it in the big woods of the Mississippi valley he would find the south looking down upon the mid-day sun, for the moss grows even to the level of last spring's overflow.

However, there is such a thing as making sweeping generalizations in a negative way, and Mr. Hardy himself has fallen into this. He does not understand him correctly—and his words are not strong enough—he contends that there is no natural sign for natural signs of direction in the woods. Experienced men never place any reliance upon such that "a good woodsman finds his way out of the woods, by a certain kind of instinct," and to offer novices any counsel as to how to find their way out of the woods, because a large number of men anyway; and that the only advice is that "you had better never get lost." I respect all of these conclusions I respectfully dissent from. They hold good in some cases; but not in the majority of cases.

Mr. Hardy's article seems to me to be a misapprehension of Mr. E. A. Spears' note on the inclination of the feathery tip of the spruce in the Adirondacks, and by no means a habit among the hemlock palachian forest. Now, Mr. Hardy is reporting facts observed in the woods of us assumed to base upon the fact that hemlocks of Maine may point their nadir without impugning the truth of his observations.

To make my own position clear, I wish me to quote from an article in the *Forest and Stream* of last year: "No general rule can be laid down as to the growth of moss on the north or south side of a tree, or the direction in which the trunk of a tree is inclined, though in a given locality the growth is constant." I then went on to say that signs of direction that are reliable, such as the thickness of wood growth in the north and northeast, the habits of certain animals, and the position of certain plants and the position of the sun, are the only cases present the true sign of direction. My recent note was only a warning toward the rising sun, that, in one locality, the true sign of direction is the position of the sun.

*This matter was discussed in the *Forest and Stream* of last year, and one of their articles was very extensive.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

In the Lodges of the Blackfeet.

The Story of a Crow Woman.

Is-sāp-ah'-ki—Crow Woman—as the Blackfeet named her, was an Arickaree, of a tribe which, in the days of Catlin, who visited the tribes in 1832, lived some distance below the Mandans, on the banks of the Missouri. Like the Mandans, they lived in a village of mound-like earth-covered lodges, surrounded by a strong and high palisade of cottonwood logs stuck endwise into the ground. They were members of the widely scattered Pawnee, or Caddoan family, but they had been long separated from the parent stock. They could converse with the Crows, who are related to the Gros Ventres of the village. Their own language—like the Mandan—was an extremely difficult one for an outlander to learn. The Crows and Arickarees were at times on terms of friendship, and again there were long periods when they were at war with each other.

The Crow Woman married early. She must have been a very handsome girl, for even in her old age, when I knew her, although wrinkled and gray-haired, she was still good looking. She had lovely eyes, sparkling and mischievous, and her temperament was a most happy one. After many and bitter experiences she had at last found, with her good friend Mrs. Berry, a haven of peace and plenty which was assured to her so long as she lived. This is the story she told me as we sat before the fire-place, that winter night so many years ago:

"We were very happy, my young husband and I, for we truly loved each other. He was a good hunter, always keeping our lodge well supplied with meat and skins, and I, too, worked hard in the summer planting, and watering as they grew, a nice patch of beans, and corn, and pumpkins; in the winter I tanned many robes and many buckskins for our use. We had been married two winters, summer came, and for some reason the buffalo left the river, all except a few old bulls, and remained away out on the plains. My people did not like to hunt out there, for we were only a small tribe; our men were brave, but what could a few of them do against a great band of our many enemies? So some were content to remain safely at home and eat the tough meat of the straggling bulls; but others, more brave, made up a party to go out where the great herds were. My husband and I went with them; he did not want me to go, but I insisted upon it. Since we had been married we had not been separated even for one night; where he went I had sworn to go also. Our party traveled southward all day over the green grassed plain; along toward evening we saw many bands of buffalo, so many that the country was dark with them; we rode down into a little valley, and made camp by a stream bordered by cottonwoods and willows.

"Our horses were not very strong, for always at night they were driven inside the stockade of our village, and, feeding daily over the same ground outside, they soon tramped and ate off the grass; they had no chance to become fat. Some enemy or other was always prowling around our village at night, and we could not let them remain outside and wander to where the feed was good. From our camp by the creek we started out every morning, the women following the men, who carefully looked over the country and then went after that band of buffalo which could be most surely approached. Then, when they had made the run, we rode out to where the great animals lay and helped skin and cut up the meat. When we got back to camp we were busy until evening cutting the meat into thin sheets and hanging it up to dry in the wind and the sun. Thus for three mornings we went out, and our camp began to look red; you could see the red from afar, the red meat drying. We were very happy.

"I was proud of my husband. He was always in the lead, the first to reach the buffalo, the last one to quit the chase and he killed more of them—always fine fat animals—than any other one of the party. And he was so generous; did anyone fail to make a kill he would call to him and give him one, sometimes two, of his own kill.

"On the fourth morning we went out soon after sunrise, and only a little way from camp the men made a run and killed many buffalo. My husband shot down nine. We were all hard at work skinning them and getting the meat in shape to pack home, when we saw those who were at the far end of the running ground hurriedly mount their horses and ride swiftly toward us with cries of 'The enemy! the enemy!' Then we also saw them, man men on swift horses riding down upon us, their long

war bonnets fluttering in the wind; and they were singing the war song; it sounded terrible in our ears. They were so many, our men so few, there was no use in trying to make a stand against them. We all mounted our horses, our leader shouting: 'Ride for the timber at the camp; it is our only chance. Take courage; ride, ride fast.'

"I whipped my horse as hard as I could and pounded his sides with my heels; my husband rode close beside me also whipping him, but the poor thing could go only so fast, the enemy were getting nearer and nearer all the time. And then, suddenly, my husband gave a little cry of pain, threw up his hands, and tumbled off on to the ground. When I saw that I stopped my horse, got down and ran to him and lifted his head and shoulders into my lap. He was dying; blood was running from his mouth in a stream; yet, he made out to say: 'Take my horse; go quick; you can outride them.'

"I would not do that. If he died I wanted to die also; the enemy could kill me there beside him. I heard the thunder of their horses' feet as they came on, and covering my head with my robe I bent over my husband, who was now dead. I expected to be shot or struck with a war club, and I was glad for whither my dear one's shadow went there I would follow. But no; they passed swiftly by us and I could hear shots and cries and the singing of the war song as they rode on into the distance. Then in a little while I heard again the trampling of a horse, and looking up I saw a tall man, a man full of years, looking down at me. 'Ah,' he said, 'I made a good shot; it was a long ways, but my gun held straight.'

"He was a Crow, and I could talk with him. 'Yes, you have killed my poor husband; now have pity and kill me, too.'

"He laughed. 'What?' he said, 'kill such a pretty young woman as you? Oh, no. I will take you home with me and you shall be my wife.'

"I will not be your wife. I will kill myself,' I began, but he stopped me. 'You will go with me and do as I say,' he continued, 'but first I must take the scalp of this, my enemy.'

"Oh, no,' I cried, springing up as he dismounted. 'Oh do not scalp him. Let me bury him, and I will do anything you say. I will work for you, I will be your slave, only let me bury this poor body where the wolves and the birds cannot touch it.'

"He laughed again, and got up into the saddle. 'I take your word,' he said. 'I go to catch a horse for you, and then you can take the body down to the timber by your camp.'

"And so it was done. I wrapped my dear one in robes and lashed the body on a platform which I built in a tree by the little stream, and I was very sad. It was a long, long time, many winters, before I took courage and found life worth living.

"The man who had captured me was a chief, owning a great herd of horses, a fine lodge, many rich things; and he had six wives. These women stared very hard at me when we came to the camp, and the head wife pointed to a place beside the doorway and said: 'Put your robe and things there.' She did not smile, nor did any of the others; they all looked very cross, and they never became friendly to me. I was given all of the hardest work; worst of all, they made me chip hides for them, and they would tan them into robes; every day this was my work when I was not gathering wood or bringing water to the lodge. One day the chief asked me whose robe it was I was chipping, and I told him. The next day, and the next, he asked me the same question, and I told him that this hide belonged to one of his wives, that to another, and so on. Then he became very angry, and scolded his wives. 'You will give her no more of your work to do,' he said. 'Chip your own hides, gather your share of wood; mind what I say, for I shall not tell you this again.'

"This Crow chief was a kind man, and very good to me; but I could not like him. I turned cold at his touch. How could I like him when I was always mourning so for the one who was gone?

"We traveled about a great deal. The Crows owned so many horses that after camp was all packed and lodge poles trailed, hundreds and hundreds of fat, strong animals were left without a burden of any kind. Once there was talk of making peace with my people, and I was very glad, for I longed to be with them again. A council was held, and it was decided to send two young men with tobacco to the chief of the Arickaree and ask that peace

be declared. The messengers went, but they never returned. After waiting three moons (months) for them, it was thought that they had been killed by those whom they went to visit. Then we left the Elk River (Yellowstone) and moved to the upper part of Dried Meat River (Musselshell). This was the fifth summer after my capture. It was berry time and the bushes were loaded with ripe fruit, which we women gathered in large quantities and dried for winter use. We went out one day to some thickets on the north slope of the valley, some distance from camp, where there were more berries than at any other place we had found. There had been trouble in our lodge that morning; while my captor—I never could call him my husband—was eating, he asked to see the amount of berries we had gathered; his wives brought out their stores, the head woman five sacks of them, the others two and three each. I had but one sack, and another partly full, to show. 'How is this?' the chief asked. 'Has my little Arickaree wife become lazy?'

"I am not lazy,' I answered, angrily. 'I have picked a great quantity of berries; and every evening I have spread them out to dry, covering them well after sunset so that the night dew would not injure them; but in the morning, when I have removed the covers and exposed them to the sun's heat, I have found many, very many less than I had placed there. This has happened every night since we came to camp here.'

"That is strange,' he said. 'Who could have taken them? Do you women know anything about it?' he asked his wives.

"They said that they did not.

"You lie,' he cried, angrily, rising from his seat and pushing his head wife back out of his way. 'Here, little woman, are your berries; I saw them stealing them'; and from the head wife he took two sacks, from the others one each, and threw them over to me.

"Oh, those women were angry. They did not speak to me all that morning, but if looks could have killed me, then I would have died, for they scowled at me all the time. When the chief drove in the horses each caught the one she wanted and rode out to the berry patch.

"The five kept close together that day, leaving me to go by myself; and if I went near them they would move away to some distant bushes. Some time after middle day they began to move toward me, and in a little time they were at work all around close by. Still they did not speak, nor did I. My little sack was again full; I stooped over to empty the berries into a larger sack; something struck me a terrible blow on the head; I fell over and knew no more.

"When I came back to life the sun was setting. I was alone, my horse was gone, and my large berry sack was missing; the small one, empty, lay by my side. I was very dizzy, very sick. I felt of my head; there was a great swelling on it, and much dried blood in my hair. I sat up to better look around and heard some one calling me, the tramp of a horse, and then the chief rode up beside me and dismounted. He didn't say anything at first, just felt of my head carefully, and of my arms, and then: 'They said that they could not find you when they were ready to return to camp; that you had run away. I knew better. I knew that I would find you here, but I thought to find you dead.'

"I wish I were,' I said, and then for the first time I cried. Oh, how lonely I felt. The chief lifted me up into his saddle and got on the horse behind me, and we rode home to the lodge. When we went inside the wives just glanced at me quickly, and then looked away. I was about to lie down on my couch by the doorway when the chief said: 'Come here, here by my side is now your place. And you,' to his head wife, giving her a hard push, 'you will take her couch by the doorway.'

"That was all. He never accused his wives of attempting to kill me but from that time he treated them coldly, never jesting nor laughing with them as he had been used to doing. And whenever he left camp to hunt, or to look for stray horses from his herd, I had to accompany him. He would never leave me alone for a day with the others. Thus it came about that when he prepared to go with some of his friends on a raid against the northern tribes I was told to get ready also. It did not take me long; I packed my awl, needles and sinew thread in a little pouch, made some pemmican and was ready.

"We were a small party, fifteen men, and one other woman, newly married to a great war leader. It was not proposed to make any attack upon our enemy, but to

party. We had dealings with them which will crop out hereinafter.

After we had arranged our camp and provided for the horses, I explored the lake shore a little way and found an old flat wreck of a rowboat. After bailing it out, I estimated that it would float about half an hour, and then dive unless it was again bailed out. That is, it would float if skillfully handled. When it was not bailed out promptly it would go under, and when it was bailed out it wanted to go over. When it floated, it wanted to do that bottom up. It was a boat that was hopelessly discouraged or dissatisfied with its lot, and it tried to evolve into an umbrella or a balloon. When I manned it personally, and shoved off a little, it did unexpected things suddenly, about which I endeavored to express my indignation, with considerable emphasis—but I could only do so at a disadvantage.

A man cannot deliver finished orations when his legs are shooting about at vascillating angles, and when he is likely to dive, with impartial celerity, either forward or backward into ice water. That boat would shoot my legs one way, and then when I got them back with commendable agility, it would shoot them in two or three other directions, without any appreciable notice, constancy or method. When I tried to say things, my mouth would slam to and chop my phrases into miserable fragments, signifying nothing. I was so disappointed with myself that I at length sat down in the thing, when fully aware that in place of a seat it had nothing in it but four inches of ice water and sand. Thereupon I got out of it and hunted up Enochs and told him I had found a boat. I urged him to go and try it and see how—how exhilarating it was to float upon the limpid placidity of the bosom of the lake, where he might see himself outlined clearly in the crystal tide. But Enochs was too soggy, and he would not. Perhaps I appeared a little to agitated and wet. At any rate, he said that when he went in to swim he took off his clothes, or words to that effect. In my disappointment I told him that was all right, and that he could take his clothes off or keep them on, for all I cared. And I believe I added that nothing he could do improved him any, in appearance or otherwise.

We were about to get up a two-handed riot when old Cap. came along, and his formidable personality diverted our attention. Cap. looked like the Old Man of the Sea, and we found that he really was one of them—a genuine old salt cast up by the sea, high and dry enough. When he hailed us, he did it before he landed in haven, and as if he were hailing a ship in a fog. His old legs lurched about as though he was on the deck of a small ship in a very heavy gale. Everything he said savored of salt water, and he had not forgotten to wear a loose belt and hitch up his trousers at about the regulation interval. I am not fluent in nautical terms and I neither comprehended nor can I now recall those used by Cap. with precision. He hailed us as mates, wanted to know where we were bound and whether Jack manned the mizzen top-gallant, the jibboom, the fo'castle or the spanker. His wide old face wrinkled all over with benevolent furrows, and he knew well the inimitable art of making himself interesting and welcome against all the disadvantages of his personal appearance and his uncouth voice and gruff manners. He was deaf, quite so—in one ear he said—but we could never distinguish that one was more so than the other. Later we found that the Commodore, as he designated Dr. Stockton, was very deaf in both ears, and that the old fellows had long since given over conversing with each other freely. They devoted their energies to devote themselves to others. We tried to answer some of old Cap's questions, and he would nod with satisfaction now and then; but when asked questions, his replies were so irrelevant we wondered whether he heard anything or not. In my own mind, he heard very little we said. He guessed at it by watching our lips or our gestures and attitude. When we asked where he lived, he replied:

"I blew in here tryin' for another port. Sailed the Horn in '48; never signed to cast anchor 'o' mount'ins two hunder' miles from deep water. This pond's deep enuff for a ship, but it's a rocky cove without a chance to git to

several times about the fishing in the lake, after we had made a good many gestures and tried to comprehend, and when he did, he rolled away in the direction of his boat. We did not understand this until he returned with two fine trout, weighing four pounds each. They were magnificent fish and nicely marked. We offered him a dollar for them and he firmly refused to accept more than

one. We have plenty of fish. Our pond has plenty of 'em in the lake, an' they bite with a gig. They don't bite any

that many kinds of bait and that half a dozen fish had been lived there, with hook and line. We came to the use of the boat, by calling at the cabin. It proved to be a very crude three-tined pole broken.

With some knowledge of the old flat-bottomed boat, and got a seat, and served to propel it. It was adapted to two men, and one man had to lean over the side, or port. At last we got the boat, and we could pay attention to the paddles was did not fit Enochs and I rowed. These were not

Many parts of the lake were dotted with what seemed to be stumps or mere snags, and we judged the water to be shallow in these places. We found, as we rowed out on our first voyage, that these were stumps—but they were some of the tallest we had ever found. I think we could see the bottom clearly at a depth of a hundred feet, and in the places where the stumps broke the surface we could, in rowing by them, look down the trunks of immense trees and see that they were still rooted to the bottom. There were hundreds of these trees about the shallower portions of the lake, standing upright as they had stood when alive and growing. Now they had rotted and broken off at the surface, while the trunks had stood submerged for an unknown period. Most of these trees were as white as stone, and appeared to be somewhat petrified.

As we floated over the deeper parts of the lake the white forest below us in the clear water receded, pitching deeper and deeper, until the white trunks blended in the blue unfathomed depths. We saw many fish, none other than trout, and some of them very large ones. The water was so clear, and all our movements so visible, the first we saw were all deep down and quite shy. It was intensely fascinating to gaze down into this submerged forest, and when we failed to see bottom there was something sufficiently appalling about the prospect. At one time we found that our dangerous craft was not progressing. We did not realize this for some time, and we pulled away at the paddles with a funny, crawling sensation. When we did realize it we forgot all about the funny part of it. We now ascertained that we were hung up on a submerged treetop where we could see no bottom, and we were about midway in the lake. In our efforts we were at all times in danger of staving the bottom out of our rotten boat, in which case we could imagine nothing to prevent our going to the bottom of the lake, frozen first, and then drowned. The freezing would not take long, and the drowning would not matter so much—but the thought of the combination was disheartening. About the time we began to feel somewhat religiously inclined we got off, for a wonder, and we rowed ashore with as much judgment and skill as we had left. We had been so much absorbed in this adventure that we really felt relieved to get out upon a big rock, and from that we had some notion of climbing into a tree. Water as deep as this lake, and as cold, looks well at and from the surface. As for us we could see no personal advantage in the point of view in the bottom of it. At that time, if I had been assured, or even told, that I would float across this lake in about the same place and in the same boat, in absolute darkness, about midnight, I should have set out for home if I had to walk. If I gave the matter second thought, I believe I would run most of the way.

We wanted some of those fish, and after supper that night Dick and I prepared to spear some of them. We fixed a basket out of wire to attach to the prow of the boat, while we collected some splintered pitch-pine for torch material. We took what appeared to be a good supply of the pitch, and Enochs having agreed to remain in camp and keep the fire going so that we would know our location from time to time, we got our spear and cast off in the boat. We proposed keeping in shallow water, as there only could fish be speared.

We fixed our pitch-pine in the prow, set fire to it, and found that it worked nicely, lighting up the clear water for yards about the boat. We could see every object and pebble to considerable depth, and in the shallow water we could scarcely tell that there was water between us and the bottom. Dick, by careful manipulation of the oars, could keep the boat steady now and then, while I stood at the bow with ready spear. We could soon see trout darting about and frequently one would lie still as if dazed by the light, but between the task of keeping the torch burning, dodging the almost stifling smoke, and maintaining an upright position, I found this project also required tact, mixed up with a good deal of labor. Finally, directly ahead, I saw a fine fish holding still, the fire blazed up nicely, the water was very shallow, and I shot the spear at him with such success that I brought him into the boat very gracefully, and even Dick grunted that it was well done.

As for me, I now saw how easy and nice this thing of gigging them was. Soon we saw several fine ones in a little deeper water apparently, and I began to get interested very much. The fish—the largest of three or four—looked like he might weigh five or six pounds, and I could almost feel him on the spear, in the anticipation.

"Slow up, Dick, pull in a trifle—now—no, pull out a little—a little more—now, steady!" And at that instant, with deadly aim, I shot the spear well abaft of where the fish appeared to be, as the tendency is always to overshoot. The spear cut through the water like a knife, but neither the fish nor the bottom was where I expected them to be. In fact, neither spear nor pole came in contact with anything, but I would really like to see some one else go into the water like I went into it. The boat tipped at the right instant the wrong way, and then it tipped back at the wrong instant the right way, and, as I failed to reach the bottom with the spear, I dived for bottom without it. Cold? Words, mere words are very insipid! Yet I could stand the cold for a moment, and even the wet, but the undignified part of it, the humiliating impetuosity with which I scrambled out of that, merely to keep myself from drowning, was horrible! I shiver as I set down the fact in this history. I would have omitted it—I should have done it—I even wish I had!

The only thing that kept Dick from laughing himself into a spasm, was the way in which I clutched that boat and got back into it. He had all he could do to hold her from going over. After I had been in the boat awhile, here came the spear. It bobbed up more serenely than I did, after failing to find bottom. There was no fish on it, and I am satisfied that, if he was not scared to death, the fish escaped. I put on my coat, and wished I had half a dozen more of them. Then I rowed the boat in an effort to keep warm, while Dick wanted to try his hand at the spear. I wanted very much to see him do it, and I was almost interested enough in a little scheme I had with regard to tipping

they go with a roar as they flush ahead of the dogs, and, spreading out fan-like, each one again seeks individual cover to burrow down deeply amid the grass roots, there to defy the nose of the dog and remain quiet even with the breath of the dog upon them. They know where they are safe, and save for being actually kicked out would no doubt defy the dog and remain in cover. Was there ever such hunting as that, where the dogs are well broken and the birds lie snug and close? And when the birds flush, an open space and view unobstructed above the line of the prairie grass for miles between you and the horizon. Under such conditions one marvels that a prairie chicken can be missed—but missed they are, sometimes more frequently than at others.

How fresh the prairie breezes and how exhilarating the sport. How welcome is the dinner hour when beside the spring the hamper is opened up and its substantial spread out. How good to light one's pipe and spread out upon the fragrant prairie grass and gaze upon the fleeing clouds overhead and think of the afternoon yet to come. The dogs lie dreaming by our sides and under the balmy influence of the sun's rays we too drop asleep and walk the dreamland prairies.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

F. & S.

P. 507.

Dec. 23, 1905

In the Lodges of the Blackfeet.

Days With the Game.

WHO should roll in one day but Sorrel Horse and his wife, with whom I had passed the summer, and with them came young Bear Head, and his Gros Ventre wife, whom I had helped him steal from her people. That is, I went with him on that expedition to the Gros Ventre camp, and gave him very good will in his undertaking if nothing more. Berry and his wife were as glad to meet them all again as I was, and gave them one of the rooms in the fort until such time as Sorrel Horse should have a cabin of his own. He had decided to winter with us, trap beaver and poison wolves, and perhaps do a little trading with the Indians. With Bear Head to help him, he soon built a comfortable two-room cabin just back of our place, and put in two good fire-places like ours. I was glad of the fire-places, for I counted on spending some little time by them in the long winter evenings to come. Nothing on earth gives one such a sense of rest and abiding peace as a cheerful blaze in a wide fire-place when cold weather comes, and blizzards from the north sweep down over the land.

Among other things, I had brought west with me a shotgun, and, now that the geese and ducks were moving south, I had some very good shooting. Whenever I went out for a few birds a number of Indians always followed me to see the sport; they took as much delight in seeing a bird fall at the crack of the gun as I did in making the shot. Once I dropped eleven widgeons from a flock passing by, and the onlookers went wild with enthusiasm over it. But I could never induce them to accept any of the fowl I killed; birds and fish they would not eat, regarding the latter especially as unclean. All they cared for was ni-tap'-i wak-sin: real food, by which was meant the meat of buffalo and the various other ruminants.

In November many of the Blackfeet proper came down from the north, where they had been summering along the Saskatchewan and its tributaries, and following them came the Kai'-na, or Bloods, another tribe of the Blackfeet. The latter went into camp a mile below the Piegiens, and the former pitched their lodges about half a mile above our fort. We now had, including women and children, something like 9,000 or 10,000 Indians about us, and the traders were kept busy all day long. Buffalo robes were not yet prime—the fur did not get its full growth until about the first of November—but a fair trade was done in beaver, elk, deer and antelope skins. About the only groceries the Indians bought were tea, sugar and coffee, and they cost them, on an average, \$1 per pint cupful. Blankets—three-point—were \$20, or four prime head-and-tail buffalo robes, each; a rifle, costing \$15, sold for \$100; whisky—very weak, was \$5 per quart, and even a package of Chinese vermilion sold of \$2. There was certainly profit in the trade. As a matter of fact, there was not a single thing in the trader's stock that was not an unnecessary article of luxury to the Indian. The trader's argument was something like this: The Indians don't need these things, but if they will have them, they must pay my price for them. I'm not risking my life in this business for anything but big profits.

Of course Berry did not expect to get all the trade of the three great camps. Parties were continually going into Fort Benton with robes and furs, indeed, the larger part of the trade went there; nevertheless, the little fort on the Marias did a fine business.

Winter came early that year, in the fore part of November. The lakes and streams froze over, there were several falls of snow, which the northwest winds gathered up and piled in coulees and on the lee side of the hills. It was not long before the buffalo began to keep away from the river, where the big camps were. A few, of course, were always straggling in, but the great herds stayed out on the plains to the north and south of us.

After the snow fell they went no more to water anyhow, as they got enough of it in the form of snow, eaten with the grass. So long as they took water in this way they remained fat, no matter how long and severe the winter was; but as soon as the snow began to melt and water stood everywhere on the plains in little pools, they drank it and lost flesh and fat rapidly. Since the buffalo came no more near the stream the Indians were obliged to go out on a two or three days' camping trip, in order to get what meat and skins they needed, and several times during the season I went with them, accompanying my friends, Weasel Tail and Talks-with-the-buffalo. On these short hunts few lodges were taken, fifteen or twenty people arranging to camp together, so we were somewhat crowded for room. Only enough women to do the cooking accompanied the outfit. As a rule, the hunters started out together every morning, and sighting a large herd of buffalo, approached them as cautiously as possible, until finally the animals became alarmed and started to run, and then a grand chase took place, and if everything was favorable a great many fat cows were killed. Nearly all the Piegiens had guns of one kind or another; either a flint-lock or percussion-cap, smooth-bore or rifle; but in the chase many of them, especially if riding swift, trained horses, preferred to use the bow and arrow, as two or three arrows could be discharged at as many different animals while one was reloading a gun. And yet those old smooth-bores were quickly loaded. The hunter carried a number of balls in his mouth; as soon as his piece was discharged he poured a quantity of powder from the horn or flask into his hand and thence down the barrel; then taking a ball from his mouth he dropped it down on top of the powder, gave the stock a couple of sharp blows to settle the charge, and primed the pan or put on the cap, as the case might be. When loaded in this manner the piece had to be held muzzle up else the ball would roll out; and when ready to shoot the hunter fired the instant he brought the gun down to the level of the mark. Some of the hunters—fine shots and astride exceptionally swift and long-winded horses—often killed twenty, and even more, buffalo on a single run, but I think the average number to the man was not more than three. After one of these hunts the return to the main camp was a sanguinary sight. There were string after string of pack horses loaded down with meat and hides, and some hunters even slung a hide or two or a lot of meat across their saddles and perched themselves on top of that. There was blood everywhere; on the horses, along the trail, on the clothing, and even on the faces of the hunters.

I went on several of these hunts when the weather was so cold that a buffalo hide froze stiff as it dropped away from the cut of the knife; yet, the Indians skinned their quarry bare-handed. I wore the heaviest of underclothing, a thick flannel shirt, a buckskin shirt, coat and waistcoat, a short buffalo robe overcoat, and buffalo robe "shaps," and even then there were times when I was uncomfortably cold, and my cheeks and nose became sore from frequent nippings of frost. The Indians wore only a couple of shirts, a pair of blanket or cowskin leggings, fur cap, buffalo robe gloves and moccasins—no socks. Yet, they never froze, nor even shivered from the cold. They attributed their indifference to exposure to the beneficial effect of their daily baths, which were always taken, even if a hole had to be cut in the ice for the purpose. And they forced their children to accompany them, little fellows from three years of age up, dragging the unwilling ones from their beds and carrying them under their arms to the icy plunge.

When on these short hunts there was no gambling nor dancing. Some medicine man always accompanied a party, and the evenings were passed in praying to the sun for success in the hunt, and in singing what I may term songs of the hunt, especially the song of the wolf, the most successful of hunters. Everyone retired early, for there was little cheer in a fire of buffalo chips.

You have perhaps noticed on the northwestern plains, circles of stones or small boulders, varying in size from twelve to twenty and more feet in diameter. They were used to weight the lower edge of lodge skins, to prevent the structure being blown over by a hard wind, and when camp was moved they were simply rolled off of the leather. Many of these circles are found miles and miles from any water, and you may have wondered how the people there encamped managed to assuage their thirst; they melted snow; their horses ate snow with the grass; buffalo chips were used for fuel. The stone circles mark the place of an encampment of winter hunters in the long ago. Some of them are so ancient that the tops of the stones are barely visible above the turf, having gradually sunk into the ground of their own weight during successive wet seasons.

By the latter end of November the trade for robes was in full swing, thousands of buffalo had been killed, and the women were busily engaged in tanning the hides, a task of no little labor. I have often heard and read that Indian women received no consideration from their husbands, and led a life of exceedingly hard and thankless work. That is very wide of the truth so far as the natives of the northern plains were concerned. It is true, that the

women gathered fuel for the lodge, bundles of dry willow, or limbs from a fallen cottonwood. They also did the cooking, and besides tanning robes, converted the skins of deer, elk, antelope and mountain sheep into soft buckskin for family use. But never a one of them suffered from overwork; when they felt like it they rested, they realized that there were other days coming, and they took their time about anything they had to do. Their husbands never interfered with them, any more than they did with him in his task of providing the hides and skins, and meat, the staff of life. The majority—nearly all of them—were naturally industrious and took pride in their work; they joyed in putting away parfleche after parfleche of choice dried meats and pemmican, in tanning soft robes and buckskins for home use or sale, in embroidering wonderful patterns of beads or colored porcupine quills upon moccasin tops, dresses, leggings and saddle trappings. When robes were to be traded they got their share of the proceeds; if the husband chose to buy liquor, well and good; they bought blankets and red and blue trade cloth, vermilion, beads, bright prints and various other articles of use and adornment.

Berry and some of his men made several flying trips to Fort Benton during the winter, and on one of them brought out his mother, who had been living there with her companion, the Crow Woman. Mrs. Berry, Sr., was a full-blooded Mandan, but very light colored, and brown-haired. She was tall and slender, good looking, very proud and dignified, but of great kindness of heart. She was very good to me, nursing me when ill and giving me strange and bitter medicines, always picking up and putting away with care the things I scattered about, washing and mending my clothes, making for me beautiful moccasins and warm gloves. She could not have done more had she been my own mother; I was under obligations to her which nothing could ever repay. When I contracted mountain fever, and one evening became delirious, it was she who tended me, and brought me safely out of it. Her companion, the Crow Woman, was equally kind to me. She was a woman with a romance, and one evening, after I became well acquainted with her, she told me the story of her life as we sat before the fire.

WALTER B. ANDERSON.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

In the Lodges of the Blackfeet.

Hunting the White Buffalo.

ONE evening in the latter part of January there was much excitement in the three great camps. Some Piegan hunters, just returned from a few days' buffalo chase out on the plains to the north of the river, had seen a white buffalo. The news quickly spread, and from all quarters Indians came in to the post for powder and balls, flints, percussion caps, tobacco and various other articles. There was to be an exodus of hunting parties from the three villages in the morning, and men were betting with each other as to which of the tribes would secure the skin of the white animal, each one, of course, betting on his own tribe. By nearly all the tribes of the plains an albino buffalo was considered as a sacred thing, the especial property of the sun. When one was killed the hide was always beautifully tanned, and at the next medicine lodge was given to the sun with great ceremony, hung above all the other offerings on the center post of the structure, and there left to gradually shrivel and fall to pieces. War parties of other tribes, passing the deserted place, would not touch it for fear of calling down upon themselves the wrath of the sun. The man who killed such an animal was thought to have received the especial favor of the sun, and not only he, but the whole tribe of which he was a member. A white robe was one thing which was never offered for sale; none who secured one might keep it any longer than until the time of the next medicine lodge, the great annual religious ceremony. Medicine men, however, were permitted to take the strips of trimming, cut to even the border of the finished robe, and to use them for wrapping their sacred pipes, or for a bandage around the head, only to be worn, however, on great occasions.

Of course I began to make inquiries about albino buffalo. My friend Berry said that in all his life he had seen but four. One very old Piegan told me that he had seen seven, the last one, a very large cow robe, having been purchased by his people from the Mandans for one hundred and twenty horses, and, like all the others, given to the sun. I further learned from Berry that these albinos were not snow white, as is a white blackbird, or a crow, but cream colored. Well, if possible, I wanted to see the much talked of animal, see it in life skurry away over the plains with its dusky mates, so I joined one of the hunting parties the next morning, going, as usual, with my friends, Talks-with-the-buffalo and Weasel Tail. We planned the hunt in the lodge of the latter, and as it was thought that we might be some time away, it was decided to take one lodge and all its contents, and to allow no others to crowd in upon us. "That is," Weasel

Tail added, "that is, we'll do this, and take our wives along, too, if you think they will not get to quarreling about the right way to boil water, or as to the proper place to set an empty kettle."

His wife threw a moccasin at him, Madame Talks-with-the-buffalo pouted and exclaimed, "K'yä!" and we all laughed.

We did not get a very early start, the days were short, and after covering about twenty miles made camp in a low, wide coulée. There were fifteen lodges of our party, all but ours crowded with hunters. We had many visitors of an evening dropping in to smoke and talk, and feast, but at bedtime we had ample room to spread our robes and blankets. We started early the next morning and never stopped until we arrived at a willow-bordered stream running out from the west butte of the Sweetgrass Hills and eventually disappearing in the dry plain. It was an ideal camping place, plenty of shelter, plenty of wood and water. The big herd in which the albino buffalo had been seen was met with some fifteen or more miles southeast of our camp, and had run westward when pursued. Our party thought that we had selected the best location possible in order to scour the country in search of it. Those who saw it reported that it was a fair sized animal, and so swift that it had ran up to the head of the herd at once and remained there so far from their horses' best speed, that they never got to determine whether it was bull or cow. We were the extreme western camp of hunters. Other parties, Piegans, Blackfeet and Bloods were encamped east of us along the hills, and southeast of us out on the plain. We had agreed to do no running, to frighten the buffalo as little as possible until the albino had been found, or it became time to return to the river. Then, of course, a big run or two would be made in order to load the pack animals with meat and hides.

The weather was unfavorable, to say nothing of the intense cold, a thick haze of glittering frost flakes filled the air, through which the sun dimly shone. Objects half a mile or less out on the plain could not be discerned. We were almost at the foot of the west butte, but it and its pine forest had vanished in the shining frost fog. Nevertheless, we rode out daily on our quest, south, west or northward by one side or the other of the butte toward the Little (Milk) River. We saw many buffalo, thousands of them, in bands of from twenty or thirty to four or five hundred, but we did not find the particular one. Other parties often dropped in at our camp for a bite and a smoke, or were met out on the plain, and they had the same report to make: plenty of buffalo, but no albino. I must repeat that the weather was intensely cold. Antelope stood humped up, heads down, in the coulées; on the south slope of the butte, as we rode by its foot,

we could see deer, and elk, and even big-horn in the same position. The latter would get out of our way, but the others hardly noticed our passing. Only the buffalo, the wolves, coyotes and swifts were, as one may say, happy; the former grazed about as usual, the others trotted around and feasted on the quarry they had strung and pulled down, and howled and yelped throughout the long nights. No cold could find its way through their thick, warm coats.

I cannot remember how many days that cold time lasted, during which we vainly hunted for the albino buffalo. The change came about 10 o'clock one morning as we were riding slowly around the west side of the butte. We felt suddenly an intermittent tremor of warm air in our faces; the frost haze vanished instantly and we could see the Rockies, partially enveloped in dense dark clouds. "Hah!" exclaimed a medicine pipe man. "Did I not pray for a black wind last night? And see, here it is; my sun power is strong."

Even as he spoke the Chinook came on in strong, warm gusts and settled into a roaring, snapping blast. The thin coat of snow on the grass disappeared. One felt as if summer had come.

We were several hundred feet above the plain, on the lower slope of the butte, and in every direction, as far as we could see, there were buffalo, buffalo, and still more buffalo. They were a grand sight. Nature had been good to these Indians in providing for them such vast herds for their sustenance. Had it not been for the white man with his liquor, and trinkets, and his lust for land, the herds would be there to this day; and so would the red men, leading their simple and happy life.

It seemed about as useless as looking for the proverbial needle, as to attempt to locate a single white animal among all those dark ones. We all dismounted, and, adjusting my long telescope, I searched herd after herd until my vision became blinded, and then I passed the instrument to some one beside me. Nearly all of the party tried it, but the result was the same; no white buffalo could be found. It was pleasant sitting there in the warm wind, with the sun shining brightly upon us once more. Pipes were filled and lighted and we smoked and talked about the animal we were after, of course; each one had his opinion as to where it was at that moment, and they varied in locality from the Missouri River to the Saskatchewan, from the Rockies to the Bear's Paw Mountains. While we were talking there appeared a commotion among the buffalo southeast of us. I got the telescope to bear upon the place and saw that a number of Indians were chasing a herd of a hundred or more due westward. They were far behind them, more than a mile, and the buffalo were widening that distance

rapidly, but still the riders kept on, doggedly, persistently, in a long, straggling line. I passed the glass to Weasel Tail and told what I had seen. Everyone sprang to his feet.

"It must be," said my friend, "that they have found the white one, else they would give up the chase. They are far behind and their horses are tired; they lope very weakly. Yes, it is the white one they follow. I see it! I see it!"

We were mounted in a moment and riding out to intercept the herd; riding at a trot, occasionally broken by a short lope, for the horses must be kept fresh for the final run. In less than half an hour we arrived at a low, long, mound-like elevation, near which it seemed the herd must pass. We could see them coming straight toward it. So we got behind it and waited, my companions, as usual, removing their saddles and piling them in a heap. It was realized, of course, that the buffalo might get wind of us and turn long before they were near enough for us to make a dash at them, but we had to take that chance. After what seemed to me a very long time, our leader, peering over the top of the mound, told us to be ready; we all mounted. Then he called out for us to come on, and we dashed over the rise; the herd was still over 500 yards distant, had winded us, and turned south. How the whips were plied; short handled quirts of rawhide which stung and maddened the horses. At first we gained rapidly on the herd, then for a time kept at about their speed, and finally began to lose distance. Still we kept on, for we could all see the coveted prize, the albino, running at the head of the herd. I felt sure that none of us were able to overtake it, but because the others did, I kept my horse going, too, shamefully quirting him when he was doing his very best.

It is a trite but true saying that "it is the unexpected that always happens." Out from a coulee right in front of the flying herd dashed a lone horseman, right in among them, scattering the animals in all directions. In much less time than it takes to tell it, he rode up right beside the albino, we could see him lean over and sink arrow after arrow into its ribs, and presently it stopped, wobbled, and fell over on its side. When we rode up to the place the hunter was standing over it, hands raised, fervently praying, promising the sun the robe and the tongue of the animal. It was a three-year-old cow, yellowish-white in color, but with normal colored eyes. I had believed that the eyes of all albinos were of pinkish hue. The successful hunter was a Piegan, Medicine Weasel by name. He was so excited he trembled so, that he could not use his knife, and some of our party took off the hide for him, and cut out the tongue, he standing over them all the time and begging them to be careful, to make no gashes, for they were doing the work for the sun. None of the meat was taken. It was considered a sacrilege to eat it; the tongue was to be dried and given to the sun with the robe. While the animal was being skinned the party we had seen chasing the herd came up; they were Blackfeet of the north, and did not seem to be very well pleased that the Piegans had captured the prize; they soon rode away to their camp, and we went to ours, accompanied by Medicine Weasel, who had left his camp to the eastward in the morning to hunt up some stray horses, and had wound up the day in a most unexpected manner. So ended that particular hunt.

Before the buffalo finally disappeared I saw one

more—not a pure albino. In fact, Berry and I purchased the tanned robe, which, for want of a better term, we named the "spotted robe." Singularly enough, this animal was killed in 1881, when the last of the great herds were in the country lying between the Yellowstone and Missouri rivers, and where in two more years they were practically exterminated. This animal was also a cow, a large five-year-old. The hair on its head, belly, legs and tail was snow white, and there was a white spot on each flank about eight inches in diameter. When the hide was taken off, by ripping it in the usual manner, there was an eight or ten-inch border all around it of pure white, contrasting vividly with the beautiful glossy dark brown of the body of the robe. The animal was killed by a young north Blackfoot between Big Crooked Creek and Flat Willow Creek, both emptying into the lower Musselshell. We had at the time a large post on the Missouri, a couple of hundred miles below Fort Benton, and a branch post over on Flat Willow. Berry was on his way to visit the latter place when he came upon a party of Blackfeet just as they had concluded a run, and saw the spotted animal before it was skinned. He went no farther that day, but accompanied the young hunter to his father's lodge where the old man made him welcome. If there was ever a man on earth who could coax an Indian to do whatever he wished that man was Berry. He pleaded hard for that hide all the afternoon and far into the night. It was against all precedent and tradition to barter such a skin, belonging as it did to the sun. It would be a sacrilege to sell it. The young hunter got out of the deal by giving it to his father, and, finally, as the old man knocked the ashes out of the last pipe before retiring, he sighed, and said wearily to Berry: "Well, my son, you shall have your way; my wife will tan the robe, and some day I will give it to you."

It was a beautifully tanned robe, and on the clean, white leather side the old man painted the record of his life; the enemies he had killed, the horses he had taken, the combats he had waged against the grizzly tribe, and the animals and stars of his medicine. There were other traders in the same bottom with us on the Missouri. One day, with his ancient wife, the old man rode in and duly exhibited to them all the wonderful robe, and, of course, they all wanted it. "I am not ready to sell it," the crafty old man said to each one. "After a while—well, we'll see; we'll see."

Then the traders vied with each other in being good to the old man. During the balance of the winter they kept him supplied with all the whiskey, and tobacco, and tea, and sugar and various other things that he could use. Two or three times a week he and the old wife would come down to our place loaded with bottles of whiskey and sit before the fire-place in our living room and get comfortably full. I loved to watch and listen to them, they were so happy, so loving, so given to recalling the pleasant days of their youth and vigor. And so it went on for several months, and finally one spring day, when by chance our rivals happened to be lounging in our trade room, the old couple sauntered in and tossed the robe over the counter, the old man saying to Berry: "There it is, my son. I fulfill my promise. But put it away clear out of sight, lest I be tempted to take it back."

Maybe we didn't enjoy the chagrin of our

rivals! Each one of them had been so sure that he was going to get the odd robe. But then they were pilgrims; they didn't "savvy" the Indians. We got our 4,000 robes that winter, more than all the rest of them together. We finally sold the robe. The fame of it spread up and down the river, and finally a Montreal, Canada, gentleman, making a tour of the country, heard of it; and when the steamboat he was on stopped at our place he came in and bought it before we knew where we were at. We did not wish to sell it, and named a price that we deemed prohibitive. To our amazement he laid down two large bills, threw the robe over his shoulder and hurried back to the boat. Berry and I looked at each other and said things. WALTER B. ANDERSON.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Environment and Faces.

I HAVE before me the photograph of a man I knew in the South who is now dead. There is nothing so striking about his appearance as this—its extraordinary resemblance to that of an Indian. And yet the man I have reason to believe had no Indian blood in his veins. The skin is wrinkled and leathery, the nose pronounced, the eyes deep sunken and sombre, the mouth severe—all being shaded with sadness or melancholy. Without intending any disrespect to the departed, I say that he only required the regulation crown of feathers to make a perfect Indian of him—in appearance, at least.

I recall a few more interesting cases of this kind. Years ago I happened to be in southern Long Island spending a vacation. Strolling one day I came upon a little shack at the edge of the woods. I supposed at first it was unoccupied—some relic of the past—but upon nearer approach I smelled smoke. Can it be possible, I asked myself, that I have come upon a hermit? For a moment I paused to observe the structure. It may be briefly described as a crude log cabin, with here and there patches of tin. It had the look of being very old. At any rate, it was decidedly neglected. When I had satisfied my curiosity thus far I approached the door, which was ajar. I knocked gently, whereupon a cat jumped out and began to rub up against my leg; but there was no other response. I then ventured to peep in. In the gloom (for the hut seemed to be unlighted save by the doorway) I saw two eyes staring out at me rather savagely. At this I confess my first impulse was to turn and flee, but, plucking up my courage, I determined to see the end of the adventure, for I realized that it was going to be something out of the common.

Knocking again I cried out in a somewhat doleful manner: "Does anyone live here? I am dying of thirst and will give a quarter for a glass of water." Immediately there was a movement inside and the door was thrown open.

It was with difficulty I restrained an exclamation at the apparition (I can hardly call it less) which presented itself before me. Imagine a gaunt figure, slightly stooped and clad in rags—the face seamed and weather-beaten, yet with a certain pride and dignity about it and most decidedly suggestive of an Indian chief.

"Did you say you wanted a drink?" I was asked in a grave, sepulchral sort of voice.

"If you please," I said, with the utmost deference.

The queer being regarded me a moment, then turned on his heel and fetched me a "tinny" of water from an old barrel. I drank it all, though in truth I was not thirsty, and returned the "tinny" with many thanks. As for the other part of the payment I confess after a sight of that eagle visage I experienced a sort of trepidation at the idea of offering money, but the "tinny" being held at what appeared an expectant angle, I hastily dropped a quarter in it and remarked: "It was worth double the money."

To my relief no war-whoop sounded in my ears and no tomahawk was brandished. Instead of that I saw the eagle visage don a look of pleasure, and heard the grave, sepulchral voice pronounce these words: "I guess you ain't one of them city boarders."

To be brief, I learned that the hermit had dwelt there over thirty years—that he regarded the outside world with aversion, or indifference, and that it was his full determination to end his days in solitude. I also learned that he was of pure English descent, a statement which I subsequently verified by inquiries of the neighbors.

On another occasion I was at Cape May Point, N. J. At the end of the little railway which runs from the town of Cape May the Point extends for some miles toward Delaware Bay. It is thickly covered with dwarf pine and scrub and is utterly lonesome and wild. When I set out to explore it I confess I had not much desire to penetrate very deep into it, so I kept along shore for the most part. The day was hot and the walking heavy, and after an hour or so I sat down to rest. The grasshoppers "zizzed" and "zipt" in the long spear grass, the ocean merrily lapped the shore, and the dark pines seemed to drowse in the sultry air. All was quiet and primitive as when the red man reigned. The influence of the scene was stealing upon me and I believe I was on the point of dropping to sleep when I started up at hearing a crackling amid the jungle. Presently, about a hundred yards away, a man appeared. He was tall and angular and burned to a coppery tint, while a mass of shaggy hair hung over his shoulders. For all clothing he wore an old gray shirt and a pair of trousers tucked up to his knees. His feet were bare. Slung across his back was something that might easily have been mistaken for a bow on the stretch. Had one of the old tribe of Delawares taken refuge and haply survived in that desert place, assuredly he could hardly have looked more to the life than did this singular individual.

No sooner did he emerge from covering than he saw me, but he showed no surprise and leisurely took his way down shore. As he passed me I remarked it was a hot day. He paused a moment and answered, "Yes, a little." I shall never forget the face that looked at me. Striking as was the face of the Long Island hermit, this one was even more so. Of perfect aquiline mould, the eyes were of fire and the mouth of iron. But a shadow hung over it—the shadow of the wilderness.

I got up and saying I was returning, kept my "Delaware" (as I secretly dubbed him) company as he resumed his measured pace. I offered him a cigar, which he accepted with great courtesy, and as he smiled I thought I never saw a handsomer face. By judicious questioning I got out of him that he and his family had always lived thereabouts—he supposed for 200 years. He told me his name, which I have now forgotten, but it was an English one. His manner was very reserved but perfectly civil. Perhaps—nay, most probably—it was not so much reserve with him as habit of silence. His present errand was to set fish lines for the night, and when he had found his little skiff (which was fashioned more like a canoe than a boat) he wished me good-day, and, pushing off from the shore, paddled away with all the ease and grace of a true Indian.

Again I was on a visit to the island of Nantucket. Here I was told that the last Indian died several years ago, but his photograph is still shown in the pretty little curio shops in which the place abounds. I noted his lineaments well and then went about among the modern Nantucketers. Let me say first of these that a sturdier, an honest, a politer, or a kindlier people does not

exist in the United States to-day. I shall therefore be suspected of no slur or disparagement when I proceed to say that in many of them I discovered reflections of that Indian's expression. Yet, these people in the main are direct descendants of men of British blood. Of a verity one would never believe it unless history told him so. The British expression has been absolutely obliterated—washed away. Not a trace of it left. Nor has the British manner fared any better. The high-pitched, inflectionless voice has been superseded by one of minor and somewhat monotonous keys. And in general there is a decided disposition to taciturnity.

Now, all this goes to prove the inexorable influence which environment has on physiognomy. The sun, the air, the landscape and the thoughts, the feelings, the emotions which spring from the exigencies of life—all leave their stamp upon the features unmistakably. So subtle, indeed, is the influence of environment that a keen observer can tell a Philadelphia face from a New York face. People who dwell in cities, of course, are not so apt to undergo radical changes as those who dwell in contact with nature, but even in the cities we cannot escape the air. The sun we manage pretty well to avoid, but the air has a way of following us about willy nilly, and a marked characteristic of the American air is that it tends to dry up the skin and give it a certain bloodless tone. The air of the British isles, on the other hand, keeps the skin moist and ruddy.

Some writers on ethnology predict that eventually Americans will conform to the facial type of the aborigines. But I think this is an extreme view. For one thing, Americans are of a different race, and for another education and refinement will play their part. However, we cannot escape our environment, and it is certain that in course of time we shall all more or less resemble the "poor Indian."

FRANK MOONAN.

An Elk Hunt in Wyoming.

WHEN I wrote to my old guide, Edward Sheffield, I was somewhat apprehensive about the outlook for sport because I had heard that the best part of the "Jackson Hole Country" had been included in the reserve set apart by the State of Wyoming, where sport with big game had been entirely interdicted.

I was advised, however, that this was not the fact, so, yielding to my faith in the judgment of the guide and a desire to gratify my love for sport, I made arrangements for a fall hunt. Before reaching the terminal of the trip by railroad I chanced to meet some sportsmen who talked of sport and commented on the conditions existing in Jackson's Hole. The criticisms were by no means favorable, and various instances were cited of parties who had been disappointed in their expectations. My subsequent experience only served to convince me how dependent a sportsman has become upon the services of a good guide.

The trip from St. Anthony to Jackson was without incident worth relating, except at the start. The pack horses, which, during their stay in town, had fared handsomely on oats and hay and been well sheltered, did not look forward to a trip back into the bleak and sterile mountains with the same pleasure that I did; their refractory souls yearned for the comfortable quarters they were just leaving with the same tenacity that the children of Israel in the wilderness "longed for the flesh pots of Egypt," but here the comparison ends, for they had not a guide who was meek and gentle like Moses.

About a mile from St. Anthony the whole bunch turned off on a side road and went back to their former quarters. After some delay they were finally got in line again, and with the aid of a couple of Mormons, who, for a consideration, agreed to help guide them for several miles, we got the pack train properly started, and after that had no further trouble with them.

The journey was a fairly long one, but it became more interesting as we drew away from civilization and got closer to the place where we intended to make permanent camp. After the first day we passed the wide monotonous stretch

of sage brush flats which lies between St. Anthony and Victor; after that the landscape grew more mountainous and wooded. The country became very picturesque as we proceeded; every mountain presented a view which was a panorama; every opening in the timber seemed a natural frame for an entrancing picture; the atmosphere so clear and bracing gave fine definition to objects in view; the winding river rushed fretting and foaming between the rocks in the valley below; large clumps of spruces clustered upon the mountain sides, and the rough crags were powdered with snow and sometimes glistening with rills which coursed down their rugged surfaces. After traveling along the Gros Ventre River for a considerable distance we at last came in view of Mt. Leidy, superbly situated between two rows of mountains on either side of a pleasant valley, at the head of which stands Mt. Leidy. The ground was covered with a few inches of snow—enough to make good hunting. We made an early camp and had plenty of time to get everything arranged before it became dark. The location was an ideal spot for a camp; plenty of timber nearby; a fine stream of clear, cold water, and good grazing for the horses. It was quite important to have a good range for the stock, because there were eleven pack horses and three riding horses—fourteen in all. To take care of these required the services of a horse wrangler. I had three men, my regular guide, Edward Sheffield, Charles Herdick, a Wyoming guide, and Marcus Imo, who cooked and turned his hand to help at anything else that had to be attended to.

The day being young when we arrived, I employed it in making a short hunt from camp. Charles Herdick went with me, and I soon discovered how much my wind had deteriorated since I had last been out, for in the meantime I had lived a life of comparative ease. The general elevation in this section ranges from 8,000 to 10,000 feet, and it takes a few days to accustom your lungs to the rarified atmosphere. When one is not taking any vigorous exercise the climate feels exhilarating and inspires one with the feeling that he is able to perform any kind of stunt; a few minutes of real strenuous exercise and this delusion is destroyed. I soon discovered that Herdick was a good hand at mountain climbing, being wonderfully supple and possessed of the best pair of lungs of anyone I ever knew.

We finally caught sight of a small bunch of elk at a considerable distance. As they were moving over a crest of a hill, it became necessary to travel with speed to get near enough for a shot, in by chance there should be a good head in the bunch. The elk had not seen us, but were moving and might get out of range. Completely exhausted I finally gained the summit of a hill which overlooked the herd, which had halted. An old bull stood in the quaking aspens, not over sixty yards away. A glance at the head, and I saw that I had had my pains for nothing. I watched the animals for a few moments, and they seemed to me like old acquaintances, for it had been three years since I last hunted this kind of game. I do not believe they were as pleased to see me as I was to see them. They soon started to run directly from us in the direction of camp, which was quite near. My guide, Edward Sheffield, told me afterward that they came very near, and he was afraid they would run through camp. He gravely warned me against the danger of driving a large bunch of "Uncle Sam's cattle" in that direction.

It was a pleasure after this little excitement to drop into a comfortable camp and find everything nicely arranged and a good meal provided. My quarters were supplied with every convenience that could be expected traveling with a pack outfit. It may, perhaps, interest those who have had no practical experience in western hunting to know what can be furnished. We had folding chairs, a folding table, two tents and in each a portable sheet-iron stove with a couple of lengths of pipe to take off the smoke; I had a pneumatic mattress to save my tired flesh from the hard ground, and whatever else was required which horses could pack in. When I was tired of hunting I could rest a day or so and read novels in

A Winter on the Marias.

THERE was a little town in northern Montana, where upon certain days things would run along as smoothly and monotonously as in a village of this effete East. But at certain other times you would enter the place to find everyone on a high old tear. It seemed to be epidemic; if one man started to get gloriously full everyone promptly joined in—doctor, lawyer, merchant, cattleman, sheepman and all. Well do I remember the last affair of that kind I witnessed there. By about 2 P. M. they got to the champagne stage—'twas really sparkling cider or something of that kind—\$5 a bottle, and about fifty men were going from saloon to store and from store to hotel treating in turn—\$60 a round. I mention this as a prelude to what I have to say about drinking among the Indians in the old days. They were no worse than the whites in that way, and with them it seemed to be also epidemic.

Quietly and orderly a camp would be for days and days, and then suddenly all the men would start in on a drinking bout. Really, I believe that the Indians at such times, free as they were from any restraint, to whom law was an unknown term, were better behaved than would be a like number of our workmen in the same condition. True, they frequently quarreled with each other when in liquor, and a quarrel was something to be settled only by blood. But let a thousand white men get drunk together, would there not ensue some fearful scenes? One reads of the ferocity of Indians when drinking, but my own experience was that on the whole they were exceedingly good-natured and jovial at such times, and often infinitely amusing. One night that winter on the Marias I was wending my way homeward from a visit at Sorrel Horse's place, where a man and woman came out of the trade room and staggered along the trail toward me. I slipped behind a cottonwood tree. The man was very unsteady on his feet and the woman, trying to help him along, at the same time was giving him a thorough scolding. I heard her say: "—, and you didn't look out for me a bit; there you were in that crowd, just drinking with one and then another, and never looking to see how I was getting along. You don't protect me at all; you don't care for me, or you would not have let me stay in there to be insulted."

The man stopped short, and swaying this way and that gave a roar like a wounded grizzly: "Don't care for you; don't protect you; let you get insulted," he spluttered and foamed. "Who insulted you? Who? I say. Let me at him! Let me at him! I'll fix him with this."

Right there by the trail was lying a large,

green, cottonwood log which would have weighed at least a ton. He bent over it and tried again and again to lift it, shouting: "Protect you! Insulted! Who did it? Where is he? Wait until I pick up this club and let me at him."

But the club wouldn't be picked up, and he became perfectly frantic in his efforts to grasp it up and place it on his shoulder. He danced from one end to the other of it with increasing ardor and anger, until he finally fell over it exhausted, and then the patient woman picked him up—he was a little light fellow—and carried him home.

I knew a young man who always became very mischievous when he drank. He had three wives and at such times he would steal their little stores of fine pemmican, fancy bead-work, their needles and awls, and give them to other women. He was up to his pranks one morning as I happened along, and the women determined to catch and thoroughly bind him until he became sober. But he would not be caught; they chased him through the camp, out toward the hills, by the river, back to camp, when, by means of a travoi leaning against it, he climbed to the top of his lodge, seated himself in the V-shaped embrasure of the lodge poles, and jibed the women for their poor running qualities, enumerated the articles he had stolen from them, and so on. He was exceedingly hilarious. The wives held a whispered consultation, and one of them went inside. Their tormentor ceased jibing and began a drinking song:

"Bear Chief, he gave me a drink,
Bear Chief, he gave me a —"

That was as far as he got. The wife had thrown a huge armful of rye grass from her couch upon the smouldering fire, it blazed up with a sudden roar and burst of flame which reached the tenderest part of his anatomy; he gave a loud yell of surprise and pain and leaped from his perch. When he struck the ground the women were upon him and I know not how many lariats they coiled about him before they bore him inside, amid the jeers and jests of a throng of laughing spectators and laid him upon his couch.

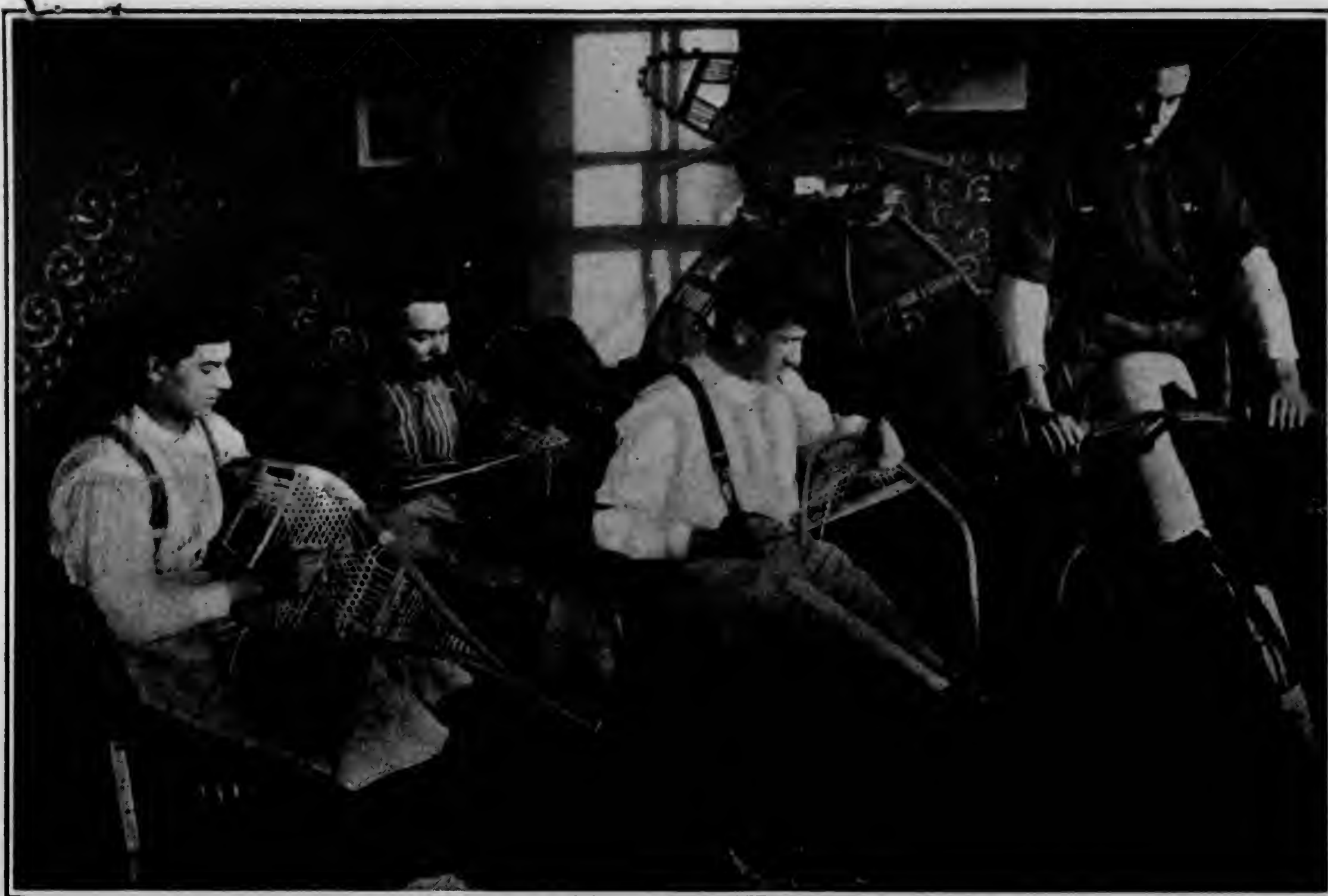
But there was another side, and by no means a pleasant one to this drinking business. One night, when there were few Indians about Berry, one of his traders named T. and I were lingering by the fire-place in the trade room. There had been a crowd there earlier in the evening, and two remained, both sleeping off the effects of their carouse in a corner opposite us. Suddenly Berry shouted: "Look out T.!" at the same time giving him a fierce shove against me which sent us both to the floor. And he was none too soon, for even as it was, an arrow grazed the skin of T.'s right side. One of the drunken Indians had awakened, deliberately fitted an arrow to his bow,

and was just about to let fly at T., when Berry saw him. Before he could draw another arrow from his quiver we pounced on him and threw him outside. Why he did it, if for some fancied wrong, or if he was still dreaming, we never knew. He was a Blood, and they were a very treacherous tribe.

Another evening Berry unbarred the door to go out when it suddenly flew open and a tall Indian, frozen stiff, with an arrow sticking in his bosom, fell inside. Some one with a grim humor had leaned the frozen body against the door with a view of giving us a surprise. The dead man was also a Blood, and it was never known who killed him.

Out on a hunt one day down on the Missouri, I killed a buffalo which had what the traders called a "beaver robe," because the hair was so exceedingly fine, thick and of a glossy, silky nature. Beaver robes were rare, and I had skinned this with horns and hoofs intact. I wished to have it especially well tanned, as I intended it for a present to an Eastern friend. The Crow Woman, good old soul, declared that she would do the work herself, and promptly stretched the hide on a frame. The next morning it was frozen stiff as a board, and she was standing on it busily chipping it, when a half-drunk Cree came along. I happened in sight just as he was about to pull her off of the hide, and hurrying over there I struck him with all my power square in the forehead with my fist. The blow didn't even phase him. It has often been said that it is nearly impossible to knock an Indian down, and I believe it. Well, the Cree picked up a broken lodge pole, the longest and heaviest end of it, and came for me, and as I was unarmed I had to turn and ignominiously run; I was not so swift as my pursuer, either. It is hard to say what would have happened—probably I would have been killed had Berry not seen the performance and hurried to my assistance. The Cree was just on the point of giving me a blow on the head when Berry fired, and the Indian fell with a bullet through his shoulder. Some of his people came along and packed him home. Then the Cree chief and his council came over and we had a fine pow-wow about the matter. It ended by our paying damages. We did our best always to get along with as little friction as possible, but I did hate to pay that Cree for a wound he richly deserved.

We traded several seasons with the Crees and North Blackfeet down on the Missouri, they having followed the last of the Saskatchewan buffalo herds south into Montana. There was a certain young Blackfoot with whom I was especially friendly, but one day he came in very drunk and I refused to give him any liquor. He became very angry and walked out making dire threats. I had forgotten all about the incident when, sev-



INDIAN SNOWSHOE MAKING.

eral hours later his wife came running in and said that Took-a-gun-under-the-water (It-su'-yi-na-mak-an) was coming to kill me. The woman was terribly frightened and begged me to pity her and not kill her husband, whom she dearly loved and who, when sober, would be terribly ashamed of himself for attempting to hurt me. I went to the door and saw my quondam friend coming. He had on no wearing apparel whatever except his moccasins, and had painted his face, body and limbs with fantastic stripes of green, yellow and red; he was brandishing a .44 Winchester and calling upon the sun to witness how he would kill me, his worst enemy. Of course I didn't want to kill him any more than his wife wished to see him killed. Terror-stricken, she ran and hid in a pile of robes, and I took my stand behind the open door with a Winchester. On came he of the long name, singing, shouting the war song, and saying repeatedly, "Where is that bad white man? Show him to me that I may give him one bullet, just this one little bullet?"

With carbine full cocked he strode in, looking eagerly ahead for a sight of me, and just as he passed I gave him a smart blow on top of the head with the barrel of my rifle; down he dropped senseless to the floor, his carbine going off and sending the missile intended for me through a case of tinned tomatoes on a shelf. The woman ran out from her hiding place at the sound of the shot, thinking that I had surely killed him; but her joy was great when she learned her mistake. Together we bound him tightly and got him home to his lodge.

Now, one often reads that an Indian never forgives a blow nor an injury of any kind, no matter how much at fault he may have been. That is all wrong. The next morning Takes-a-gun-under-the-water sent me a fine buffalo robe. At dusk he came in and begged me to forgive him. Ever after we were the best of friends. Whenever I had time for a short hunt back in the breaks, or out on the plains, I chose him for my companion, and a more faithful and considerate one I never had.

I cannot say that all traders got along so well with the Indians as did Berry and I. There were some bad men among them, men who delighted in inflicting pain, in seeing blood flow. I have known such to kill Indians just for fun, but never in a fair, open fight. They were great cowards, and utterly unprincipled. These men sold "whisky" which contained tobacco juice, cayenne pepper and various other vile things. Berry and I sold weak liquor, it is true, but the weakness consisted of nothing but pure water—which was all the better for the consumer. I make no excuse for the whisky trade. It was wrong, all wrong, and none realized it better than we when we were dispensing the stuff. It caused untold suffering, many deaths, great demoralization among those people of the plains. There was but one redeeming feature about it: The trade was at a time when it did not deprive them of the necessities of life; there was always more meat, more fur to be had for the killing of it. In comparison to various Government officials and rings, who robbed and starved the Indians to death on their reservations after the buffalo disappeared, we were saints.

All in all, that was a pleasant winter we passed on the Marias. Hunting with the Indians, lounging around a lodge fire, or before our own or Sorrel Horse's fire-place of an evening, the days fairly flew. Sometimes I would go with Sorrel Horse to visit his "baits," and it was a great sight to see the huge wolves lying stiff and stark about, and even on them. To make a good bait a buffalo was killed and cut open on the back, and into the meat, blood and entrails three vials of strychnine—three-eighths of an ounce—were stirred. It seemed as if the merest bite of this deadly mixture was enough to kill, a victim seldom getting more than 200 yards away before the terrible convulsions seized him. Of course, great numbers of coyotes and kit foxes were also poisoned, but they didn't count. The large, heavy-furred wolf skins were in great demand in the East for sleigh and carriage robes, and sold right at Fort Benton for from \$3 to \$5 each. I had a fancy to take some of these stiffly-frozen

animals home, and stand them up around Sorrel Horse's house. They were an odd and interesting sight, standing there, heads and tails up, as if guarding the place; but one day there came a chinook wind and they soon toppled over and were skinned.

So the days went, and then came spring. The river cleared itself of ice in one grand grinding rush of massive cakes; green grass darkened the valley slopes; geese and ducks honked and quacked in every slough. We all, Indians and whites, wished to do nothing but lie out on the ground in the warm sunshine, and smoke and dream in quiet contentment.

WALTER B. ANDERSON.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"In the Lodges of the Blackfeet" was begun in the issue of November 21. Back numbers can be supplied.

Indian Snowshoe Making.

THE illustration shows how snowshoes are finished off. Four Iroquois Indians are completing the net of gut.

One of the best manufacturers of snowshoes is either of Canada or the United States. Noah La France (Teronyadagwa) of the Regis Indian Reservation, Montana, is seated second from the left in the illustration. The extreme left and right are expert assistants. Directly behind him is his own brother and son. Noah, who is without doubt the best of the

The uppermost snowshoes in the illustration are a pair of ladies' snowshoes, decorated with bright colors. Below these are the men's snowshoes, which are required for the men and are every-day snowshoes. They are sent to the reservation, N. D.

The Indians who make snowshoes are handiwork.

The snowshoes are completed by the men, although the women also make them.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

In the Lodges of the Blackfeet.

I Have a Lodge of My Own.

"WHY don't you get a woman?" Weasel Tail abruptly asked one evening as Talks-with-the-buffalo and I sat smoking with him in his lodge.

"Yes," my other friend put in. "Why not? You have the right to do so, for you can count a coup; yes, two of them. You killed a Cree, and you took a Cree horse in the fight at the Hairy Cap."

"I took a horse," I replied, "and a good one he is; but you are mistaken about the Cree; you will remember that he escaped by running into the pines on Hairy Cap."

"Oh!" said Talks-with-the-buffalo, "I don't mean that one, we all know he got away, I mean one of those who first fell when we all fired into them. That tall one, the man who wore a badger skin cap; you killed him. I saw the bullet wound in his body; no ball from any of our rifles could have made such a small hole."

This was news to me; I remember well having shot several times at that particular warrior, but I never had thought that 'twas my bullet that ended his career. I didn't know whether to feel glad or sorry about it, but finally concluded that it was best to feel glad, for he would have killed me if he could have done so. I was turning the matter over in my mind, recalling every little incident of that memorable day, when my host aroused me from my reverie: "I said, Why don't you take a woman? Answer."

"Oh!" I replied. "No one would have me. isn't that a good reason?"

"Kyai-yó!" exclaimed Madame Weasel Tail, clapping her hand to her mouth, the Blackfoot way of expressing surprise or wonder. "Kyai-yó! What a reason! I well know that there isn't a girl in this camp but would like to be his woman. Why, if it wasn't for this lazy one here"—giving Weasel Tail's hand an affectionate squeeze—"if he would only go away somewhere and never come back, I'd make you take me. I'd follow you around until you would have to do so."

"Mah'-kah-kan-is-tsi!" I exclaimed, which is a flippant and slangy term, expressing doubt of the speaker's truthfulness.

"Mah'-kah-kan-is-tsi yourself," she rejoined. "Why do you think you are asked to all these Assinaboine dances, where all the young women wear their best clothes, and try to catch you with their robes? Why do you think they put on their best things and go to the trading post with their mothers or other relatives every chance they got? What, you don't know? Well, I'll tell you: they go, each one, hoping that you will notice her, and send a friend to her parents to make a proposal."

"It is the truth," said Weasel Tail.

"Yes, the truth," Talks-with-the-buffalo and his woman joined in.

Well, I laughed, a little affectedly, perhaps, and turned the conversation by asking about the destination of a war party which was to start out in the morning. Nevertheless, I thought over the matter a good deal. All the long winter I had rather envied my good friends Berry and Sorrel Horse, they seemed to be so happy with their women. Never a cross word, always the best of good fellowship and open affection for each other. Seeing all this, I had several times said to myself: "It is not good for man to live alone." That quotation is from the Bible, is it not, or is it from Shakespeare? Anyhow, it is true. The Blackfeet have much the same expression: "Mat'-ah-kwi tam-äp-i ni-po-ke-mi-o-sin—not found (is) happiness without woman."

After that evening I looked more closely at the various young women I met in the camp or at the trading post, saying to myself: "Now, I wonder what kind of a woman that would make? Is she neat, good-tempered, moral? All the time, however, I knew that I had no right to take one of them. I did not intend to remain long in the west; my people would never forgive me for making an alliance with one. They were of old, proud, Puritan stock, and I could imagine them holding up their hands in horror at the mere hint of such a thing."

You will notice that thus far in this part of my story I have substituted the word woman for wife. A plainsman always said "my woman" when speaking of his Indian better half; the Blackfoot said the same: "Nit-o-ké-man," my woman. None of the plainsmen were legally married, unless the Indian manner in which they took a woman, by giving so many horses, or so much merchandise for one, could be considered legal. In the first place, there was no one in the country to perform the marriage service except occasionally a wandering Jesuit priest, and again, these men, almost without exception, didn't care a snap what the law said in regard to the matter. There was no law. Neither did they believe in religion; the commands of the church were nothing to them. They took unto themselves Indian women; if the woman proved good and true, well and good; if otherwise, there was a separation. In it all there was never a thought of future complications and responsibilities; their creed was: "Eat, drink and be merry, for to-day we live and to-morrow we die."

"No," I said to myself time and again; "no, it will not do; hunt, go to war, do anything but take a woman, and in the fall go home to your people." This is the line of conduct I laid out for myself and meant to follow. But—

One morning the Crow Woman and I were sitting out under a shade she had constructed of a couple of travois and a robe or two. She was busy as usual, embroidering a moccasin top with colored quills, and I was thoroughly cleaning my rifle, preparatory to an antelope hunt. A couple of women came by on their way to the trade room with three or four robes. One of them was a girl of perhaps sixteen or seventeen years, not what one might call beautiful, still she was good-looking, fairly tall, and well formed, and she had fine large, candid, expressive eyes, perfect white, even teeth, and heavy braided hair which hung almost to the ground. All in all, there was something very attractive about her. "Who is that?" I asked the Crow Woman. "That girl, I mean."

"Don't you know? She comes here often; she is a cousin of Berry's woman."

I went away on my hunt, but it didn't prove to be very interesting. I was thinking all the time about the cousin. That evening I spoke to Berry about her, learned that her father was dead; that her mother was a medicine, lodge woman, and noted for her unswerving uprightness and goodness of character. "I'd like to have the girl," I said. "What do you think about it?"

"We'll see," Berry replied. "I'll talk with my old woman."

A couple of days went by and nothing was said by either of us about the matter, and then one afternoon Mrs. Berry told me that I was to have the girl, providing I would promise to be always good and kind to her. I readily agreed to that.

"Very well, then," said Mrs. Berry; "go into the trade room and select a shawl, some dress goods, some bleached muslin—no, I'll select the outfit, and make her some white women's dresses like mine."

"But, hold on!" I exclaimed. "What am I to pay? How many horses, or whatever is wanted?"

"Her mother says there is to be no pay, only that you are to keep your promise to be good to her daughter."

This was quite unusual to request that nothing be given over for a daughter. Usually a lot of horses were sent to the parents, sometimes fifty or more. Sometimes the father demanded so many head, but if no number was specified, the suitor gave as many as he could. Again, it was not unusual for a father to request some promising youth, good hunter and bold raider, to become his son-in-law. In that case he was the one to give horses, and even a lodge and household goods, with the girl.

Well, I got the girl. It was an embarrassing time for us both when she came in one evening, shawl over her face, while we were eating sup-



DANCE BY THE SAN JUAN PUEBLO INDIANS AT SAN JUAN, NEW MEXICO.
Photo by A. D. McCandless.

per. Sorrel Horse and his woman were there, and with Berry and his madame, they made things interesting for us with their jokes, until Berry's mother put a stop to it. We were a pretty shy couple for a long time, she especially. "Yes" and "no" were about all that I could get her to say. But my room underwent a wonderful transformation; everything was kept so neat and clean, my clothes were so nicely washed, and my "medicine" was carefully taken out every day and hung on a tripod. I had purchased a war bonnet, shield and various other things which the Blackfeet regard as sacred, and I did not say to any one that I thought they were not so. I had them handled with due pomp and ceremony.

As time passed this young woman became more and more of a mystery to me. I wondered what she thought of me, and if she speculated upon what I might think of her. I had no fault to find, she was always neat, always industrious about our little household affairs, quick to supply my wants. But that wasn't enough. I wanted to know her, her thoughts and belief. I wanted her to talk and laugh with me, and tell stories, as I could often hear her doing in Madame Berry's domicile. Instead of that, when I came around, the laugh died on her lips, and she seemed to freeze, to shrink within herself. The change came when I least expected it. I was down in the Piegan camp one afternoon and learned that a war party was being made up to raid the Crows. Talks-with-the-buffalo and Weasel Tail were going, and asked me to go with them. I readily agreed, and returned to the post to prepare for the trip. "Nät-ah'-ki," I said, bursting into our room, "give me all the moccasins I have, some

clean socks, some pemmican. Where is my little brown canvas bag? Where have you put my gun case? Where——"

"What are you going to do?"

It was the first question she had ever asked me.

"Do? I'm going to war; my friends are going, they asked me to join them——"

I stopped, for she suddenly arose and faced me, and her eyes were very bright. "You are going to war!" she exclaimed. "You, a white man, are going with a lot of Indians sneaking over the plains at night to steal horses, and perhaps kill some poor prairie people. You have no shame!"

"Why," I said, rather faintly, I presume, "I thought you would be glad. Are not the Crows your enemies? I have promised, I must go."

"It is well for the Indians to do this," she went on, but not for a white man. You, you are rich; you have everything you want; those papers, that yellow hard rock (gold) you carry will buy anything you want; you should be ashamed to go sneaking over the plains like a coyote. None of your people ever did that."

"I must go," I reiterated. "I have given my promise to go."

Then Nät-ah'-ki began to cry, and she came nearer and grasped my sleeve. "Don't go," she pleaded, "for if you do, I know you will be killed, and I love you so much."

I was never so surprised, so taken back, as it were. All these weeks of silence, then, had been nothing but her natural shyness, a veil to cover her feelings. I was pleased and proud to know that she did care for me, but underlying that thought was another one: I had done wrong in taking this girl, in getting her to care

for me, when in a short time I must return her to her mother and leave for my own country.

I readily promised not to accompany the war party, and then, her point gained, Nät-ah'-ki suddenly felt that she had been over bold and tried to assume her reserve again. But I would not have it that way. I grasped her hand and made her sit down by my side, and pointed out to her that she was wrong; that to laugh, to joke, to be good friends and companions was better than to pass our days in silence, repressing all natural feeling. After that, the sun always shone.

I don't know that I have done right in putting all this on paper, yet I think that if Nät-ah'-ki could know what I have written she would smile and say: "Oh, yes, tell it all; tell it just as it was."

For as you shall learn, it all came right in the end, all except the last, the very end.

You who have read the book "Blackfoot Lodge Tales" will remember that it was not allowable for a Blackfoot to meet his mother-in-law. I fancy that there are many white men who would rejoice if such a custom prevailed in civilized society. Among the Blackfeet a man could never visit the lodge of his mother-in-law, she could not enter his lodge when he was at home, both were obliged to go far out of the way, to endure any discomfort, in order to avoid meeting at any time and place. As a natural consequence this queer custom caused not a few ludicrous scenes. I once saw a tall and dignified chief fall backward behind a high counter as his mother-in-law appeared in the doorway of the store. I have seen a man drop by the side of a trail and cover himself with his robe; and once I saw one jump off a high cut



DANCE BY THE SAN JUAN PUEBLO INDIANS AT SAN JUAN, NEW MEXICO.

Photo by A. D. McCandless.

per. Sorrel Horse and his woman were there, and with Berry and his madame, they made things interesting for us with their jokes, until Berry's mother put a stop to it. We were a pretty shy couple for a long time, she especially. "Yes" and "no" were about all that I could get her to say. But my room underwent a wonderful transformation; everything was kept so neat and clean, my clothes were so nicely washed, and my "medicine" was carefully taken out every day and hung on a tripod. I had purchased a war bonnet, shield and various other things which the Blackfeet regard as sacred, and I did not say to any one that I thought they were not so. I had them handled with due pomp and ceremony.

As time passed this young woman became more and more of a mystery to me. I wondered what she thought of me, and if she speculated upon what I might think of her. I had no fault to find, she was always neat, always industrious about our little household affairs, quick to supply my wants. But that wasn't enough. I wanted to know her, her thoughts and belief. I wanted her to talk and laugh with me, and tell stories, as I could often hear her doing in Madame Berry's domicile. Instead of that, when I came around, the laugh died on her lips, and she seemed to freeze, to shrink within herself. The change came when I least expected it. I was down in the Piegan camp one afternoon and learned that a war party was being made up to raid the Crows. Talks-with-the-buffalo and Weasel Tail were going, and asked me to go with them. I readily agreed, and returned to the post to prepare for the trip. "Nät-ah'-ki," I said, bursting into our room, "give me all the moccasins I have, some

clean socks, some pemmican. Where is my little brown canvas bag? Where have you put my gun case? Where——"

"What are you going to do?"

It was the first question she had ever asked me.

"Do? I'm going to war; my friends are going, they asked me to join them——"

I stopped, for she suddenly arose and faced me, and her eyes were very bright. "You are going to war!" she exclaimed. "You, a white man, are going with a lot of Indians sneaking over the plains at night to steal horses, and perhaps kill some poor prairie people. You have no shame!"

"Why," I said, rather faintly, I presume, "I thought you would be glad. Are not the Crows your enemies? I have promised, I must go."

"It is well for the Indians to do this," she went on, but not for a white man. You, you are rich; you have everything you want; those papers, that yellow hard rock (gold) you carry will buy anything you want; you should be ashamed to go sneaking over the plains like a coyote. None of your people ever did that."

"I must go," I reiterated. "I have given my promise to go."

Then Nät-ah'-ki began to cry, and she came nearer and grasped my sleeve. "Don't go," she pleaded, "for if you do, I know you will be killed, and I love you so much."

I was never so surprised, so taken back, as it were. All these weeks of silence, then, had been nothing but her natural shyness, a veil to cover her feelings. I was pleased and proud to know that she did care for me, but underlying that thought was another one: I had done wrong in taking this girl, in getting her to care

for me, when in a short time I must return her to her mother and leave for my own country.

I readily promised not to accompany the war party, and then, her point gained, Nät-ah'-ki suddenly felt that she had been over bold and tried to assume her reserve again. But I would not have it that way. I grasped her hand and made her sit down by my side, and pointed out to her that she was wrong; that to laugh, to joke, to be good friends and companions was better than to pass our days in silence, repressing all natural feeling. After that, the sun always shone.

I don't know that I have done right in putting all this on paper, yet I think that if Nät-ah'-ki could know what I have written she would smile and say: "Oh, yes, tell it all; tell it just as it was."

For as you shall learn, it all came right in the end, all except the last, the very end.

You who have read the book "Blackfoot Lodge Tales" will remember that it was not allowable for a Blackfoot to meet his mother-in-law. I fancy that there are many white men who would rejoice if such a custom prevailed in civilized society. Among the Blackfeet a man could never visit the lodge of his mother-in-law, she could not enter his lodge when he was at home, both were obliged to go far out of the way, to endure any discomfort, in order to avoid meeting at any time and place. As a natural consequence this queer custom caused not a few ludicrous scenes. I once saw a tall and dignified chief fall backward behind a high counter as his mother-in-law appeared in the doorway of the store. I have seen a man drop by the side of a trail and cover himself with his robe; and once I saw one jump off a high cut

bank, clothes, robes and all, into deep water, as the mother-in-law suddenly appeared nearby. In the case of a white man, however, this custom was somewhat modified; knowing that the latter paid no attention to it, the mother-in-law would come into a room or lodge where he was, but would not speak to him. I had taken a fancy to my mother-in-law, and I was glad to have her come around. After a time I even succeeded in getting her to talk to me. She was a good woman, a woman of great firmness of character and rectitude, and she had brought up her daughter to be like her. The two thought everything of each other, and Nät-ah'-ki never tired of telling how much the good mother had done for her, what advice she had given, how many sacrifices she had made for her child's sake. **WALTER B. ANDERSON.**

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Dance at San Juan.

WYMORE, Neb.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A member of my family spent last winter in New Mexico for her health, and my wife and I made two trips down there to visit her, and we saw a number of Indian dances, which I have often thought I would like to describe to readers of *FOREST AND STREAM*, but as I doubt my ability to do the subject justice, I will send you this from a letter written to us by our little girl describing a dance at San Juan. The Miss True mentioned in the letter is the Government teacher at the Pueblo de Santa Clara. I copy that part of it relating to the dance literally, as follows:

"ESPANOLA, New Mexico, Monday Evening, Dec. 28, 1904.—Dear Papa and all: Saturday morning Miss True and I, with an Indian boy for a driver, went to San Juan, about seven miles from here. It was such a beautiful day that we enjoyed every minute of the drive, even if the dust was six inches deep. We forded the Rio Grande and I thought what a delightful place for a cold bath, but we did not take one. Every few minutes a band of mounted Indians in their paint and gay blankets would pass us on the dead run. They made the air ring with Indian songs. Their voices are very good and it sounded very musical.

"At San Juan we went to the dance, which was the attraction of the day. We sat in the buggy all the time, and our driver always got in the very best places for us to see. Miss True and I were the only Americans in evidence. The dancers moved from place to place in the plaza—the plaza is not really a plaza, as the church is in the middle of it. There were forty-seven men dancers in the line. I wish I could make you see it as I did. They were naked except for loin cloths and moccasins, and wore bracelets on the arms above the elbows and tucked evergreen in them. On one leg, just below the knee, was fastened a turtle shell to which was attached a lot of teeth, so that every time the foot came down the teeth rattled. Some of the more fortunate ones had sleigh-bells tied around the other leg. In each hand was a big branch of evergreen and in one hand a rattle-box, such as I sent you. Can you imagine the forty-seven bare backs and the ninety-four bare legs? I forgot their heads. Each head was adorned with three long feathers, a twig of evergreen and a large red, yellow or green rosette. They sang all the time and kept perfect time; every right foot came up at the same moment and went down with a dull thud. They did not lift the other foot very often. They would all reach the rattle-box out at once and give it a shake; then they would commence to turn, and turn just half way. Each turned just as the next one was turned. It looked very pretty to look up the line and see them turning. Then another shake and they turned back, and did it all over again. The women brought them presents of meal and bread. There were two Indians that seemed to be dancing masters, as they looked after everything. There was a great crowd of Indians from the other pueblos as well



MISS "YOU GUESS WHO."
Photo by A. D. McCandless.

as a lot of Mexicans there; there was hardly room in the plaza for the dancers. The roofs of some of the adobes were covered with gaily-decked Indians. The women all had on their brightest dresses and shawls. The horsemen were thick, as were buggies and wagons.

"I could hardly believe that I was in the United States; I did not suppose that such things were to be seen in this country now. There were eight clowns to keep the crowd jolly, and they succeeded admirably. The clowns were painted and only wore what clothes were absolutely necessary. We could not understand their jokes, but could guess that they were funny. One old clown got a lard bucket and a rag and played that he was a priest; he repeated the prayer, said the amen, then sprinkled the people, then he put the rag on a stick and burned it for incense; but I am happy to say that the burning rag fell on his bare back and he stopped that. The Mexicans and Indians are all Catholics, but they thought that fun. They watched us like hawks to see that we did not take any pictures, as they put people out of the pueblo that try to take pictures, but I worked Miss True's camera and think I have a fine picture of the dance, and it did not hurt them.

"We got back to Espanola about 4, I got my mail and packages and went on with Miss True to Santa Clara to be ready for the dance there Sunday. Just a few minutes after sundown Saturday evening we heard the church bell ringing, so we set out for the pueblo to see the dance. There were twenty-five men dancing. They had dark blankets pinned around their necks, but were bare beneath them except a narrow cloth that hung from the waist to the knees. They looked very weird dancing in the twilight and chanting that weird song. Sunday they danced in just that same way at sunrise; we went to see it, of course, and then went back to breakfast. After breakfast we went again; this time they were dressed, or rather undressed, for the ball, with great wreaths of pine boughs around their necks. Just imagine jumping around all day with pine needles flopping up and down on your bare back and breast? The Santa Claras wore four feathers on their heads, two sticking out on each side. They kept it up nearly all day. Twice they went in to the Astufi, which is the place of their secret meetings. There are no doors or windows to the Astufi, but you climb a ladder to the roof and then go down one on the inside. It is sure death to try to get a peep into the Astufi, and angry looks to question. About three years ago an Indian woman was caught peeping, and she was stoned to death right by the school house. There were two girls in this dance. They knelt in front of the dancers and drew a stick across another notched one. It was a fitting accompaniment to

the song. There were a great many spectators present; the priest from Santa Cruz was there. You must bear in mind that it was a religious ceremony, they did not make a frolic of it. There was lots of drinking at San Juan, but with all the crowd there was not the least disorder. A gang of white people, drinking as they were, with no restraint, would have had fights aplenty. I would not want to have been in the thick of it as I was there. I wish you could be here to attend the inaugural ball Jan. 6; that will be the last dance of the season. The dances all stop at sunset. Sunday they all had to go to the Rio and bathe in the ice water.

"It will be a new dance (to me) on the 6th. It is called the 'Montechena.' Montezuma and the Twelve Apostles, the wife of Montezuma, and Satan are the participants."

Well, we took the little girl by surprise and we were there on the 6th and saw the inaugural ball.

A. D. McCandless.

The New "Forest and Stream."

NEW YORK, Jan. 10.—*FOREST AND STREAM* looks very dainty and attractive in its new dress. I think the change a decided improvement.

FRANK MOONAN.

ERIE, Pa., Jan. 11.—Allow us to congratulate you on the change you have made on the *FOREST AND STREAM*. You are right up to date, and reducing the size of your paper has been a great improvement. The illustrations you are using are certainly fine and make a big addition to your paper. It is a big improvement over the old.

TRIBUNE TRAP & TARGET Co.,
C. F. HUMMEL, Sec'y.

NEW YORK, Jan. 12.—The changed form of *FOREST AND STREAM* is a tremendous improvement. The first issue, which has arrived this morning, is exceedingly attractive. We predict for you great prosperity in the future.

AYRES ADVERTISING AGENCY.

DETROIT, Mich., Jan. 9.—I desire to congratulate you in the change in form and improved appearance of the *FOREST AND STREAM* in its initial number for 1906. While the old form was always readable and interesting as to matter, it was awkward to handle and of an undesirable size to bind or file. The present size is much more acceptable. I have been a reader and, for most of the time since 1876, a subscriber to your journal, and find it now, as always, the best exponent of sporting outdoor life that has ever appeared.

N. P. MANTON.



CABINO AND GRANDMOTHER.
Santa Clara Pueblo,
Photo by A. D. McCandless.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

In the Lodges of the Blackfeet.

X.—The Killing of a Bear.

TOWARD the end of April we abandoned the trading post. Berry intended to resume freighting to the mines as soon as the steamboats began to arrive, and moved his family into Fort Benton. Thither also went Sorrel Horse and his outfit. The Bloods and Blackfeet moved north to summer on the Belly and Saskatchewan rivers. Most of the Piegiens trailed over to Milk River and the Sweet-grass Hills country. The band with which I was connected, the Small Robes, pulled out for the foot of the Rockies, and I went with them. I had purchased a lodge, and half a dozen pack and train animals to transport our outfit. We had a Dutch oven, two fry pans, a couple of small kettles, and some tin and iron tableware, of which Nat-ah'-ki was very proud. Our commissary consisted of one sack of flour, some sugar, salt, beans, coffee, bacon and dried apples. I had plenty of tobacco and cartridges. We were rich; the world was before us. When the time came to move I attempted to help pack our outfit, but Nat-ah'-ki stopped me at once.

"Aren't you ashamed," she said. "This is my work; go up in front there and ride with the chiefs. I'll attend to this."

I did as I was ordered to do. After that I rode ahead with the big men, or hunted along by the way, and at evening on arriving at camp there was our lodge set up, a pile of fuel beside it, a bright fire within over which the evening meal was being prepared. The girl and her mother had done it all, and when everything was in order the latter went away to the lodge of her brother, with whom she lived. We had many visitors, and I was constantly being asked to go and feast and smoke with this one and that one. Our store of provisions did not last long, and we soon were reduced to a diet of meat straight. Every one was contented with that but I; how I did long at times for an apple pie, for some potatoes even. I often dreamed that I was the happy possessor of some candy.

Leaving the abandoned fort we followed up the Marias, then its most northern tributary, the Cutbank River, until we came to the pines at the foot of the Rockies. Here was game in vast numbers, not many buffalo nor antelope just there, but elk, deer, mountain sheep and moose were even more plentiful than I had seen them south of the Missouri. As for bears, the whole country was torn up by them. None of the women would venture out after fuel or poles for lodge or travois without an escort. Many of the hunters never molested a grizzly, the bear being regarded as a sort of medicine or sacred animal, many believing that it was really a human being. It was commonly called Kyai'-yo, but the medicine pipe

men were obliged when speaking of it to call it Pah'ksi-kwo-yi, sticky mouth. They, too, were the only ones who could take any of the skin of a bear, and then merely a strip for a head band or pipe wrapping. It was allowable, however, for anyone to use the bear's claws for a necklace or other ornament. Some of the more adventurous wore a three or four-row necklace of their own killing, of which they were very proud.

One morning with Heavy Breast I went up on the divide between Cutbank and Milk River. He said that we could easily ride through the pines there to the foot of a bare mountain where there were always more or less sheep. We wanted some meat, and at that season the mountain rams were even in better order than were the buck antelope on the plains. We found broad game trails running through the timber, and soon came near the inner edge of it. Dismounting and securing our horses, we went on carefully, and in a few moments could see, through the interlacing branches of the pines, a good-sized band of bighorn, all rams, trailing across the shell rock at the foot of a cliff. I let Heavy Breast have the first shot, and he missed altogether. Before he could reload I managed to get two of the animals with my Henry. Both were very large ones with some little fat on their ribs, and having all the meat we cared to pack, we loaded our horses and started homeward. Passing out of the pines we saw, some four or five hundred yards distant, a large grizzly industriously tearing up the sod on the bare hillside, in search of a gopher, or ants' nest.

"Let us kill him," I exclaimed.

"Ok-yi," (come on) said Heavy Breast, but with an inflection which meant, "All right, but it's your proposition, not mine."

We rode along in the edge of the timber down under the hill, my companion praying, promising the Sun an offering, and begging for success. At the foot of the hill we turned into a deep coulee and followed it up until we thought we were quite near to the place where we had seen the bear; then we rode up out of it, and, sure enough, there was the old fellow not fifty yards away. He saw us as quickly as we did him, sat up on his haunches and wiggled his nose as he sniffed the air. We both fired and with a hair-lifting roar the bear rolled over, biting and clawing at his flank where a bullet had struck him, and then springing to his feet he charged us open-mouthed. We both urged our horses off to the north, for it was not a wise thing to turn back down the hill. I fired a couple of shots at the old fellow as fast as I could, but without effect. The bear meantime had covered the ground with surprisingly long bounds, and was already quite close to the heels of my companion's horse. I fired again and made another miss, and just then Heavy Breast, his saddle and sheep meat parted company with

the fleeing pony; the cinch, an old worn rawhide band, had broken.

"Hai ya', my friend!" he cried, pleadingly, as he soared up in the air, still astride the saddle. Down they came with a loud thud not two steps in front of the onrushing bear, and that animal, with a dismayed and frightened "woof," turned sharply about and fled back toward the timber, I after him. I kept firing and firing, and finally by a lucky shot broke his back bone; it was easy then to finish him with a deliberately aimed bullet in the base of the brain. When it was all over I suddenly remembered how ridiculously Heavy Breast had appeared soaring on a horseless saddle, and how his eyes bulged as he called upon me for aid. I began to laugh and it seemed as if I never could stop. My companion had come up beside me and stood, very solemn, looking at me and the bear.

"Do not laugh, my friend," he said. "Do not laugh. Rather, pray the good Sun, make sacrifice to him, that when you are sometimes hard pressed by the enemy, or such another one as he lying here, you may as fortunately escape as did I. Surely, the Sun listened to my prayer. I promised to sacrifice to him, intending to hang up that fine white blanket I have just bought. I will now do better. I will hang up the blanket and my otter skin cap."

The bear had a fine coat of fur, and I determined to take it and have it tanned. Heavy Breast took my horse in order to catch his, which had run out of sight into the valley, and I set to work. It was no small task, for the bear was quite fat, and I wanted to get the hide off as clean as possible. Long before I accomplished it my friend returned with his animal, dismounted a little way off, sat down, filled and lighted his pipe.

"Help me," I said, after he had smoked. "I'm getting tired."

"I cannot do so," said he. "It is against my medicine; my dream forbade me to touch a bear."

We arrived in camp betimes, and hearing me ride up beside the lodge, Nat-ah'-ki hurried out. "Kyai-yo'!" she exclaimed, seeing the bear skin. "Kyai-yo'!" she again exclaimed, and hurried back inside.

I thought that rather strange, for when I came in from a hunt she always insisted upon unpacking and unsaddling my mount, and leading the animal over to the lodge of a boy who took care of my little band. After I had done this I went inside; a dish of boiled boss ribs, a bowl of soup were ready for me. As I ate I told about the day's hunt, but when I described how Heavy Breast had sailed through the air and how he looked when he cried out to me, Nat-ah'-ki did not laugh with me. I thought that strange, also, for she was so quick to see the comical side of things.

"It is a fine hide," I concluded; "long, thick, dark hair. I wish you would tan it for me."

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "I knew you would ask that as soon as I saw it. Have pity on me, for I cannot do it. I cannot touch it. Only here and there is a woman, or even a man, who through the power of their medicine can handle a bear skin. To others who attempt it some great misfortune befalls; sickness, even death. None of us here would dare to tan the skin. There is a woman of the Kut-ai'im-iks (Do-not-laugh band) who would do it for you, another in the Buffalo-chip band; yes, there are several, but they are all far away."

I said no more about it, and after a while went out and stretched the skin, by pegging it to the ground. Nat-ah'-ki was uneasy, repeatedly coming out to watch me for a moment, and then hurrying inside again. I kept on at work; there was still a lot of fat on the skin; try as I would I could not get it all off. I was pretty greasy and tired of my job when night came.

I awoke soon after daylight. Nat-ah'-ki was already up and out. I could hear her praying near the lodge, telling the Sun that she was about to take the bearskin, flesh and tan it. She begged her God to have mercy on her; she did not want to; she feared to touch the unclean thing, but her man wished it to be worked into a soft robe.

"Oh, Sun!" she concluded, "help me, protect me from the evil power of the shadow (the spirit, or soul) of this bear. I will sacrifice to you. Let my good health continue, give us all, my man, my mother, my relatives, me, give us all long life, happiness; let us live to be old."

My first thought was to call out and say that she need not tan the skin, that I really did not care for a bear robe after all; but I concluded that it would be well for her to do the work. If she did not learn that there was nothing in the malevolent influence of the bear's spirit, she would at least beget confidence in herself and her medicine. So I lay still for a while, listening to the quick chuck-chuck of her flesher as it stripped meat and fat from the skin. After a little she came in, and seeing that I was awake, built a fire for the morning meal. As soon as it began to burn she washed herself in half a dozen waters, and then, placing some dried sweet grass on a few live coals, she bent over its fragrant smoke, rubbing her hands in it.

"What are you doing?" I asked. "Why burning sweet grass this early?"

"I purify myself," she replied. "I am fleshing the bearskin. I am going to tan it for you."

"Now, that is kind," I told her. "When we go to Fort Benton I will get you the prettiest shawl I can find, and is there any sacrifice to be made? Tell me, that I may furnish it."

The little woman was pleased. She smiled happily, and then became very serious. Sitting down by my side she bent over and whispered:

"I have prayed. I have promised a sacrifice for you and for me. We must give something good. You have two short guns (revolvers); can you not spare one? and I, I will give my blue cloth dress."

The blue cloth dress! her most cherished possession, seldom worn but often taken from its parfleche covering, smoothed out, folded, refolded, admired and then put away again. Surely, if she could part with that I could afford to lose one of my six-shooters. One of them—they were the old Colt cap and ball affairs—had a trick of

discharging all the chambers at once. Yes, I would give that. So, after breakfast we went out a little way from camp and hung our offerings in a tree, Nat-ah'-ki praying while I climbed up and securely fastened them to a sturdy branch. All that day women of the camp came and stared at the tanner of the bearskin, some begging her to quit the work at once, all prophesying that she would in some way have bad luck. But she heeded them not, and in the course of four or five days I had a large, soft bear rug with which I promptly covered our couch. But there it seemed it could not remain if I cared to have any visitors, for none of my friends would enter the lodge while it was inside. I was obliged to store it away under a couple of rawhides behind our home.

We remained on the Cutbank River until about the first of June. The flies were becoming troublesome and we moved out on the plains where they were not nearly as plentiful. Swinging over the ridge we went down the course of Milk River several days' journey, finally camping for a time just north of the east butte of the Sweet-grass Hills, where the rest of the Piegiens were staying. There was much coming and going of visitors between the two camps. We learned that a great scandal had occurred in the Do-not-laugh band soon after leaving the Marias. Yellow Bird woman, the young and pretty wife of old Looking Back, had run away with a youth named Two Stars. It was thought that they had gone north to the Bloods or Blackfeet, and the husband had started in pursuit of them. There was much talk about the affair, much conjecture as to what would be the end of it. We soon learned.

One evening Nat-ah'-ki informed me that the guilty couple had arrived from the north, and were in the lodge of a young friend of theirs. They had eluded the husband when he arrived in the Blood camp, and doubled back south. He would probably go on to the Blackfoot camp in search of them, and they, meanwhile, were going on to visit the Gros Ventres. After a time they hoped he would give up the chase, and then, by paying him heavy damages, they would be allowed to live together in peace. The very next morning, however, soon after sunrise, our camp was aroused by a woman's piercing terror-stricken shrieks. Everyone sprang from bed and ran out, the men with their weapons, thinking that perhaps some enemy was attacking us. But no, 'twas Yellow Bird woman who shrieked, her husband had found and seized her as she was going to the stream for water, he had her by one wrist and was dragging her to the lodge of our chief, the woman hanging back, crying and struggling to get loose. Breakfast was prepared in the lodges, but that morning the camp was very quiet. There was no singing, no laughter, no talking, even the children were still. I remarked upon it to the little woman.

"Hush," she said, "she is to be pitied; I think something dreadful is about to happen."

Presently we heard the camp crier shouting out that there was to be a council in Big Lake's—our chief's—lodge, and he called over the names of those requested to be present; medicine pipe men, mature hunters and warriors, wise old men. One by one they went over to the place; a profound silence settled over the camp.

We had our breakfast and I had smoked a couple of pipes when the camp crier was again heard: "All women! all women!" he shouted.

"You are to assemble at once at the lodge of our chief, where a punishment is about to take place. A woman has been guilty of infidelity; you are to witness what happens to one who so disgraces her husband, her relatives and herself."

I imagine that few women wanted to go, but following the camp crier were the Crazy Dog band of the All Friend Society, camp police, as it were, who went from lodge to lodge and ordered the women out. As one raised the flap of our doorway Nat-ah'-ki sprang over to me and grasped me convulsively.

"Come," said the policeman, looking in. "Come, hurry! Didn't you hear the call?"

"She is no longer a Piegan," I said quietly, although I felt angry enough. "She is a white woman now, and she does not go."

I thought there might be some argument about the matter, but there was none; the man dropped the door flap and went away without a word.

We waited in surprise. "What are they going to do?" I asked. "Kill her or—the other thing?"

Nat-ah'-ki shuddered and did not answer, clinging to me more closely than ever. Suddenly we heard again those piercing shrieks; then again all was silence until a man, our chief, began to talk.

"Kyi!" he said. "You all here standing, have witnessed what befalls one who proves untrue to her husband. It is a great crime, unfaithfulness. In the long ago our fathers counceled together as to what should be the punishment of a woman who brought sorrow and shame to the lodge of her man and her parents. And as they decided should be done, so has it been done to this woman to-day that all you witnessing it may take warning. She is marked with a mark she will bear as long as she lives. Wherever she goes people will look and laugh and say: 'Ha, a cut-nosed woman! There goes a woman of loose character; isn't she pretty!'"

Then, one after another, several men made little speeches, each one to the same effect, and when they had finished the chief told the people to disperse. The woman in the case went to the river to wash her bleeding face; her nose had been cut off. From the bridge to the lip it had been entirely removed with one deep concaved slash. She was a horrible sight, an animated human skull.

The youth? He had hurried away to his own camp and lodge as soon as the woman was caught. Nothing was said nor done to him. In that we civilized and uncivilized people are alike. The woman always suffers but the man goes free.

"You see," Nat-ah'-ki told me, "the woman was not to blame; she had always loved Two Stars, but he is very poor and her bad father made her go to bad old Looking Back, who had already five women, and is very mean and cruel to them. Oh, I pity her."

WALTER B. ANDERSON.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Mild Winter.

It is proper that it should be put on record in FOREST AND STREAM that this winter, so far, has been the mildest in the memory of man. I was in Prospect Park last Sunday and the conditions there reminded me of a day in spring. The grass was springing up fresh and green, the buds were swelling on the trees and the air was actually balmy. I looked around to see if there were any robins in view, and it would not have surprised me in the least had I heard a song sparrow sing.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

In the Lodges of the Blackfeet.

XI.—The Kutenai's Story.

It was after breakfast. Nat-ah'-ki recombined and rebraided her hair, binding it with a bright blue ribbon, donned her best dress, put on her prettiest pair of moccasins.

"What now?" I asked. "Why all this finery?"

"This morning Lone Elk takes out his sacred pipe, carrying it about through the camp. We follow him. Will you not come?"

Of course I would go, and I also put on my finery, a pair of fringed buckskin trousers, with bright beaded vine-work running along the outer seams; a fringed and beaded buckskin shirt, a pair of gorgeous moccasins. I fancy that I must have been rather picturesque in that costume, with my hair so long that it rippled down over my shoulders. The Indians hated to see hair worn cropped short. Many a time, in speaking of the old days, the various factors and other prominent men of the American Fur Company, I have heard them say: "Yes, so and so was a chief; he wore long hair. There are no more white chiefs; all those we now meet are sheared."

We were late. There was such a crowd in and around the lodge of the medicine man that we could not get near it, but the lodge skin was raised all around and we could see what was going on. With hands purified by the smoke of burning sweet grass, Lone Elk was removing the wrappings of the pipe, or, to be exact, the pipe-stem; singing, he and those seated in the lodge, the appropriate song for each wrap. There was the song of the antelope, of the wolf, the bear, the buffalo, the last very slow, deep, solemn. At last the long stem, eagle-plumed, fur-wrapped, gorgeous with tufts of brilliant feathers, lay exposed, and reverently lifting it he held it up toward the sun, down toward the earth, pointed it to the north, south, east and west as he prayed for health, happiness, long life for all of us. Then, rising, and holding the stem extended in front of him, he danced slowly, deliberately out of the lodge, the men, I too, falling in one by one behind him. So did the women and the children, until there were several hundred of us in the long, snake-like procession, dancing along, weaving in and out around the lodges of the camp, singing the various songs of the medicine pipe. A song finished, we rested a little before another one was started, and in the interval the people talked and laughed. They were happy; not one there but believed in the efficacy of their prayers and devotion; that the Sun was pleased to see them there, dressed in their very best, dancing in his honor. Thus we went on and on, and around and around, until the whole circuit of the camp had been made and our leader came to the doorway of his lodge; there he dismissed us and we wended our several ways homeward to re-

sume our every-day clothing and occupations.

"Kyi!" said Nat-ah'-ki. "Wasn't it a happy dance? And how fine the people looked dressed in their good clothes."

"Ai," I replied, "it was a joy dance, and the people looked fine. There was one girl I noticed, prettiest and best dressed of all."

"Who was it? Tell me quick!"

"Why, the white woman who lives in this lodge, of course."

Nat-ah'-ki said nothing, turning away from me in fact, but I caught the expression of her eyes; she was pleased but too shy to let me know it.

The June days were long, but to me they seemed to fly. To hunt, to sit in the shade of the lodges and idly watch the people at their various work, to listen to the old men's stories was all very interesting. One day there came to our camp three Kut-te-nai Indians, bringing to Big Lake some tobacco from their chief and the proposal of a visit of his tribe to the Piegiens. They had come straight to us from their country across the Rockies, up through the dense forests of the western slope, over the glacier-capped heights of the great mountains, down the deep cañon of Cutbank Stream, and then straight to our camp, a hundred miles out in the vast plain. How knew they whence to shape their course with such certainty, to go straight to the only camp in all that immense stretch of mountain and butte-sentined rolling plain? Perhaps it was partly instinct. They may have struck the trail of some homing war party, some marauding party of their own people may have given them the location of those they sought. Anyhow, straight to us they came from the headwaters of the Columbia, and our chiefs took the tobacco they brought, smoked it in council, and pronounced it good. Some there were who having lost relatives in war against the mountain tribe, objected to making peace with them, and talked earnestly against it. But the majority were against them, and the messengers departed with word to their chief that the Piegiens would be glad to have a long visit from him and his people.

In due time they came, not many of them, no more than seven hundred all told, which, I understood, was the larger part of the tribe. They were very different physically from the Piegiens, no taller, perhaps, but much heavier built, with larger hands and feet. This was naturally the result of their mountain life; they were great big-horn and goat hunters, and constant climbing had developed their leg muscles almost abnormally. The Blackfeet disdained that sort of life; they would not hunt that which they could not ride to or near, and the hardest work they ever did was to butcher the animals they killed and pack the meat on their horses. No wonder, then, that their hands and feet were small and delicately fashioned, the former as soft and smooth as those of a woman.

Old Sah'-aw-ko-kin-ap-i, Back-in-sight, the Ku-te-nai chief, came on with a few of his head men some little time in advance of the main body, and ere our chief Big Lake was aware that the expected visitors were anywhere near, the door-flap of his lodge was raised and the Kutenais entered. Taken thus by surprise it was customary for the host to make the visitor a present, and by the end of the first smoke the Kutenai chief was five horses richer than when he entered the camp.

The Kutenais pitched their lodges close by our camp, and ere the women fairly got them up and fires burning, visiting and feasting and exchanging presents between the two tribes was in full swing. The Kutenais brought with them large quantities of arrowroot and dried camas, the latter a yellow, sweet, sticky, roasted bulb which tasted good to one who had not seen a vegetable of any kind for months. The Piegiens were exceedingly pleased to get these, and in return gave the Kutenai wives much of their stores of choice pemmican and dried meats, and they bartered buffalo leather and parfleche for the tanned skins of sheep and moose, and other mountain animals. Of course the young men of both tribes went courting. In the Kutenai camp were the Piegan youths, and vice versa, standing around in silent stateliness, decked out in all their gorgeous finery, their faces strikingly painted, their long hair neatly braided. The more fortunate of them carried suspended by a thong from their left wrist a small mirror which kept turning and flashing in the bright sunlight; sometimes the mirror was set into a rude wooden frame carved by the owner and brightly painted. Of course these gallants of the plains never spoke to any of the maidens about, nor could one be sure, from observation, that they even looked at them. They stood here, there, by the hour, apparently gazing away off at some far distant object, but on the sly they were really watching the girls, and knew intimately every feature of each one's face, every little trait of action and repose, and the maids, oh, they were, apparently, wholly unaware that there were any young men in the camp. You never caught one looking at them, but they did all the same, and then they would get together and discuss the looks of this one and that one, and his valor, and temper, just as do white girls. I am sure of this, for Nat-ah'-ki told me all about it, and how, in secret, they ridiculed and laughed at some vain-glorious swain who did not please them, but who himself thought that he was the only perfect and charming beau of the camp.

There was much racing, much gambling and dancing by the younger men of the two camps. Their elders looked on at it all in quiet approval, and talked of their hunts, and battles, and the strange places and things they had seen. Most of this talk was in signs, but there were a few Kutenais, both men and women, who could speak

Blackfoot, having learned it when captives, or upon the occasion of a long sojourn in the tribe. Indeed, there was no surrounding tribe which had not one or two Blackfoot-speaking members. None of the Blackfeet, however, spoke any language other than their own, and the sign language; they held all other people as inferiors and regarded it as beneath their dignity to learn any other tongue. One Blackfoot-speaking Kutenai, a very aged but still fairly active man, was a frequent visitor to my lodge. He must have felt that he was welcome there, that a bowl of food and plenty to smoke were always ready for him. In return for my hospitality and frequent gifts of a cut of tobacco, he told me stories of his travels and adventures. He had been a great wanderer in his time, an ethnologist in a way, for he had been among many tribes in various parts of the country, from the Blackfoot land to the coast, and south as far as the Great Salt Lake, and had made a study of their language and customs. One evening he told us what he called his "Story of the Fish-eaters," which Nat-ah'-ki and I thought interesting.

"This happened long ago in my youthful days," he said. "We were four, all single, close friends to one another. We had been on several raids which were successful, and we were acquiring each a nice band of horses and things for the time when we should take women and have lodges of our own. There were many who wished to join us on our expeditions, but we did not care to have them, for we thought four the lucky number, one for each direction of the world. Indeed, among ourselves we did not call each other by our proper names, but by the different directions; thus one was named North, another South, another East; I was West. Twice we had been out raiding on the plains; once we went south; this time we started westward, having heard that away down on a big river lived a people rich in horses. It was early in the summer when we started, and we had made up our minds to travel on and on until we found these fine herds of horses, even if they were two or three moons' journey away. We carried besides our weapons and lariats and extra moccasins some awls and sinew thread so that we could make for ourselves new clothing, new footwear, if that we had should wear out. We went down by the lake of the Flatheads, camping and resting two days with them, and thence we traveled on to the lake of the Pend d'Oreilles, through a great forest where often there were no trails except those made by the game. At the lake, near the north end of it, we saw the smoke of the Pend d'Oreilles' fires, and several of their boats away out on the water. But we did not go near their camp. They had good herds, from which we might have taken our pick if we had wished to, but we pressed on; we were bent on discovery; we wanted to see the far land and its people. The forest grew denser, darker, as we went on; the trees were larger than any we had seen before. There was little game; the animals and birds seemed never to have lived in it; it was too dark and cheerless in there. Animals and birds, as well as men, love the sun. The deer and the moose may seek thick cover when they wish to rest, but they never go far from some open place where they can stand in the warm sunshine and see the blue above them. And it is the same with men. Those poor and horseless tribes, whose stingy gods gave them only a forest for their hunting ground, do not stay in its dark and silent belly, but pitch their mean lodges on some

opening by the shore of a lake or river, or where a fire has cleared a small space. We did not like that great wood we traveled through. Our food gave out, and were it not for a few fish we shot with our arrows we must have starved. We grew poor in flesh and in spirits, sitting about our evening fires in silence, except to question if there were any end to the timber, and if it were not better to turn and take our back trail. Even East, who was always talking and joking, now kept silent. We would have turned back, I think, except that we hated to give up what we had set out to do, for fear it would bring us bad luck in the future. Little did we think that worse than bad luck lay in wait for us ahead. Yet, I believe we had the warning in a way, for I felt uneasy, afraid, but of what I could not say. The others felt as I did, but none of them would give in any more than I. Afterward I took heed of that feeling! three times I turned back after starting on a raid, and on one of the times I know I did what was wise, for my companions, who laughed at me and kept on, never again saw their lodges.

"After many days we came at last to an open country. There were bunches of timber here and there, but for the most part the land was prairie, with many ledges and buttes and boulders of dark brown bare rock. The river had grown wider, deeper, and its current was strong. Here there were elk, plenty of them, and deer, many black bears, many grouse, and once more we heard the little birds singing. We killed a young bull elk and feasted upon it, and felt good. There was no sign of people anywhere about; no horse trails, no smoke of camp fires. We thought it safe to build a fire even then in the middle of the day, and we lay about it until the next morning, resting, eating, sleeping. With the sunrise we were off once more, traveling very cautiously, climbing every butte and ridge to see what was ahead. That day there was no sign of men, but on the next one we saw smoke away down the river, and keeping within the fringe of timber which bordered the stream, we went on until we could see that it was rising on the opposite side. Away down there somewhere near the place of encampment, we could hear a roaring sound as of a big rapid, and even where we were the current was strong. Now here was something to talk over, and right there we considered it. If we crossed over and took some horses, was there a trail on that side by which we could hurry them in a homeward direction; and if none, how were we to get them across the wide, swift river and on to the trail over which we had come. At last he whom we had named South said:

"We are wasting time talking about this now, when we have not yet seen the far side, nor the horses, nor even the people and their camp. Let us cross over, see what is to be seen, and then decide what is best to do."

"His words were wise, and we took them. There was plenty of drift wood, and near sundown we rolled a piece of it, a short, dry log, down into the water, lashing another, a very small one, to it so that it would not turn over and over. We decided not to wait until night to cross, for the river was wide and swift, and we wanted to see our course. In one way it was not wise to start then, for some of the people of the camp might see us and give the alarm. Still, we had to take some chances; no one had yet appeared from the camp below, and we hoped to get across into the brush unobserved. Heaping

our clothes and weapons on top of our raft, we pushed out into the stream, and all went well until we were part way across; there we struck very swift water, a low place into which the water from the sides of the river seemed to be running and sinking. Try as we would we could not get out of it, for it was like going up hill to push for the far shore, or the one from which we had started, and all the time we were drifting faster and faster down toward the roar of the rapids, down toward the camp of strange people.

"Let us leave the raft," said North, "and swim back to our shore."

"We tried to do so, but we could no more leave that swift, sucking, down-pulling middle current than we had been so many helpless dead leaves adrift. One by one we turned back and hung on to our raft.

"This is our only chance," said South. "We can hang on to this and perhaps pass the rapid and the camp without being seen."

"We now turned a bend in the river, and before us saw a fearful thing that we were rushing into; the stream narrowed between two high walls of rock, and the green water leaped foaming along in great waves and whirls over and around huge black rocks.

"Hold hard; hold on with all your strength," cried South.

"I grabbed the smaller log harder than ever, but my strength was nothing in that place, nothing. Suddenly we went down, raft and all, down under the crazy, green, bubbling water; our logs struck a rock and I was pulled away from them and went whirling and rolling on. I was pushed up to the surface, went over the top of a big wave, and then was again drawn under, down, down, I knew not how far; my left foot caught in between two rocks, the water pushed me, and my leg broke just here above the ankle. For a little I hung there, then the water heaved back the other way, pulled me loose, pushed me up, and again I got a few breaths of air. Once more I went down, this time for so long that I was sure I would never rise. I had been praying, but now I stopped; 'it is no use,' I said to myself, 'I now die.' But I did roll up on top again; I was in smooth but swift water, a boat was above me, a short, stout, dark man was leaning over the side. I noticed that his hair looked as if it had never been cared for, that his face was very wide, his mouth very large. I felt him grasp my hair, and then I died (fainted).

"When I came to life I found that I was in a small, old and torn elkskin lodge. I was lying on a couch, a robe of beaver skins thrown over me. An old gray-haired man was putting sticks on my broken leg and binding them, all the time singing a strange song. I knew he was a doctor. The man I had seen leaning over the side of the boat sat nearby. There were three women there also, one quite young and good looking. When I looked at her she turned her head away, but the others just sat and stared at me. Other men came in; they were all short and broad, with big muscles; they were also very dark colored, very homely, and, worst of all, there was hair growing on their lip and chin. They looked much at me as they talked, and their talk was very strange; it seemed to come from down in their belly, and break out of their throat with the sound of bark being torn from a tree by jerks. I thought that I could never learn to speak such a language as that. The old doctor hurt me considerably as he bandaged my leg, but I kept very still. I was

wondering if any of my friends had come through that terrible rapid alive and had escaped or been picked up as I was. I learned later that the water gods had claimed them, at least, none of them ever returned to the Kutenai country.

"I thought that these strangers were very kind to drag me from the river and care for me. I tried to make them understand how I felt, but it was impossible; they did not understand the sign language, not a bit of it, which was very strange.

"After the doctor had fixed my leg they gave me food, some fish, a piece of a large fat kind of trout. Fish, I found, was what they lived upon, spearing them in great numbers at the foot of the rapids, and drying them for winter use. It was a country of game, elk, deer, black bear, yet these queer men seldom hunted, being content to live upon fish and berries. Before I got well I suffered for want of meat. I was obliged to lie quite still in the lodge for a time, and then I hobbled out, a little farther each day, until I could go to the river and watch the fishing. Then I found work to do. I was given a pile of the fish, and a knife, and shown how to prepare them for drying. All at once I knew why I had been dragged from the river and cared for; I was a slave. I had heard that there was a people who made captives of their enemy instead of killing them, and made them work hard. I had found them, I, a Kutenai, broken-legged and unable to escape, was the slave of hairy-faced fish-eaters; I felt very sad. It was the women of these people, the women of the man who had captured me, that gave me work, showed me what to do. Not the young woman, his daughter, but the others. The girl never was anything but kind, sorry for me; when she could she did what had been given me to do, and when her mother objected, there was a quarrel, but the girl was never afraid.

"When my leg is sound, I kept saying to myself, 'I will escape. I will steal the weapons of this man and make my way once more to the Backbone-of-the-world.'

"But the break healed slowly, before I could again walk well my plan was broken; one day everything was packed up, the bundles of dried fish, the lodges, everything placed in the boats, and we all set out down the river. Down we went, on and on, oh, very far, the river ever widening, passing great black forests, until at last we came almost to a great lake which had no other side, which was nearly all the time mad with great waves, and lost in thick fog. It was a dreadful place. There we made camp with many more of these same fish-eaters, and besides fish we now ate the flesh of water devils, which could swim faster than an otter. It tasted very bad.

"Now, little by little I became able to speak some of this hard language, to make myself understood. After a time I was allowed to take a bow and arrows and hunt, and I killed many deer, a few black bears, some elk. But I was not happy; winter was coming on, there was no use in trying to start for my country until spring. When I did start, how was I, who could not manage a heavy, long boat, to get back up this great river, to cross others that we had passed? True, there was this shore we were camped upon. I could follow it back to the place of the terrible rapids and cross away above them, but the route was long, through deep forests, down-timber, thick brush. It was very bad, but I should have to try it.

"It was my dream that showed me the way.

One night he said to me: 'Ask the girl; she likes you, will help you.'

"When I awoke in the morning I looked across the lodge at her; she was looking at me and her eyes were kind; she smiled. It was a good sign. I said that I would go hunting, and after eating I picked up the fish-eater's weapons and went out. But I did not hunt; I went back in the timber a little way and hid. She would be after wood some time in the day, and if alone, I could speak with her. When I went out I had given her a strong look, which she seemed to understand, for she came almost at once, and seeing me, began picking up a piece of wood here, a piece there, but all the time coming nearer, often looking back toward camp. I slipped behind the roots of an overturned tree, and she soon came around too and we stood side by side, watching through the little roots as we talked. I was afraid to begin; I could talk but little of her language, so little. I tried for the right words, but they would not come. She looked up at me, put a hand on my shoulder, and said: 'You wish to go to your people?'

"Yes, I told her. 'Yes, I want to go, but the big river—don't understand boat.'

"She laughed a little, looked carefully to see if anyone was coming, and then said in little words I could understand: 'I know boat—I take you—you be good to me—I like you.'

"Yes, I said, 'I will be good to you. I make you my woman. I give you everything, many horses, good lodge, pretty things to wear.'

"She laughed low, a happy laugh. 'To-night, when all sleep, we go.'

"I stopped her. 'It is far, much snow, we must wait until leaves come.'

"She gave me a little shake, and went on: 'I said to-night; I know where to go, what to do, you go with me to-night; I take everything; when ready I call you, so.' She pulled my arm a little.

"I sneaked away, but soon walked around to camp, said I was sick and could not hunt. One of the old women gave me some medicine. She was afraid her slave would not be able to work, and hunt, and bring in skins. I had to drink the medicine, and it tasted very bad. I should have told some other lie. I thought night would never come, but when it was time the sun went down, we had our supper and lay down. The fire went out, and it was very dark in the lodge. After a while the fish-eater and his woman began to snore, and at last I felt the little pull on my arm, for which I had been waiting. I arose very slowly, picked up the bow and arrows and the knife, which I had laid carelessly by my couch when I came in from hunting, and stole noiselessly out of the lodge. The girl took my hand and led me down to the river, to a small boat which belonged to another family. Already she had placed in it some robes, some little food, a skin of good water, for the water of that dreadful lake was salt, and every little while it fought with the great river and beat back its water from the snows and springs. We got into the boat, I in front, the girl behind, pushed off without making the least sound, and she paddled us out into the darkness and stillness of the wide deep stream. After awhile she gave me a paddle, and I pawed the water with it, making much noise, but noise no longer mattered. On we went, and on, speaking no word, until day began to break; then we went ashore at a place where there were many small rocks, with which we loaded the boat until it sank out of sight. Then we went into

the deep timber and felt that we were safe; any pursuers could neither see our boat nor us, nor even suspect that we might be hiding there.

"Thus for three nights we went up that great river, and then turned into a small one flowing from the north. It was a beautiful stream, clear and quite swift, and everywhere its shores were tracked with game. Half a day we traveled up it, then cached our boat and walked up a little narrow stream into high hills. There I killed a deer, my woman made a little lodge of poles and brush. We built a small fire and feasted. We were in a safe place now. Here we were to stay until spring. I would hunt and get many skins, she would build a good lodge. That is what my woman said. And I, for the first time in many moons, I was happy. I had some one to care for, one who cared for me. When summer came we would travel together to my people and live happily. Oh, yes, I was happy; I would sing all day, except when I was hunting. At night we used to sit by our little fire and feast, and I would teach her my language, which she quickly learned, and I would tell her about my people and my country, the plains, the mountains and the game.

"I was no longer impatient for summer to come, the days went fast and every one of them was a happy day. But soon the leaves began to show on the willows, the grass to grow, and one evening we got out our boat and floated down into the big river, traveling up it by night until we came to the terrible rapids. There we sunk our boat, that none might know we had passed that way, and started on the long trail over which I had come with my lost friends. The wide forest did not now seem so gloomy, nor the way so long. At last we came to the lake of the Pend d'Oreilles. 'From here on,' I said, 'we will ride; I am going to take some horses from these people.'

"My little woman objected to this, but I would have my way. She was tired out from our long walk, more tired I could see every day. I felt that I must take at least one horse for her. I could see the camp and plenty of horses near it. After the people slept, although it was bright moonlight, I went right in among the lodges, stole a woman's saddle and cut out two of the best horses I could find and led them to where I had left my woman. She was terribly scared, for she had never ridden a horse. I saddled one, got on him and rode around a little; he was gentle. So I fixed the saddle good, put her up in it, shortened the stirrup straps and showed her how to hang to the saddle. Then I mounted the other horse, and leading hers, we started over the trail I knew so well.

"We had not gone very far when it happened. The little woman cried out, her horse broke from me and began bucking around. By the time I had run back there she was dead. The saddle cinch had parted, she had fallen, her horse had kicked or trampled her.

"At first I could not believe it. I took her in my arms, called to her, felt her all over, and then at last I found the place; the top of her head was crushed. I must have gone crazy for a time. I jumped up and killed her horse; and then killed mine. I prayed to her gods and to mine, to bring her to life, but it was no use, no use. Morning came, I carried her to a place a little way off the trail and buried her as best I could. I looked back to the west, toward the country where I had suffered so, had lost my companions, been made a slave, had found a loving woman only to

FEB. 3, 1906.]

lose her, and I cried in anger and sorrow; then, alone, I tore myself away from where she lay and started once more on the trail to my people. I am an old man now, but many winters have not buried my sorrow. I still mourn for her, and I shall do so as long as I live."

Nat-ah'-ki often reverted to this story of the old man. "Kyai-yo!" she would exclaim. "How poor, how sad."

"Who—what?" I would ask.

"Why, the Kutenai's young woman, of course. Only think, to die just as she had found happiness; never to see again the sunshine, and the mountains, and these beautiful plains."

"She never saw these plains," I said once, when we were talking about the story. Hers was a country of forests and great rivers, of rains and fogs."

Nat-ah'-ki shivered. "I do not wish to see that country!" she exclaimed. "I hate the rain; always I want to live on these sunshine plains. How good Old Man* was to give us this rich country."

WALTER B. ANDERSON.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

*The Blackfoot world maker.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

In the Lodges of the Blackfeet.

XII.—The Great Race.

THE visit of the Kutenais to our people wound up as several previous visits had done, in a fine row, which for a time threatened to be serious. It began also as another one had, over a horse race. The Kutenais owned a large, clean-limbed and very swift black mare which, with one horse after another, the Piegiens had endeavored to beat. Race after race had been run and each time the black had been victorious. The Piegiens had lost heavily—guns, horses, blankets, finery of all descriptions—and were getting desperate. They claimed, for one thing, that the winners had managed secretly to rub something on their several horses which reduced the speed of the animals. In their extremity it was decided to send over to the Bloods for a certain horse which was known to be very fast, and to guard him night and day until the race was run. After a time the deputation sent to the Bloods returned with the horse, which was certainly a fine animal, a well blooded American bay which had undoubtedly been taken from some unfortunate traveler on the Overland trail far away to the south. He was to have a rest of four days, and then the great race was to be run in which the Piegiens expected to recoup their losses. During this time there is no question but what the horse was guarded. By day there were half a dozen young men with him out on the plain, where he grazed upon the richest grass that could be found, and at night he was fairly surrounded by interested watchers.

At last the great day came, and everyone in both camps, even the women and children, went out to the place where the race was to be run—a level stretch about 500 yards long. The betting was furious, and such a lot of stuff as was set out here and there on the plain I never saw before nor since. Specimens of everything the two tribes had for use or adornment were to be found in one or another of the heaps, and the many horses which had been staked upon the result were also there, their ropes held by some non-betting youth or boy. Even the women were betting; here you would see a brass kettle wagered against a beaded dress, there a parfleche of dried buffalo meat against a tanned elkskin, a yard of red cloth against a couple of copper bracelets. I stood with a crowd of others at the finishing point, where a furrow had been scraped across the dusty course. It was to be a standing start; we could see the two youthful riders, naked except for the inevitable breech clout, guide their excited and prancing mounts up to the starting point, some 500 yards distant. They started; the spectators lining the course began to shout, encouraging the riders to do their utmost, an increasing confusion and clamor of Blackfoot and

Kutenai exclamations, in which the shrill cries of the women played no unimportant part. We at the post could not tell which of the horses was ahead, as they came toward us with quick, long leaps; they seemed to be running side by side. Now, as they neared the goal, a sudden silence fell upon the crowd. Everyone held his breath; we could hear the broad thongs of the riders' rapidly plied quirts thwack against the straining sides of the racers. And now here they were; a few leaps more and they crossed the furrow almost neck and neck, the Kutenai horse, I thought, a few inches in the lead. Immediately a great clamor of tongues arose and there was a general rush for the stakes.

"We win!" the Piegiens shouted, "We win!" and I presume that is what the Kutenais were saying in their unintelligible and angry words. What a scene ensued. Men seized upon the stakes and pulled and pushed each other for the possession of them. A Kutenai in the midst of a struggling group pulled an ancient flint-lock pistol and aimed it at his opponent, but some one knocked it upward in the nick of time, and the bullet went wide of its mark. At the sound of the shot the women fled in terror to their several lodges, dragging their crying children after them. The hot-headed Piegan youths and men began to call out to each other: "Get your weapons! Let's kill off these Kutenai cheats."

There was no more struggling over the things which had been staked upon the result of the race. Each bettor seemed to take that which was his without protest and hurry away to his lodge. In a moment or two the race ground was deserted save by the Kutenai and Piegan chiefs, a few of their leading men, Nat-ah'-ki and I. The latter was grasping my arm and there was real terror in her eyes as she begged me go with her at once.

"There is going to be a big fight," she said. "Come, let us saddle our horses and ride away from it."

"The fight will not concern me," I told her. "I am a white man."

"Yes," she cried, "you are a white man, and you are also a Piegan; the Kutenais will shoot at you as quickly as at anyone else."

I motioned her to keep silent, for I wanted to hear what was being decided upon by the chiefs. Big Lake sent his camp crier home.

"Tell them," he said, "that these are my words; I go now to the camp of my good friend Back-in-sight; whoever would fight the Kutenais must fight me and these here with me."

The camp crier hurried away and then he turned to me. "Come," he said, "you also are for peace; come with us."

I went with them over to the Kutenai camp. Nat-ah'-ki, sorely troubled, closely following. We had barely arrived there when we saw an ever-increasing throng of shouting and excited riders bearing down upon us from the other camp.

"Loan me a gun," said Big Lake, peremptorily. "Some one loan me a gun."

When it was handed him he stepped out in front of us and there was a look of grim determination on his fine old face, an angry light in his eyes. Behind us, with rustle of lodge skin and rattle of poles the lodges were being hurriedly taken down, the baggage packed by anxious and much scared women, and near us the Kutenai men were gathering, preparing to defend themselves and theirs. They were no match for the Piegiens they well knew; were far outnumbered; but one had only to look at their attitude of preparedness, their steady eyes and compressed lips, to be satisfied that they would do their best.

A young warrior named Little Deer was at the head of the Piegiens as they came riding fast toward us. I had taken a strong dislike to him, for I felt that he hated me. I had some serious trouble with him later on, as will appear in due time. He had a mean, cruel face, pitiless and treacherous, with shifty eyes. The most of this angry crowd of our people, we learned later, had not heard the camp crier in the excitement and confusion or had left before he arrived among them, and here they were, determined to deal unmercifully with those whom they now considered their enemies. Big Lake hastened out to meet them, shouting to them, and making the sign for them to stop. But as they paid no heed to him he ran on still farther, and leveling his gun at Little Deer, exclaimed: "If you don't stop I will shoot."

The latter unwillingly checked his horse and said: "Why do you stop me? These Kutenai dogs have robbed us, cheated us; we are going to have revenge."

He started to go on, calling out to his followers, and again Big Lake raised his gun: "Aim then at me," he cried, "I am now a Kutenai. Aim, shoot; I give you a chance."

Little Deer did not raise his gun; he just sat there on his horse and glared at the chief, then turned in his saddle and looking at the crowd which had ridden up behind him, called upon them to follow him. But the other Piegan leaders were now among them, by turns threatening, coaxing them to return to their camp. None of them came forward; on the other hand, some started back toward their lodges. Little Deer worked himself into a fine rage, alternately pointing at them and at the Kutenais, calling them all the evil names he could think of. But in spite of his anger and defiance he made no attempt to advance; the chief's pointed gun, the steady cold, clear stare of his eyes wholly disconcerted him; muttering something or other in an unintelligible tone, he finally turned his horse and moodily rode back to camp in the wake of those who but a few moments before he had so eagerly led. The chiefs gave a long sigh of relief; so did I, so did Nat-ah'-ki, again close by my side.

"What hard heads these young men have," Big Lake remarked. "How difficult it is to manage them."

"You speak truth," said Back-in-sight. "Were it not for you, your strong words, many dead would now be lying on this plain. We go now back to the mountains, it may be long ere we meet again."

"Yes," agreed the Piegan, "it is best that we part. But the anger of our young men will soon die away. Next summer, somewhere hereabouts, let us meet again."

This was agreed upon, and with final handshakes all around, we left them. Arrived at our own camp. Big Lake gave orders that camp be struck at once, and the lodges began to come down in a hurry. He also instructed the Ai-in-as-kik-waks—seizers, holders—a band of the All Friends' Society which were, as one may say, police, to allow none of the young men to leave us under any pretext whatever. He feared that if they did go from us they would yet attack the Kutenais, who were already stringing out in a long column, westward over the rolling plain. A little later we too pulled out, heading south; on the afternoon of the second day we went into camp on the Marias River at the lower end of Medicine Rock bottom, right opposite the spot where, later, Fort Conrad was built, and where to-day the Great Falls & Canada Railroad crosses the stream.

At the extreme lower end of this bottom, about 100 yards from the river, and near the foot of the rising hill, unless the railroad vandals have taken them for construction work, lies a circle of large boulders partially embedded in the soil. The circle is about sixty-five feet in diameter; some of the boulders will weigh at least a ton. Who placed them there, and why, I could never learn. The Blackfeet have no tradition concerning them, saying merely that 'twas "done by the ancient ones," ahk'-kai-tup-pi. This, by the way, is an interesting word; as it stands, with the accent on the first syllable, its exact meaning is long-ago-people; but if the second instead of the first syllable is accented it means many people. However, in the first instance the word for time, sum-oh', is entirely omitted, most likely for the sake of euphony.

But if the Blackfeet know nothing of the boulder circle, they have much to say regarding the medicine rock. This lies by the side of the old travois trail about three miles above, near the top of the hill at the extreme upper end of the bottom. In the "Blackfoot Lodge Tales" is given the story of a rock, which, to avenge an insult, chased Old Man, and but for the timely interference of a bull bat would have crushed him flat. To a certain extent the Blackfeet are pantheists, attributing life to, and worshipping many inanimate objects. This rock is one of several to which they sacrifice and pray, another one lying

on a hill of the Two Medicine River, near the old Inn River—Belly River trail. It is a red mottled quartz—the red itself a "medicine" or sacred color—a boulder of several tons weight lies on a very steep sandy slope exposed to the southwest winds. The wind gradually moving the sand undermines the rock, and as the fine sand and soil is blown away it settles little by little, moving farther and farther down the hill. But although the Blackfeet are well aware of the cause of this movement, to them the rock is a sacred object. Passing it, they stop a moment and place on it a bracelet, a necklace, some beads or other offering, and beg it to take pity on them, to guard them from all evil things and grant them long life and happiness. The last time I passed this rock there was at least a bushel of various small offerings lying upon, or around it. And there most likely they are to this day unless the white settlers have picked them up. Years after I last rode by the rock, Nat-ah'-ki and I crossed the bottom on a train of the new railway. We sat out on the platform of the rear sleeper, whence we could get a good view of the country. Oh, the dreariness and desolation of it all. Gone were the rich grasses, even the sages, which once grew thickly on flat and hillside. Gone, too, were the grand old cottonwoods, the clusters of willow, and cherry, and sarvis berry thickets which bordered the river. Nat-ah'-ki silently pressed my hand, and I saw tears in her eyes. I said nothing, asked no question; well I knew of what she was thinking, and I came near crying, too. What a—to us—terrible change had taken place; gone were our friends, extinct the herds of game; even the face of the country was changed. Do you wonder that we felt sad?

WALTER B. ANDERSON.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Lost in the Woods.

READING the admirable series of articles above subject reminds me of an incident that came to me some time ago.

Incidentally I incline to the opinion that men are born with the "sense" of the woods like others with the poetic instinct for music, or kindred gifts. A woodsman, who had spent the greater part of his life in the woods, told me the answer to the same question, that he had never been dropped into any unknown place, and he found his way out. He instance when the railway was first built, he was carried to an island; he was carried to a locality he had never before been to, and he went ahead on the line, and he found his way out. He instance when the railway was first built, he was carried to an island; he was carried to a locality he had never before been to, and he went ahead on the line, and he found his way out. He instance when the railway was first built, he was carried to an island; he was carried to a locality he had never before been to, and he went ahead on the line, and he found his way out.

He also told me that he had never been dropped into any unknown place, and he found his way out. He instance when the railway was first built, he was carried to an island; he was carried to a locality he had never before been to, and he went ahead on the line, and he found his way out. He instance when the railway was first built, he was carried to an island; he was carried to a locality he had never before been to, and he went ahead on the line, and he found his way out.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

In the Lodges of the Blackfeet.

XIII.—The Snake Woman.

At the lower end of the bottom opposite that of the Medicine Rock, the Dry Fork of the Marias joins the greater stream. At times in spring it is a raging, muddy torrent, but for the larger part of the year is a shallow, sometimes dry stream, the water standing in deep holes or where it has been backed up by the industrious beaver.—Why, why do I persist in writing in the present tense? as if there were any beaver there now! But I'll not change the line.—The day after we went into camp on the river there was to be a buffalo run out on the flat beyond the medicine rock, where an immense herd of buffalo had been located. Weasel Tail and I, however, chose to go up the Dry Fork on discovery. In our lodges were many a parfleche of dried meat; we wanted no summer skins of the buffalo, and, of course, we could kill what fresh meat was needed at almost any time and place. We crossed the river and rode through the bottom, then followed a broad, deep game trail running up the rather narrow valley of the Dry Fork, crossing and recrossing the stream. We passed a great many beaver dams and saw several of the animals swimming around in their ponds. Here and there were narrow strips of willow along the bank out of which an occasional white-tail deer would break for the hills, scared by our approach. There were solitary cottonwoods, stunted, many of them dead, their trunks worn quite smooth by the buffalo rubbing against them. Rattlesnakes were numerous; every little while we would be startled by one suddenly sounding his warning near the trail, and we killed all we saw save one or two which managed to escape into a nearby hole. As we ascended the valley, antelope became more and more numerous. The plain lying between the Dry Fork and the next water to the south, Pend d'Oreille coulee, was one of their favorite feeding grounds in that part of the country. If possible, when we saw a herd of antelope or buffalo ahead, we would ride up a coulee on to the plain and go around them, for we liked not to have the game stampeding from us, betraying our presence and probable route to any chance enemy thereabouts.

It was at least 8 or 9 o'clock when we left camp, long after the departure of the buffalo runners, and by noontime we were well up the Dry Fork, twelve or fourteen miles from camp. Off to our right was a long ridge running east and west, the nearer point of it broken by sandstone cliffs. Thither we wended our way, riding up a coulee which headed there. Arrived at the foot of the ridge we picketed our horses and climbing up, sat down on its crest to get a view of the

country. I had brought some broiled antelope ribs, and, opening the little bag, laid them upon a convenient rock. "Take part of them," I said.

Weasel Tail shook his head. "What," I asked, "you will not eat? Take half; I brought them for you."

"It is not wise," he replied, "to eat when out on discovery, on the hunt, or when traveling anywhere away from camp. You should eat plenty after you arise in the morning, eat very much. Then you saddle up and strike out. You feel strong; you ride, and ride, and ride. You may be hunting, you are unlucky perhaps, but you are not discouraged; you go on, and on, with strong faith that the luck will change, that you will soon find a band of antelope or buffalo, or game of some kind. The sun mounts up, and up, arrives at the middle, starts downward to his lodge beyond the edge (edge of the world). You have food tied to your saddle, and you say to yourself, 'I am hungry; I will stop and eat.'

"On the crest of some ridge or butte you dismount, and, half lying on the restful ground, you begin to eat, meanwhile your clear, strong eyes search plain and valley or brush and mountainside for life of some kind. You are very hungry, of course; the food tastes good in your mouth, your stomach keeps crying for its fill, and you keep on eating until the last morsel has disappeared. Then, Hai-ya! what a change comes over you! Your flesh suddenly becomes soft, your eyes no longer seek to pierce the far distance, the lids close upon them. The ground feels so good; it is a soft couch. You become sleepy; it is only by great effort that you keep awake. You lie there and the sun goes on, and on, down toward his lodge. You know that you ought to arise, that you ought to mount and ride until you can see what is beyond that high, long ridge, but the food has done its work and you lie to yourself, saying: 'Oh, I don't believe that I would find any game over there; I'll rest here for a time, and then start homeward.' I am sure to kill something on the back trail.' So you recline there, as lazy and sleepy as a full-gorged bear, and toward evening you arise and go homeward, finding no game whatever by the way. You arrive at your lodge, the people see that you bring neither meat nor skins. Your women quietly unsaddle your horse; you go inside and sit down upon your couch, much ashamed, and begin to lie, telling how very far you have ridden, how barren the country is, wonder where all the game can be.

"No, friend, no ribs for me. You eat, if you will. Loan me your glass and I will have a look at the country."

What Weasel Tail said was all very true. Had I not time and again experienced the lassitude, the sleepiness caused by my midday lunch? I resolved never again to take food with me when going for a day's ride. But this time need not

count. I ate most of the ribs, joined my friend in a smoke, and fell asleep.

Weasel Tail poked me in the ribs several times before he succeeded in awakening me. I sat up and rubbed my eyes. My throat felt dry; there was a fuzzy taste in my mouth all caused by my midday lunch and nap. I noticed that the sun was midway down toward the distant blue peaks of the Rockies. I had slept long. My friend was looking steadily through the glass at something to the westward of us and muttering to himself. "What do you see?" I asked, yawning lazily, reaching for his pipe and tobacco pouch.

"It does not seem possible," he replied, "that I see that which I see; yet, I am sure neither my eyes nor this glass deceive. I see a woman; a lone woman, a woman on foot walking along the crest of the ridge yonder and coming straight toward us.

"Let me look," I exclaimed, dropping the pipe and taking the glass. "Are you sure that you are awake?"

"See for yourself," he replied. "She is on the third rise from here."

I brought the glass to bear on the slope indicated, and, sure enough, there was a woman striding easily down the grassy incline. She stopped, turned, and shading her eyes with her hand, looked away to the south, then to the north, and lastly back whence she had come. I noticed that she carried a small pack on her back, that she stood erect and was of slender figure. A young woman undoubtedly. But why, why was she there, and afoot, on that great plain whose vastness and silence must be appalling to one so alone and so defenseless.

"What do you think of this?" I asked.

"I don't think anything," Weasel Tail replied. "It is useless to try to account for so strange a thing. She comes this way; we will meet, and she will tell us the reason of it all."

The woman passed out of sight into the hollow back of the second rise of the ridge, but soon appeared on its crest and kept on down into the next low place. When she arrived at the top of the slope on which we sat, she saw us at once, stopped and hesitated for an instant and then came on with her natural, easy, graceful stride. I am afraid that we both rudely and coldly stared at her, but there was neither fear nor diffidence in her manner, as she walked steadily up to us. My first impression was that she had beautiful eyes; large, clear, kindly, honest eyes, and my next was that her face was exceedingly comely, her long hair glossy and neatly braided, her figure all that one expects a woman's form to be. She came on, quite up to us, and said: "How?"

"How, how?" We answered.

She unslung her pack, sat down and began to talk in a language unintelligible to us. By signs we interrupted and said that we did not understand her talk.

"She is a Snake woman," said Weasel Tail. "By the cut and pattern of her moccasins I know that she is one of that tribe."

Who was he, I wonder, of what tribe and time, who conceived the idea of the sign language, by means of which all the tribes of the plains from the Saskatchewan to Mexico are able to converse with each other and tell all that their tongues may not utter. Here were we, unable to understand one word of this woman's language, yet by means of this wonderful invention of some ancient one, language mattered not.

"Who are you?" Weasel Tail asked, "and whence come you?"

"I am a Snake," the woman signed, "and I come from the camp of my people far to the south." She paused, and we signified that we understood. For a moment or two she sat thinking, brow wrinkled, lips pursed, and then continued:

"Three winters ago I became Two Bears' woman. He was very handsome, very brave, kind-hearted. I loved him, he loved me, we were happy." Again she paused, and tears rolled down her cheeks. She brushed them away repeatedly, and with much effort resumed her story: "We were very happy for he never got angry; no one ever heard cross words in our lodge. It was a lodge of feasts, and song, and laughter. Daily we prayed to the Sun, asking him to continue our happiness, to let us live long.

"It was three moons ago, two before this one which is almost ended. Winter had gone, the grass and leaves were coming out. I awoke one morning and found that I was alone in the lodge. My chief had arisen while I slept and gone out; he had taken his gun, his saddle and rope, so I knew that he had started on a hunt. I was glad. 'He will bring home meat,' I said, 'fat meat of some kind, and we will give a feast.' I gathered wood, I got water, and then I sat down to await his return. All day I sat in the lodge waiting for him, sewing moccasins, listening for the footfalls of his hunting horse. The sun went down, and I built a good fire. 'He will come soon now,' I said.

"But no, he didn't come, and I began to feel uneasy. Far into the night I sat waiting, and fear pressed harder and harder on my heart. Soon the people of the village went to bed. I arose and went to my father's lodge, but I did not sleep.

"When morning came the men rode out to look for my chief; all day they hunted through the little prairies, through the forests, along the river, but they did not find him, nor any signs of him, nor of his horse. For three days they rode the country in all directions, and then gave up. 'He is dead,' they said, 'he has drowned, or a bear or some enemy has killed him. It must have been an enemy, else his horse would have returned to its mates.'

"My own thought was that he lived; I could not believe him dead. My mother told me to cut off my hair, but I would not do it. I said to her: 'He is alive. When he returns should he find my long hair gone he will be angry, for he loves it. Many a time he has himself combed and braided it.'

"The days passed and I waited, waited and watched for him to come. I began to think that he might be dead, and then one night my dream gave me hope. The next night and the next it was the same, and then on the fourth night, when my dream again came and told me I knew that

it was true, that he lived. 'Far away to the north,' said my dream, 'on a river of the plains, your chief lies wounded and ill in a camp of the prairie people. Go find him, and help him to get well. He is sad and lonely, he cries for you.'

"So I got ready and, one evening after all were asleep, I started; it was the only way. Had they known what I was about to do, my father and mother would have stopped me. I carried some food, my awl and sinews, plenty of moccasin leather. When my food was gone I snared squirrels, rabbits, dug roots, so I was never hungry. But the way was long, very, very long, and I feared the bears prowling and snuffing around in the night. They did not harm me; my dream person must have kept them from doing me wrong. The camp, my dream said, was in sight of the mountains. After many days I came to the Big River, and for many more days I followed it down, until I came in sight of the white men's houses, but I found no camp of those I sought. I turned north, and coming to the next stream, followed it up to the mountains; still I found no people. Then I went north again until I came to this little creek and now I meet you. Tell me, is my chief in your camp?"

Crazy, say you? Well, that depends upon the point of view. Some there are who believe in "a prophet's paradise to come." Some, for instance, have faith in the revelations said to have been made to a certain Joseph Smith; some believe in Allah; others in Christian Science; still others in divers creeds and faiths. If they are crazy then indeed was this Indian woman also, for she had faith in a dream, doubted not for one instant that by following its instructions she would find her loved, lost man. Dreams, to most Indians, are a reality. They believe that they really do commune with spirits in their sleep, that their shadows—souls—temporarily released from the body, then travel far and meet with strange adventures. If a Blackfoot, for instance, dreams of seeing green grass he is absolutely certain that he will live to see another season of spring.

We were, of course, obliged to tell the wanderer that her lost one was not in our camp. Weasel Tail also informed her that some North Blackfeet and some Bloods were visiting us, and advised her to accompany us and question them. She readily consented to that, and we started homeward. My friend was riding a vicious little mare which would not carry double, so I was obliged to take the woman up behind me, and we created a big sensation when we rode into camp about sundown. Weasel Tail had agreed to give her a place in his lodge, and I had hoped to drop her near it unobserved by the mistress of a certain home a little farther along. But no such luck. I espied Nat-ah'-ki from afar standing and gazing at us, at the handsome young woman perched behind me, her arms tightly clasped about my waist. But when I rode up to my own lodge there was no one to greet me, and for the first time I was permitted to unsaddle my animal. I went inside and sat down. Nat-ah'-ki was roasting some meat and neither spoke nor looked up. Still in silence she brought me water, soap, a towel and comb. After I had washed she set before me a bowl of soup, some meat and then what a sad, reproachful look she gave me. I grinned foolishly, vacuously, and, although I had been guilty of no wrong, somehow I could not return her gaze and quickly

busied myself with my food. The little woman fled to the other side of the lodge, covered her head with her shawl, and began to cry. Somehow, although I had thought I was hungry, my food did not taste good. I nervously ate a little of it and then went out and over to Weasel Tail's.

"Send your mother over to my lodge," I said, "and have her tell Nat-ah'-ki all about it."

"Ah ha!" he laughed, "the young ones have quarreled, have they? The little one is jealous? Well, we'll soon fix it out," and he bade his mother go over.

An hour or two later, when I went home, Nat-ah'-ki was all smiles and welcomed me joyously, insisted that I should have another supper, and gave me a pair of gorgeous moccasins which she had been surreptitiously making for my adornment.

"Oh, that poor Snake woman," she said, just before we fell asleep, "how I pity her. Tomorrow I shall make her a present of a horse."

WALTER B. ANDERSON.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Passing of a Sultan.

BETWEEN camps ten and eleven the trail from Malabang to Camp Vicars runs through the forest and is as crooked as the proverbial street in Boston, which, as all the world knows, turns a twist so that a stranger who once started for his hotel to go to the railroad station might find himself coming back.

Along this trail one morning in July, three years ago, a party of recruits, returning on its way from Malabang to the ranks of the companies at "the lake," after solid months of fighting and exposure, were depleted.

To one who has never before experienced it is difficult to realize the effect of being dumped on the beach of Moro. The safety of civilization has been left behind, and you are now in a country where the law of the jungle prevails and "it's up to you" to keep your eyes and ears open, and to adapt your color is different from your own, and the striking distance unless you are ready to hand.

So it was with these recruits, who, in their New England farms, had known the great white transport, and had spent such a restful six months in the fact that they were in many forms stalked by the natives, hidden in the sunlight.

And they were little more than a more peaceful scene than that which they had tramped leisurely across the morning of which they had seen brightly; the birds were singing, the breeze stirring the trees, the freshening as in the morning, which they came to their heads, and the silence of the forest.

To be sure, they had sent to the front tales of sudden death to the natives.

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THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

In the Lodges of the Blackfeet.

XIV.—The Snake Woman's Quest.

NAT-AH'-KI was the proud owner of a little band of horses, some of which had sprung from mares given her by relatives at various times. She loved to talk about them, to describe the color, age and peculiarities of each one. A Blackfoot who was horseless was an object of reproach and pity. Horses were the tribal wealth, and one who owned a large herd of them held a position only to be compared to that of our multi-millionaires. There were individuals who owned from one hundred to three and four hundred. Were the owners sonless, they employed some orphan boy to herd them, to drive them twice and thrice daily to water. And they liked to sit out on the plain or hills for hours at a time to be among them and gloat over them as they cropped the rich grass. When a man died, the bulk of his property was divided among the male relatives, and they were so numerous that it was rare for one to inherit any number of animals. He who could count his horses by the hundred, had gained them by a strenuous life, by many a long raid against bordering tribes, by stealing into their camps at night, by hand to hand conflict with them on many a field. No wonder then, that he was proud of them, and of himself, and that the people honored him.

Nat-ah'-ki's band was herded by her uncle, Fish Robe, who himself had a large herd. When they were driven in the morning after our discovery of the Snake woman, she selected a fat, pot-bellied roan, begged an old woman's saddle from an aunt, placed it in position and led the animal over to Weasel Tail's lodge. She handed the end of the lariat to the Snake woman; at first the stranger did not comprehend the meaning of the act; but when Nat-ah'-ki signed that the horse was to be hers, was a gift, her joy was pleasant to witness. The two women became great friends, and she lived a part of the time with us. "I am resting," she said, "and questioning arriving visitors from other tribes. If I do not soon hear of my chief, I shall again set forth in quest of him."

But that was not to be. One day when she and Nat-ah'-ki were gathering wood, a party of Bloods passed by on their way to our camp, and she ran after them as fast as she could, Nat-ah'-ki following and wondering if the poor woman had lost her wits. The visitors dismounted and entered our chief's lodge. The Snake woman, excited, trembling, pointed at one of the horses they rode, a black and white pinto, and signed: "I know it; my chief's horse. Ask the man where he got it."

Nat-ah'-ki went inside and made known the request to one of the women of the lodge, and the latter, as soon as there was a break in the conversation, repeated it to Big Lake. All heard her, of course, and one of the visitors spoke up: "The pinto is mine," he said, "my taking."

"Bring the woman in!" Big Lake ordered, and he told his guests about our finding her alone on the plain, about her dream and her quest.

She came inside all eagerness, the inbred diffidence of a woman facing a number of chiefs and men of distinction forgotten. "Who, who," she quickly signed, "is the rider of the pinto horse?"

"I am," the Blood signed. "What about it?"

"It is my horse—my man's horse, the one he rode away one morning three moons ago. And what of my man? Did you see him? How came you by his horse?"

The Blood hesitated for a moment, and then replied: "We went to war. Away south of the Ground-of-many-gifts,* at daylight one morning, a man riding the pinto horse surprised us, and I killed him. I took the animal for my own."

As he gestured his answer, the woman suddenly noticed a bear's claw necklace he wore, and pointing to it, she gave a fearful, heart-broken, gasping sob, and fled from the lodge. She went crying through the camp, and at the edge of the timber sat down, covered her head with her robe, and began to wail for the one who was dead.

Did you, reader, ever hear a woman of the plains mourn for a lost loved one, calling his or her name heart-brokenly, despairingly, over and over again for hours at a time? Nothing else in all this world is so mournful, so expressive of the feelings of one whom death has bereaved of a dear child, relative, companion. I can liken but one thing to it, and that is the cry of the mourning dove. It embodies all the feelings, the thoughts, of one utterly desolate, forsaken. Somewhere I have read, or heard, that an Indian's loss of to-day is forgotten on the morrow. That is certainly not true of the Blackfeet, nor of the Mandans. Often and often I have heard many of the Blackfeet mourn for one dead long years since. The Mandans used to care for the bones of their departed ones. Those of each family were placed in a little circle on the burying ground, and thither the survivors would repair frequently to de-

*The country in the vicinity of Helena, Montana, which city, by the way, the Blackfeet have given the same name. It was a land rich in game and berries, hence the appellation:

Ah-kwo' to-kwüt-si sak-öm.
Much giving ground.

posit choice food, and to talk to the skulls of their dear ones, just as if they were alive and in the flesh. It is not for the Anglo-Saxon to boast of affection, of constancy, for he can take lessons from the despised red men. Never, with the Indians—I speak only of the two tribes before mentioned—was there a separation except for adultery, and that was rare indeed; nor did they ever abuse or desert their offspring. The affection of parents for their children, their pride in them, their sacrifices for them, were practically limitless. And such also was the regard in which the young held their elders. Family ties were something sacred.

I have often heard the Blackfeet speak of various white men as utterly heartless, because they had left their parents and their youthful home to wander and seek adventure in a strange land. They could not comprehend how one with right feeling might absent himself from father and mother, as we do, for months and years. "Hard hearts," "stone hearts," they call us, and with some reason.

The Snake woman continued to mourn, passing the greater part of the time up on the hill, or at the edge of the timber, wailing. She cut off her hair, scarified her ankles, ate little, grew thin and listless; and finally a day came when she remained on her couch instead of arising with the others in Weasel Tail's lodge. "I am to die," she signed, "and I am glad. I did not understand my dream. I thought that I was told to seek my chief in the flesh. Instead, it was meant that my shadow should look for his shadow. I see it plainly now, and in a few nights I start. I know that I shall find him."

And start she did. She died on the fourth day of her illness, and the women buried her decently, respectfully in a not far distant tree.

WALTER B. ANDERSON.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Linnaean Society of New York.

A MEETING of the Society will be held in the Fern Assembly Room on the ground floor of the American Museum of Natural History, 121 seventh street and Eighth avenue, on Wednesday evening, Feb. 27, at 8:15 o'clock. A paper will be read by Dr. William C. Braislin, "The Birds of Prospect Park, Brooklyn." In addition to its regular meetings, the Society has arranged to hold a series of public lectures on general ornithology, illustrated by stereopticon, in the large lecture hall of the American Museum of Natural History on Wednesday evening, Feb. 27, at 8 o'clock: March 6, "The Birds of the Hudson," by Edgar T. Steadman; March 14, "The Birds of the Hudson," by Edgar T. Steadman; March 21, "The Birds of the Hudson," by Edgar T. Steadman; March 28, "The Birds of the Hudson," by Edgar T. Steadman.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

In the Lodges of the Blackfeet.

XV.—I Return to My People.

The long summer days went one by one, lingeringly, peacefully, happily. No war parties attacked us, and the young men who went out to war upon other tribes returned spoil-laden, without loss to their numbers. Perhaps in those times I was not much given to thinking about things; but I knew when I was content, was fully satisfied with the returns of each day and hour and looked not to the future nor what it might have in store for me. But one thing troubled me, the insistent letters from home, commanding me to return. They were several months old when I got them, as were my New York Tribunes and other papers. I ceased reading any more than the headlines of the papers; they had no more interest to me, but I could not help worrying about the contents of their letters. There were grave reasons why I should heed them, should go home on or before the date that I became of age. Many an unpleasant half hour I passed after breaking their seals, and then, consigning them to the flames of the lodge fire. I would go out with Nat-ah'-ki for a ride, or to some feast or social gathering. It was interesting to note the extreme care with which my mail was handled. It was securely bunched up by my Fort Benton friends, and then those to whom it was intrusted re-wrapped and rebound it in various coverings. The Blackfeet ever regarded the art of writing and reading as the greatest of accomplishments. Some of them would sit for hours inspecting the pictures in my magazine and papers, and although they persisted in holding them sideways, or even up side down, they seemed, nevertheless, to grasp their significance. Nat-ah'-ki was wont to spread out my letters and endeavor to learn what they told, although, of course, she knew not even a letter of the alphabet. She early came to know my mother's handwriting, and when I received letters from others written in characteristically feminine style, she would watch me closely as I read them and then question me as to the writers. "Oh," I would carelessly answer, "they are from relatives, women of our house, just telling me the news and asking if I am well and happy."

And then she would shake her head doubtfully, and exclaimed: "Relatives! Oh, yes, relatives! Tell me truly how many sweethearts you have in the land from whence you came?"

Then I would truthfully answer, swearing by the Sun, calling upon him to bear witness that I had but the one sweetheart, she there present, and she would be content—until I received another bundle of letters. As the summer wore on these letters became more frequent, and I

realized with ever-increasing regret that my days of happy, irresponsible wandering were about over, that I must go home and begin the career which was expected of me.

We left the Marias not long after the death of the Snake woman, moved south by the way of the Pend d'Oreille Coulée and the Knees, and camped on the Teton River, the stream which Lewis V. Clark named the Tansy, and which the Blackfeet rightly call Un'-i-kis-is i-si-sak-ta, Milk River, for its waters in its lower course are ever of a milky color. Late in August we moved to a point on this stream only three miles north of Fort Benton, and every day or so I used to ride in there often accompanied by Nat-ah'-ki, whose desire for various bright-colored prints, ribbons, shawls and beads, was well nigh insatiable. There we found Berry and his good wife, his mother and the Crow woman, the two latter recently returned from a sojourn with the Mandans. And thither, one day, came Sorrel Horse and his outfit. He and Berry were making preparations for the winter trade. I was beginning to feel pretty blue. I showed them my letters, told them what was expected of me, and declared that I must return east. They both laughed long, loudly, uproariously, and slapped each other on the back, and I gazed solemnly, reproachfully at them. I could not see that I had joked or said anything funny.

"He's goin' home," said Sorrel Horse, "and he's goin' to be a good, quiet little boy ever after."

"And go to church," said Berry.

"And walk the straight and narrer path, world without end, and so forth," Sorrel Horse concluded.

"Well, you see how it is," I said. "I've got to go—much as I would like to remain here with you; I simply must go."

"Yes," Berry acquiesced; "you have to go all right—but you'll come back. Oh, yes! you'll come back, and sooner than you think. These plains and mountains, the free life have you, and they'll never let go. I've known others to return to the States from here, but unless they died back there right quick, they soon came back. The couldn't help it. Mind you, I've been back there myself; went to school there, and all the time old Montana kept calling me, and I never felt right until I saw the sun shining on her bare plains once more and the Rockies looming up sharp and clear in the distance."

"And then," Sorrel Horse put in, speaking Blackfoot, which was as easy to him as English, "and then, what about Nat-ah'-ki? Can you forget her, do you think?"

He had, indeed, touched the sore spot. That was what was worrying me. I couldn't answer.

We were sitting in a corner of Keno Bill's place. I jumped up from my chair, hurried out, and mounting my horse, rode swiftly over the hill to camp.

We ate our evening meal: dried meat and black fat (o-sak'i), stewed dried apples—how good they were—and yeast powder bread. In due time we went to bed, and for hours I rolled and tossed uneasily on my couch. "Nat-ah'-ki," I finally asked, "are you awake?"

"Ah!"

"I want to tell you something: I must go away for a time; my people call me."

"That is not news to me. I have long known that you would go."

"How did you know?" I asked. "I told no one."

"Have I not seen you read the little writings? Have I not watched your face? I could see what the writing told you. I know that you are going to leave me. I have always known that you would. You are no different from other white men. They are all unfaithful, heartless. They marry for but a day."

She began to cry; not loud, just low, despairing, heart-broken sobs. Oh, how I hated myself. How I did hate myself. But I had opened the subject. I felt that I must carry it through, and I began to lie to her, hating myself more and more every moment. I told her that I was now twenty-one, at which time a white youth becomes a man. That there were papers about the property which my father had left, that I must go home to sign. "But," I said, and I called on the Sun to witness my words, "I will return; I will come back in a few moons, and we will once more be happy. While I am away Berry will look out for you and your good mother. You shall want for nothing."

And thus, explaining, lying, I drove away her fear and sorrow, and she fell peacefully asleep. But there was no sleep for me. In the morning I again rode in to the Fort and talked long with Berry. He agreed to look after the girl and her mother and keep them supplied with all necessary food and clothing, until such a time, I explained, "as Nat-ah'-ki will forget me and become some other man's woman." I nearly choked when I said it.

Berry laughed quietly. "She will never be another man's woman," he said. "You will be only too glad to return. I shall see you again inside of six months."

The last steamboat of the season was discharging freight at the levee, and was to leave for St. Louis in the morning. I went back to camp and prepared to leave on it. There was not much to do, merely to pack up a few native things I wished to take home. Nat-ah'-ki rode back with me, and we passed the night with Berry and his family. It was not a festive time

to me. Berry's mother, the faithful old Crow woman, both lectured me long and earnestly on the duty of man to woman, on faithfulness—and what they said hurt, for I was about to do that which they so strongly condemned.

And so, in the morning, Nat-ah'-ki and I parted, and I shook hands with every one and went on board. The boat swung out into the stream, turned around, and we went flying down the swift current, over the Shoukin Bar and around the bend. The old Fort, the happy days of the past year were now but a memory.

There were a number of passengers aboard, mostly miners from Helena and Virginia City, returning to the States with more or less dust.

They gambled, and drank, and in a vain effort to get rid of my thoughts, I joined in their madness. I remember that I lost three hundred dollars at one sitting, and that the bad liquor made me very ill. Also, I nearly fell overboard near Cow Island. We had run into a large herd of buffalo swimming the river, and I tried to rope a huge old bull from the bow of the boat. The loop settled fairly over his head, but we had not counted on such a shock as I and the three others helping me got when the rope tightened. In an instant it was jerked from our hands. I lost my balance, and would have followed it into the water had not the next man behind happened to catch me by the collar and drag me back.

We tied up to the shore each night; there were constant head winds after we entered Dacotah, and when early in October we arrived at Council Bluffs, I was glad to leave the boat and board a train of the Union Pacific. In due time I arrived in the little New England town, where was my home.

I saw the place and the people with new eyes; I cared for neither of them any more. It was a pretty place, but it was all fenced up, and for a year I had lived in the beyond, where fences were unknown. The people were good people, but, oh! how narrow-minded. Their ways were as prim and conventional as were the hideous fences which marked the bounds of their farms. And this is the way most of them greeted me: "Ah! my boy, so you've come home, have you. Been a hull year in the Indian country. It's a wonder you wasn't scalped. Those Indians are terrible bad people, so I've heard. Wall, you've had your fling; I suppose you'll steady down now and go into business of some kind."

To only two men in the whole place could I tell anything of what I had seen or done, for they were the only ones who could understand. One was an humble painter, ostracised by all good people because he never went to church, and would occasionally enter a saloon in broad daylight. The other was a grocer. Both of them were fox and partridge hunters, and loved the ways of the wild. Night after night I would sit with them by the grocery stove, long after the staid villagers had retired, and talk of the great plains and the mountains, of the game and the red people. And in their excitement, as their minds pictured that wonderful land and its freedom, they would get up and pace the floor, and sigh, and rub their hands. She wanted to see it all, to experience it all as I had, but they were "bound to the wheel." It was impossible for them to leave home, and wife, and children. I felt very sorry for them.

But even to them I said nothing about a certain other tie which bound me to that land of sunshine. There was not a moment of my waking hours in which I did not think of Nat-ah'-ki and the wrong I had done her. Across the several thousand miles which separated us, I could see her in my mind's eye, helping her mother in the various occupations of the lodge, and her manner was listless; no more her hearty infectious laughter rang out, and in her eyes there was an expression which was far from happy. Thus I pictured her by day, and in my dreams at night, awakening to find myself talking Blackfoot to her, and trying to explain away my faithlessness. The days passed for me in deadly monotony, and I was in constant strife with my relatives. Not with my mother, I am thankful to say. I think that she rather sympathized with me. But there were uncles and aunts, and others, old friends of my long dead father, all well meaning, of course, who thought that it was incumbent on them to advise me, and shape my future. And from the start we were antagonistic. They brought me to task for refusing to attend church. To attend church! To listen to a sermon, forsooth, upon predestination, and the actual hell of fire and brimstone awaiting all who lapsed from the straight and narrow path. I no longer believed that. My year with old Mother Nature, and ample time to think, had taught me many things. Not a day passed but what I got a lecture from some of them, because, for instance, I played a harmless glass of beer with some trapper or guide from the North Woods. There was more real human kindness, more broad-mindedness in one of those simple men of the woods, than there was in the hearts of all my persecutors.

Diagonally across the way from us lived a good old Methodist. It was his habit to ascend to the attic of a Sunday and pray. On a summer day, when windows were open, one could hear him for hours at a time, entreating his God to forgive his many and grievous sins—he had never committed one—and to grant him an humble place in the life hereafter. He also came and besought me to change my ways. To change my ways! What had I done, I wondered, that made all these people so anxious about me. Was this man's life a happy one? No; he lived in constant fear of a jealous God. What had I done? I had been friendly to certain black sheep who longed for a pleasant word. I had entered the hotel bar and in broad daylight clinked glasses with them. These were not, in my estimation, sins. But, deep down in my heart, there lay a heavy load. One wrong thing I had done, a grievous one. What of Nat-ah'-ki?

There came a certain night when all the well-meaning ones were gathered at our home. They had decided that I should buy out a retiring merchant, who, in the course of forty or fifty years, has acquired a modest competency. That was the last straw. I arose in my wrath, and tried to tell them what I thought of the narrow life they led; but words failed me, and, seizing my hat, I fled from the house. It was past midnight when I returned, but my mother was waiting for me. We sat down by the fire and talked the matter out. I reminded her that from earliest youth I had preferred the forests and streams, rifle and rod, to the so-called attractions of society, and that I felt I could not

bear to live in a town or city, nor undertake a civilized occupation of any kind, especially one which would keep me confined in a store or office. And she, wise woman, agreed that as my heart was not in it, it would be useless to attempt anything of the kind. And she also admitted that, since I had come to love the plains and mountains so well, it was best that I should return to them. I said nothing about Nat-ah'-ki. Some time in the future, I determined, when I had done the right thing, she should learn all. For the first time in weeks I went to bed with a light heart. Two days later I boarded a train, and in due time arriving in St. Louis, put up with genial Ben Stickney of the Planters' Hotel. There I fell in touch with things once more. I met men from Texas and Arizona, from Wyoming and Montana, and we talked of the fenceless land, of the Indians and the buffalo trade, of cattle and miners and various adventures we had experienced. We would congregate in the lobby of an evening and sit there talking and smoking until long after midnight, or we would go out in a body and see the town in true western style. If we were a trifle hilarious, the police were good, and kindly looked the other way when our sombreroed crowd tramped by, singing perchance, at the top of our voices.

Also, I did not forget Nat-ah'-ki. I bought another trunk, and prowling around among the stores picked up various washable things of quaint and pretty pattern, strings of beads, a pair of serpent bracelets, a gold necklace, and various other articles dear to the feminine heart. At last the trunk was so full that I could barely lock it, and then, gathering up my things, I boarded a train for Corinne, Wyoming. We were, I believe, four days and nights en route. From there by stage to Helena a week, and on to Fort Benton two days more. My first inquiry was for Berry. He was down at the mouth of the Marias, the trader told me, with the Piegans, but his mother and the Crow woman were living in the little cabin above, and, with a knowing wink, he added that he believed a certain young woman named Nat-ah'-ki was with them.

It was very early in the morning. I hurried out and up the dusty trail. A faint smoke was beginning to arise from the chimney of the little cabin. I pushed open the door and entered. Nat-ah'-ki was kneeling before the fire-place blowing the reluctant flame. "Ah," she cried, springing up and running to me, "he has come! My man has come!" She threw her arms around my neck and kissed me, and in another instant she was in the next room crying out: "Awake, arise; my man has returned!"

Berry's mother, the Crow woman, hurried out and also embraced and kissed me, and we all tried to talk at once, Nat-ah'-ki hanging to my arm and gazing at me with brimming eyes. "Ah," she said, over and over, "they kept telling me that you would not come back, but I knew that they were wrong. I knew that you would not forget me."

Truly, these were my people. I had returned to my own. Come what might, I vowed never to even think of leaving the little woman again, and I kept my word. Kept it, say I—I never had cause nor wish to do anything else.

That was a queer breakfast Nat-ah'-ki and I had; in fact, no breakfast at all. We gave up

attempting to eat, and she recounted all that had happened during my absence. Then she questioned me: What had I been doing all this time? What had I seen? Was my good mother well? I had nothing to relate. I wanted to hear her talk, to watch her happiness, and in that I was happy too. In due time my trunks were brought over, and handing her the key of one, I said that it and its contents were all hers. What exclamations of surprise, of admiration, there were as she unwrapped and unfolded the various things and spread them out here and there on table and couch and chairs. She threw the necklace on over her head, clasped on the bracelets, ran over and gave me a silent kiss, and then laid them away. "They are too nice, too good," she said. "I am not handsome enough to wear them."

Then she came back and whispered: "But all these are too many for me. May I give some of them to my grandmothers?"—meaning Mrs. Berry and the Crow woman.

In the lot there were several quiet dress patterns, a couple of shawls, which I had intended for them, and I said that they would be appropriate gifts for women of advanced age. How happy she was as she picked them up and presented them to the faithful friends. I look back upon that morning as the pleasantest one of my life.

After a while I strolled out and down to Keno Bill's place. It was December, but there was no snow on the ground. The sun shone warm, a gentle chinook was blowing. I thought of the far-away New England village shrouded in three feet of snow, and shivered.

I found the usual crowd in Keno's place. Judge D., a brilliant lawyer and an ex-commander in the Fenian war, was playing the Marshal a game of seven up for the drinks. Some bull whackers and mule skinner were bucking faro. A couple of buckskin clad, kit-fox-capped, moccasined trappers were arguing on the best way to set a beaver trap in an ice-covered dam. They were all glad to see me, and I was promptly escorted to the bar. Several asked, casually, what was new in the States? Not that they cared anything about them; they spoke of them as of some far-off and foreign country.

"Hm!" said Judge D., "you didn't remain there long, did you, my boy?"

"No," I replied, "I didn't; Montana is good enough for me."

"Montana!" cried the Judge, lifting his glass. "Here's to her and her sun-kissed plains. Here's to her noble mountains; her Indians and buffalo; and to those of us whom kind fortune has given a life within her bounds. Of all men, we are most favored of the Gods."

We all cheered the toast—and drank.

It happened to be one of the frontier towns. One man begins in the morning to assuage a sudden acquired thirst, and one by one, and by twos, and threes, and fours, the rest join in, merchants, lawyers, doctors and all, until not a sober man is left, until all are hilarious, and half seas over. Judge D.—peace to his ashes—started it; by 4 o'clock in the afternoon things were pretty lively. I left the crowd and went home. The buffalo robe couch and a pipe, the open fire and Nat-ah-ki's cheerful presence, were more to my liking.

At sundown, who should roll in but Berry and

Sorrel Horse, with their women. How glad I was to see them all again. "You didn't think that I would return?" I hazarded.

They laughed. "Didn't I tell you that you would," said Berry. "I only wonder that you didn't come sooner."

We sat by the fire until late, the women chattering in another room. We went to bed. "Little woman," I said, taking her hand, "pity your man; he is not so good as he might be; there are bad places in his heart—"

"Stop!" she exclaimed. "Stop! You are good, all good. I would not have you different from what you are. You have come back to me. I cannot tell how happy I am—I have not power to do so."

WALTER B. ANDERSON.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Eskimo Dog.

NO STORY of the far north is complete without an account of the dogs which in winter there haul the sledges and make possible journeyings from place to place. They carry food for the traveler and for themselves and such other scant supplies as he may take with him. On a beaten track a good dog can haul about 150 pounds, and on short journeys a team of four dogs could haul about 400 pounds. On the crust or on a hard road the average rate of travel is often as much as four miles an hour, but if the snow was soft and deep it is very much less.

In a country where dogs furnish the only means of winter transportation they are valuable, so that a good dog may be worth from \$25 to \$30, and in old times a good team of four dogs readily brought \$100. The dogs are commonly fed on frozen or dried fish, which is a part of their daily load, and each dog commonly received two fish—about seven pounds—at night after the day's work was done.

Perhaps no living man has had a greater experience with the Eskimo dog (*Canis familiaris borealis*, Desmarest) than Mr. R. Macfarlane, whose notes on the species we give below:

The Eskimos make use of this indispensable animal for traveling during the winter season, and in summer it renders much assistance in tracking their boats (umiaks) upstream, on the Mackenzie, Peel, Anderson, and other arctic rivers. These boats are manned by women, and are always steered by an elderly man. When tracking on the beach, the woman is attached to the cord hauling line next to the bow of the umiak, then follow at intervals, similarly harnessed thereto, from four to six dogs, who with their leader go forward or halt at the call of their driver mistress. Nearly all of the hauling dogs used by the company at Fort Anderson were obtained from the Eskimos.

Early in the month of February, 1864, a very virulent and fatal form of distemper broke out

among the post and native dogs, and, in a short time, it carried off about three-fourths of their number; but as there was still much work to be done in the way of transport of outfit and returns between the Anderson and Fort Good Hope, besides the hauling of fresh venison from the camp of the fort hunter for the spring and summer use of the establishment, we had to be constantly on the lookout to purchase as many dogs as could be spared by visiting Indians and Eskimos, to replace our heavy weekly losses. The distemper did not much abate until May, when it ceased almost as suddenly as it had appeared; but during the three and one-half months of its prevalence, the company lost no less than sixty-five sleigh dogs at Fort Anderson, while the total native losses must have been very considerable. It was remarkable at the time that bloodless fights between healthy and affected animals resulted in no injury to the former, but when the fight was hard and bloody the disease was thereby communicated and the bitten dog soon fell a victim to it. Comparatively few ever recovered. Most of the attacked animals became very quarrelsome and some quite ferocious, while a few fled and died quietly in the neighboring woods, or after traveling a distance of from 5 to 15 miles. In course of a residence of over thirty years in the districts of Mackenzie River and Athabasca, I have known distemper to occur on different occasions at several trading posts in both, and always with fatal results to the dogs, but this Anderson epidemic was, I think, one of the very worst ever experienced in the far north. I find that Sir George Nares, when on his polar expedition of 1875-76, long after the foregoing was written, lost quite a number of his Eskimo dogs by distemper in his winter quarters in latitude 82° north. He writes that the "first observed symptoms thereof in an animal was his falling to the ground in a fit, soon followed by a rushing about in a frantic manner as if wholly deprived of all sense of feeling. On some occasions one would rush into the water and get drowned. At other times a few would wander away from the ship and be seen no more. Sometimes their sufferings would terminate in death. Several appeared to suffer so very much that they were shot to relieve the poor things from their pain." Markham also remarks "that nearly all arctic expeditions have experienced the same kind of disease and mortality among their dogs, and for which there has hitherto been no remedy. Hydrophobia is unknown among the Eskimo or Indian dogs, as no one bitten by a diseased animal has ever suffered permanent injury therefrom."

Most of the true breed of Eskimo dog are more or less wolfish in appearance, while others facially resemble the common fox. Many of them are very playful and affectionate, but some others are bad tempered, sulky, and vicious in disposition. McClintock mentions one or two notable characteristics. "Chummie," the favorite dog in Commander Hobson's Eskimo team, while on the Fox in her celebrated pack-ice drift, disappeared and was supposed to be lost; but "after an absence of six days he returned decidedly hungry, although he could not have been without food all the time, and evinced great delight at getting back. He devoted his first attention to a hearty meal, then rubbed himself up against his own particular associates, after which he sought out and attacked the weakest of his enemies, and, soothed by their angry howlings, lay down and coiled himself up for a long sleep."

Like domestic and Indian dogs, the female of the species under review reproduces at various seasons, but as a rule most frequently during the warmer months of the year. The litter of pups seldom exceeds five in number, sometimes less and occasionally more, and there is no apparent difference in other relative dog characteristics. The full-grown female, however, is generally smaller in size than the male.

Arctic explorers and other voyagers of experience have written much and spoken highly of the capacity, the fortitude, and the endurance of the North American hauling dog. After half a century's residence in northwestern Can-



ESKIMO DOG OF ALASKA.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

In the Lodges of the Blackfeet.

XVI.—The Story of Rising Wolf.

WHEN Berry and Sorrel Horse returned to the mouth of the Marias, Nat-ah'-ki and I, of course, went with them. Word of our coming had preceded us, and when we arrived in the great camp at dusk there we found our lodge set up between those of Talks-with-the-buffalo and Weasel Tail. Beside it was a pile of fire wood; within a well-built fire was burning cheerfully; at the back our couch of soft robes and warm blankets was spread, guest seats with the comfortable back-rests arranged, and in their proper place were our parfleches and cooking utensils, the former well filled with dried berries and choice dried meats and tongues and pemmican. All this had been done by Nat-ah'-ki's good mother, who greeted her daughter with a hearty hug and kiss and me with a shy but sincere welcome. She was a good woman; I may say a noble woman. Yes, a noble, high-minded, self-sacrificing woman, always doing something to alleviate the suffering of the sick and the sorrow of the bereaved.

I had no sooner got down from the wagon and gone inside, leaving Nat-ah'-ki and her mother to bring in our possessions, than my friends began to arrive, and right glad they seemed to be to see me again, as pleased as I was to meet them and hear them say, as they heartily grasped my hand: "Ah'-ko-two ki-tuk'-ah-an-on"—our friend has returned.

They told me briefly of the happenings during my absence, and then asked for the story of my trip. While Nat-ah'-ki prepared a little feast, and they smoked, I gave it to them as well as I could, giving the number of days that I had traveled on the steamboat, and then on the train, in order to reach my home, a distance in all of 100 nights' sleep were one to travel it on horseback. I had to repeat the story several times that night, once in the chief's lodge. When I had finished the old man inquired particularly about the railroad and its trains, fire wagons—is-tsi' an'-e-kas-im—as he called them. He wanted to know if any of them were heading for his country.

"No," I replied, "none are coming this way; there is but the one, that which runs east and west far south of here, through the land of the Wolf People and the Sheep Eaters."

"Ai!" he said, thoughtfully striking his chin. "Ai! that one many of us have seen on our raids to the south. Yes, we have seen it, the wagons, crowded with people, roaring across the plain, killing and scaring the buffalo. Some day you write to our Grandfather (the President) and tell him that we will not allow one to enter our country. Yes, tell him that I, Big Lake, send him this word: 'The white men shall neither put a fire-wagon trail across the country of my people, nor

settle here and tear up the sod of our valleys in order to plant the things they feed upon.'"

I attended many a feast that night, no sooner finishing a visit at one lodge than I was invited to another one. It was late when I finally returned home and lay down to rest, the song and laughter of the great camp, the howling of the wolves and coyotes lulling me to sleep. I thought of the far-away New England village buried in deep snow, and of its dreary monotony. "Thrice blest am I by propitious gods," I murmured.

Nat-ah'-ki nudged me. "You talk in your sleep," she said.

"I was not asleep; I was thinking aloud."

"And what thought you?"

"The gods pity me," I replied. "They have been kind to me and given me much happiness."

"Ai!" she acquiesced; "they are good; we could ask of them nothing that they have not given us. To-morrow we will sacrifice to them." And while she prayed I fell asleep, having determined that, save perhaps for an occasional visit, the East should know me no more.

The following day the chiefs and leading men held a council and decided that we should move out to the foot of the Bear's Paw Mountains. Thither we went across the wide, brown and buffalo-covered plain, encamping on a little stream running down from a pine-clad coulée, remaining there for several days. There were vast numbers of elk and deer and bighorn here, and in our morning's hunt Wolverine and I killed four fat ewes, choosing the females instead of the rams, as the rutting season of the sheep was nearly over. So numerous were the bands of these now scarce animals that I doubt not we could have slaughtered twenty or more of them had we been so minded; but we took no more than our horses could carry.

When I returned to camp I found Nat-ah'-ki busily chipping the hide of a cow buffalo I had killed. She had laced it to a frame of four lodge poles and frozen it, in which condition the surplus thickness of the hide was most easily removed with the short elkhorn, steel-tipped hoe used for the purpose. But even then it was exceedingly hard, back-breaking labor, and I said that I would be pleased if she would cease doing that kind of work. I had said something about it on a previous occasion, and this time, perhaps, I spoke a trifle too peremptorily. She turned away from me, but not before I saw the tears begin to roll down her cheeks.

"What have I done?" I asked. "I did not mean to make you cry."

"Am I to do nothing," she in turn queried, "but sit in the lodge in idleness? You hunt and provide the meat; you buy from the traders the various foods we eat. You buy my clothes and everything else I wear and use. I also want to do something toward our support."

"But you do. You cook and wash the dishes,

you even provide the fire wood. You make my moccasins and warm mittens; you wash my clothes; when we travel it is you who takes down and sets up the lodge, who packs and unpacks the horses."

"Yet am I idle most of the time," she said brokenly, "and the women jest and laugh at me, and call me proud and lazy, lazy! Too proud and too lazy to work!"

Thereupon I kissed her and dried her tears, and told her to tan as many robes as she wanted to, taking care not to work too hard nor too long at a time. And immediately she was all smiles and danced out of the lodge; presently I heard the monotonous chuck, chuck, chuck of the hoe tip against the stiff hide.

One night a dimly luminous ring was seen around the moon, and the next morning a brighter ring encircled the sun, while on either side of it was a large sun dog. The rings portended the arrival of a furious storm at no distant date; the rainbow-hued sundogs gave certain warning that the enemy, perhaps a large war party, was approaching our camp. This was a bad combination, and a council was called to consider it. The tribe was not afraid to meet any enemy that might do battle with them, but it was certain that in the night of a severe storm a party could approach unseen and unheard, steal many horses, and that the driving, drifting snow would effectually blot out their trail, so that they could not be followed and overtaken. It was decided to break camp at once and move to the mouth of Creek-in-the-middle, on the Missouri. If much snow fell and severe cold weather set in there would be better shelter in the deep valley of the river; the horses could be fed the rich bark of the cottonwood and kept in prime condition; by moving camp the certainly approaching enemy would probably never run across our trail, especially if the promised storm came soon. By 10 o'clock the last lodge was down and packed, and we strung out east by south for our destination. At noon snow began to fall. We camped that night on Creek-in-the-middle, so named because it has its source midway between the Bear's Paw and Little Rocky Mountains. The early voyageurs named it Cow Creek.

Snow was still lightly falling the next morning and it was much colder; nevertheless, we again broke camp and moved on, arriving at the river before dusk. Here we intended to remain for some time, and the hunters rode far and near on both sides of the valley and out on the plains setting deadfalls for wolves. Strychnine had not then come into general use. These deadfalls were merely a few six to eight feet poles set up at an angle of about forty-five degrees and supported by a two-stick trigger. They were covered with several hundred weight of large stones; when the wolf seized the bait at the back end of the fall, down came the heavy roof and crushed him.

chiefs, the medicine men have lost their power."

You will remember that the old man was a Catholic. Yet I know that he had much faith in the Blackfoot religion, and believed in the efficacy of the medicine men's prayers and mysteries. He used often to speak of the terrible power possessed by a man named Old Sun. "There was one," he would say, "who surely talked with the gods, and was given some of their mysterious power. Sometimes of a dark night, he would invite a few of us to his lodge, when all was calm and still. After all were seated his wives would bank the fire with ashes so that it was as dark within as without, and he would begin to pray. First to the Sun, chief ruler, then to Ai-so-pwomstan, the wind-maker, then to Sis-tse-kom, the thunder, and Puh-pom', the lightning. As he prayed, entreating them to come and do his will, first the lodge ears would begin to quiver with the first breath of a coming breeze, which gradually grew stronger and stronger until the lodge bent to the blasts, and the lodge poles strained and creaked. Then thunder began to boom, faint and far away, and lightning to dimly blaze, and they came nearer and nearer until they seemed to be just overhead; the crashes deafened us, the flashes blinded us, and all were terror-stricken. Then this wonderful man would pray them to go, and the wind would die out, and the thunder and lightning go on rumbling and flashing into the far distance until we heard and saw them no more."

All this the old man firmly believed that he had heard and seen. I cannot account for it, nor can you, except—if there be such a thing—the wily old magician hypnotized his audiences.

WALTER B. ANDERSON.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

In the Lodges of the Blackfeet.

XVII.—A Friendly Visit from the Crows.

IN the days of which I write the Blackfeet were not, as they are now, cursed with the different forms of tuberculosis. Yet there were of course occasional cases. The wife of Four Horns, a young man of the Small Robe band had it, and was growing steadily worse. As the lodge of the young couple was quite near ours, we naturally saw much of them. Four Horns was an exceedingly tall, well-built, pleasant-featured man of twenty-eight or thirty, and his wife was also good looking, neat in person and habits, but the disease had sadly shrunk her once fine form. The man was a famous raider, a tireless hunter, and with what he had taken from the enemy, and by careful breeding, had acquired a large band of horses. In his lodge were always bundles of fine robes and furs, ready to be bartered for anything that was needed or which took his wife's fancy. Nothing was too good for his woman; he thought the world of her, and she of him.

When the disease appeared a doctor was called in, and given a fee of three horses. His medicines and prayers did no good, however, and another one was tried, fee, five horses, but with like results. In succession the doctors of the whole tribe attended the patient, and now the end was near. The fine herd of horses had shrunk to less than a dozen head. Robes, furs, costly blankets and finery had also been given to the doctors. Late one evening a messenger hurriedly entered our lodge: "You are called," he said, "by Four Horns; he bids you, both of you, make haste."

We found the poor woman gasping for breath. Four Horns was sitting on the couch beside her, his face buried in his hands. An old woman, robe thrown over her head, was feeding the fire. I poured out a large drink of whiskey, added some sugar and hot water to it, and Nat-ah'-ki gave it to the sufferer. It revived her; she soon breathed more easily, and then said to me, speaking very slowly and interruptedly: "Never in all my life have I done a wrong thing. I have never lied, nor stolen, nor done that which brings shame upon a woman's parents and upon her. Yet our gods have forsaken me and I am near to death. You have gods as well as we. I have heard of them. The Maker, His Son, the Mother of the Son. Pray to them, I beg you; perhaps they will take pity and make me well."

I cannot explain, I fear, how I felt upon hearing that simple request. I wished that I could grant it, and knew that I could not. How was it possible for one to pray who had no faith? I cast about in my mind for some excuse; for

something to say, for some way to explain my inability to do it. I looked up and found Nat-ah'-ki earnestly, expectantly gazing at me. We had talked about religion, the white man's religion, several times, and she knew that I had no faith in it. Nevertheless, I could see that she expected me to do what the dying woman had requested. I made the sign of negation; no. She moved at once to the side of the sufferer and said: "I will pray to those gods for you. Long ago, when I was a little girl, a Blackrobe and my uncle taught me the way," and she began: "Ap'-ai-stu-to-ki, kin'-ah-an-on, etc." 'Twas the Lord's prayer! Some zealous Jesuit, perhaps Father De Smet himself, had translated it into Blackfoot, and good Blackfoot, too.

But even as the prayer ended, a dark stream flowed from the woman's mouth, the last and fatal hemorrhage. "That which kills you," cried Four Horns, "shall kill me. I follow you soon to the Sandhills." And bending over he drank of the blood flowing from his loved one's lips. With one last effort she clasped her thin arms around his neck, and died. It was a dreadful scene.

"Come," I said presently, gently lifting him. "Come with me to my lodge; the women now have their work to do."

With one last, long look, he arose and followed me. I gave him the guest couch, and handed him a cupful of whiskey which he quickly swallowed. After a time I gave him another cupful; worn out with long watching, overcome by the strong liquor, he laid down and I covered him with a robe. He slept soundly until after noon the next day; by that time Nat-ah'-ki and others had bound the body in robes and blankets and lashed it in a tree somewhere down the river. I know not whether Four Horns had long since contracted the disease, or if he was infected there at the woman's death bed. He died of the same dread scourge some six weeks later. If there is a Sandhills, let us hope that his shadow found hers, and that together the dreariness of that abode of shadows became lightened.

The uncle Nat-ah'-ki had mentioned was a French creole, one of the earliest employees of the American Fur Company. He had married the sister of her mother, and had been very kind to his various relatives. Nat-ah'-ki had passed two winters in his quarters at Fort Benton, and much time in his lodge when he traveled with the tribe. A devout Catholic himself, he had tried to spread the doctrine among his adopted people. I would have said nothing about the prayer she had made, but she opened the subject an evening or two later by asking me why I had not done what her dying friend asked of me.

"How could I, not believing, as I have told

you, that which the Blackrobes and others tell us?" I asked in turn.

"Surely," she said, "if I can believe, I who can neither speak your language nor read the Blackrobes' sacred writings, then you should be able to do so, you who can understand it all."

"In that very writing," I explained, "the Maker says that we shall have no other god than Him, and that if you pray to others than Him, He will punish you in some fearful manner. Therefore, if you do pray to Him, you must no longer pray to the Sun, to Old Man, or to anything else whatever."

"Nevertheless," said Nat-ah'-ki, decidedly, "I shall pray to Him, and to our gods also. That writing was not meant for us; only for the white people. We are poor; we are like a blind person feeling his way along high cliffs; we need the help of all the gods we can find."

"Right you are," I told her. "We do need help; pray to them all; and since I cannot, why, pray for me."

"Ah!" she sighed. "As if I did not always do so! There is the Sun; you can see him every day. How good he is, giving us light and heat. Can you not believe in him?"

"Yes," I replied, "I do believe in him, he is the life of this earth."

That pleased her, and she went about her work happily singing.

In February we were visited by a deputation from the Crows, who were wintering on Tongue River, away to the south of us. They came with tobacco and other presents from their chief to ours, and the message that their people offered to make a lasting treaty of peace with the Piegiens. Their leader was one Rock Eater, half Crow and half Blackfoot. His mother had been captured by the former tribe when a young girl, and in due time became the wife of her captor's son. Rock Eater, of course, spoke both languages perfectly. The envoys were well received, and became guests of the more prominent men. Their proposition was one which required mature deliberation, and while the chiefs and head warriors were discussing it, they were feasted and given the best of everything in the camp. Rock Eater himself became my guest, and many an interesting talk I had with him by the evening fire.

"Is your mother happy with the Crows?" I asked him one night. "And how do you yourself feel—that you are Piegan, or Crow, or both?"

"It is this way," he replied. "My mother loves my father, and I love him, for he has always been kind to us. Generally, we are quite happy; but there are times, when a party returns with Piegan scalps, or horses taken from them, boasting loudly of their victory, calling the Piegiens cowardly dogs. Ah! then we feel

very sad. And often the proud young Crows have made fun of me, and joked about me, calling me bad names. Oh! yes, we are very miserable at times. Long ago my mother began to urge my father to talk with the chiefs and urge them to make peace with her people. I have also long been saying what I could to help the plan. But always the most of the people would object. One chief would arise and say, 'The Piegiens killed my son; I want revenge, not peace.' Others would speak, crying out that they had lost a brother, or father, or uncle, or nephew in war with the Piegiens, and that they could not think of making peace. Not long ago my father again called a council to consider this question, and as ever, he was opposed by many of the leading men. The last speaker said this to him: 'We are tired of being asked to talk about making peace with the Piegiens. If you are so anxious to be friendly with them, why go and live with them; become a Piegan yourself.'

"So I will," cried my father in anger. "So I will. I will become a Piegan, and fight with them against all their enemies." And so saying, he arose and went home, I following him.

"Now, my father is a chief himself; a fearless man in war, so kindly and generous that he is loved by all but a few who are jealous of his position. When it was learned what he had said in the council, the people came to him and begged him to take back his words; also they went to the other chiefs and insisted that peace should be declared, provided the Piegiens would agree to it. 'We have had enough of this war,' they said. 'See the widows and orphans it has made. We have our own great country, covered with buffalo, the Piegiens theirs; the two tribes can live without killing one another.' So, after all, my father had his way, and we were sent to you. I hope that we will carry Piegan tobacco back with us."

Rock Eater was called to a feast, and soon after Rising Wolf came in to smoke a pipe with me. I asked him to tell me something about the wars between the two tribes. "Ha!" he said, grimly laughing; "I was in one of the fights, and a sad day it was to us. But to begin: The Blackfeet are a northern people. They once lived in the Slave Lake country. The Crees named those lakes after them, because they made slaves of the enemies they captured. Gradually they began to journey southward and came to these great plains abounding in game, where the winters are mild. There they found different tribes, Crows, Snakes, Assinaboines, Shoshones, various mountain tribes, the Kutenais, Pend d'Oreilles, Stonies, and drove all before them, taking possession of their country. There were times of peace between them and these tribes, but mostly they waged war upon them. In 1832 the Blackfeet made a treaty of peace with the Crows, at Fort Union, which lasted only two years. Again, in 1855, at the mouth of the Judith River, at what is known as the Stevens treaty between the United States and various tribes, the Blackfeet, Crows, Gros Ventres, Pend d'Oreilles, the Kutenais, Nez Percés and others agreed to cease warring against one another, and intruding upon another's hunting ground. The Musselshell River was designated as the boundary separating Blackfeet from Crow territory. In the summer of 1857 the Crows broke this agreement by raiding a camp of the Bloods, killing two men and running off a large number of horses. That

reopened the old feud, the three Blackfeet tribes, Bloods, Piegiens and Blackfeet proper, making common cause against the enemy. In the fall of 1858 I joined the Piegiens with my family at Fort Benton, and we went south of the Missouri to winter. We camped for a time on the Judith River, and then determined to move over on the Musselshell, follow it down by easy stages, and return to the Missouri by way of the east slope of the Snowy Mountains. About noon of the second day we came to the divide separating the two streams. Our column was loosely scattered along four or five miles of the trail that day, and most of the hunters were behind, a way to the east and west, skinning buffalo and other game they had killed; ahead of us a mile or so rode our scouts, some thirty or forty men. It was a warm day; the horses felt lazy as well as their riders, and the big camp moved slowly along the trail, widely scattered as I have said. The scouts, far ahead, gave no sign that they had seen anything to make them suspicious. The old people dozed in their saddles; young men here and there were singing a war, or drinking song; mothers crooned to the babe at their breast; all were happy. The scouts passed out of view down the south slope of the gap, and the head of our column was nearing the summit, when out from a large pine grove on our right dashed at least two hundred mounted Crows, and fell upon us. Back turned the people, the women and old men madly urging their horses, scattering travois and lodge poles along the way, shrieking for help, calling on the gods to preserve them. Such fighting men as there were along this part of the line did their utmost to check the rush of the Crows, to cover the retreat of the weak and defenseless. Hearing shots and shouts, back came the scouts, and from the rear came charging more men to the front. But in spite of stubborn resistance the Crows swept all before them for a distance of at least two miles, strewing the trail with our dead and dying people—men, women, children, even babies. They took not one captive, but shot and struck, and lanced to kill, scalping many of their victims. But at last the Piegiens bunched up in some sort of order, and the Crows drew off and rode away to the south, singing their songs of victory, taunting us by waving in triumph the scalps they had taken. So badly had our people been stampeded, so stunned were they by the terrible calamity that had befallen them, that they simply stood and stared at the retreating enemy, instead of following them and seeking revenge.

"Right there in the gap the lodges were pitched, and search for the dead and missing begun. By night all the bodies had been recovered and buried. On every hand, in nearly every lodge, there were mourners cutting their hair, gashing their lower limbs, crying and wailing, calling over and over again by the hour the names of the loved ones they had lost. Yes, it was a camp of mourning. For weeks and months, when evening came, the wailing of the mourners, sitting out in the darkness just beyond the circle of the lodges, was pitiful to hear. It was a very long time before singing and laughter, and the call of the feast giver were again heard. I happened to be with the scouts that day, and when we charged back did my best with them to check the Crows. But they so far outnumbered us, had so demoralized the people

by their unexpected and fierce assault, that we were well-nigh powerless until our men in the rear came up. More than half of the scouts were killed. I got an arrow in the left thigh. In all, one hundred and thirteen Piegiens were killed, while we shot down but seven of the enemy.

"After this happened, you may be sure that most of the war parties leaving the Piegan camp headed for the Crow country, and from the north came parties of their brothers, the Blackfeet and Bloods to harass the common enemy. In the course of two or three years they killed enough members of the Crow tribe, and drove off sufficient numbers of their horse herds, to more than offset their own losses in the massacre and in later fights—for, of course, our war parties were not always victorious.

"In the spring of 1867 the Gros Ventres—then at war with the Blackfeet tribes—concluded a treaty with the Crows, and there was a great gathering of them all on lower Milk River, to celebrate the event. A party of young Gros Ventres returning from a raid against the Crees brought word that they had seen the Piegan camp in the Divided—or, as the whites called them, Cypress—Hills. This was great news. The Crows had a long score to settle with their old-time enemy. So also felt the Gros Ventres. Although they had for a very long time been under the protection of the Blackfeet, who fought their battles for them, and protected them from their bitter foes, the Assinaboines and Yanktonais, they had no gratitude in their make up, and had quarreled with their benefactors over a trivial cause. And now for revenge! What could the Piegiens do against their combined forces? Nothing. They would kill off the men, capture the women, seize the rich and varied property of the camp. So sure were they of success, that they had their women accompany them to sort out and care for the prospective plunder.

"From a distant butte the war party had seen the Piegan camp, but had not discovered that just over a hill to the west of it, not half a mile further, the Bloods were encamped in force, some five thousand of them, or in all about one thousand fighting men. No, they hadn't seen that, and so one morning the Crows and Gros Ventres came trailing leisurely over the plain toward the Piegan camp all decked out in their war costumes, the plumes of their war bonnets and the eagle feather fringe of their shields fluttering gaily in the wind. And with them came their women happily chattering, already rejoicing over the vast store of plunder they were going to possess that day. An early hunter from the Piegan camp, going with his woman after some meat he had killed the previous day, discovered the enemy while they were still a mile and more away, and hurried back to give the alarm, sending one of his women on to call out the Bloods. There was a great rush for horses, for weapons; some even managed to put on a war shirt or war bonnet. Luckily it was early in the morning and most of the horse herds, having been driven in to water, were feeding nearby. If a man did not at once see his own band, he roped and mounted the first good animal he came to. And thus it happened that when the attacking party came tearing over the little rise of ground just east of the camp they were met by such an overwhelming force of determined and well mounted

men that they turned and fled, firing but few shots. They were utterly panic-stricken; their only thought was to escape. Better mounted than their women, they left these defenseless ones to the mercy of the enemy, seeking only to escape themselves.

"From the point of meeting a fearful slaughter began. Big Lake, Little Dog, Three Suns and other chiefs kept shouting to their men to spare the women, but a few were killed before they could make their commands known. There was no mercy shown to the fleeing men, however; they were overtaken and shot, or brained with war clubs. So sudden had been the call that many men had found no time to select a swift horse, mounting anything they could rope, and these soon dropped out of the race; but the others kept on and on, mile after mile, killing all the men they overtook until their horses could run no more and their club arms were well-nigh paralyzed from striking so long and frequently. Few of the fleeing party made any resistance whatever, never turned to look backward, but bent forward in the saddle and plied the quirt until they were shot or clubbed from their seats. For miles the trail was strewn with the dead and dying, through which fled their women, shrieking with terror—the women they had brought to care for the plunder. 'Let them go!' cried Big Lake, laughingly. 'Let them go! We will do as did Old Man with the rabbits, leave a few for to breed, so that their kind may not become wholly extinct.'

"A count was made of the dead. Only five of the Blackfeet had lost their lives, and a few been wounded. But along the trail over which they had so confidently marched that morning three hundred and sixty Crows and Gros Ventres lay dead. Many of them were never touched, for the victors had become tired of cutting and scalping. Their arms were taken, however, and in many cases their war costumes and ornaments, and then the two camps moved westward a ways, leaving the battlefield to the wolf and coyote.

"As you know, the Gros Ventres asked for peace, and are again under the protection of our people. And now come these messengers from the Crows. Well, we will see what we will see." And bidding us sleep well, Rising Wolf—I never could call him Monroe—went home.

When Berry was in camp, or anywhere within a reasonable distance of it, the Piegiens did no business without consulting him, and they always took his advice. He was really their leader; their chiefs deferred to him, relied upon him, and he never failed to advise that which was for their best interests. So, now he was called to attend the council to consider the Crow proposal, and I went, too, under his wing as it were. I wanted to hear the speeches. The Crow delegation, of course, was not present. Big Lake's lodge was well filled with the chiefs and leading men of the tribe, including the younger heads of the different bands of the All Friends Society. Among them I noticed mine enemy, Little Deer, who scowled at me when I entered. He was beginning to get on my nerves. To tell the truth, I impatiently looked forward to the day when we would have it out, being possessed of a sort of unreasoning belief that I was fated some day to send his shadow to the Sand Hills.

Big Lake filled his big stone pipe, a medicine man lighted it, made a short prayer, and then

it was passed back and forth around the circle. Three Suns opened the subject for consideration by saying that he and his band, the Lone Eaters, favored the making of a peace treaty with their old enemy. He had no sooner finished than Little Deer began an impassioned harangue. He should have been one of the last to speak, older and men of higher position having precedence over the younger; but he thrust himself forward. Nevertheless, he was listened to in silence. The Blackfeet are ever dignified, and pass over without remark any breach of tribal manners and etiquette. In the end, however, the transgressor is made in many ways to pay the penalty for his bad conduct. Little Deer said that he represented the Raven Carrier band of the great society, and that they wanted no peace with the Crows. Who were the Crows but murderers of their fathers and brothers; stealers of their herds? As soon as green grass came, he concluded, he and his friends would start on a raid against the people of the Elk River (Yellowstone), and that raid would be repeated again and again while summer lasted.

One after another each one had his say, many declaring for a peace treaty, a few—and generally the younger men—voicing Little Deer's sentiments. I remember especially the speech of an ancient blind white-haired old medicine man. "Oh, my children!" he began. "Oh, my children! Hear me; listen understandingly. When I was young like some of you here, I was happiest when raiding the enemy, killing them, driving off their horses. I became rich. My women bore me four fine sons; my lodge was always filled with good food, fine furs. My boys grew up, and oh, how proud of them I was. They were so strong, so active, such good riders and good shots. Yes, and they were so kind to me and to their mothers. 'You shall hunt no more,' they commanded. 'You grow old; sit you here by the lodge fire and smoke and dream, and we will provide for you.' I was happy, grateful. I looked forward to many pleasant winters as I aged. Hai-ya! One after another my handsome sons went forth to war, and one after another they failed to return. Two of my women were also killed by the enemy; another died, and she who remains is old and feeble. I am blind and helpless; we are both dependent on our friends for what we eat and wear, and for a place by the lodge fire. This is truly a most unhappy condition. But if there had been no war—ah! If there had been no war, then this day I would be in my own lodge with my children and grandchildren, and my women, all of us happy and content. What has happened will happen again. You who have talked against peace, think hard and take back your words. What war has done to me, it surely will do to some of you."

When the old man finished, nearly every one in the lodge cried "Ah!" "Ah!" in approval of his speech. Big Lake then spoke a few words: "I was going to make a talk for peace," he said, "but our blind friend has spoken better than I could; his words are my words. Let us hear from our friend the trader chief."

"I say with you," Berry agreed, "that the old man's talk is my talk. Better the camp of peace and plenty than the mourning of widows and orphans out in the darkness beyond the fires. Let us make peace."

"It shall be peace!" said Big Lake. "Only six of you here have talked against it, and you

are far out-numbered. I shall tell the Crow messengers that we will meet their people at Fort Benton in the sarvis berry moon, and there make friends. I have said. Go you forth."

We went our several ways; I to my lodge, where I found Rock Eater talking with Nat-ah'-ki. I saw at once that she was excited about something, and as soon as I had told our friend the decision of the council, she began: "See what we have discovered. His mother," pointing at Rock Eater, "is my mother's cousin, my relative; he is my relative. How queer it is; he came into our lodge a stranger, and we discover that he is of our blood, our very own family! And you say that we are to meet the Crows when the sarvis berries ripen. Oh, I am glad; glad! How pleased my mother will be to see her whom we thought was dead. Oh, we will be good to her. We will make her forget all that she has suffered."

I reached over and shook hands with Rock Eater. "Friend and relative," I said, "I am glad to hear this news."

And indeed I was glad. I had taken a strong liking to the young man, who in his plain and simple way had told us of his sufferings and humiliations among a partly alien—one may say wholly alien—people, for, after all, the mother's kin, and not the father's, are almost invariably the chosen kin of the offspring of a marriage between members of different tribes or nations.

The All Friends Society gave a dance in honor of the visitors, a Parted Hair, or Sioux dance, which was indeed a grand and spectacular performance. Not to be outdone, the Crows decided to give one of their own peculiar dances, one called, I believe, the Dog Feast dance. But at the very mention of it, the Piegiens suddenly lost all interest. Not but that they wanted to see the dance; they were anxious to see it. The hitch was about the dog. To them it was a sacred animal, never to be killed, nor worse still, to be used as an article of food. None of them dared even, dreading the wrath of the gods, to give the visitors one, knowing that it would be killed and eaten. I solved the problem by buying one of an old woman, pretending that I wanted it for a watch dog, and then giving it to the Crows. 'Twas a large, fat, ancient dog, well-nigh toothless, purblind and furred like a wolf. The Crows led it down into the timber by the river, and when next I saw it, it was hanging in a tree, dressed and scraped, its skin as white and shiny as that of a newly butchered pig. The next day they wanted a kettle in which to stew the dog, and no one dared loan one for such a purpose. Again I went to the rescue, "borrowed" two empty five-gallon alcohol cans from Berry and donated them. In these the dog meat was cooked to perfection.

These Crows had about the handsomest war costumes I ever saw. Every eagle tail feather of their headdresses was perfect, and the hanging part of them swept the ground at their heels. Their shirts and leggins were elegantly fringed with weasel skins, scalp locks and buck skin, and embroidered, as were their belts and moccasins, with complex designs in perfectly laid porcupine quills of gorgeous colors. The steaming cans of dog meat were carried to a level, open place between the camp and the river, and placed by a freshly built fire. Two of the Crows began to beat a drum, and the

71
dance began, an immense crowd having gathered around in a great circle to see it. No one cared to go near the cans of forbidden food. As I remember it through all these years, the dance song was very different from any the Blackfeet sing, but the dance step, a forward spring on one foot and then the other, body slightly inclined forward, was like that of the Parted Hairs. Forth and back they danced, now to the right, again to the left, every little while circling completely around the fire and the cans, arms and hands extended, as if they were blessing the food. After dancing the circle there was a rest, during which a pipe was smoked, and then the dance was repeated. The performance lasted about an hour, and then the party removed the cans from the fire and prepared to feast on their contents. In less than two minutes the last Piegan had left the vicinity, some of the women badly nauseated at the thought of eating such proscribed food.

After remaining with us a couple of days longer, the Crows prepared to depart, and many a present was given them for themselves and for their chiefs. They carried about ten pounds of tobacco as a token that the Piegans accepted their overtures of peace, also a handsome black stone pipe, a present from Big Lake to their head chief. Then they were given a number of horses, fine blankets, parfleches of choice dried meat and skins of pemmican. Nät-ah'-ki had her little herd run in. "My horses are your horses," she said to me. "Give Rock Eater that four-year-old black." I did so. Then she got together some things for his mother—a new four-point blanket, a blue trade cloth dress, various paints and trinkets, and lastly a lot of food for the traveler. Rock Eater could hardly speak when he was leaving. Finally he managed to say, "These days here with you have been happy. I go from you, my good and generous relatives, only to meet you soon with my mother. She will cry with joy when she hears the words you send her and receives these fine presents." And so they rode away across the bottom and over the ice-bound river, and we turned to our every-day affairs.

WALTER B. ANDERSON.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

In the Lodges of the Blackfeet.

A Raid by the Crows.

A BIG chinook wind in the latter end of February cleared the river of ice, and the little snow in the coulées soon melted away. There was no more cold weather thereafter, grass showing green in the bottom lands in March.

Life in camp was generally tranquil. One night some Assinaboines stole forty head of horses, and were not overtaken, although a large party followed their trail eastward as far as Hairy Cap butte. Their coup stick, a long arrow, to which was tied a large scalp, was found sticking in the ground in the heart of our camp the morning after the theft, causing the people much chagrin. It was practically a message from the enemy, reading something like this: "We present you with a scalp, which we tore from the head of a member of your tribe. We have taken some of your horses. We are Assinaboines," for the tribe was known by the peculiar make of the arrow. "They will hear from us as soon as summer comes," said the young men. The Blackfeet did not often start on raids in cold weather. On the other hand, Assinaboine war parties seemed to prefer the most inclement months of winter for their expeditions. They were a very cowardly people, and realized that they ran less risk of being discovered and made to fight at a time when the enemy went abroad only to hunt in the vicinity of camp.

I shall never forget another morning, when, for a few moments, it seemed as if we all must face a terrible death. The evening before a vast herd of buffalo had been discovered two or three miles back from the river—a herd so large that it was said the valley of Cow Creek and the hills on each side of it were black with them as far as one could see. Soon after sunrise many hunters, with their women following on travois horses, had gone out to run this herd and get meat. An hour or so later they charged in among them on their trained runners, splitting the herd in such a way that about a thousand or more broke straight down the valley toward the camp. This was the part of the herd that they chased, for the nearer to camp the killing was done the easier it was to pack in the meat. Down the valley the frightened animals fled, followed by their tenacious pursuers. We in camp heard the thunder of their hoofs and saw the cloud of dust they raised, before the animals themselves came in sight. Our lodges were pitched on the lower side of the bottom, between the creek and the steep, bare, rocky ridge to the east. Every man, woman and child of us had hurried outside to witness the chase, for it was not every day that we had such an opportunity.

It was really far more exciting to see such a run near at hand than to take part in it. When one mounted his runner and flung into the thick of the herd, he saw only the particular animals he chased and shot or shot at; he had not time nor sense for anything else. But the spectator of the run saw much. First of all, he was impressed with the mighty power of the huge shaggy, oddly shaped beasts charging madly by him with a thunderous pounding of hoof and rattle of horns, causing the ground to tremble as if from an earthquake; and then to see the hunters, their long hair streaming in the wind, guiding their trained mounts here and there in the thick of it all, singling out this fat cow or that choice young bull, firing their guns or leaning over and driving an arrow deep into the vital part of the great beast; to see the plain over which they passed become dotted with the dead, with great animals standing head down, swaying, staggering, as the life blood flowed from mouth and nostrils, finally crashing over on the ground, a limp and lifeless heap. Ah! that was a sight! That is what we, standing by our lodges, saw that morning. No one cheered the hunters, nor spoke, nor laughed. It was too solemn a moment. We saw death abroad; huge, powerful beasts, full of tireless energy, suddenly stricken into so many heaps of senseless meat and hide. Paradoxical as it may seem, the Blackfeet revered, spoke with awe of, regarded as "medicine" or sacred, these animals which they killed for food, whose hides furnished them with shelter and clothing.

A band of horses drinking at the river became frightened at the noise of the approaching herd. They bounded up the bank and raced out over the bottom, heads and tails up, running directly toward the herd, which swerved to the eastward, crossed the creek, and came tearing down our side of it. The rocky ridge hemming in the bottom was too steep for them to climb with anything like speed, so they kept on in the flat directly toward the lodges. Such a scampering as ensued! Some in their terror ran wildly around, stopping behind one lodge a moment, then running to the shelter of another. Women screamed, children bawled, men shouted words of advice and command. I seized hold of Nat-ah'-ki, ran with her over to one of Berry's wagons, and got her up in it. In a moment both his and Sorrel Horses' wagons were filled with people, others crouching under and standing in lines behind them. Persons in the vicinity of the ridge clambered up among the rocks. Those near the creek jumped down in it, but many stood helplessly behind their lodges in the center of the camp. Now, the leaders of the herd reached the outer edge of the village. They could not draw back, for those behind forced them forward, and they

loped on, threading their way between the lodges, nimbly jumping from side to side to avoid them, kicking out wickedly at them as they passed. For all his great size and uncouth shape, the buffalo was a quick and active animal on his feet.

I had taken shelter behind one of the wagons with many others and watched the brown living stream surge by, winding in and out between the lodges as a river winds past the islands and bars in its channel. Not one of us but was frightened; we held our breath in anxious suspense, for we well knew that almost anything—the firing of a gun or sight of some suspicious object ahead—might throw the herd into confusion, and if it turned or bunched up in a compact mass, people would surely be trampled to death by them, lodges overturned, the greater part of camp reduced to irreparable ruin. To us it seemed a very long time, but in reality no more than a couple of minutes elapsed ere the last of the herd had passed out beyond the outer lodges into the river and across it to the opposite side. No one had been hurt, not a lodge had been overturned. But long scaffolds of drying meat, many hides and pelts of various animals pegged out on the ground to dry, had either disappeared or been cut into small fragments. That, indeed, was an experience to be remembered; we were thankful to have escaped with our lives. When we thought what would have happened had we got in the way of the rushing herd, we shuddered. When Nat-ah'-ki said: "How good was the Sun to keep us unharmed through this great danger." I am sure that she voiced the sentiment of all. The next day I noticed that the trees and high bushes bordering the river were bright with the peoples' offerings or sacrifices to their god. They gave always of their best, their choicest and most prized ornaments and finery.

The winter was now gone. Berry and Sorrel Horse started for Fort Benton with their families and the last loads of their winter's trade. They had done exceedingly well, and concluded to remain for a time at the fort. Berry declared that he would do no more freighting to the mines with his bull train; he would either sell it or employ some one as a train-master. The Piegiens still had a large number of prime robes, wolf pelts and other skins on hand, which they were to trade at the fort, but instead of going there direct, they decided to circle southward, up the Judith River, thence around to the north by way of Arrow Creek and the foot of the Highwood Mountain. I went with them, agreeing to meet Berry at the fort and plan with him for the ensuing season's trade.

So, one warm, sunny day in the end of March, camp was broken, and crossing the wide, shallow ford of the river at Cow Island, we

climbed the south slope of the valley and strung out over the plain. At such times Nat-ah'-ki and I frequently dropped behind and rode along a mile or more to the right or left of the trail on little side hunts. We were free to do this, for the good mother and her uncle's family took charge of our pack and travois horses, and herded them along with their own. And when we came to camp in the evening we would find our lodge put up, the couches made, wood and water at hand, the tireless mother sitting by the fire awaiting our arrival. Sometimes Nat-ah'-ki would remonstrate with her for doing all this, but she would always say, "Young people should be happy. This my mother did for me when I was newly married. Some day you will likely be doing it for your daughter." Which latter remark would cause the little woman to turn away in confusion, and she would pretend to be very busy about something. Alas! they thought that this carefree life was going to last forever. Even we white men little dreamed how soon the buffalo were to disappear.

On this lovely morning we rode gradually and slowly obliquely away to the west until we were a couple of miles from the trail. Still further out we could see several hunters now and then, as they passed over a rise of ground, and occasionally the long column of the moving camp was in sight. Sometimes we loitered, letting our horses feed as they walked, and again we would start them into a lope and keep it up until we were well abreast of the others. Nat-ah'-ki kept up a ceaseless chatter of gossip and story and questions about the country from which I came. She was ever wanting to know about the ways of white women, good and bad; and when I told some of the things I had known, had seen the bad ones do, she would be horrified and say over and over again, "Terrible, shameless! No Blackfoot woman would ever act like that."

Along toward noon we came to the head of a pine-clad coulée running into the far-away Judith, and in a little grove there was a small spring of clear, cold water. We drank, and then leading our animals up to the top of the slope, where we could obtain a good view of the surrounding country, we ate our lunch of bread, depuyer and dried meat. A kit fox came trotting over the bench opposite us, ran down the slope into the grove and to the spring, and presently it came out on our side, sniffing the air, undoubtedly having scented our food. It walked up to within thirty feet of us, stopped and stared at us and the grazing horses, then circled around and finally stretched out on its belly, head up, watching us intently, and frequently sniffing the air, curiously working its slender, delicately contoured nose. It was evidently reasoning like this, "There is something to eat over by those strange looking animals. I'll wait here a while, and nose around the place after they leave." At least, that is what Nat-ah'-ki said the little creature was thinking, and I had reason to believe that in such matters she generally knew whereof she spoke. "Did I ever tell you," she asked, "about my grandfather and his pet fox? No? Well, then, listen:

"One night my grandfather's dream commanded him to catch a kit fox, tame it and be kind to it. He thought long over this, and counseled with others as to its meaning; but none could understand it any more than he.

The next night his dream told him the same thing, and again on the third night, and lastly on the fourth night. Four times his dreams commanded him to do this. Four is the sacred number. When he arose the fourth morning he knew that he must obey his dream. He no longer asked why, nor what was meant, but after eating went out to catch a fox. There were many foxes; every little way as he walked he saw them running onward or sitting by their dens, into which they disappeared as he drew near. He had a long lariat, to an end of which he had tied a length of fine buckskin string. Making a running noose of the string, he would lay it in a circle around the entrance to the den, then go back as far as the lariat extended and lie down, to watch for the animals. If one poked its head out, he would jerk the lariat, and the noose would tighten around its neck or body. In this way children catch ground squirrels—he had done it himself in youthful days—and he believed that in like manner he could capture a fox.

"These animals have more than one entrance to their den, often as many as five or six. If my grandfather set the noose around a hole into which he saw a fox go, the animal was certain to look out from another opening, and seeing him lying there near by, would dodge back and appear no more, even though he waited a long time. Thus passed the first day, and also the second. On the evening of the third he noosed one, but with a snap of its sharp teeth it cut the string and escaped. Tired and thirsty, and hungry, he was returning home that evening, when on the side of a coulée he saw five young foxes playing near the entrance to their den, the mother and father sitting near by watching them. They were very small; so young that they were not quick and active on their feet, but tumbled over each other slowly and awkwardly. He sat down on the opposite side of the coulée and watched them until the sun set and night came on. Over and over he asked himself how he could catch one of the young. He prayed, too, calling upon the gods, upon his dream, to show him the way.

"Returning to his lodge, he ate and drank and filled and lighted his pipe, again praying for help in that which he had to do. And suddenly, as he sat there silently smoking, the way was shown him. The gods had taken pity on him. He went to bed and slept well. 'Go out and find a large buffalo shoulder blade,' he said to my grandmother, after the morning meal, 'then take a cow skin and accompany me.'

"They went to the den of young foxes. Very close to the place where the little ones played was a large bunch of rye grass, and in the center of it my grandfather began to cut away the sod, to loosen the earth with his knife. My grandmother helped him, using the shoulder blade as a white man does his shovel, removing the earth and piling it on the cowskin, then carrying the load away and scattering it in the bottom of the coulée. They worked and worked, cutting and digging, and scraping, until the hole was deep enough for my grandfather to stand in. His eyes were even with the top of the ground, the fringe of rye grass still standing made a good screen; the foxes might scent him, but they could not see him. 'Go home,' he said to my grandmother, when they had finished their work. 'Go home and make a sacrifice to the Sun, and pray

that I may succeed in that which I have to do.'

"Then he got into the hole and stood very still, waiting, watching for the little ones to come out. Long he waited; the sun seemed to travel very slowly down toward the mountains. It was very hot; he became very thirsty; his legs ached, but he stood as motionless as the ground itself, always watching. A little while before sunset an old one came out, and walked half way around the rye grass bunch. Then, suddenly, it scented him, and ran swiftly away up the coulée, not daring to return whence the wind had warned it of some danger, unseen, but more to be feared for that very reason. Soon afterward the little ones came forth, one by one, slowly and lazily, yawning and stretching themselves, blinking their eyes in the strong light. They began to play, as they had done on the previous evening, and before long they gathered in a scuffle at the edge of the rye grass. Then my grandfather quickly reached out, and seized one by the back of the neck. 'Hai-ya', little brother,' he cried, 'I have caught you.' Climbing out of the hole he wrapped it in a fold of his robe and hurried to his lodge. He was happy. Four times his dream had spoken to him; on the fourth day he had fulfilled its command. He felt sure that in some way the taking of the fox was to be for his good.

"Puh'-po-kan (dream) my grandfather named the little animal. From the very beginning it had no fear of him, and soon made friends with the dogs of the lodge. An old bitch loved it at once, and if any strange dog came nosing around where it was she would drive the stranger away. The fox eat readily the bits of meat my grandfather gave it, and learned to drink water and soup. He forbade anyone to pet it, or feed it, or call it by name, so it was friendly only with him. It wanted to follow him wherever he went, and at night would crawl under the robes and sleep beside him. When camp was moved, it had a little nest in a travois load, where it would lie quite still to the journey's end. It was such a funny little one; always wanting to play with my grandfather or with the lodge dogs; and when it got scared at anything it would run to him, making short, gasping, hoarse little barks, just as we hear them at night out beyond the lodges. I did so want to play with it, take it up in my arms and pet it, but always my mother would say: 'Don't you dare do it; 'tis a sacred one, and if you touch it something dreadful will happen to you. Perhaps you would go blind.'

"As it grew older it would wander around at times during the night until chased by some dog, and then it would rush in and crawl into bed beside my grandfather. Not a mouse wandered in under the lodge-skin but Puh'-po-kan had found and killed it, and often he would bring home a bird or brown squirrel. About the time when Puh'-po-kan had seen two winters, we were camping on the Little River, just north of the Bear's Paw Mountains. One night, after the lodge fires had all died out and everyone was asleep, Puh'-po-kan awoke my grandfather by backing up against his head and barking in a way it had when scared. 'Stop that,' said my grandfather, reaching up and giving the little one a light slap. 'Stop barking and go to sleep.'

"But Puh'-po-kan would not stop; instead he barked harder than ever, trembling because he was so excited. My grandfather raised up on his elbow and looked around. The moon was shining down through the smoke-hole, so that he

could make out the different objects in the lodge; over by the doorway there was something that did not belong there; a dark, motionless object that looked like a person crouching. "Who are you?" he asked. "What do you want here?"

"No answer.

"Then my grandfather spoke again: 'Tell me, quickly, who you are. Get up and talk, or I will shoot you.'

"Still there was no answer. Puh'-po-kan kept on barking. My grandfather quietly reached out for his gun, which lay at the head of the bed, cocked it without noise, aimed and fired it. With a fearful scream a man—for such the object proved to be—sprang up and fell dead right in the hot ashes and coals of the fire-place, from whence my grandfather quickly dragged him. Of course the shot aroused the camp, and the screams of the frightened women in my grandfather's lodge brought every one to it. A fire was quickly built and the light showed that the dead one was an enemy, a far-away tribe Sioux.

He had no weapon except a big long knife, still firmly gripped in his right hand. Evidently he had entered the lodge intending to steal a gun, and would have stabbed anyone who interfered with him. When the fox gave warning of his presence, he most likely thought that by remaining crouched to the ground he would not be discovered, and that those aroused would soon again fall to sleep. He seemed to have come to the camp alone, for no trace of others could be found, no horses were stolen.

"All the talk in camp was about the fox, and my grandfather's dream. It was all great medicine. And my grandfather, how pleased he was. He made many sacrifices, prayed much, and loved Puh'-po-kan more than ever. Two more winters the little one lived, and then one summer night it was bitten by a rattlesnake and soon died. The women wrapped the swollen little body in robes and buried it on a scaffold they made in a cottonwood tree, just as if it had been a person."

I recinched our saddles. Nat-ah'-ki spread the remains of our lunch on a smooth flat stone. "Eat heartily, little brother," she said. We mounted and rode away, and looking back we saw the fox busily chewing a piece of dried meat. Later in the afternoon we arrived in camp, which had been pitched near a small lake on the high plateau. The water was bad but drinkable when made into tea. We used buffalo chips for fuel. In the evening I was invited to a feast given by Big Lake. Monroe, or Rising Wolf, as I preferred to call him, was also a guest along with a number of other staid and sober men. Young men seldom feasted and smoked with their elders, and in the camp were many coteries, or social sets, just as we find them in any civilized community, with this exception; there was no jealousy nor rivalry between them; no one of them felt that its members were in anyway any better than the members of another set.

We had smoked but one pipe, I remember, when a young man bounced in through the doorway, and said: "A war party of many men is near us."

"Ah!" all exclaimed, and then Big Lake, "Quick! tell us about it."

"I was hunting," said the young man, "and tied my horse to a bunch of sage while I crept up to a band of antelope. Perhaps I did not tie him securely; he got loose and ran away on his back trail and I started back afoot. At sundown I

came to the top of a ridge and could see our camp and over on another ridge near the Judith I saw at least fifty men. Saw them climb up and stand on its summit. They must have discovered our camp, by the smoke from the lodge fires, if nothing more. I waited until it was so dark that they could not see me, and then hurried in. They will certainly raid our horses to-night.

"Scatter out through camp all of you," said Big Lake, quickly and decisively. "Tell the men to come here at once, warn the women not to scream or cry or run. Hurry!"

I went home and told Nat-ah'-ki the news, removed the cover of my rifle, filled my coat pockets with cartridges. "Wait!" she said, grasping the gun barrel. "What are you going to do?"

"Why, Big Lake told us to meet at his lodge," I explained. "He has some good plan, I suppose."

"Yes, he is wise," she agreed, "but you are not going out there to be killed by a war party. Stay here with me."

"But our horses. I cannot remain here in the lodge and let the enemy run them off."

"They do not matter. Let them go."

"But," I said, "if I remained here think what people would say. They would call me a coward, they would say to you: 'Your white man has a woman's heart; why don't you make some dresses for him?'"

That ended the argument. She just sat down on the couch, covered her head with a shawl, and thus I left her. I will acknowledge that I did not go forth with a mad desire for battle. The cheerful lodge fire, the restful couch and the long-stemmed pipe were dear to all save the rash young man whose only thought was of war. Big Lake was a born tactician. In the few moments required to assemble the men around his lodge he had thought out his plan of defense, and issued his orders in a few words. The various bands of the All Friends Society were told off into four groups, and ordered to steal quietly out to the north, south, east and west of camp and there await the arrival of the enemy. All others not of the society were to go with any one of the bands they chose. It was not feared that a war party of fifty or of even three times that number would make an attack on camp. They came, of course, to steal horses, and the plan was to go out where the herds were grazing and lie in wait. The really valuable animals were all tethered, as usual, near the lodges of their owners, and passing by the herds of common horses, the enemy would try to get in to them, cut their ropes and lead them away one by one, and by twos and threes.

I moved out with the Crazy Dogs, Raven Carriers and thirty or forty others who, like myself, belonged to no organization. We spread out in a wide line, and after walking slowly and silently for about half a mile, word was passed to stop, whereupon we sat down in the cover of the sage and grease-wood brush. There was a moon, low down in the western sky, and due to set about midnight, so it was not very dark; we could see quite plainly the brush forty or fifty yards distant. We remained there quietly a long time. The man nearest me on the right slowly crawled over and sat beside me.

"The night light is about to go out of sight," he whispered. "The war party will appear somewhere soon, if they come at all to-night."

He spoke truly, for a little later we heard in-

distinctly away out beyond a murmur of voices. Then there was silence, and then with soft tread and harsh swish of brush against their leggins, the raiders came into view, unsuspectingly advancing, some of them to their death. Some one on my left fired first, and then the whole line shot an irregular volley. How the sparks of the cheap black powder glowed and sparkled as they spouted from fuke and rifle into the darkness. The flashes blinded us for a moment, and when we could see again the enemy were running away. They had fired a number of shots in answer to ours, but as we afterward found, not one of their bullets had found a mark. Almost as one man our line sprang forward, with cries of "Now, Crazy Dogs! Now, Raven Carriers! Take courage; we must wipe them out." Here were some bodies, five in all, one with life still in it. Thud went a war club and the recumbent figure sprawled out, face up, in the waning moonlight. In a trice the dead were scalped, their arms taken by those who first came to them. On sped our party, an occasional shot was fired at a dimly seen retreating figure. Behind us now came the three other divisions of the camp, shouting words of encouragement. But now no enemy could be seen, nor heard, and our party stopped; it was useless to look further for them in the darkness. Big Lake came up. "Spread out," he said, "spread out again and encircle the camp. Perhaps some of them are concealed in the brush closer in, and with daylight we will find them."

I shouldered my rifle and went home. Nat-ah'-ki was sitting up with her mother for company and I related all that had occurred.

"Why did you come back?" she asked, after I had finished. "Why didn't you stay out there with the rest as Big Lake ordered?"

"Hai-yah!" I exclaimed. "How peculiar are women; one may not understand them. You begged me this evening to remain here with you. I came back because I am tired and hungry, and sleepy, and now you are displeased because I returned. Well, to please you I'll go back and sit with the others until morning."

"Sit down, crazy man," she said, pushing me back on the couch from which I had started to rise. "You will stay right there. Here is your pipe; fill it and smoke while I broil some meat and make tea."

"You are the chief," I told her, contentedly leaning back against a willow mat. "It shall be as you say."

Ah, me! Roll them back, you ruthless harvester of the years. Give back to me Nat-ah'-ki and my youth. Return to us our lodge and the wide brown buffalo plains.

WALTER B. ANDERSON.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

AMES, Ia.—It is now almost a year since we have been receiving your interesting and practical journal for the use of our students who are specializing in the study of forestry. Your paper has been a constant help and inspiration to our men by giving them a clearer, more practical understanding of hunting and fishing matters in this country. There has been, and is so much abuse of our great privileges, as far as hunting and fishing is concerned, that I have been very anxious that our men get a right understanding of this subject.

H. P. BAKER,

Forester Iowa State College.

PASADENA, Cal.—I want to congratulate you on the new dress of the paper. It is better looking and more convenient to handle. G. B. P.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

In the Lodges of the Blackfeet.

XIX.—Nat-ah'-ki's Wedding.

AT daylight an unusual stir and confusion in camp awoke us, and Nat-ah'-ki went out to learn what it was all about. She soon returned with the news that our enemy of the night had proved to be Crows, that the bodies of seven of them had been found, and that they had succeeded in running off seventy or more horses. A large party had already started in pursuit of them, and we were not to break camp until they returned. I arose and dressed betimes, had breakfast and went visiting. Turning into Weasel Tail's lodge I found him nursing a gash in the thigh, where a Crow bullet had creased him. I sat with him a long time, while other visitors came and went. All were calling the Crows any bad name their language contained, but unfortunately or fortunately, some may say, in this line their speech was exceedingly limited. The very best they could do was to call their enemy dog faces and present them to the Sun, begging him to destroy them.

I went on to the lodge of the chief, where I found many of the principal men assembled. "I for one," Big Lake was saying when I entered, "will talk against making peace with the Crows so long as I live. Let us all agree never to smoke their tobacco. Let us teach our children that they are like the rattlesnake, always to be killed on sight."

The visitors heartily agreed to this, and I may say here that they kept their word, sending party after party against their Yellowstone enemies until the Government interfered and put a stop to inter-tribal war. The last raid occurred in the summer of 1885.

There was much scalp dancing during the day, participated in by those who had lost most recently husband or father or some other relative in battle with the Crows. This was not, as has been often luridly pictured, a spectacular dance of fierce exultation and triumph over the death of their enemy. As performed by the Blackfeet, it was a truly sad spectacle. Those participating in it blackened their faces, hands and moccasins with charcoal, and wore their meanest, plainest clothes. An aged man held the scalp of the enemy tied to a willow wand in front of him, and the others ranged in line on each side. Then they sang a low and very plaintive song in a minor key, which to me at least, seemed to express more sorrow over the loss of their kin than it did joy for the death of the enemy. On this occasion there were seven scalps, seven parties dancing in different parts of camp at once, and one band of mourners after another took their turn, so that the performance lasted until night. There was really no dancing about it, the singers merely stooping slightly and rising in time to the song.

The pursuing party returned at dusk, having failed to overtake the enemy. Some were for starting at once on a raid into the Crow country, but there was now little ammunition in camp and it was decided that we should push on to Fort Benton with as little delay as possible. After obtaining a good supply of powder and ball there the war party could turn back southward. Four or five days later camp was pitched in the big bottom opposite the fort, Nat-ah'-ki and I crossed the river, and wended our way to the little adobe house. There we found Berry, his wife and mother, and the good Crow Woman. What a happy lot they were those women, as they bustled around and got in each other's way trying to get supper ready. And I am sure Berry and I were happy too. We did not say much as we stretched out on a buffalo robe lounge and smoked, but words are often superfluous. It was all good enough for us, and each knew that the other so felt. Berry had got my mail out of the office and there it lay on the table, a few letters, a bushel or more of papers and magazines. I read the letters, but the rest mostly remained unopened. I had lost all interest in States affairs.

In the evening Berry and I went down to the fort for a while, and, of course, we called in at Keno Bill's place. As usual, at that time of year, the town, if it could be so called, was full of people, traders and trappers, bullwhackers and mule skimmers, miners and Indians, all awaiting the arrival of the steamboats which had long since left St. Louis, and were soon due to arrive. Every table in Keno's place was so crowded with players that one couldn't edge in to watch a game. Keno himself and two assistants were busy behind the bar, as the kegs still held out despite the heavy draught on them during the winter months. There were even a few bottles of beer left. I gladly paid a dollar and four bits for one of them, and Berry helped me drink it.

We went into the Overland Hotel for a moment on our way home, and there among other guests I saw a man whom I thought to be a preacher; at any rate, a white tie adorned his blue flannel shirt front, and he wore a black coat which, if not cut in approved ministerial style, was at least of the right color. I went up to him and said: "Excuse me, sir, but I'd like to know if you are a preacher?"

"I am," he replied with a pleasant smile. "I am a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church. I have been in the mountains for the past year, both preaching and mining, and am now on my way to my home in the States."

"Well," I continued, "if you'll go along with me I guess I can find a job for you."

He arose at once and accompanied us home. "May I ask," he said on the way, "what is to be the nature of my services? A baptism or marriage, or is there some sick one in need of a few words?"

"It's a marriage," I replied; "that is, providing the other party is willing."

With that Berry shamelessly snickered.

The women were gaily talking and laughing when we arrived, but became silent at once when they saw our companion. They were always thus in the presence of strangers. I called Nat-ah'-ki into the back room. "He out there," I said to her, "is a sacred (more correctly Sun) white man. I have asked him to sacredly marry us."

"Oh," she cried. "How did you know my wish? It is what I have always wanted you to do, but I—I was afraid, ashamed to ask it of you. But, is he a real sacred white man? He wears no black robe, no cross?"

"He is of another society," I replied. "There are a thousand of them, and each claims that theirs is the only true one. It matters not to us. Come on."

And so, Berry acting as interpreter, we were married, and we sent the preacher forth with a gold piece as a souvenir of the occasion. "I'm hungry," said Berry, "broil us a couple of buffalo tongues, you women."

Broiled tongue and bread, tea and apple sauce comprised the wedding feast, as we may call it, and that also was good enough for us.

"It is this," Nat-ah'-ki confided to me later. "Many white men who have married women of our tribe according to our customs, have used them only as playthings and then have left them. But those who took women by the sacred words of a sacred white man, have never left them. I know that *you* would never leave me, no never. But how the others have laughed at me, joked about me, saying: 'Crazy girl, you love your man, and you are a fool; he has not married you in the white man's way, and will leave you as soon as he sees another woman with a prettier face.' They can never say that again. No, never."

We had planned, Berry and I, to remain in Fort Benton during the summer and make a camp trade the following winter. The steamboats began to arrive in May and then the levee was a busy place. The traders were also rushed, the Indians crowding in to dispose of the last of their robes and furs. But we had no place in this, and in a few weeks we became restless. Berry decided to make a couple of trips to Helena with his bull train, although it was not necessary for him to go, as he had hired a train master, or, in the language of the bullwhacker, a "wagon boss." The women decided that they wanted to go berrying. The Piegiens had long since crossed the river and were camped on the Teton, only a few miles away. We proposed to join them, Nat-ah'-ki sending word to her mother to have our saddle and pack horses driven in.

A couple of weeks before this, I was sitting on the levee one day when a stranger came along

and sat down by my side, and we fell to talking about various things. I saw at once that he was a man of education and refinement, and from the moment I first saw him I took a liking to him. He was tall and well built, brown-eyed and brown-haired, and had a pleasing, frank expression of countenance, although it was rather a sad one. Also, he seemed to have no enthusiasms. He seldom smiled, never laughed outright, and was often so lost in thought over—to judge from his sad eyes—something near his heart that he was entirely oblivious to his surroundings. I invited him over to the little abode for dinner, and Berry immediately took to him as I had done. So did the women, who were usually very distant and dignified in the presence of strangers. He soon passed the most of his time with us, and nothing in the estimation of our household was good enough for him. Old Mrs. Berry rigged up a fine robe couch with willow back rests for his especial use. The Crow Woman gave him a beautiful pair of moccasins. Nat-ah'-ki and Berry's wife got out their choice stores of pemmican, and depuyer, dried meats and berries for our little evening feasts.

"See here," I said to Nat-ah'-ki one day. "I'm getting jealous of this man. You women think more of him than you do of Berry and me."

"He is so sad feeling," she said, "that we pity him. What is it that troubles him? Has he lost some loved one?"

I knew no more than she what troubled him; that he was grieving about something was evident. We never questioned him, never even asked his name, nor whence he came. And that is where the western people differed from those of the east. They never gossiped, never tried to pry into one's secrets, nor demanded his pedigree. They simply gave him the hand of good-fellowship and used him as they wished to be used.

The women named him Kut-ai'-imi: Never-Laughs, and thus among themselves they ever spoke of him. It was a long time before he knew it, and then it didn't matter. He told Berry and I that his name was—well, what it was is not necessary for this story; we will call him Ashton. He also informed us that his home was in Boston, and that he had come west merely to see something of western life. When he learned that the women and I were to join the camp, he asked to be allowed to go with us, and of course we were glad to have him go. He purchased a horse and saddle, blanket and rifle, and various other things necessary for the trip.

So, one evening we returned to camp, to our very own lodge, which Nat-ah'-ki's mother had again set up and furnished for our home coming. On every hand there was song and laughter, and beating of drums, and calls for feasts. The women broiled some meat, made some bread and tea, and we eat the simple meal with relish. Then Ashton and I lay back on our soft lounges and smoked, talking little. I was perfectly content; my friend, judging by his dreamy and far-away expression, had gone back eastward, in thought, a couple of thousand miles. The women soon washed the dishes, and got out their porcupine quill, or bead embroidery work. "Grandmother," I said, "tell me a story; something about your people in the long ago."

"Hai!" the Crow Woman exclaimed. "Just hear him. He is always wanting stories. Before

long, if we are to keep him contented, we will have to make up some, for he has heard about all we know."

"But just think how selfish he is," said Nat-ah'-ki, looking at me mischievously. "He gets all of our stories; but tells us none of his."

I was obliged to acknowledge that the little woman was right, and promised to tell some later. Old Mrs. Berry, after some thinking, began:

The Story of No-Heart.

"It was before my grandfather's time, yes, far back of that, for he said that the old people whom he had heard relate it, told about having heard it from their grandfathers. So, it is surely a story of great age.

"It was in the spring time. The people were scattered out on the plain one day, busily digging the white root, when a terrible thunder storm came up. It was far to the lodges, so the diggers, knowing that they would get wet whether they ran or staid, just sat down where they were, covered themselves with their robes, and waited for the storm to pass by. One family happened to be all near each other when the rain began to fall, all huddled up closely together.

"This is a very cold rain," said the mother. 'I am shivering.'

"Yes," said the father, 'it is cold. Crowd closer together all of you.'

"Thus they sat, when thunder crashed above them, and a ball of lightning, falling in their midst, broke with a big noise, and knocked them all flat and limp on the wet ground. There they lay, the father and mother, two sons and a daughter, and none dared go to aid them, for fear the angry god would strike them, too. But when the storm passed by, the people ran to do what they could for the stricken ones. At first they thought that all of them were dead, and four of them surely were; the fifth one, the girl, still breathed. In a little while she sat up and, seeing what had befallen the others, wept so piteously that the women there wept with her, although none of them were related to her. The father had been an orphan since childhood; so had the mother; and the poor girl was now alone. In the whole camp she had not one relation.

"Kind friends buried the dead, and then many different ones asked the girl to come and live with them; but she refused them all. 'You must go and live with some one,' said the chief, 'No one ever heard of a young woman living by herself. You cannot live alone. Where would you procure your food? And think of what people would say should you do so; you would soon have a bad name.'

"If people speak evil of me, I cannot help it," said the girl. 'They will live to take back their bad words. I have decided to do this, and I will find a way to keep from starving.'

"So this girl lived on alone in the lodge her parents had built, with no company save her dogs. The women of the camp frequently visited her and gave her meat and other food; but no man, either young or old, ever went in and sat by her fire. One or two had attempted it, but only once, for she had told them plainly that she did not wish the society of any man. So the youths gazed at her from afar, and prayed the gods to soften her heart. She was a handsome

young woman, a hard and ceaseless toiler; no wonder that the men fell in love with her, and no wonder that they named her No Heart.

"One young man, Long Elk, son of the great chief, loved the lone girl so much that he was nearly crazy with the pain and longing for her. He had never spoken to her, well knowing that her answer would be that which she had given to others. But he could not help going about, day after day, where she could always see him. If she worked in her little bean and corn patch, he sat on the edge of the river bank nearby. If she went to the timber for wood, he strolled out in that direction, often meeting her on the trail, but she always passed him with eyes cast down, as if she had not seen him. Often, in the night, when all the camp was fast asleep, Long Elk would steal out of his father's lodge, pick up a water skin, and filling it again and again at the river, would water every row in No Heart's garden. At the risk of his life he would go out alone on the plains where the Sioux were always prowling, and hunt. In the morning when No Heart awoke and went out, she would find hanging in the dark entrance way, choice portions of meat, the skin of a buffalo or the deer kind. The people talked about this, wondering who did it all. If the girl knew, she gave no sign of it, always passing the young man as if she did not know there was such a person on earth. A few low and evil ones themselves, hinted wickedly that the unknown protector was well paid for his troubles. But they were always rebuked, for the girl had many friends who believed that she was all good.

"In the third summer of the girl's lone living, the Mandans and Arickarees quarreled, and then trouble began, parties constantly starting out to steal each other's horses, and to kill and scalp all whom they could find hunting or traveling about beyond the protection of the villages. This was a very sad condition for the people. The two tribes had long been friends; Mandan men had married Arickaree women, and many Arickaree men had Mandan wives. It was dreadful to see the scalps of perhaps one's own relatives brought into camp. But what could the women do? They had no voice in the councils, and were afraid to say what they thought. Not so No Heart. Every day she went about in the camp, talking loudly, so that the men must hear, scolding them and their wickedness; pointing out the truth, that by killing each other, the two tribes would become so weak that they would soon be unable to withstand their common enemy, the Sioux. Yes, No Heart would even walk right up to a chief and scold him, and he would be obliged to turn silently away, for he could not argue with a woman, nor could he force this one to close her mouth; she was the ruler of her own person.

"One night a large number of Arickarees succeeded in making an opening in the village stockade and, passing through, they began to lead out the horses. Some one soon discovered them, however, and gave the alarm, and a big fight took place, the Mandans driving the enemy out on the plain, and down into the timber below. Some men on both sides were killed; there was both mourning and rejoicing in the village.

"The Arickarees retreated to their village. Toward evening No Heart went down into the timber for fuel, and in a thick clump of willows

she found one of the enemy, a young man, badly wounded. An arrow had pierced his groin, and the loss of blood had been great. He was so weak that he could scarcely speak or move. No Heart stuck many willow twigs in the ground about him, the more securely to conceal him. 'Do not fear,' she said to him, 'I will bring you food and drink.'

"She hurried back to her lodge and got some dried meat and a skin of water, put them under her robe and returned to the wounded one. He drank much, ate some of the food. No Heart washed and bound the wound. Then she again left him, telling him to lie quiet, that in the night she would return and take him to her home, where she would care for him until he got well. In her lodge she fixed a place for him, screening one of the bed places with a large cow skin; she also partly covered the smoke hole, and hung the skin across the entrance, so that the interior of the lodge had but little light. The women who sometimes visited her would never suspect that any one was concealed, and especially an enemy—in a lodge where for three summers no man had entered.

"It was a very dark night. Down in the timber there was no light at all. No Heart was obliged to extend her arms as she walked, to keep from running against the trees, but she knew the place so well that she had little trouble in finding the thicket, and the one she had come to aid. 'Arise,' she said, in a low voice. 'Arise, and follow me.'

"The young man attempted to get up, but fell back heavily upon the ground. 'I cannot stand,' he said; 'my legs have no strength.'

"Then No Heart cried out: 'You cannot walk! I had not thought but what you could walk. What shall I do? What shall I do?'

"'You will let me carry him for you,' said some one standing close behind her. 'I will carry him wherever you lead.'

"No Heart turned with a little cry of surprise. She could not see the speaker's face in the darkness, only his dim form; but she knew the voice. She was not afraid. 'Lift him then,' she said, 'and follow me.'

"She herself raised the wounded one up and placed him on the newcomer's back, and then led the way out of the timber, across the plain, through the stockade, in which she had loosened a post, and then on to her lodge. No one was about, and they were not discovered. Within a fire was burning, but there was no need of the light to show the girl who had helped her. He was Long Elk. 'We will put him here,' she said, lifting the skin in front of the couch she had prepared, and they laid the sick man carefully down upon it. Then Long Elk stood for a little, looking at the girl, but she remained silent and would not look at him. 'I will go now,' he said, 'but each night I will come with meat for you and your lover.'

"Still the girl did not speak, and he went away. But as soon as he had gone, No Heart sat down and cried. The sick man raised up a little and asked, 'What troubles you? Why are you crying?'

"'Did you not hear?' she replied. 'He said that you are my lover.'

"'I know you,' said the man. They call you No Heart, but they lie. You have a heart; I wish it were for me.'

"'Don't!' the girl cried. 'Don't say that again!

I will take care of you, feed you. As your mother is to you, so will I be.'

"Now, when night came again, No Heart went often out in the passageway, staying there longer and longer each time, returning only to give the sick man water, or a little food. At last, as she was sitting out there in the dark, Long Elk came, and feeling for the right place, hung up a piece of meat beyond the reach of the dogs. 'Come in,' she said to him. 'Come in and talk with the wounded one.'

"After that Long Elk sat with the Arickaree every night for a time, and they talked of the things which interest men. While he was in the lodge No Heart never spoke, except to say, 'Eat it,' when she placed food before them. Day after day the wounded one grew stronger. One night, after Long Elk had gone, he said, 'I am able to travel; to-morrow night I will start homeward. I want to know why you have taken pity on me, why you saved me from death?'

"'Listen, then,' said the girl. 'It was because war is bad; because I pitied you. Many women here, and many more in your village, are crying because they have lost the ones they loved in this quarrel. Of them all, I alone have talked, begging the chiefs to make peace with you. All the other women were glad of my words, but they are afraid, and do not dare speak for themselves. I talked and feared not; because no one could bid me stop. I have helped you, now do you help me; help your women; help us all. When you get home tell what was done for you here, and talk hard for peace.'

"'So I will,' the Arickaree told her. 'When they learn all that you have done for me, the chiefs will listen. I am sure they will be glad to stop this war.'

"The next night, when Long Elk entered the lodge, he found the man sitting up. By his side lay his weapon, and a little sack of food. 'I was waiting for you,' he said. 'I am now well, and wish to start for home to-night. Will you take me out beyond the stockade? If any speak you can answer them, and they will not suspect that their enemy passes by.'

"'I will go with you, of course,' Long Elk told him. Whereupon he arose, slung on his bow and quiver, the sack of food, and lifted his shield. No Heart sat quietly on the opposite side of the lodge, looking straight at the fire. Long Elk turned to her: 'And you?' he asked. 'Are you also ready?'

"She did not answer, but covered her face with her robe.

"'I go alone,' said the Arickaree. 'Let us start.'

"They went out, through the village, through the stockade, and across the bottom to the timber, where they stopped. 'You have come far enough,' the Arickaree said, 'I will go on alone from here. You have been good to me. I shall not forget it. When I arrive home I shall talk much for peace between our tribes. I hope we may soon meet again in friendship.'

"'Wait,' said Long Elk, as he turned to go, 'I want to ask you something: 'Why do you not take No Heart with you?'

"'I would if she were willing,' he answered; 'but she is not for me. I tell you truly, this: She has been a mother to me; no more, no less. And you,' he continued, 'have you ever asked her to be your woman? No? Then go now; right now, and do so.'

"'It would be useless,' said Long Elk, sadly. 'Many have asked her, and she has always turned them away.'

"'I have seen much while I lay sick in her lodge,' the Arickaree continued. 'I have seen her gaze at you as you sat talking to me, and her eyes were beautiful then. And I have seen her become restless and go out and in, out and in, when you were late. When a woman does that, it means that she loves you. Go and ask her.'

"They parted, Long Elk returned to the village. 'It could not be,' he thought, 'that the young man was right. No, it could not be. Had he not kept near her these many winters and summers? and never once had she looked at him, or smiled.' Thinking thus, he wandered on, and on, and found himself standing by the entrance to her lodge. Within he heard, faintly, some one crying. He could not be sure that was it, the sound of it was so low. He stepped noiselessly in and carefully drew aside the door skin. No Heart was sitting where he had last seen her, sitting before the dying fire, robe over her head, and she was crying. He stole past the doorway and sat down beside her, quite close, but he dared not touch her. 'Good Heart,' he said, 'Big Heart, don't cry.'

"But she only cried harder when she heard his words, and he was much troubled, not knowing what to do. After a little he moved closer and put his arm around her; she did not draw away, so then he drew the robe away from her face. 'Tell me,' he said, 'why you are crying?'

"'Because I am so lonely.'

"'Ah! You do love him then. Perhaps it is not too late; I may be able to overtake him. Shall I go and call him back to you?'

"'What do you mean?' cried No Heart, staring at him. 'Who are you talking about?'

"'He who just left; the Arickaree,' Long Elk answered. But now he had edged up still closer, and his arm was tighter around her, and she leaned heavily against him.

"'Was there ever such a blind one?' she said. 'Yes, I will let you know my heart; I will not be ashamed, nor afraid to say it. I was crying because I thought you would not return. All these summers and winters I have been waiting, hoping that you would love me, and you never spoke.'

"'How could I?' he asked. 'You never looked at me, you made no sign.'

"'It was your place to speak,' she said. 'Even yet you have not done so.'

"'I do now, then. Will you take me for your man?'

"She put her arms around his neck and kissed him, and that was answer enough.

"In the morning, like any other married man, Long Elk went out and stood by the entrance to the lodge which was now his, and shouted feast invitations to his father and friends. They all came, and all were pleased that he had got such a good woman. Some made jokes about newly married ones, which made the young woman cover her face with her robe. Yet she was so happy that she would soon throw it back and laugh with the others.

"In a few days came a party from the Arickarees, and the wounded young man was one of them—asking for peace. The story was told then, how No Heart had taken in the young man and brought him to life again, and when they heard it many a woman prayed the

APRIL 7, 1906.]

gods to be good to her, and give her and her man long life. Peace between the two tribes was then declared, and there was much rejoicing.

"There, my son, I have finished."

* * * * *

"Well, what was all that about?" asked Ashton, rousing up and reaching out for his pipe and tobacco.

"Oh!" I replied, "'twas the story of a girl and a man. And I proceeded to give him a translation of it. After I had finished, he sat quietly thinking for some time, and then remarked:

"This gives me a new and unexpected view of these people. I had not thought that love, that self-sacrifice, such as the story depicts was at all in their nature. Really, it's quite refreshing to learn that there are occasionally women who are true and steadfast in their love."

He said this, bitterly. I could have told him things, but contented myself by saying, "Keep your eyes open, friend. You may find much in these people to be commended."

WALTER B. ANDERSON.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

In the Lodges of the Blackfeet.

The Attack on the Hunters.

After a couple of days camp was moved out to the Marias, in the bottom opposite the mouth of Black Coulee. Sarvis berries were very plentiful all along the river, and the women gathered large quantities of them to dry for winter use. Ashton had not yet fired a shot from his new rifle, so one afternoon I prevailed upon him to go for a hunt. I had some difficulty, however, in getting him out. He seemed to have no interest in anything, passing most of the time on his couch, smoking, smoking, and abstractedly refilling his pipe and smoking again. The women were right. Never-Laugh was sorely grieving about something. I wished that I could find a way to make him forget it, whatever the trouble was.

We climbed on to our horses, crossed the river and rode northward, near enough to the Black Coulee to look down into it occasionally. Game was not very plentiful, for the hunters had driven the most of the herds back toward the Sweet Grass Hills. However, we saw some antelope here and there, several small bands of buffalo, with occasionally a lone old bull. We rode out five or six miles, and then down into the coulee to water our horses at a pool we saw in the bottom. It was a shallow, narrow stretch of water, about fifty yards in length, and I was surprised to see that the willows bordering its eastern side had been cut in considerable quantity by beavers. On the western side, there was a clay slope of twenty or thirty feet, up to a high cut bank, and in the base of this bank was a deep, dark, low cavern, in which the beavers lived. Judging by the various sized footprints about, a whole family of them lived there. I never before, nor since, found these animals in such a place. There was no water between this pool and the river, some miles distant; the pool was not deep enough to wholly cover them. But most unusual of all was the fact that they lived in a cave, the entrance to which was some distance from and above the pool. There were three or four old lodge poles lying nearby, and I tried to ascertain the depth of the cave with one of them, but failed. I found, however, that the roof of it sloped down so near the floor, that nothing larger than a fox could get into the uttermost recesses. A fox, even a red one, would go hungry a long time before trying to make a meal of a beaver.

Before descending into the coulee we had seen a few head of buffalo feeding on the opposite side of it, and while we loitered at the pool they came in sight at the top of the slope, breaking into a trot and finally on a 'lope, hurrying down for water. "Now, then," I said to

Ashton, "try your rifle; shoot that young cow, the third from the leader."

The band turned, when about a hundred yards away, in order to come into the bottom of the coulee above the cut bank, and where this particular animal swung broadside to us, he threw his gun up and, without a noticeable pause to sight the arm, sent a bullet into the right place, just back of the shoulder. Blood streamed from its nostrils almost at the crack of the gun, and after 'loping on a short distance, it suddenly stopped and then sank to the ground. "That was a fine shot," I remarked. "You have evidently handled the rifle before."

"Yes," he said, "I used to shoot a good deal in the Adirondacks, and in Maine and Nova Scotia."

We led our horses over to the fallen buffalo, and I bled it, then set it up to cut out the boss ribs, Ashton standing by watching the way I did it. "I'll not kill another one," he said, more to himself than to me. "It doesn't seem right to take the life of such a magnificent animal."

"Well," I remarked, "there isn't a bit of fresh meat in the lodge. I don't know what the women would say were we to return without some."

"Oh! we must eat, of course," he agreed; "but I don't care to kill any more of these noble animals. Somehow I've lost all pleasure in hunting. Hereafter I'll loan some Indian my rifle, and he can furnish my share of the meat. That can be done, I presume?"

I told him that he could probably make some such arrangement. I didn't tell him though, that I would see that he got out and rustled some himself. I wanted to wake him up; to get him out of the trance he was in. There is nothing so conducive to good mental health as plenty of fatiguing work or exercise.

When we returned home with the boss ribs and the tongue, and several other parts of the animal which I had surreptitiously cut out and hurriedly placed in the sack I especially carried for them, I took pains to relate what a fine shot my friend had made. The women praised him highly, all of which I translated, and the Crow Woman told him that if she was not already his mother, so to speak, she would like to be his wife, for then she would be sure to have plenty of meat and skins. Ashton smiled, but made no answer.

We had a dish for supper that evening at which my friend looked askance, as I had done when I first saw it, and then, after tasting it, he ate it all, and looked around for more, as I also had done. I had brought in the little sack, among other things, a few feet of a certain entrail which is always streaked or covered with soft, snowy-white fat. This Nat-ah'-ki washed thoroughly and then stuffed with finely-chopped tenderloin, and stuffed it in such a manner that the inside

of the entrail became the outside, and consequently the rich fat was encased with the meat. Both ends of the case were then securely tied, and the long sausage-like thing placed on the coals to roast, the cook constantly turning and moving it around to prevent its burning. After about twenty minutes on the coals, it was dropped into a pot of boiling water for five or ten minutes more, and was then ready to serve. In my estimation, and in that of all who have tried it, this method of cooking meat is the best of all, for the securely tied case confines all the juices of the meat. The Blackfeet call this Crow entrail, as they learned from that tribe how to prepare and cook the dish. It remains for some enterprising city cook to give it an English name, and open a place where it will be the main feature of the food. I'll guarantee that all the lovers of good things in the town will flock to him.

A day or two later, in pursuance of my plan to get Ashton out more frequently, I pretended to be ill, and then Nat-ah'-ki told him, I interpreting, that the meat was all gone, and unless he went out and killed something, we would go hungry to bed. He appealed to me to find a substitute for him, offering to furnish rifle and cartridges, and also pay the hunter, and Nat-ah'-ki was sent out to find some one. But I had posted her, and she presently returned with a very sad expression in her face, and reported that no one could be found to go; that all who could were already gone to hunt.

"Well, then," said our friend, "if that is the case, there's no need of my going out. I'll buy some meat of them when they return."

I thought that I had failed after all in my little plan, but Nat-ah'-ki came to the rescue, as soon as I told her what he had decided to do.

"Tell him," she said, "that I did not think he wished to bring shame upon this lodge. If he buys meat, the whole camp will laugh and jeer at me, and say, what a useless man she has got. He can't kill enough meat to supply his lodge. His friend has to buy it to keep all from starving."

Ashton jumped up at once when he heard that. "Where's my horse?" he asked. "If that is the way they look at it, why, I've got to hunt. Send for the horse."

I saw him off with Weasel Tail, whom I told to make a wide circle that would require the whole day. And a long day they certainly had, returning home after sunset. I had also instructed the Indian to lose his gun caps—where he could conveniently find them again. So Ashton had been obliged to do the shooting, and they brought in plenty of meat. He was very tired, and hungry and thirsty that evening, and instead of smoking innumerable times, he filled his pipe but once after eating, and then went to sleep. From that day on, for a time, he

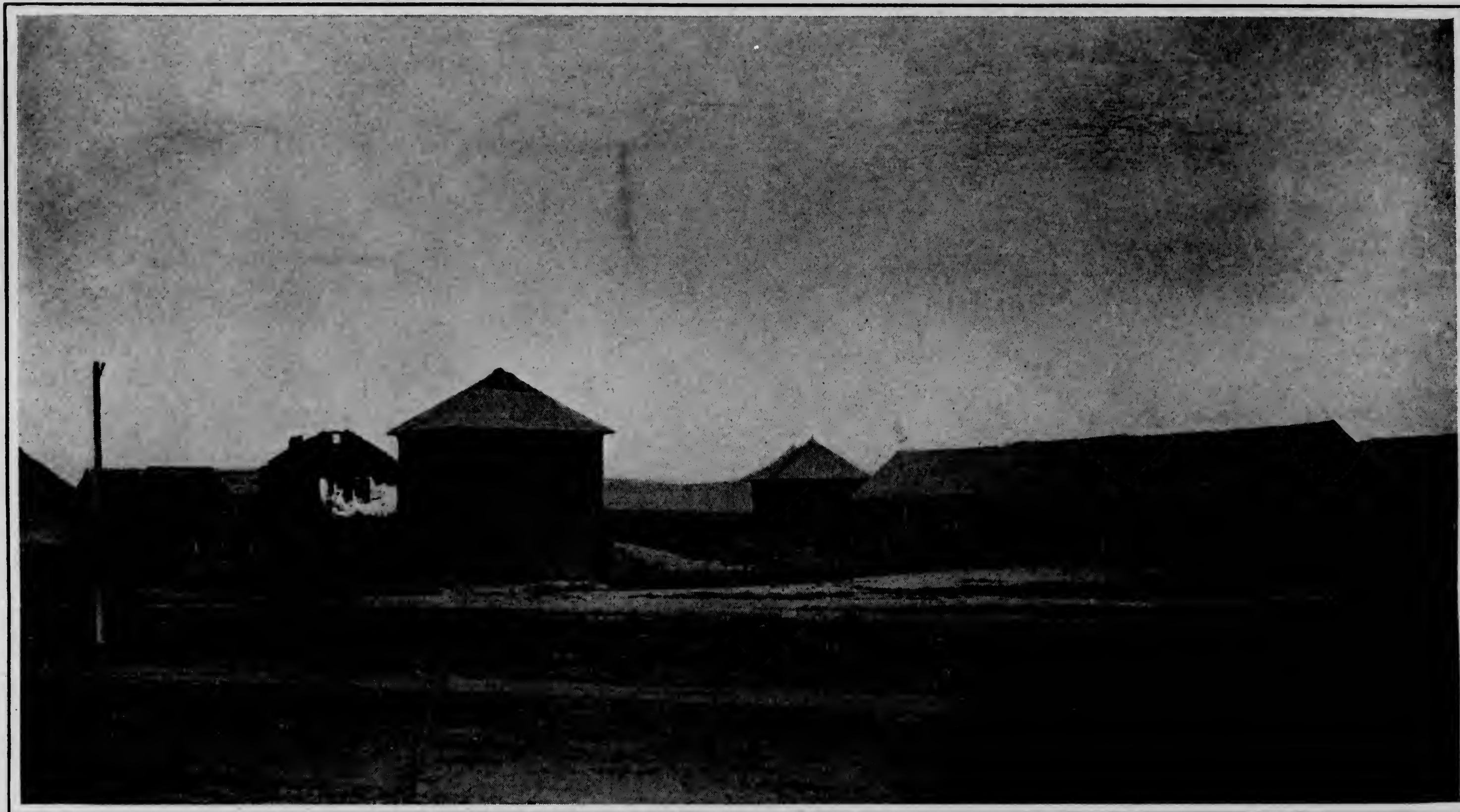
had to do all the hunting. I remained ill, or hurt my leg, or my horse was missing, so I couldn't go out. And it was truly wonderful the amount of meat we used. Nat-ah'-ki carried out quantities of it every day, and gave it to the needy ones of the camp, widows and others who had no one to hunt for them. But I did not remain in camp, because of this. As soon as Ashton and his hunting partner, either Weasel Tail or some other friend, had departed, I would go berrying with the women, or Nat-ah'-ki and I would saddle up and have a ride somewhere in a direction opposite to that in which they were traveling. But for all his hard work, I could not see that Ashton became any more cheerful. The improvement was that he had less

when there suddenly appeared a number of riders tearing down the north slope of the valley, and the camp began to hum with excitement. One or two of the riders were waving their robes, making the sign for the "enemy." Men and boys grabbed lariats and started on the run for their horses. Down into the camp came the little bunch of riders, and a moment later Ashton rode up beside me. He had a young girl in front of him, whom he dropped into Nat-ah'-ki's outstretched arms. He was terribly excited, his dark eyes fairly shone, and he said over and over again, "The cowards! Oh, the cowards! But I killed two of them, yes, I got two."

The girl was crying, wailing: "My mother,

I killed one of the enemy before I got on my horse, and another one a little later. And I'm glad I did, I just wish I could have killed them all.

"Well, they followed us quite a long ways, perhaps two miles, but we managed to stop them finally, or perhaps they thought they had better not venture too near to our camp. One of them creased me, didn't he? Well, he will not do any more shooting. I got him. He just tumbled off his horse on his head, and flopped over flat on the ground. The girl? They shot her horse, but before it fell I reached over and lifted her on to mine. After that I couldn't handle my rifle, or I might have done better. I'll tell you what, old man, if 'twasn't for those



REMAINS OF OLD FORT BENTON.
From a photograph taken about 1882.

time to think, for he was generally sound asleep by eight or nine o'clock.

Twice the camp was moved, each time a few miles further down the river. The berry season was about over, and the women began to talk of returning to Fort Benton, having gathered and dried all the fruit they needed. We had been out about six weeks, and I also was ready to return, as I was sure that Berry would be there awaiting us. We had a talk, a little council of our own one evening, and decided to move in the following day but one. Was it preordained that I should send Ashton out for a last hunt the morning before our departure? If I had not done so—but I did. You shall learn in time what was the result of it. He needn't have gone, we had plenty of meat. I sent him, and thereby changed the course of his whole life. Why, he might be living to-day had he remained in camp that morning. Looking back at it all, I don't know whether to blame myself or not.

Ashton and Weasel Tail rode away. The women began to pack up, getting out their parfleches and filling them with their store of berries and dried meats. It was about noon, and I had just signed to Nat-ah'-ki I was hungry,

my father," she kept repeating, "both dead, both killed."

There was a great commotion in camp; men were saddling horses, calling wildly for their weapons, mounting and riding away out on to the plain in an ever-increasing stream. Ashton dismounted and I saw that his left trouser leg was soaked with blood. He limped into the lodge, and I followed and undressed him; there was a long, open bullet furrow just below the hip. "It was this way," he told me, while I washed and bandaged the wound, "Weasel Tail and I overtook a party of hunters three or four miles out, and traveled on with them. Some had their women along, to help skin and bring in what they killed, I suppose. In a little while we sighted a fine herd of buffalo, approached them, and had a good run, the party killing something like twenty of them. We were butchering the animals when something like fifty riders appeared from God knows where, and commenced shooting at us. We were only seven or eight men, not strong enough to stand them off, but we partly held them in check, while the women got their horses, and we all lit out for home—that is, all but three, two men and a woman, who had been killed at the first fire.

poor scalped corpses lying out there on the plain, I would say that it was great sport."

Never-Laugh Goes East.

Owing to the ensuing stiffness and soreness of Ashton's leg, we deferred for a few days our departure from the camp. A Piegan who had been wounded in the fight on the previous day died during the night. The attacking party proved to be Assinaboines, and in all they lost seven of their number, the pursuing party which left our camp overtaking and killing two who were riding slow horses.

Nat-ah'-ki constituted herself protector and guardian of the orphan. The girl had two aunts, sisters of her dead mother, but they were married to a Blackfoot and were far away in the north. In the Piegan camp she had not a remaining relative. She was a shy, quiet slip of a girl, about thirteen or fourteen years of age. Just now she was more than usually quiet, never speaking except to answer a question, silently crying most of the time. Nat-ah'-ki remodelled some of her own clothes for her. The Crow Woman gave her a shawl. When she appeared dressed in a neat calico dress, her hair nicely braided and bound with a deep red ribbon, even

Ashton's æsthetic sense was pleased. "She is a very comely girl," he remarked. "Poor thing! Whatever will become of her?"

"Well," I reminded him, "this is not a civilized community; she would be welcomed and provided for by any and every family in the camp."

Such was, indeed, the case. Many a woman came to our lodge and asked that the girl might live with her, each one saying that the mother had been her particular friend, or that her own daughter was the friend and playmate of the orphan, and for that reason she wished to give the lone one a home. Nat-ah'-ki invariably told them that the girl was free to go, or remain, and then the latter would say that they were all very kind, but she preferred to stay where she was for a time.

When I told Ashton what these visitors were asking, he seemed to be surprised, and said that he had rather doubted my view of their kindness and charity. He sat silently musing and smoking a long time and then, more in the way of a joke than seriously, told me to say to the girl that as he had saved her from the Assinaboines, he thought that she belonged to him; that he was now her father, as it were. But this was no joke to her; she took it very seriously indeed, and replied: "I know it; he is now my chief; I take his words."

This unexpected answer certainly surprised Ashton, and made him very thoughtful.

In about a week we packed up and moved in to the fort, Nat-ah'-ki's uncle accompanying us to drive the horses back to the herd, as we had no way of caring for them. We ought to have remained longer in the camp, for the ride reopened Ashton's wound, and retarded his complete recovery. After reaching the fort, he kept pretty close to his lounge for a couple of weeks, and the young orphan waited on him, highly pleased when she could save him a few steps. To pass the time, he taught her simple English words, and short sentences. It was really laughable sometimes to hear her mix them up, as for instance, when she would say, "The cow he is water drink." But we didn't laugh, for if we had, there would have been an end to the lessons. Many a promising Indian scholar has been lost by the thoughtless ridicule of his teacher.

Berry returned to the fort a day or two after we arrived, and we began to plan for the winter's trade and to make lists of the goods needed. Whether we should make a camp trade, or build a post, and at what point, would depend entirely on the Indians' plans for the winter. Ashton intended to winter with us wherever we went, but one day he received a letter that changed his plans. He did not tell us more than the fact that it was necessary for him to return to the States soon. In fact, he had never spoken of his affairs, nor his family. All we knew was that he had proved to be a good companion, a man of kindly nature, a wholly dependable man.

"I am not very inquisitive, I hope," said Berry to me; "but I'd just like to know what our friend's trouble is, what he is always grieving about, and what it is that causes him to go back. It's plain to be seen that he doesn't want to go."

I felt as Berry did, but no more than he could I say anything to Ashton about it.

Several steamboats were yet to arrive before the close of the season, and he deferred his departure. One evening, when we were all congregated in the front room, the conversation turned to his impending departure, and he said that he would return to us as soon as possible; if not sometime during the winter, then by the first boat in the spring. "And now," he continued, "say this to my little girl; tell her that I wish to take her with me, and put her in school down there with a lot of other nice little girls, where kind black robe women will care for her, and teach her to read, and write, and sew, and many other good and useful things."

This proposition certainly surprised Berry and me, and when it had been interpreted, the women were simply lost in astonishment. A long silence ensued; we all waited for the girl to speak; all certain that she would refuse to leave us. We were still more astonished, if that were possible, when she at last replied that she would go. And then she ran to Nat-ah'-ki, hid her face in her lap, and cried. We men got our hats and strolled out.

"I have been thinking of this for some time," Ashton said to us, after we had sat down on the river bank and lighted our pipes. "I am curious to know what effect a really first-class education will have upon the girl, and what use she will make of it. Do you think it a good plan?"

"God only knows," Berry replied. "It may make her very unhappy; it certainly will if, in spite of high education and all accomplishments, the whites shall still avoid and despise her because she is an Indian. Again, it might make of her a noble and useful woman. I advise you to try it, anyway."

"But, Berry, old man!" I exclaimed, "the white people do not despise Indians. On the other hand, I am sure that they highly respect those of them who are really men."

"I guess I know what they think, what they do," he rejoined. "I am only half Indian, but I have been abused by them in my time."

"Who were 'They,'" I asked. "Were they men fairly representative of the white people? Or were they the ignorant and low down ones?"

He acknowledged that he had ever been kindly and respectfully treated by the former class.

"Well," Ashton concluded, "The girl goes with me. I'll take her to St. Louis and place her in some good institution, preferably one managed by the Sisters. All that money can pay for shall be done for her; moreover, I'll make my will and provide for her in case of my death. I'd rather she should have what I leave, than anyone else."

Early one morning we went to the levee to see them off. On the previous evening the girl had cried bitterly while the few things that we could provide for her were being packed, and Nat-ah'-ki told her that if she did not wish to leave us, she need not do so, that Never-Laugh would not think of taking her away against her will. The girl replied that she would do as he wished. "He saved me," she said; "and I belong to him. I know that he means well."

The boat had steamed up, the whistle blew, and the passengers went aboard. The young one was very quiet, and dry-eyed. She followed Ashton up the gang-plank, shawl thrown over her head and partly concealing her face, and they went up on the upper deck. The boat drew

out into the stream, slowly turned, and then swiftly disappeared around the bend. We went thoughtfully home.

"I do not like it at all," said the Crow Woman. "What have we to do with white peoples' ways and learning? The Sun gave us these plains, and these mountains and rivers, the buffalo and the deer. They are all we need."

"You speak truth," old Mrs. Berry said to her. "Yet I am glad that my son went down to the far white men's country, for what he learned there is of use. He can make their writing and read it. He is a trader, knowing how to buy and sell. He is above the chiefs, for they come to him for advice."

"I think," I said, "that I ought to have sent Nat-ah'-ki along with them."

"Just hear him!" she cried, seizing me by the shoulder and pushing me out of the trail. "As if he couldn't teach me himself. But he will not, although I have asked him to do so more than a hundred times."

That was one thing Nat-ah'-ki always rather regretted, her inability to speak English. I did not teach it to her, for I early realized that she would never be able to master some of our consonants, especially b, f, l and r, the sounds of which are wholly foreign to the Blackfoot language. Rather than hear her speak our tongue incorrectly, I preferred that she should not speak it at all. And then, I spoke her language, more and more fluently as time went by, and I thought that we were sufficient unto ourselves. I did not think that we would ever be much in the company of white people, especially white women. The majority of the latter, those who lived upon the frontier, hated the Indian women, especially those married to white men, and equally they hated, despised, the whites who had married them, and lost no opportunity to show their ill will.

Berry keenly realized this, and at times was actually sick at heart over the slights, real and imagined, but mostly the latter, put upon him. Once, and once only—it was soon after Ashton's departure with his protégé—he told me of an experience he had gone through, which, I think, was in many ways the most peculiar and pathetic one I ever heard. It so burned itself into my memory that I can repeat it word for word as he related it.

"When I was only a child," he said, "I can remember my father frequently mentioning the property, a farm, he owned in Missouri. After he left the service of the American Fur Company, he became an independent trader, and made almost yearly trips to St. Louis to dispose of his furs. He gradually made longer and longer stays down there, and finally gave up trading altogether, remaining down on his farm, and visiting us only occasionally. Young as I was, I had a great desire to become a trader myself, and worked hard for the men with whom he successively placed me, beginning with Major Dawson, the company's factor here. Dawson himself, as well as the clerks, seemed to like me, and they all helped me when they saw that I was trying to read and write. If I do say it, I believe that I made pretty rapid progress, more rapid than my father thought I would. He intended, when the time came, to send me to school in the States."

"There came a time when he had been away from us for two years, and my friends thought

that they would take the matter into their own hands and send me to a school they knew about in St. Joe, Missouri. They gave me a pocketful of money, and shipped me on a batteau which pulled out early in September. The fare down, by the way, was three hundred dollars, but I was dead-headed through. It was a long and tedious trip, especially in the lower part of the river, where the current was slow and head winds delayed us. We arrived in St. Joe late in the fall, and I went at once to the place selected for me, a boarding school which also took in day scholars. Right there my troubles began: While a few of my schoolmates liked me and were very kind, the most of them abused me and made fun of me, calling me 'low down Injun' and many other names which hurt. I stood it as long as I could, until, in fact, they began calling me coward. *Me* a coward, when I'd already been in two battles where men were killed, and done my share of the shooting! Well, when they called me a coward, I just waded in and gave three or four of them a good pounding, although I was in no way used to that style of fighting. After that they left me alone, but all the same they hated me.

"I had not written my father where I was, as I had planned a little surprise for him. When the Christmas vacation came, I started to pay him a visit. I went for some distance on a train, and thought that a grand experience. Then I got on a stage, and one evening was set down a couple of miles from his home. I went

on, inquiring my way, and about dusk I came in sight of his house, a very nice, trim, white-painted one, surrounded by fine fruit and other trees. Some one was coming along the road, and I saw that it was my father. When he recognized me, he ran and threw his arms around me, and kissed me, and said that he loved me best of all. I didn't understand what he meant by best of all, but I soon learned. After asking me all manner of questions, how I had come, how my mother and all his friends were, he stood silent for some little time, leaning on my shoulder, and then he said: 'My boy, I hoped you would never learn what I have to say, at least not until after my death. But now I must tell you all: In that house yonder is a woman to whom I am married, and there are a boy and a girl, our children. I can introduce you there only as a friend, as the son of an old-time Montana friend. Oh, shame on me that I have to say such a thing! Will you come?'"

"'Yes,' I said, 'I will go with you,' and we went in.

"She was a very kind woman that, and the children, younger than I, were, as well as she, very good to me. I couldn't help but like them, and at the same time I felt very sad about it all. I believe that I cried about it nights after I had gone to my room and to bed.

"My father and I had many talks in private, and he told me over and over again that he loved me best; that I was first in his thoughts. Of course, I could not remain there long; the

situation was too trying. In the last talk we had there, he asked me if I intended to tell my mother what I had learned, and I replied that I had no intention of doing so. And so we parted, and I returned to school. To this day my mother does not know anything about his other life. He comes and stays with us, sometimes for a whole summer, and she loves him so, that I am sure it would kill her to learn what he has done, as it would also kill the other woman to know it. And he is my father. I love him, too. I cannot do anything but love him, no matter what he has done."

I may add that the old gentleman was true to his word. So long as he was able, he continued to visit his Montana son and wife, and when he died, we found that his will, executed several years previous to the time Berry visited him, bequeathed the greater part of his property to the first and favorite son. He was a man of good education, and interested in everything that pertained to the west. He entered the service of the American Fur Company when it was organized in 1822 or 1823, and rose to be one of its prominent factors. For many years he kept a diary of the daily occurrences in his active life, which included much regarding the Indians he met, their customs and traditions. He was preparing them for publication when they were destroyed in a fire which burned down his house. That was a loss which many of us regret.

WALTER B. ANDERSON.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

In the Lodges of the Blackfeet.

The War Trip of Queer Person.

It was about time for us to be doing something besides loafing at the fort. Berry saddled a horse one morning and rode out to the camp on the Marias to interview the chiefs. When he returned, a day or two later, he was more than satisfied with the result of the council, for it was agreed that the winter should be passed on the Marias. We could use the post that had been built two years previously. It needed some repairs, but by the middle of September we were well established there, with a good stock of goods. The chief difficulty in moving out was our inability to keep the bullwhackers sober. One of them, Whiskey Lyons, was the worst I ever saw. He never was on hand to help load the wagons, and when we were ready to pull out we had to hunt him up, tie a rope under his arms and souse him in the river until he came to his senses. There was another, "Captain" George, whose specialty was a singing spree. He had a large store of quaint songs, which he would sing unendingly when drunk.

I have often wondered whatever become of the old-time bullwhackers, they who spent their money so freely and joyously whenever they had the opportunity. I never heard of them dying. I never saw them after the advent of the railroads and the close of transportation on the upper Missouri. They simply vanished.

There was little for us to do until the prime winter robes began to come in. The Piegiens had moved out on Milk River back of the Sweet Grass Hills, and would not return to stay until cold weather drove them in. A few were coming and going all the time, bringing in beaver skins to exchange for ammunition, tobacco and liquor, or to obtain the same from us on credit. We missed Sorrel Horse, who had gone down on the Missouri somewhere below the mouth of the Judith, to run a woodyard, and to trade with the Gros Ventres. He was always good company. During the time of slack trade. Berry was as uneasy as the proverbial fish. Always a very nervous, active man, he could not be happy unless he was doing something. I have seen him throw and shoe a bull that did not need shoeing; repair an old wagon wheel that could never be of any service. But his most dangerous hobby was medicine. An army surgeon had given him a fine, large medicine chest, which contained dozens of bottles of drugs, drawers full of knives, saws, probes and various other instruments of torture, lint, plasters, splints—an exceedingly large variety of things. When any of us felt sick, we concealed the fact from him if possible, lest he should dose us into our graves.

One day our friend, Four Bears, the camp crier, a man of great dignity, came in complaining that he felt very ill. Berry was interested at once.

"I think," he said to me, after he had diagnosed the case, "that I have exactly the remedy he needs. A Seidlitz powder will fix him all right. Yes, that's what he needs for sure. I'll give him a double dose." Whereupon he emptied two of the white paper powders into a glass of water and had the patient gulp it down. He then discovered that he had forgotten to put in the powder contained in the green papers.

"Oh, well," he said, "'t isn't too late, I'll just dissolve them in more water. I guess they'll mix all right in his stomach."

They did. Four Bears swallowed them and instantly an expression of surprise, of terror, spread over his face. He began to gasp; he bent nearly double and pressed the pit of his stomach; then he dropped to the floor and rolled and rolled, while the foaming mixture spouted from his mouth and nostrils, as does the contents of a seltzer siphon when the lever is pressed. Fortunately, the agony didn't last long, and as soon as he could the orator sprang to his feet, and fled across the bottom to his lodge. We didn't see him again for a month or more. After that the Indians seldom applied to Berry for relief. When they did, they required him to take a dose of his prescription before they would touch it, and they would first stand around for a while and watch to see how it affected him.

But if Berry was at his wits' end for something to do, 'twas different with me; no day was too long. Nat-ah'-ki and I went hunting, either in the river bottoms for deer, or out on the plains for antelope. Buffalo, of course, were everywhere; and down below the post some ten or twelve miles there were quite a number of bighorn. And then the evenings were as full of interest as the days. What more pleasant than to be with the women where the flames and glowing coals in the rude fire-place, lighting up the grim log walls of the room, seemed a fit accompaniment to the quaint tales they so earnestly and reverently told. My dingy old note-books contained the outlines of those happy days, and as I look over them it all comes back to me as vividly as if it all had happened yesterday, or last week. Here, for instance, is a story the Crow Woman related one evening which may interest you as much as it did me. She called it the "Story of Three Stabs":

"In all the village there were none poorer than White Flying and her young grandson. Her man was long since dead; her son-in-law had been killed by the Sioux, and her daughter, while working in their little plantation one day, had suddenly dropped to the ground and ceased

breathing. The boy was still too young to go on the hunt, so they lived on what small store of corn they could raise, and what portions of meat was given them by the kind hearted. There were days when they went to bed hungry, for their best friends sometimes forgot to provide for them, and White Flying was too proud to go out and beg. When this happened, the boy would say, 'Never mind, grandmother, wait until I grow up and I'll kill more meat than you can take care of.'

"The boy's name was Sees Black, a name an old medicine man had given him when he was born. No one but his grandmother so called him; he was nick-named Queer Person, for he had ways different from those of any other boy ever heard of. He never played with other children, never laughed nor cried, and scarcely spoke to any one except his grandmother. He seemed to be dreaming of something all the time; and would sit on the bank of the river, or on the hill near the village, often for half a day, looking straight away into the far distance as if he saw things there of great interest—so great that he never noticed people who passed near him. He brought strange and forbidden things to his lodge; once, a human skull, which he placed under the end of his couch. When making up his bed one day, the old woman found it, and it frightened her so that she fell right down and was dead for a while. When she came to life, she begged him to take it back to the place where he had found it, and he did so at once, for he was a good boy and always obeyed her. When she asked him why he had taken it, he replied, 'I am seeking a great medicine. I thought that if I slept by it I might have a powerful dream.'

"Sometimes he would leave the village and stay away all night; and when his grandmother asked him where he had been, he would tell her that he had gone upon the plain, or down in the timber, or out on a sandbar, to sleep, hoping that some of the spirits or animals who wander about in the darkness, would have pity and give him the medicine he sought.

"While other boys of his age still played, he made bows and arrows. He watched the flint workers, and became as skillful as they in chipping out sharp, thin arrow points. He hunted, too; at first, rabbits in the rosebush thickets; and then, one day, he brought home a fine deer—a part of the meat at a time—which he had shot on a trail they used in going to and from their watering place. After that he seldom hunted the rabbits, but often brought in deer, and once in a while the hide and meat of a buffalo which he crept up on and killed in a coulée, or at the river where they went to drink. Still, they were very poor; all the family horses had long since been given the doctors who had

tried to cure the grandfather. Without horses Queer Person could not go out on the big hunts and bring in loads of meat sufficient to last during the bad weather, or through the long sieges of the Sioux against them. In the summer time this enemy came often in great numbers and stayed around the village for a whole moon and more, hoping to starve the people and fall upon them when they were at last obliged to go out to hunt.

"The summers and the winters passed. The boy grew and grew, tall and strong, and very fine looking. He was now old enough to go to war; to fight the enemy and drive away their horses. But no war party would let him join them. 'One who slept with skulls,' they said, 'who went forth to sleep where the ghosts wandered—there was surely something wrong with such a person; he would cause bad luck to befall them.'

"Of course, the young man felt very badly about this, grieving much; and the grandmother grieved with him. And then he became angry. 'I will make them take back their words,' he said to the old woman. 'I will go against the enemy by myself, and the time shall come when they will beg to go with me. Make me a boat and I'll float down the river to the camps of the Sioux.'

"White Flying went out and cut the willows, crossed and recrossed them, bent them to the proper shape, then stretched and bound upon the frame the fresh hide of a big bull, and the boat was done. No, it was not like the boats of the white men. It was flat on the bottom and round, like the tubs white people have for washing clothes. Unless one was accustomed to them, he was helpless, for, if he did not upset when he tried to paddle, he would only make the boat whirl around and around like a child's top, and it would drift wherever the current and the wind chose to push it.

"There was a full moon now, and one night when it rose, soon after the sun had gone down, Queer Person got into his boat and pushed it out from the shore. No one was there to see him leave, except his grandmother; no one else in the village knew that he was going away. 'Oh, be careful!' she said. 'Be ever on the watch for the dangers, and try nothing that you are not certain you can do.'

"Take courage,' he called back to her. 'I will return to you; I will surely return. My dream has told me that I will.'

"The poor old woman sat down on the shore, covered her head with her robe, and cried; cried for those loved ones who were dead, and for the young man who was going, perhaps, to join them and leave her alone in her old age. She was very unhappy.

"On and on Queer Person drifted in the bright moonlight, down the wide, deep river, never paddling, except to keep facing down stream, and to avoid the snags and sandbars. The beavers played and splashed around him, and he prayed to them: 'Pity me,' he said; 'give me of your cunning, so that I may escape all danger.'

"Where the water boiled and swirled under the shadow of a high cut bank, some dim thing rose above the surface, and slowly sank and disappeared. He could not see it plainly; it might have been one of the people who live in the dark, deep places; he prayed to them also,

and dropped a sacrifice to them. 'Do not harm me,' he said; 'let me pass over your waters in safety.'

"All the animals of the valley seemed to be gathered along the shores, feeding, drinking, the young of elk and deer running and playing along the sandbars. There were big bears snuffing and pawing at the water's edge, wolves and coyotes looked down at him as he passed under the low bluffs. But none paid any attention to him; for there was no wind, and they could not know that an enemy was near. Thus the night passed, and with the daylight he went to the shore, dragging his boat into some thick willows and then smoothing off the trail he had made across the sands.

"Thus drifting by night and hiding in the daytime, Queer Person kept on toward the country of the Sioux. Every morning, after going ashore, he would walk out to the edge of the timber, sometimes climbing a nearby slope, and look carefully up and down the valley for signs of people. He saw none until the fifth morning, when he discovered a great camp directly across the river in a big bottom. There was a long strip of cottonwoods bordering the stream; the lodges were pitched on the open plain back of it. A large number of horses were tied in the camp, people were just coming out and turning them loose to graze. 'My medicine is good,' he said to himself. 'I have come safely down the river, and here I am in sight of that which I seek.'

"During the day he slept for some time, feeling quite safe where he was, for the enemy had no boats, the river was very high, and they could not cross. He made plans for the night. 'I will cross over,' he said, 'after the light in their lodges dies out; I will take some of their horses, and ride homeward as fast as I can.' All the afternoon this thought pleased him, and then came into his heart another thing which he considered. Any one could go into a camp and take horses and have a good chance to escape with them. That was easy to do. His people had refused to let him go with them on raids; he wanted to do some great thing, to show them that he was a braver man than any of them. What should he do to prove this? What could he do? He considered many things, many plans, and could not decide. Toward evening he slept again, and then his dream helped him and showed him the way to make a great name for himself.

"This is what he did; listen to the cunning his dream gave him: In the night he crossed the river, put some stones in his boat, then cut a hole in the bottom, so that it filled with water and sank. Then he went into the timber and buried his things beside a large cottonwood log, buried his clothes, moccasins, weapons; nothing remained on him, except his belt and breech clout. Lastly, he unbound his braided hair, washed it to straighten out the kinks, then tangled it and scattered dust in it. He smeared mud and dust on his body; soiled his breech clout; scratched his legs with a rose brush; when he had done, he looked very wild, very poor. He went out of the timber, down to the lower end of the bottom, and remained there the rest of the night.

"When the sun came up, and people were moving about, Queer Person arose and walked toward the camp, sometimes stopping and look-

ing around, sometimes running, again walking slowly, looking at the ground. Thus he approached the lodges, and the great crowd of people who stood staring at him. He pretended not to see them, walking straight on; they parted to let him pass and then followed him. He stopped by a fire outside a lodge, upon which some meat was roasting, and sat down. The women tending it fled. The people gathered around him and stood and talked. Of course, they thought him crazy. A man came up, asked him many questions in signs; he did not reply, only to occasionally point down the river. This man had a wide scar on his left cheek. Queer Person knew that he was a chief. He had heard his people talk about him as a terrible man in battle. After a time an old woman came and set some broiled meat before him; he seized it and eat it as if he had been starving for many days. He ate a great deal, and a long time. The people mostly went away to their lodges. The scar-faced man made signs again, but when he got no answer, he took Queer Person by the arm, made him get up, and led him to his lodge, showed him a couch, made signs that it was his, that he should live in the lodge. Still the young man pretended not to understand, but he remained there, going out sometimes, but always returning. People made him presents—moccasins, leggins, a buckskin shirt, a cowskin robe. He put them on and wore them. After a few days he would walk about in camp, and the people would hardly notice him. They had got used to seeing him around.

"Queer Person soon found that the scar-faced chief was a very cruel man. He had five wives, the first one older than he, and very ugly. The others were all young women, and good looking, one very pretty. The old wife abused the others, made them do all the work and labor hard all day long. Sometimes she struck them; often she would talk to the chief, and he would get up and beat them or seize a couple and knock their heads together. They were very unhappy. The young man could not help but look often at the youngest one, she was so pretty and so sad. He would always walk around where she was at work, and met her often in the grove when she gathered wood, and then they would smile at each other. After many days, he found her all alone in the woods one evening; his time had come, and he quickly told her in signs who he was, that he was not crazy; that he had started all alone to war. And then he said that he loved her; that it made him sad to see her abused. He asked if she would go away with him and be his woman. She did not answer, but she just stepped up and clung to him and kissed him. Then they heard some one coming, and they parted.

"The next day they met again in the timber and went and hid in the thicket willows, and made their plans to leave. They could hardly wait for night to come.

"When the fire had died out and the chief and his old wife snored, Queer Person and the young woman crept out of the lodge and went to the river. There they tied together two small logs and placed their clothes upon them, on top of a little pile of brush they had laid. The young man got his clothes and weapons which he had buried, and piled them there also. Then, with nothing but his knife, he went back to the lodge, leaving the woman by the raft. He crept in, and

over to the chief's couch, raised his knife and gave him one deep stab right in the heart, then another and another. The man did not cry out, but he kicked a little and the old woman beside him awoke. Queer Person at once seized her by the throat and strangled her until she lay still. Then he scalped the chief, took his weapons, and ran back to the raft. The woman was waiting for him, and together they waded out, pushing the logs, and when they got into deep water they swam, holding on to the logs with one hand. Thus they crossed the river and dressed and started on the long walk to the Arickaree village. Back across whence they had come, all was quiet; the trouble there had not yet been discovered.

"What a proud old woman White Flying was when her grandson returned home with his pretty wife, with the scalp and the weapons of the terrible chief. He had made a great name; in time he himself would be a chief. And he did become one, the head chief of his people. No one any longer called him Queer Person: he took the name Three Stabs, and all were proud to call him that. He and his good wife lived to great age. They had many children and were happy."

"Get up!" Nat-ah'-ki commanded, grasping my arm and nearly pulling me out of bed. "Get up! It is very happy outside."

"Why did you awake me?" I asked. "I was having such a good dream."

"Of course you were, and you were talking, too. That is why I awoke you; I don't want you to dream about her. Tell me, quick, what the dream was, and what she said."

"Well, if you must know, she said—she said—she said—"

"Yes, hurry! What did she say?"

"She said, 'It's time for you to arise and wash. I have your morning food cooked, and we are going hunting to-day.'"

"Oh, what a lie he can tell," she exclaimed, turning to the Crow Woman. "He was not dreaming about me at all, because he spoke in his own language."

I insisted that I was speaking the truth. "In the first place," I said, "there is no 'her' but you, and even if there were, her shadow could not come away out here to visit me in my sleep, because it would be unable to find the trail."

This reasoning was convincing, and closed the argument. It was indeed a lovely morning. There had been a heavy frost during the night, the grass in the shadow of the Fort was still white with it, but the sun was shining in a clear sky, a warm southwest wind had started up—everything was auspicious for a perfect autumn day.

We breakfasted, saddled our horses; and rode out across the river, up the slope of the valley, and out on the plain. Nat-ah'-ki began to sing one of the women's songs of her people. "Be still!" I told her. "This is no way to hunt; you will scare away all the game."

"I do not care if I do," she said. "What matter? We have still some dried meat on hand. I can't help singing; this happy morning just makes me do it."

As she said, it did not matter. It was pleasant to see her so happy, to see her eyes sparkle, to hear her laugh and sing. A not distant band of antelope scampered away over a ridge; out of a nearby coulee rushed a small band of buffalo and loped off westward; a lone coyote also ap-

peared, sat down on his haunches, and stared at us. "Hai'-yu, little brother," said Nat-ah'-ki, addressing him, "are you also happy?"

"Of course he is," she continued. "His fur is so thick and warm that he does not fear the coming cold, and he has plenty, oh, always plenty of food. Some he kills for himself, and he can always feast on the remains of the animals his big relations kill. Old Man gave him and the wolf great intelligence."

We rode on and on aimlessly across the plain, talking and laughing, very, very happy, as two young people should be who love one another and who haven't a care in the world. Often, on reaching the top of some little eminence, we would dismount and let the horses graze while I smoked and swept the country with my telescope. Nat-ah'-ki also loved to use the glass, and watch the various animals it would bring so near to one, as they rested or grazed, or the young bounded and skipped and chased each other in their exuberance of spirits. It was a powerful glass, that old telescope, revealing even the dead old cones and dark abysses on the surface of the moon. But that was an object at which I never succeeded in coaxing her to level the instrument. Night light to her was no dead old globe, but a real and sacred personage—wife to the Sun—and not to be scrutinized and studied by mortal eyes.

It was mid-afternoon when we decided that it was time we should get the meat we had started after and return home. We were about to mount and ride toward a coulee to the west, where a few buffalo were feeding, when, away to the north, we saw columns of dust rising, and nearer, some bunches of buffalo, loping in various directions, but mostly toward us. A few moments later a number of horsemen came in sight, and behind them, on the top of a long ridge, appeared a long column of riders and loose animals.

"Ah!" I said, "the Pe-kun-ny are moving in."

"My mother is there. Let us go to meet them," said Nat-ah'-ki.

Some of the startled buffalo were making almost a bee-line for the place where we stood, so I told her to lead the horses back out of sight, and I myself moved down, so that I could just look over the top of the ridge. In a short time some thirty or forty of the animals came within easy range. I aimed at a big cow, and broke the left front leg the first shot; she dropped behind the others at once, and a second shot laid her low. She proved to be very fat, and her coat was fine, not quite of full length, perhaps, but very dark and glossy.

I was about to cut the animal open on the back, intending to take only the boss ribs and the tongue, when Nat-ah'-ki came up and insisted that I should properly skin it for a head-and-tail robe, and cut up all of the meat for packing. "We will give the hide to my mother," she said, "and get her to pack in the meat for us."

So I did as I was told, of course; the butchering taking some little time. Meanwhile Nat-ah'-ki went to the top of the ridge, but soon returned to say that the people were pitching camp near where we had discovered them, and that it would be pleasant to remain with them for a night.

"All right," I said, "we'll go over and stop with Weasel Tail. We'll take a little of the

meat and leave the rest and the hide for your mother to pick up in the morning."

But that, it seemed, would not do. "Either the wolves will feast upon it in the night," she said, "or some one will find and take it in the early morning; so, to be sure, let us pack it into camp."

I spread the great hide over her horse, entirely covering the animal, saddle and all, from neck to tail, and then hung the greater part of the meat across it over the saddle, covering it all by folding and refolding the hide. The rest I put in two large meat sacks and tied behind my saddle. Then I helped Nat-ah'-ki to get up and perch on top of her load, mounted my animal, and we wended our way to camp and in among the lodges. There were pleasant greetings and pleasant smiles for us on every hand, and some jokes were made about the young married hunters. We dismounted in front of Weasel Tail's lodge. My good mother-in-law ran and met her daughter, the two affectionately embracing and kissing each other, the former repeatedly saying, "My daughter! My daughter! She has arrived."

And the good woman looked at me and smiled, but gave me no greeting. Even in being in my vicinity, to say nothing of smiling at me, she had broken a strict rule of Blackfoot etiquette, of which I have already spoken, which is that mother and son-in-law must never meet nor speak to each other. For my part, I transgressed this form at the very first opportunity. I came upon the good woman when she could not escape, nor help listening, and told her that with us it was to be different; that white people had no such custom. "Wherever we are," I continued, "you are to come and live with us when you will, and I shall go where you are when occasion to do so arises."

I am sure that my words pleased her, as they also pleased Nat-ah'-ki. In time she became used to the new order of things, in a way, but was always rather backward about directly addressing me. Very often, when I asked her for information about something, she would turn to her daughter and say, "Tell him that it was in this way," etc.

WALTER B. ANDERSON.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Roosevelts and Early Mississippi Navigation.

A WHILE ago you published a brief account of a trip from Pittsburg to New Orleans in a flat boat "with a huge box containing a comfortable bedroom, dining room, pantry and a room in front for the crew"—in brief, a houseboat, built in 1809 by Nicholas G. Roosevelt. It seems that this Nicholas G. was great uncle to the present President of the United States, and I venture to send you an account of the building of the first Mississippi steamboat by this Roosevelt and the trip of himself and his plucky and admirable wife to New Orleans. She was a Miss Latrobe, of Baltimore, and seems to have been an excellent graft on the Roosevelt stock.

On his houseboat trip Roosevelt told the people of Cincinnati, Louisville and other cities of the success of steamboating on the Hudson, but they reminded him of what he well knew, the swift currents of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, and predicted that no steam or other boat could be built to go up stream.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

In the Lodges of the Blackfeet.

XXII.—A Wolverine's Medicine.

We camped with Weasel Tail, whose good woman spread out a number of new robes for our use. Visitors came and went, and we were called to several smokes at different places. In the latter part of the evening, after the feasting and visiting was over, Weasel Tail and Talks-with-the-buffalo, the two inseparables, and I were again together, as we had been on many a previous night. There were no three smokes and then the polite dismissal when we got together, no matter which of us was host. We would sit together for hours, smoking when we felt like it, talking or idly silent, as the mood struck us. The women passed around some berry pemmican, which was fine. "Friend," said Talks-with-the-buffalo, after we had eaten and the pipe was again filled and lighted, "I have a present for you."

"Ah!" I replied, "I am always glad to get presents."

"Yes," he continued, "and I will be glad to get rid of this. I want you to take it to-morrow morning, lest something happen that you never get the thing. It is a wolverine skin. Listen, and I will tell you what trouble it has caused me. First, as to the way I got it: One morning my woman here told me to kill some bighorn; she wanted their skins for a dress. I said that those animals were too difficult to get; that she ought to make her dress of antelope skins, which also makes fine soft leather when well tanned. But, no; they would not do; they were uneven, thick on the neck, too thin on the belly; nothing would do but bighorn skins, because they were all of the right kind—neither thick, nor very thin in any place. I tried to get out of it by saying that if she must have them I would require her to go on the hunt with me, and help pack down what I killed. I thought that when I said this, she would make up her mind that antelope skins were good enough. I was mistaken. 'Of course, I'll go with you,' she said. 'Let us start in the morning.'

"I made up my mind that I would pretend to be sick; but when I awoke in the morning I had forgotten all about the hunt, and after I had got up and washed, I ate a big meal. When I did remember, it was too late. I couldn't get her to believe that I was sick, after making her broil meat twice. We started, and rode as far as our horses could carry us, up the north side of the west Sweetgrass Mountain; then we tied the animals and went on afoot. It was pretty steep climbing; in places the pines grew so closely together that we could hardly squeeze between them. My hunting partner was always behind. 'Come on; come on,' I kept saying; and 'Wait,

wait for me,' she was always calling, and when she caught up she would be breathing like a horse that has run a race, and sweat would just drip off her chin. 'It is very pleasant, this bighorn hunting,' I told her; and she said, 'You speak the truth. Just look how high up we are, and how far we can see the plains away northward.'

"After that I did not tease her, because she had good courage, and did her best to climb. I traveled slower, and she kept close behind me. We approached the summit. The top of that mountain—you have seen it—is a mystery place. When Old Man made the world he painted the rocks he placed there with pretty colors, red, brown, yellow and white.* Some say that it is a lucky place to hunt; others, that if one kills anything there, he will have bad luck of some kind. I thought of this as I climbed, and at last I stopped and spoke to my woman. I told her that we had, perhaps, better go back on account of the bad luck we might have if I made a killing there. But she just laughed and laughed, and said that I was getting to be very foolish.

"Well," I said to her, "if you must laugh, do so with your hand over your mouth, else you will scare everything on this mountain."

"We continued climbing, and in a little while came to the summit. Looking out at it from the cover of some pines, I saw a band of bighorn, maybe twenty or more, all she ones, and their young, except a two-year-old male. I took a careful aim at him—he was close by and standing side to me—and as it was handy, I rested my gun on a limb of a tree. I took a very good aim, right for his heart, and fired. I don't know where the bullet went, but I am sure that it never hit him, for we could find neither hair nor blood where he had stood nor along his trail. When I shot, the smoke hung like a little cloud before me, and when it blew away, I saw the animals, just as they disappeared into the timber down the slope. I was much surprised that I had not killed the animal, most surprised when I found that I had not even hit him, for I had aimed so long and so carefully.

"You must have hit him," said my woman. "Let us look again. We will likely find him lying dead somewhere not far away."

"We followed his trail for some distance down in the timber; it was easy to follow, for his track was larger than that of the others; but there was no sign at all that he was hurt. We climbed up on top again, and sat down at the edge of the bare rocks, in the shelter of a low pine. I thought that, if we stayed there a while some more bighorn might come along. But none appeared, although we sat and watched until long after the middle of the day. We were

*They are porous burnt quartz, that seems to have been thrown up through a seam in the porphyry.

about to leave, when a big wolverine appeared, walking among the rocks, smelling and snuffing, sometimes climbing up on top of a big rock to look all around. He looked very pretty, his hair just shining in the sun. He soon came near, and the next time he climbed upon a rock I shot him. He fell off it and hardly kicked. I told my woman to skin it carefully. I knew you would want it to go with those you got last winter. She said that she would tan it very soft, and we would make you a present of it. The bad luck began right there. She cut her hand—the knife slipped—before she had half got the hide off, and I had to finish the work. Then we started homeward. When we got to the horses I tied the skin behind my saddle and got astride. The horse had been standing with his head to the wind, and when I turned him he got the scent of the wolverine for the first time, and it frightened him so that he went crazy. He snorted and made a big high jump down the mountain, and when he struck, the jar threw me off, right on my back into a lot of stones. I thought I was broken in two. The horse went on, jumping and kicking, and snorting, right into a pile of big rocks, where he got caught by a foreleg, and broke it. As soon as I got my breath and could walk and my woman found my gun I had to go down and shoot him. We were late getting home, for we rode double on the other horse, and had to hang on to my saddle and other things. One thing we had learned: It was bad luck to kill anything on the painted rocks. Maybe, if I had killed the sheep also, my back would have been really broken when I was thrown by the horse.

"It was some days before I recovered from the soreness caused by my fall. My woman could not tan the wolverine skin on account of her sore hand, so she got a widow to do it. The next morning the old woman brought back the skin. 'Take it,' she said. 'I have been sick all night, and in my dream a wolverine came and tried to bite me. It is bad medicine. I will not tan it.'

"You know old Beaver Woman? Yes? We gave the skin to her. She said that she wasn't afraid of wolverines, that her medicine was stronger than theirs. Well, she took it to her lodge and went to work, fleshed it, put on the liver and brains, rolled it up and laid it away for two or three days. When it was well soaked with the mixture, she cleaned it and began to dry it, working it over the sinew cord, when she suddenly fell over dead for a short time. When she came to life her mouth was drawn around to one side and she could hardly speak. She was that way about four nights. Of course, the skin came back to us. The cut on my woman's hand had healed, so she went to work and finished the tanning, and without any mishap.

"Day before yesterday we started to move in; my woman packed the skin with other things on the lodge skin horse. When we made camp in the evening, the skin was missing. Everything else that had been placed in the pack was there, the skin only was gone. While we were wondering how it could have happened, a young man rode up and tossed it to us. 'I found it on the trail,' he said.

"So, you see, this skin is powerful bad medicine. I said that I was going to give it to you, and I now do so. Also I have told you all the evil it has done. I shall not blame you if you throw it in the fire, or otherwise dispose of it. All I ask is that you take it off our hands."

Of course, I accepted the skin. In time it became part of a handsome robe; a small bear skin in the center, the border of six wolverines.

Nat-ah'-ki and I were in the saddle next morning long before the lodges began to come down, and started homeward. It had been a very warm night. Soon after we left camp a light wind sprang up from the north, cold, damp and with a strong odor of burning grass. We knew the sign well enough; the smoky smell was always the precursor of a storm from the north. "The Cold-maker is near," said Nat-ah'-ki. Let us hurry on."

Looking back, we saw that the Sweet Grass hills had become enveloped in a dense white fog, which was sweeping southward with incredible swiftness. It soon overtook us, and was so thick that we could not see a hundred yards ahead. The sweat on our horses instantly froze; fine particles of frost filled the air; our ears began to tingle, and we covered them with handkerchiefs. It was useless to attempt to look out a course to the river, so we gave our horses the reins and kept them going, and arrived home before noon. The wind had steadily increased, the fog had gone, but snow had taken its place. Winter had come.

Prime robes soon began to come in, and we were kept pretty busy exchanging goods and spirits for them. For convenience, we used brass checks in trading, each check representing one dollar. Having some robes to sell, an Indian would stalk in, followed by one or more of his women, carrying them, and as a rule, he would stand at a little distance, very silent and straight, his robe or blanket partly concealing his face, while we examined them and counted down the checks. Unless he needed a gun or some such expensive article, he generally gave his women a part of the proceeds, and invested the rest himself in whatever took his fancy; tobacco always, generally some liquor. They always wanted to taste of the liquor before buying, and we kept for that purpose a pailful of it and a cup behind the counter, which was four and a half feet in height. There was seldom any objection to the strength of the article we sold, which was alcohol of high proof, mixed with five parts of water. A few moments after one of these extremely haughty customers had taken a drink, his manner changed. He became quite affable and loquacious, and before leaving would sometimes wish to embrace and kiss all present, including the traders. It was not often that any of them became cross with us, their quarrels generally taking place in camp. Nor were they, on the whole, much more quarrelsome than so many white men. We did little trading after dark, most of the people preferring to come in the morning to barter their furs and

robes. I never knew a trader who had not some especial and privileged friends, and we were no exception to the rule. Several of these would sometimes come and sit with us of an evening to smoke and tell stories, and every little while either Berry or I would pass around the cup, but not too frequently. It was very interesting to listen to their tales, and queer conceptions of various things.

Little Deer's End.

Then there were days when the warm chinook was blowing, that simply drew one out of the Fort and away on the plain. Nat-ah'-ki and I would saddle a couple of horses and ride a great circle, returning home tired and hungry and ready to retire right after the evening meal, to sleep soundly through the long winter night. One fine day we were out, and along about 2 or 3 o'clock struck the river some five or six miles above the Fort and turned homeward down the valley. Riding along the trail through a grove of cottonwoods, we met mine enemy, Little Deer, in quest of beaver, as he had some traps tied to his saddle. He leered at Nat-ah'-ki, who happened to be in the lead, and scowled savagely at me as we passed. I must confess that I bent in the saddle once or twice, pretending to adjust my stirrup leather, but really furtively looking back under my arm. I was certainly afraid of him and felt relieved when I saw him disappear around a bend of the trail without once, so far as I could determine, turning to look back at us.

Passing through the grove we crossed an open flat, went into another piece of timber and then out on a wide, bare bottom. When about 150 or 200 yards from the last grove a gun boomed behind us and a bullet whizzed past my left side and kicked up the dust when it struck the ground farther on. Nat-ah'-ki shrieked, whipped up her horse and called to me to hurry, and we made pretty good time the rest of the way home. When the shot was fired I looked back and saw a thin cloud of smoke in front of some willows, but no man. It was Little Deer who had shot, of course, and he had come near hitting me. He had done just what I had always predicted he would do—attack me from behind; and from such a position as he was in it would have been folly to attempt to dislodge him.

Nat-ah'-ki was well-night speechless from terror and anger. I was angry, too, and swore that I would kill Little Deer at sight. Berry listened quietly, but made no comment until after supper, when we had quieted down.

"You see," he began, "that fish has some powerful relations in camp, and although they know well enough that he needs killing, they are nevertheless bound to avenge his death."

"Well?" I asked, "and am I to do nothing, and some day be potted from an ambush?"

"No," he replied. "We've got to kill him, but it must be done in such a manner that we will never be suspected. Just lay low and we will find some way to do it."

After that day Little Deer came no more to the Fort. If he needed anything he sent some one to purchase it for him. When Nat-ah'-ki and I rode we went out on the open plain, avoiding the coulées and the timber in the valley. Sometimes, of a night, Berry and I would try to devise some way to effectively get rid of my enemy, but we never succeeded. Could I have waylaid him, or shot him from behind, as he had attempted to do to me, I would gladly have done so. One should

always fight the devil with his own weapons.

It was a day in the fore part of March when Little Deer was missed from the camp. The previous morning he had gone out with some other hunters on the plains north of the river to kill some meat. They had separated finally, but late in the afternoon several of them had seen the missing man on a butte skinning a buffalo. During the night his horse had returned and joined the band to which it belonged, still saddled and trailing its lariat. Relatives of Little Deer went out and continued to search for him for several days, and at last they found him a long distance from the carcass of the buffalo he had skinned and cut up. He was lying in a coulée and the top of his head was crushed in. His wives and female relatives buried him, but the wives did not mourn; he had been very cruel to them and they were glad to be free. The meat of the buffalo he had killed had all been neatly cut up and prepared for loading on the horse. It was thought that he had left the place to kill something else and had been thrown, or that, perhaps, his horse had fallen with him and had kicked him in its struggles to rise.

Nat-ah'-ki and I rejoiced when we learned this. She herself was the first to hear of it and came running in, all excitement, her eyes sparkling, and gave me a hearty squeeze.

"Be happy," she cried. "Our enemy is dead; they have found his body; we can ride where we please and without fear."

One night my old friend whom I have variously called Bear Head and Wolverine—he took the former name after a successful battle he was in—paid us a visit. He stayed long after all the others had gone, silently smoking, much preoccupied about something. Both Berry and I noticed it and spoke about it.

"He probably wants a new gun," I said, "or maybe a blanket or a new dress for his woman. Whatever it is I'll give it to him myself."

We were getting sleepy. Berry brought out a drink and handed it to him. "Well," he said, "tell us about it; what is on your mind?"

"I killed him," he replied. "I killed him and carried his body to the coulée and dropped it."

This was news indeed. We knew at once to whom he referred, no other than Little Deer. "Ah!" we both exclaimed, and waited for him to continue.

"I rode up to where he was tying his meat and got off my horse to tighten the saddle. We got to talking and he told about shooting at you. 'I don't see how I missed,' he said, 'for I took careful aim. But I'm not done. I'll kill that white man yet, and his woman shall be my woman, even if she does hate me.'"

"His words made me mad. 'Kill him!' something said to me. 'Kill him, lest he kill your friend who has been so good to you.' He was bending over tying the last pieces of meat; I raised my rifle and struck him right on top of his head, and he fell forward, his shadow departed. I was glad that I did it."

He arose and prepared to leave. "Friend," I said, grasping his hand and heartily shaking it, "what is mine is yours. What can I give you?"

"Nothing," he replied. "Nothing. I am not poor. But if I ever am in need then I will come and ask for help."

He went out and we closed and barred the door. "Well, I'll be damned if that isn't the best turn I ever knew an Indian to do for a white

man," Berry exclaimed. "He's sure a friend worth having."

For obvious reasons we kept what we had learned to ourselves, although I had a struggle to do so. It was years afterward when I finally told Nat-ah-ki about it, and when the time came that our friend certainly did need help he got it.

We had with us that winter one Long-haired Jim, bull-whacker, a man about forty years of age. He wore hair that was at least two feet long and which fell in dark, rippling waves very gracefully over his back and shoulders. When on the road or out at work in the wind he kept it braided, but in camp it was simply confined by a silk bandage bound around his head. He was very proud of it and kept it nicely washed and combed.

Jim had made various trips, he claimed, on the Santa Fé and the Overland Trails, and had drifted up into Montana from Corinne. According to his own story, he was a great fighter, a successful gambler, but these advantages, he said, were offset by the fact that he was terribly unlucky in love. "I have set my affections on four different females in my time," he told us, "an' I'll be dog-goned ef I got ary one of 'em."

"I come mighty close to it once," he continued. "She was a red-haired widow what kept a boardin' house in Council Bluffs. We rolled in there one evenin', an' as soon as we had corralled all hands a went over to her place fer supper. As soon as I set eyes on her I says to myself, 'That's a mighty fine figger of a woman.' She was small, an' slim, an' freckled, with the purtiest little turn-up, peart nose as ever happened. 'Who is she?' I asked a feller settin' next me.

"'A widder,' he says, 'she runs this here place.'

"That settled it. I went to the wagon boss, told him I quit, drew my pay, an' packed my beddin' and war sack over to her place. The next evenin' I caught her settin' out on the steps all by herself and walked right up to her. 'Mrs. Westbridge,' I says, 'I've sure fell in love with you. Will you marry me?'

"'Why, the idear!' she cried out. 'Jest listen to the man; an' him a stranger. Scat! git out o' here!' An' she up an' run into the house an' into the kitchen an' slammed an' locked the door.

"That didn't make no difference to me. I wa'n't ordered to leave the house, so I staid right on, an' put the question to her every chanct I got, sometimes twict a day. She got sost she didn't run, took it kinder good-natured like, but she always gave me a straight 'No' for an answer. I wa'n't no way discouraged.

"Well, it run along a matter of two weeks, an' one evenin' I asked her again; 'twas the twenty-first time, which number bein' my lucky one, I considered it sure to win. An' it did.

"'Yes, sir, Mr. Jim What's-yer-name,' she says, straight out, 'I'll marry yer on certain conditions: You must cut your hair.'

"'Yep.'

"'An' throw away them six-shooters an' that long knife.'

"'Yep.'

"'An' quit gamblin'.'

"'Yep.'

"'An' help me run this yere boardin' house.'

"Yes, I agreed to it all, an' she said we'd be married the comin' Sunday. I asked her fer a kiss, but she slapped my face an' run off into the kitchen. 'Never mind,' I says, settin' down on the steps, 'I'll wait 'till she comes out an' ketch her.'

"Wal, sir. I was a settin' there all peaceful an' happy like, when along comes an ornery lookin' one-leg cripple an' he asks, 'Is this whar Miss Westbridge lives?'

"'It are,' I said. 'An' what might you want of her?'

"'Oh, nothin',' he says, 'cept she's my wife.'

"I allow I might have swatted him, even if he was a cripple, if the woman hadn't come out just then. When she see him she jest throwed up her hands and cried out: 'My Gawd! Wherever did you come from? I thought you was dead. They told me you was. Are you sure it's you?'

"'Yes, Sairy,' he said. 'It's me all right; that is, what's left of me. It was reported that I died, or was missin', but I pulled through. I been trailin' you a long time. It's a long story—'

"I didn't wait to hear it. Went up to my room and sat down. After a while she come up. 'You see how 'tis,' she said. 'I've got to take care of him. Yer a good man, Jim; I admire yer spunk, a askin' and a askin', an never takin' "no" fer an answer. As it is, ef you care fer me I wisht you'd go.'

"I packed right up an' pulled out. No, I never did have no luck with women. Sence that happened I ain't had a chance to tackle another one."

Jim took great interest in Nat-ah-ki and me. "My Gawd!" he would say, "just hear her laugh. She's sure happy. I wisht I had such a nice woman."

He spent much time in the trade room, and went often through the camp seeking to make a conquest of some fair damsel. He was really ridiculous, smiling at them, bowing and saying something in English which none could understand. The maidens turned away from him abashed. The men looking on either scowled or laughed and joked and named him the One-unable-to-marry, a very bad name in Blackfoot.

The main trouble was that he wore an immense mustache and chin whiskers. The Blackfeet abhorred hair, except that of the head. An old acquaintance never buttoned his shirt winter nor summer; his breast was as hairy as a dog's back. I have seen the Blackfeet actually shudder when they looked at it. But a happy day was coming for Jim. On a trip out from Fort Benton, Berry brought him a letter containing great news. A woman back in Missouri whom he had known from childhood had consented to marry him. He left for the States at once by the way of Corinne. We heard from him several months later: "Dear friends," he wrote, "she died the day before I got here. I'm sure grevin'. Theys a nuther one here, but she's got seven children, an' she's after me. I take the Santy Fé trail to-morrer. Hain't I sure out of luck?"

By the same mail we heard from Ashton. He was in Genoa, Italy, and expected to be with us in the spring. He also wrote that he was getting good reports of his protégé's progress. A little later there came a letter for Nat-ah-ki from the girl herself, which was very touching. It was in print, and read, including some additions by the sisters: "I can read. I can write. The sisters are good to me. I have pretty dresses. When I sleep I see the lodges and the people, and I smell the kak-sim-i' (sage). I love you. Diana Ashton."

Dear me! but Nat-ah-ki was proud of that letter. She carried it around and showed it to her friends and had me translate it many times. She

made several beautiful pairs of moccasins for the child, and after we returned to Fort Benton in the spring had me ship them on a steamboat with a lot of pemmican, dried meat and tongues, and a big bunch of sagebrush. I objected to sending the pemmican and meat, saying that the girl had all the food she wanted and the very best.

"Yes," she said, contemptuously, "white people's food; nothing food. I know she is hungry for real food."

We had a good trade that winter, but troublous times succeeded. A part of the Piegiens, the Bloods and Blackfeet became a real terror to the whites in the country, and it was really unsafe to try to trade outside of Fort Benton. We passed the following two winters there. In January of the second one the Baker massacre occurred, and the Indians at once quieted down. In the spring of 1870 we began to plan for another season at some more or less distant point.

WALTER B. ANDERSON.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Boy.

FOR the last four or five years, I have noticed a boy fishing from the docks at this place. When he first started in at the spot he was quite young, and at that time he was generally in company with some older person. Later on he came alone and used to sit for hours waiting for a "bite." If unsuccessful he still seemed contented enough. He would come the next Saturday or some other day when he did not have to go to school.

Sometimes he would have good luck. I have seen him take home a nice string of flounders, and in their season snappers (young bluefish), blackfish and so on. Now that he is a little older I see he has a nice rod and reel. He goes to the beach with his little spading fork on his shoulder to dig his sand worms for bait. Later in the season you will see him along the creek with a basket holding some sawdust ready to receive the shrimp he will catch with his net. In the fall you will see him chasing fiddler crabs on the beach. He wants them to lure the blackfish.

He is still a small boy, not yet grown out of short trousers, but in his head he is older than the boys that use their spare time at a crap game or stealing some one's watermelons or robbing birds' nests. I do not know that he ever played truant to go fishing, but if I knew that he had done so I would suspend sentence. I often did that and was brutally used for doing so, but I was brought up in that old Puritanical commonwealth where they used to squeeze witchcraft out of existence.

This boy has been told by his grandfather about the great fishing he formerly had in Raritan Bay, how people used to make their nets to catch every striped bass that came along the shore. The boy has had the spot pointed out to him where the old settlers used to catch sheepshead. The boy tried it last year, but he went home without sheepshead, and the reason why is not yet quite clear to him. He is going to try fishing for sturgeon when he gets old enough. His plans are all laid to have a motor boat when he is large enough, and perhaps lots of other modern improvements, but when he is old enough for all these things he may not have the chance to use them. He can remember, though, the pleasant boyhood days, and as he grows older they will be brought out more clearly.

I can never forget the early years of my New England life and cannot but compare a dirty salt water beach to the beautiful clear trout streams, mountain meadows and sweet smelling forests that I used to know. This is a matter of individual association and taste. Let the natural fisherman enjoy looking over the past wherever it happened.

PRINCE'S Bay, April 18.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

In the Lodges of the Blackfeet.

The Ways of the Northland.

A LAW prohibiting the sale of liquor to Indians, or even its transportation across the Indian country, had been practically a dead letter ever since Congress passed it. Along in the fall of 1869, however, a new United States marshal appeared in the country and arrested several traders who had liquor in their possession, confiscated their outfits, and made them all sorts of trouble. So long as this man remained in office it seemed as if the trade was doomed, and Berry wisely hit upon the plan of crossing the line into Canada and establishing a post there. True, there would be some trouble in transporting the forbidden goods from Fort Benton northward to the line, but chances had to be taken.

Miss Alice Lant, author of "Lords of the North," "Heralds of the Empire," etc., in her "Tales of the Northwest Mounted Police" has this to say about the exodus: "It was in the early seventies that the monopoly of the Hudson's Bay Company ceased and the Dominion Government took over judicial rights in all that vast territory which lies like an American Russia between the boundary and the North Pole. The ending of the monopoly was the signal for an inrush of adventurers. Gamblers, smugglers, criminals of every stripe, struck across from the Missouri into the Canadian territory at the foothills of the Rockies. Without a white population, these riff-raff adventurers could not ply their usual 'wide-open' traffic. The only way to wealth was by the fur trade; and the easiest way to obtain the furs was by smuggling whiskey into the country in small quantities, diluting this and trading it to the natives for pelts. Chances of interference were nil, for the Canadian Government was thousands of miles distant without either telegraph or railway connection. But the game was not without its dangers. The country at the foothills was inhabited by the Confederacy of the Blackfeet—Bloods, Piegiens and Blackfeet—tigers of the prairie when sober, and worse than tigers when drunk. The Missouri whiskey smugglers found they must either organize for defense or pay for their fun by being exterminated. How many whites were massacred in these drinking frays will never be known; but all around Old Man's River and Fort Macleod are gruesome landmarks known as the places where such and such parties were destroyed in the early seventies.

"The upshot was that the Missouri smugglers emulated the old fur traders and built themselves permanent forts; Robbers' Roost, Stand Off, Freeze Out, and most famous of all Whoop-Her-Up, whose name for respectability's sake has been changed to 'Whoo-Pup,' with an innocent suggestiveness of some poetic Indian title. Whoop-Up,

as it was known to plainsmen, was palisaded and loop-holed for musketry, with bastions and cannon and an alarm bell. The fortifications of this place alone, it is said, cost \$12,000, and it at once became the metropolis of the whiskey smugglers. Henceforth only a few Indians were allowed inside the fort at a time, the rest being served through the loop-holes.

"But the Blackfeet, who loved a man hunt better than a buffalo hunt, were not to be balked. The trail by which the whiskey smugglers came from Fort Benton zig-zagged over the rolling prairie, mainly following the bottoms of the precipitous coulees and ravines for a distance of 200 miles to Whoop-Up. Heavy wagons with canvas tops and yokes of fifteen and twenty oxen drew the freight of liquor through the devious passes that connected ravine with ravine. The Blackfeet are probably the best horsemen in the world. There were places where the defiles were exceptionally narrow, where the wagons got mired, where oxen and freight had to be rafted across rain swollen sloughs. With a yelling of incarnate fiends that would have stampeded more sober brutes than oxen drawing kegs of whiskey, down swooped the Blackfeet at just these hard spots. Sometimes the raids took place at night, when tethers would be cut and the oxen stampeded with the bellowing of a frightened buffalo herd. If the smugglers made a stand there was a fight. If they drew off, the savages captured the booty."

Miss Lant's informants have most grievously imposed upon her. The men who participated in the trade across the line were not "criminals of every shape," but honest, fearless, straightforward fellows. Very many of them are living to-day, and they feel that they have been wronged by Miss Lant's statements. Neither were they smugglers into the country, for that part of Canada was then to the Canadians an unknown land, without any laws or white residents. Away up on the Saskatchewan was the Hudson's Bay Company selling rum to the Indians, as they had been doing for many years. In the opposition of the Americans they saw the end of their lucrative trade, and complained to the Dominion Government about it, finally getting relief with the appearance of the Northwest Mounted Police. Neither were there any drinking frays in which whites were massacred. One man named Joe Neufraim was killed for cause by the Blackfeet at Elbow, about 100 miles north of Belly River. Two men, a Frenchman named Polite, and Joseph Wey, were killed at Rocky Springs, on the trail from Fort Benton north. The Assinaboines, not the Blackfeet, shot them. The fact is that the trail did not follow precipitous coulees and ravines, but ran straight over the open rolling plain, the freighters thereon were not attacked by the Blackfeet, and their cattle stampeded. Nor did

they freight whiskey in heavy loaded bull trains. In crossing the Indian country south of the line they had the United States marshal to elude; the whiskey was transported by four-horse teams which traveled swiftly across by a route which the marshal was unlikely to know.

In the fall of 1870 Berry established Stand-Off, after that Whoop-Up and Fort Kipp were built. There were one or two other minor posts at Elbow, on High River, and Sheep Creek. In all, from 1870 until the arrival of the Mounted Police in 1874, there were fifty-six white men at these various places or camped out on the plains wolfing. They were not massacred by the Blackfeet. When the Mounted Police came they also got along peaceably with the Confederacy, because the Baker massacre had taken all the fight out of them. So much by way of explanation.

* * * * *

Starting north from Fort Benton with a good outfit of stores, Berry, I and several others arrived at Belly River, at a point some twenty-five or thirty miles above its mouth, and built Stand-Off, a place of a few rude cabins. This is why we gave it the peculiar name: The marshal got on our trail and overtook us soon after we had crossed the North Fork of Milk River and were descending the slope to the St. Mary's.

"Well, boys," he said, smiling grimly, "I've caught you at last. Turn around and hit the back trail with me."

"I don't think we will," said Berry. "We're across the line. Better turn around and go back yourself."

A warm argument ensued. The line had never been surveyed, but we knew that according to the treaty it was the 49th parallel. We were on the Arctic slope watershed, consequently we were in Canada; the marshal said that we were not. Finally Berry told him that he would not turn back, that he would fight first, as he knew that he was right. The marshal was powerless to take us, as he was alone. We "stood him off," and he sorrowfully turned back.

Another time Berry went in to Fort Benton for liquor and the marshal trailed him around day and night. Nothing was to be done there, so he hitched up his four-horse team and with another man traveled up to Helena. Still the marshal followed, but Berry was a man of resource. He went to a certain firm there and got them to deliver thirty cases of alcohol to him on the banks of the Missouri a few miles below town, where he made a raft for them, got aboard and pushed out into the current. Meanwhile the marshal was watching the four horses and wagon at the livery stable. That night Berry's helper got them out and started on the back trail. In a little while the officer caught up with the outfit, but lo, the wagon was empty and Berry was missing. He turned

back and stayed all that night in Helena, then started again and arrived in Fort Benton about the same time as did the team. There the man loaded up with straight provisions and pulled out for the north. The marshal was completely nonplussed.

Meanwhile Berry was having a hard time. A raft of alcohol, which has but little higher specific gravity than water, proved a difficult thing to handle, and in rapid water was sometimes completely submerged. Sometimes it stuck on a bar or was in danger of hitting a rocky shore and he had to jump off and push it into deeper water. For three days he played beaver, and practically fasted, for his provisions got wet, but on the third evening he reached the mouth of Sun River with the loss of but one case of alcohol, which the rocks had punctured. There a four-horse team awaited him, sent from Fort Benton by the driver of his own outfit. The two men at once loaded up the wagon and struck out over the trackless prairie, crossing the line and arriving at Stand-Off without trouble.

The Bloods and Blackfeet gave us a fair trade that winter. We realized, however, that with the building of Whoop-Up we were too far west to be in the center of the trade; so the succeeding summer we moved down some miles and built another post. The main event of the succeeding winter was the killing of Calf Shirt, the Blood chief, and a terrible man. He was absolutely ferocious and his people feared him, he having killed six or eight of them—several his own relatives. He came into the trade room one day and pointing a pistol at the man on duty there, demanded some whiskey. The trader also raised his pistol and fired, the bullet taking effect in the Indian's breast. He did not drop, however, or even stagger; nor did he shoot, but turned and walked calmly out of the door toward his camp. Upon hearing the shot a number of men elsewhere in the post rushed out, saw the pistol in his hand, and thinking that he had killed some one, began firing. Shot after shot struck Calf Shirt, but he kept calmly on for many yards, and then fell over dead. He possessed extraordinary vitality. The body was thrown into the river through a hole in the ice, but it came up in an airhole below, and was found there. The chief had always told his wives that if he was killed they were to sing certain songs over his body, and he would come to life, if they kept it up for four days. The women took the corpse home and did as they had been told, and felt very badly when they found that their efforts were fruitless. All the rest of the tribe, however, rejoiced that the terror was gone.

The next winter a row broke out among the traders and the wolfers of the country, the latter demanding that no more rifles and ammunition be sold to the Indians. They formed what the traders named in derision the "Is-pit-si Cavalry" and went around trying to get signatures to an agreement, both by threats and entreaty, that the traders would comply with their request, but they met with little or no success. Miss Lant also refers to this "cavalry," and says that they were organized by the smugglers to escort the freighters and defend the fort. The freighters needed no escort, and I would like to know how men could be called smugglers who broke no known law; who, it may be said, practically settled the country and made it possible for a little band of Mounted Police to march into it. Miss Lant says that the latter were the result of protests to the

Dominion Government "from the fur company deprived of lawful trade." They sold tobacco, tea, sugar, blankets, guns and various notions. So did we. They sold watered Jamaica rum and Scotch whiskey. We sold watered American alcohol and whiskey. I claim that we were just as respectable as the honorable lords and members of the Hudson's Bay Company, Limited. The latter, at this very day, are selling liquor in nearly every town of Alberta, Assinaboia and other territory of Northwest Canada, but we long since went out of the business.

I don't blame Miss Lant; she couldn't have known the facts. The men who told her the story—well, they slandered some pretty good men. None of them were what might be called saints, but the kindly, generous, honorable acts I have know them to do.

Many of the traders had thousands of dollars worth of merchandise in stock when the Mounted Police drew near, and most of them were warned in time of their approach to bury, or otherwise conceal the liquor. A band of hunters brought the news. "Some men are coming," they said, "who wear red coats, and they are drawing a cannon."

That was sufficient for Berry and me, and we promptly cached the ten or twelve gallons of whiskey we had. Only one trader, I believe, failed to get the warning; he had his whole stock confiscated because among it were found a few gallons of liquor. Of course, we were not glad to see the strangers, but we met them with courtesy and treated them well. Although they had come through a country teeming with game they were in an almost starving condition, and were very glad to buy our provisions. Their commander, Colonel Macleod, was a gentleman, and became a life-long friend with some of the "smugglers." Many of the traders remained in that country to continue trade with the Indians and the newcomers, while others returned to Montana. We went with the latter outfits. None "slid out," but went from time to time decorously and peaceably, and with such of their possessions as they had not sold or given away. Thus passed the trade in the north. I can't say that we regretted it. Prices of furs had fluctuated and dropped in value 100 per cent., few had cleared anything worth mentioning. Four years later the last of the Alberta buffalo herds drifted south and never returned to that section of the country.

We again took up our quarters in Fort Benton at the little adobe house and wintered there. It was a relief to be out of the trade for a time and rest up. A few of those who had been in the north with us crossed the river and located ranches on the Shonkin and along the Highwood Mountains. Berry and I thought that we did not want any ranching in ours.

We had frequently heard from Ashton. He seemed to be a man of unrest, now somewhere in Europe, again traveling in the States, once in a while visiting his protégé in St. Louis. Diana also wrote quite frequently, and her letters were now models of chirography, correct in grammar and phrasing. In some she spoke only of her school work and the petty incidents of her daily life. These, I fancied, were the ones the good sisters glanced over before mailing them. But the others told of her dislike of the city. "I could bear it," she said, "if I could only see the great mountains once in a while and the plains." She also spoke of Ashton and told how good he was to her, how happy she was when he came to visit

there. He desired her in another year to enter a seminary; she would go, of course, for what her chief wished she would do, although she so longed to see the dear land in which she was born, and to visit us, if only for a day; but she could not tell him that.

And in one letter she told Nat-ah'-ki that Diana meant Sahm'i-ah-ki (Hunter Woman), and she was one who lived in the long ago, was a Sun woman, and never married. "And I must do likewise," she concluded pathetically, "for no one I could care for would love me, a plain, dark little Indian girl."

"Kyai'-yo!" the Crow Woman exclaimed when I had read this out. "I guess any young man in camp would be glad to have her."

"I think that I understand," said Nat-ah'-ki, meditatively. "I think that I understand. The ways of her people are no longer her ways; she has become a white woman in all but color."

Every winter since his departure Ashton had written that he would visit us in the spring, but he never fulfilled his promise. We had concluded that he never would come again, when he surprised us by coming ashore from a steamboat one day in June. We were certainly glad to greet him, and in his quiet way he seemed to be equally pleased. We all went over to the house, and when the women saw him they clapped hand to mouth in surprise and came forward to shake hands with him. "Ok'-i kut'-ai-im-i," they said. You will remember that they had named him Never Laughs, but he didn't know that.

He was the same Ashton we had known, not given to much speech, and with the sad look in his eyes, although upon his arrival he talked more than usual and joked with the women, Berry or I, of course, interpreting.

"You ought to be ashamed," Nat-ah'-ki told him, "to come alone. Why didn't you bring Diana?"

"Oh," he said, "she is busy; she has her studies; she could hardly leave them. You should see into what a fine lady she has grown. She sends you all her love and some presents, which I will hand you as soon as my trunk arrives."

Nat-ah'-ki wished me to tell him that the girl was grieving for the sight of her country, but I would not do so. "We are not to mix up in his affairs," I said to her.

Nat-ah'-ki and I gave Ashton our room, and moved out in a tent set up beside the house. But that was not for long.

"In summer in this country one should not live in a house," he said, one morning. "Ever since I left here I have been longing to stay in that lodge of yours once more. Many a time I've thought of that robe couch, the cheerful little fire, the quaint things scattered around. It was a place to rest and to dream. I'd like to try it again."

I told him that he should. Our lodge was about worn out. So Nat-ah'-ki sent word to the Piegan camp to her mother—they were out on the Teton somewhere—to get us a good one and bring it in; and when it arrived we set it up, and there Ashton camped with us. He would sit or recline on his couch as he used to for hours at a time, smoking, smoking, and silent. And his thoughts were not happy ones, for the shadow was in his eyes. And as before, Nat-ah'-ki and I wondered what his trouble might be. She grieved herself for him and said many times: "He is very, very poor. I pity him."

A steamboat came in one evening, but none of us went over to see her land; they had become

a common sight. We had finished supper, Nat-ah'-ki had cleared the table and lighted the lamp. Ashton had not yet returned to the lodge, but was standing by the light repairing his pipe stem. There was a sound of swishing of silk and then a tall and graceful woman crossed the threshold, raising her veil with an impatient gesture, and almost ran up to him, holding out her hands appealingly. We recognized her instantly. It was Diana.

"My chief," she cried, "forgive me. I could not help it. I so longed to see my country before I went back to school, that I left Alice and came. Oh, don't be angry, forgive me."

Ashton had grasped her hands when she held them out to him, and almost drew her to him, and I had never thought to see his face brighten so. It fairly beamed with love and pride, and joy, I thought.

"My dear! my dear!" he said, almost falteringly. "Angry? Forgive? Your desires are always mine. God knows I always wish you to be happy. Why didn't you tell me? We could have come out together?"

But the girl was crying now, and Nat-ah'-ki, almost afraid of this tall and stately girl, dressed in a manner unknown to her, walked up and said: "My daughter—you are my daughter, aren't you?"

"Oh, yes!" she faltered, and the two embraced.

We men filed out and left them together. Ashton went to the lodge, Berry and I strolled up the trail a way.

"Good God!" Berry exclaimed, "I never thought that one of our blood could be like that. Why, she plumb knocks the spots off of any white woman I ever saw, in some way. I can't explain the difference between her and them, but it's there sure. What is it?"

"Well," I said to him, "it's a matter of education, and of association with refined people mainly, I guess; and, well, some women are that way. I can't exactly explain it myself."

"And did you notice how she's dressed!" Berry added. "Plain like, yet somehow you know that those clothes cost a heap of money, and were made by somebody who sure knew how. And that locket hanging down on her breast; all pearls and a big diamond in the center. My, my!"

She was beautiful, as we imagine Diana, her namesake must have been. But where the goddess was cold and calm and all disdainful, our Diana was gracious, and, as we had seen, she had a heart.

We went back. The tears were gone; the women, Berry's wife, Nat-ah'-ki, old Mrs. Berry and the Crow Woman were sitting around her breathlessly listening to some of her experiences. She had not forgotten her mother's language. She arose and shook hands with us, and said how pleased she was to meet us again; that she had never forgotten our kindness.

After a little she went over to the lodge with Nat-ah'-ki and I, daintily holding up her skirts, carefully circling the little fire and sitting down opposite Ashton, who looked well pleased that we had come in.

"Oh," she cried, clapping her hands, "How well I remember it all, even to the coals of different fuel. You are burning cottonwood." And so she talked on, sometimes to Ashton and me, sometimes to Nat-ah'-ki, and we passed a pleasant evening. Berry and his wife gave up their room to her, and came also to live in the lodge. Somehow we could not ask her if she would like to

live in it, she seemed to be above the old life entirely, out of place in it.

I must say that the girl created a sensation in the Fort or town, as it was beginning to be called. The bull-whackers and mule-skinners and the wolfers stared at her open mouthed when she passed. The gamblers did their best to get an introduction. The real men, to whom she was introduced, treated her with profound consideration. We daily had visitors from the Piegan camp, the women regarded her with awe, and timidly shook hands with her. The chiefs even shook her hand and talked to her; the young gallants came and stood at a little distance, posing, and watching her out of the corner of their eyes.

One morning Ashton proposed that we should pack up and go somewhere for a month or two with the Piegan camp, or, if it was safe, by ourselves out to the Belt, or the foot of the Rockies. Diana objected. "I would rather not go," she said. "You know I must soon return to school."

Ashton seemed to be surprised at her objection, and so were we.

"My dear," he said, "I hoped you would enjoy such a trip. There is ample time for you to

make it and return east for the school opening."

But still she made excuses, and the subject was dropped. She told Nat-ah'-ki, however, that she longed to go out on the plains and roam about once more, but that she was in duty bound to go back soon. "You can't understand how good my chief is to me," she said. "Always I have money, more than any of the other girls, more than I can use. And I have the finest clothes, lovely jewelry. Oh, he is so good and kind to me, and seems so pleased that I learn things. I have seen you all and my country once more, and he was not angry that I came. Now, I am going back to study hard."

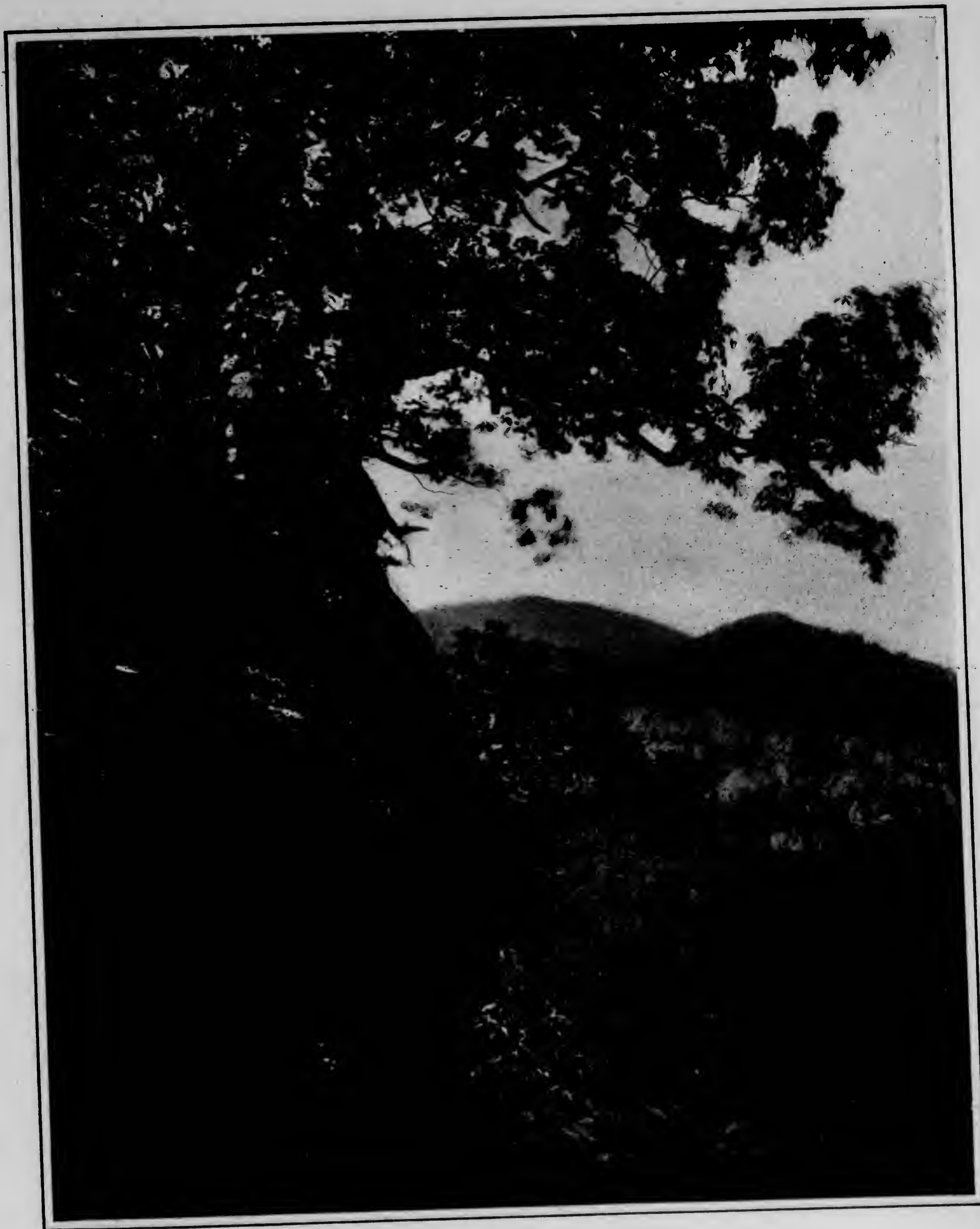
"Isn't she good," Nat-ah'-ki exclaimed, after she told me this. "And isn't she beautiful! I wish she was my real daughter."

"You simple thing!" I said. "She might be your sister; you are but little older, you know."

"I don't care," she concluded, "she is my daughter in a way. Didn't I take care of her, and wipe away her tears, and do all I could when Never Laughs brought her home that bad day?"

WALTER B. ANDERSON.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



ROUND TOP—HICKORY NUT GAP.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

In the Lodges of the Blackfeet.

XXIV.—The Story of Ancient Sleeper.

AS DIANA would not agree to the camping trip, Ashton did all he could to make her visit pleasant in other ways. He bought a horse and saddle for her—a wholly unnecessary proceeding, as we had plenty of both—and went riding with her up over the plains, and across into the Teton Valley, or wherever she chose to go. Every evening she came into the lodge and sat with us, sometimes happily talking, again silent for long intervals, dreamily watching the flames of the little fire. The girl was a puzzle to me. I wondered if she were in love with Ashton, or merely regarded him as any girl would a kind and indulgent father. I asked Nat-ah'-ki if she had ever speculated about it, and she replied that she had, but could not make up her mind how the girl felt.

It may have been ten days after Diana arrived that one afternoon she requested Nat-ah'-ki to pass the night with her, and of course the latter complied. I thought it a girlish whim. Diana was unusually silent all of that evening, and many times, when Ashton was unaware of her gaze, I saw her looking at him with an expression in her eyes which I could not interpret as anything but intense affection. We retired early and, as usual, slept soundly. We were none of us early risers, and Nat-ah'-ki's warning call aroused us for breakfast. We arose and went into the house and took our places at the table. Diana was not at hand, and I asked Nat-ah'-ki why she did not call her. For reply she handed Ashton a note and fled from the room. He glanced at it and turned white. "She's gone back!" he said. "She's gone back!" He sprang from his chair, seized his hat, and rushed out toward the levee.

"What's all this?" I asked Nat-ah'-ki, whom I found in the old women's room, sitting scared and still. "Where is the girl?"

"Gone back to her reading and writing work," she replied. "I helped take her things over to the fire-boat, and it went away." And then she began to cry. "She's gone!" she wailed. "My beautiful daughter is gone, and I know that I shall never see her again!"

"But why?" I broke in. "Why did she leave without saying anything to Never Laughs? It was wrong; you should not have helped her; you should have come and told us about her plan."

"I did as she asked me to, and would do so again," she said. "And you must not blame me. The girl was worrying, worrying, worrying. She believed that her chief was not pleased because she had come up here away from where he had placed her, and she goes back alone, be-

cause she feared that he would feel he must accompany her. She does not wish him to lose a pleasant summer, a big hunt somewhere, on her account."

Ashton came back from the levee. "She has certainly gone," he said, dejectedly. "What madness possesses her? See this!" handing me the note.

"Dear Chief," it read, "I go back in the morning at daylight. I hope you will have a good time and kill lots of game."

"What possesses the child?" he continued. "And to think that I could have a 'good time' while she is traveling down this cursed river unprotected."

I told him what I had learned from Nat-ah'-ki, and he brightened perceptibly. "She does care then," he said. "I didn't understand, I have never felt that I knew her; but if this is the reason she went—well, I'll go back, too, and I'll be at the levee in Saint Louis to meet her."

And he was as good as his word, leaving on the stage the next day for the Union Pacific Railway, by the way of Helena and Corrigan. My parting words to him were these: "Old man," I said, "never doubt but what your protégé loves you. I know that she does."

The days passed monotonously. Berry fidgeted around, and was cross, and I became nervous and cross, too. We didn't know what to do with ourselves. "My father always told me," he said one day, "that a man who stayed in the fur trade was a fool. One might make a stake one winter, but he would be sure to lose it another season. He was right. Let's give it up, buy some cattle with what we have left, and settle down to stock raising."

"All right," I agreed. "It's a go. Anything suits me."

"We'll do some plowing," he went on, "and raise potatoes and oats and all kinds of garden stuff. I tell you, it'll just be fine."

Berry's bull train had just pulled in from a trip to Helena. We loaded it with some lumber, doors and windows, what furniture we had, plenty of provisions and some tools, hired a couple of good ax-men and started it out, we going on ahead with the women with a four-horse team. We chose a location on Back Fat Creek, not far from the foot of the Rockies, and less than one hundred miles from Fort Benton. We selected a site for the buildings, and then leaving me to superintend their erection, Berry went away with a couple of men to purchase some cattle. It didn't take long to haul enough pine logs from the mountains for a six-room shack, a stable and corral, and by the time Berry returned with the cattle, about four hundred head, I had everything fixed for winter, even enough hay for a team and a couple of saddle horses.

The Piegans were scattered that winter. Some were on the Marias, some on the Teton, and a number of lodges of them occasionally trailed in and stopped near our place for several weeks at a time. Buffalo were fairly plentiful, and up in the foothills there were all kinds of game. We had some trouble with the cattle at first, but in a few weeks they located, and thereafter it required little riding to keep them close herded. I can't say that I did much of the riding, but Berry enjoyed it. We had a couple of men, so I went out on little hunts with Nat-ah'-ki, poisoned wolves, caught trout in the deep holes of the creek, and just stayed with the women, listening to Crow Woman's and old Mrs. Berry's tales of the long ago.

The room Nat-ah'-ki and I occupied had a rude stove and mud fire-place, as did all the others except the kitchen, where was a good big stove. Previous to this, except when in Fort Benton, the women had always used a fire-place for cooking, and they still used one for roasting meat, and baking beans in a Dutch oven. Besides a bed and a chair or two, our room had a bureau—one of those cheap, varnished affairs—of which Nat-ah'-ki was very proud. She was always washing and dusting it, although it was never in need of such care, and arranging and re-arranging the contents of the drawers. Also, we had curtains to the window, tied back with blue ribbons, and there was a table which I made of a dry goods box, covered with a bright blanket. At one side of the fire-place was a buffalo robe couch, willow back rests at each end. We had some argument over that. When I explained what I wanted, Nat-ah'-ki objected to its construction. "You disappoint me," she complained. "Here we have built a home, and furnished it with beautiful things, pointing to the bureau, bed and curtains, and we are living like white people, trying to be white, and now you want to spoil it all by fixing up an Indian couch!" But of course I had my way.

One evening we visited a camp of some thirty lodges, of which one, Ancient Sleeper, was the head man. He owned a medicine pipe and various other sacred things, and did some doctoring, in which, besides various concoctions of herbs that were given the patient internally or externally, a mountain lion skin, and prayers to that animal, played an important part. When we entered his lodge, I was welcomed and motioned to a place on his left, Nat-ah'-ki of course taking her seat near the doorway with the women. Above the old man, securely tied to the lodge poles, hung his medicine pipe, bound in many wrappings of various skins. Spread over the back rest at the right end of his couch was the sacred lion skin. In front of him his everyday pipe of black stone rested

upon a large buffalo chip. Long before, I had heard, his dream had commanded this, and ever since the pipe he smoked had never been laid on the ground. As in the lodges of other medicine men, no one was permitted to walk entirely around the fire, thus passing between it and the medicines, nor could any one remove fire from the lodge, for by so doing the power of his medicine might be broken.

Ancient Sleeper mixed tobacco and l'herbe, chopping it fine, filled his pipe, passed it to me to light, and we smoked together by turns. When I received the pipe, I took it from him with one hand; when I passed it to him, he grasped the stem with both hands, palms down, spreading and crooking his fingers, seizing, pouncing upon it, in imitation of the way of a bear. Thus did all medicine pipe men; it was a sign of their order. We talked a little—about the weather; the game; the whereabouts of the people. The women set before us some food, and I ate of it as in duty bound. I had gone to the lodge with a purpose, and I began to edge around to it. I told him I had at various times in various places killed mountain lions. "I see you have the skin of one there," I concluded. "Did you kill it, or was it a present?"

"The Sun was good to me," he replied. "I killed it. It was all ik-ut'-o-wap-i (very sun power; very—let us translate it—supernatural) that which occurred.

"I was a man. I had a lodge of my own, my three women whom you see here. My body was strong. I was successful in everything. I was happy. And then all this changed. If I went to war, I got wounded. If I took horses, I lost them again; they died, or were stolen, or crippled themselves. Although I hunted hard, somehow I often failed to bring home meat. And then came the worst of all, sickness. Some bad ghost or evil thing got inside of me, and at times would grip my heart, so that the pain was terrible. When it did that, no matter where I was, what I was doing, the pain was so great that I became dizzy and staggered, and sometimes I just fell over and died for a short time (fainted). I doctored; I had the medicine men pray for me, giving a horse here, a horse there. I did not get any better, and I became very poor. At last we had only enough horses with which to move camp. Parties would no longer allow me to go to war with them; they feared that I would die on their hands, or in some way bring misfortune. I heard of a man, a Gros Ventre, who had suffered with the same trouble. He had bought a medicine pipe of great power, and by its use he had got well. He would sell the pipe, I was told, but I could not buy it. I had no fifteen or twenty horses to give for it, not even one. I preferred to die rather than have my women go afoot. Neither had I relatives to help me, nor had my women any who could do so. Oh! I was very poor. Still, somehow I kept up courage, trying in every way to get well, and to provide for me and mine. At last my dying times became so frequent that I no longer went hunting nor anywhere, except when one of my women accompanied me. They would not let me go off by myself.

"She there, my last woman, went with me one day on a hunt. We were camping at the time on the Pi-is-tun-is-i-sak-ta (Deep Creek) away up toward the headwaters, and we went on foot up into the pines of the Belt Mountains in

search of anything that was meat. The camp had been in that locality for more than a moon and the game had moved away to further foothills, and high up on the mountain. We traveled far before we found much fresh sign. At last, away up high on the mountain side I saw a band of elk move across an opening and disappear in the timber which surrounded it. The wind was right and I followed them, my woman keeping close behind me. Down into a deep coulee they went, across the stream at the bottom of it, and up the other side. But when we came to the stream we stopped, for there in the trail, fresh on top of the hoof marks of the elk, were the footprints of a real bear, a very large one. He, too, was hunting, and he was before me on the trail of the elk. I gave it to him and turned back. I did not wish to meet him there among the thick pines. We came again to the opening and went into the timber in another direction, up toward the summit of the mountain. We found more fresh elk sign and followed it very cautiously step by step, looking, looking everywhere for sight of the animals. At last we came to the foot of a high cliff. Under it were broken rock, bushes, low pines. Right out where the sun shone on it full, lay an elk, a two-year-old bull, head bent around to its side, fast asleep. I had but my bow and arrows. To make a sure shot, I must get close either above or below it, for the animal lay lengthwise with the cliff, and I had approached it from behind. It were useless to shoot it in the haunches; I must send an arrow down through its back, or from below up into its side. I chose to go along the foot of the cliff, and shoot downward. Never did I step more carefully, more slowly. I had to get that elk, for we were without meat, had lived for some days on that given us by more successful hunters. My woman had stopped and sat down to give me more chance in the approach. I glanced back and saw her looking at me, at the elk, signing me to be cautious. I went even more carefully, if that were possible, and was at last in a good position to shoot. I drew back the bow and let go the string. I saw the arrow sink down into the elk, saw it struggle to rise, saw blood stream from its nostrils, and then the pain gripped my heart. I staggered and died.

"I was a very long time dead, for when I came to life the sun had set and the last of his colors were fading behind him. I was lying in a sort of cave where my woman had carried me. I felt too weak to get up. She brought plenty of wood and made a little fire at the mouth of the cave. Then she brought water in a piece of the elk skin, and some meat. I drank, and she fed me, some roast liver, a marrow bone, a kidney, but I was not hungry; I could eat only a few mouthfuls. Neither could she eat; we felt very sad; both knew that this time I had almost really died. She came and lay down beside me and smoothed my forehead, speaking words of courage, and after a little time I fell asleep. Then my shadow went forth from my worn body. I was free, as light as the bubble on the stream. I felt able to travel wherever I wished to, and to understand all things. Thus, as if I had been led, or shown the way, I came to a fine, new, big lodge standing all by itself at the edge of a grove, in a deep, wide valley in which was a beautiful stream.

Without hesitating, without bashfulness, I raised the door skin and entered the lodge. An old, old man was its owner, and he welcomed me, gave me a seat beside him, told his woman to prepare food. We smoked, and he asked many questions. I told him all, all the story of my life, how I now suffered. 'Yes,' he kept saying, and 'Yes,' and 'Yes.' 'I know—I understand.'

"We ate that which the women set before us, and he again filled the pipe. 'Listen,' he said, as we smoked. 'Listen. Once I suffered as you do, and, like you, I sought everywhere, in many ways for help, and at last it was given to me. I regained my health. My hair has turned white, my skin wrinkles, I am very, very old; yet still my body is strong and sound, and I provide myself the meat for this lodge. All this because I found a powerful helper. I pity you. As I was told to do, I will now tell you; heed my words and follow the advice, and you, too, will live to great age.

"First, as to your sickness: Some ghost, perhaps that of an enemy you have killed, has in some way entered your body and set up an evil growth in your stomach. It must be removed, for it grows larger and larger, pressing against the heart, and unless it is checked, will soon press so hard that the heart cannot work: then death. You must kill a mountain lion, have the skin tanned, leaving the claws on the feet. You must take good care of this skin, and at nights hang it or place it near the head of your couch. So, when you lie down to sleep you will pray, saying, 'Hai'-yu! maker of claws; Hai'-yu! maker of sharp, cutting claws, I pray you to aid me; claw away this thing which is threatening my life, and will surely kill me without your aid!' Thus you must pray to the maker of claws, to the shadow of the ancient lion himself. Also, you must learn these songs—and he taught me three [here Ancient Person sang them, needless to say, with all the deep, sincere feeling that the devout express in their sacred songs]. 'Also,' he said, 'that I must always lay my pipe on a buffalo chip, for the buffalo was a sacred animal, and that when I prayed, blowing smoke to the four directions of the world, to those above, and to our mother (earth) my prayers would have more power.'

"It must have been far away where I found that good, old man, for my shadow did not return to my body until after sunrise. I awoke and saw it shining into the cave. My woman had rebuilt the fire, was cooking. 'Let that be for a time,' I said, 'and come and sit with me.' I told her all; where I had been, what the kind, old man had said, and she was glad. Right there one-half of the arrows in my quiver, with the tongue of the elk I had killed, we hung up as a sacrifice, and then we went home, my woman carrying meat, as much as was possible for her to handle. I could carry but little.

"I had a North gun (Hudson's Bay Company's make), but no powder and no balls; the one flint was bad. From a friend I borrowed a trap and in a short time I caught six beavers with it. Another friend going in to Fort Benton to trade took them with him and brought me what I needed, new flints and ammunition, and then I began to hunt mountain lions. I had never hunted mountain lions; neither had any of our people. Some one occasionally came across one and killed it, and he was thought to be a lucky man, for the skins of these animals

have always been medicine. They are made into quiver-and-bow-cases, or the owners use them for saddle skins. Used in any way, they give one success in hunting, or in war. No, I had never hunted these animals, but now I was bound to get one. Again she there and I went afoot into the mountains. I took both gun and bow, the latter for killing meat. The silent arrow alarms nothing; the boom of a gun arouses every living thing; the sleeping ones awake, prick up their ears, sniff the wind, and watch.

"We walked along the shore of the creek. Here, there, plainly marked in the mud, and on damp sand were foot prints of those I sought, foot prints, but nothing more. We went into the deep timber; although many might have passed there, they could make no sign, leave no tracks on the dry, dead leaves. We went higher, up through the timber, up where the rock is chief and trees grow small and low. There we sat all through the day, peering out through bushes surrounding the place, seeing once a small black bear, once a fisher, but no other living thing, except little birds, and eagles lazily flying around. But near sunset came a band of bighorn feeding toward us, following the wind. I fitted an arrow to my bow and shot one, a little young one. It bleated and fell over, and the rest, at first running away scared, came back with its mother and looked at it curiously, looked all around, trying to understand what had happened. I then shot the mother. We left her lying, in hopes of finding a mountain lion by it the next day, and taking the young one we went away down the mountain and camped for the night near a stream of water.

"We passed many days like that, many days. We camped wherever night came upon us, going home only when our lodge required meat, or when camp was to be moved. Thus passed the summer, and in all that time we saw not once that which I sought. Twice during that time I died, and each time I was dead longer than before. I became much discouraged; I did not doubt my dream's words; no, I was sure that old man had spoken truth, but I felt that I was going to die before I could do all he had told me to do. From the Belt Mountains we moved to Yellow River, from there across to Snowy Mountains. Then came winter, and snow fell on the high slopes, falling lower, still lower, until the mountains were white clear to the plains. Nothing was now hidden from me of the happenings of the night; wherever I went the snow gave me the story as well as if some one had looked on, had seen it all, and then related it. Here walked, and fed, and played, and rested deer and elk; here a bear prowled around, turning over logs and stones. There were tracks of wolf, and coyote, and bob cat and fox, each hunting in his own way for something with which to fill his belly. Yes, and here, what is this heap of brush and sticks and leaves, soiled snow and earth? Up through it protrudes an antler. Over there is blood; something has been dragged through the snow. Ah! there, over there, is a trail of big, round footprints near together. Here in the night a mountain lion sprang upon a buck deer, killed it and ate his fill, dragged the remains over to his place and covered them with all the loose things he could paw together. Thus I explained

it to my woman. 'And,' I told her, 'he has not gone far; his belly is full; somewhere near he lies stretched out, asleep.'

But what should I do? Hide somewhere nearby and wait for him to return? He might not come until far in the night when I could not see him. He might, when coming, get wind of me and turn, never to come back. No, I would trail him. I would go as carefully as he himself when he crept along, preparing to spring upon a deer. I would see him before he should awake and notice me, and I would kill him where he lay. Thus did I plan; thus did I explain to my woman, telling how to follow me at a distance, just so near that she could see me once in a while, no nearer. She was pleased. 'You will surely kill him,' she said. I was glad, excited. After all these moons at last I had a trail to follow, and on the snow that was almost as good as seeing the animal far off and approaching him. Think then, friend, think of my despair when, almost within sight of the covered deer, I found where the animal had lain on a big log, had seen us talking, and bounded away into the dark woods with long leaps! It was too much. Again I got dizzy, staggered, and was dead before I dropped upon the snow.

"That time my woman got me home, going back for a horse for me to ride, and I lay in the lodge many days, weak in body, sick in heart, discouraged. But friends came in to cheer me. Their women brought choice meat, and tongues, dried berries, soups, anything good. So we fared well, and day by day my strength came back. At last, one evening, a friend who had been hunting came hurrying in. 'Kyi!' said he, 'I have good news for you. Up in a cañon where I trailed a wounded deer, I came to a hole in the rocks. A hard beaten trail leads from it out to the water, then parts into many smaller trails. A mountain lion lives there with her young. I did not scare them. I did not even kill the deer I followed to the place, but came at once to tell you.'

"Once more I took courage, and as soon as it was daylight I started for the place with my friend and my woman. We rode away to the south, then up a creek, tied our horses and entered a walled cañon. From there it was not far to the cave. Snow had fallen during the night; the freshest tracks led in to the cave; in there was the mother, and three young partly grown, and they were somewhere back in the darkness, watching us perhaps.

"I was scared; of course I was. Men had been killed by these animals when following them into their den. And this one had young; she would fight all the more fiercely. Yes, I was afraid, but for all that I must go in; as well die there as in some other place, of the sickness from which I suffered. I prepared to go in. My woman cried and begged me not to go. My friend proposed that we sit and watch for the animals to come out. I fixed the priming in my gun, took my knife in my teeth, got down on my hands and knees and crawled in. It was just a narrow, low hole in the wall, and my body shut off most of the light, yet there was enough for me to see ahead dimly, and after a little I saw ahead two green-red eyes, big, wide eyes of fire. I stooped lower, letting in more light, and could see the old one's body, see her ears laid back tight on her head, see

the tip of her tail swishing this way, that way. She growled a little, a low, soft growl. She lay on her belly and her forefeet shifted back and forth, seeking the secure hold; she was about to spring upon me. More dimly I saw her cubs behind her, but they did not matter. I slowly raised my gun, but before I could aim it, she sprang. I fired, the ball met her in the air; her body struck me and knocked the breath out of me, and once more I died.

"They pulled me out of the cave, and while my woman cared for me, my friend went back in, shot the three young with his bow and arrows, and dragged them out with the body of the mother. My ball had struck her fair in the breast. So, now, at last, I had that which my dream had told me to get, and I prayed, I sang the songs as I had been told to do. It was not many nights after that, sitting on my couch, I said the prayers and sang the first one of the songs. I had just finished it when something gave way inside of me, and blood and foul matter streamed from my mouth. There was no pain. After a time the blood ceased running. I washed my mouth, got up and walked around. I no longer felt a tightness here in my side. I felt light on foot; as if I could run and jump, and I was hungry. I knew what had happened; even as the old man had foretold, the growth inside me had been clawed open. I was well. We made great sacrifice for this next day. I have been well ever since. Not only that, but my medicine has cured many sick ones. Kyi!"

That is one of the stories I heard that winter and jotted down in my note book. Verily, there is nothing like faith and courage for the cure of ills, mental and physical, in savage and in the civilized alike.

For Nat-ah-ki and for me this was a happy winter. It was for all of us except Berry, who chafed over the "endless days of cold and snow." I don't know how many times he went down in the flat and measured it. So many acres here for oats, so many there for potatoes, for turnips, for peas. We would buy a lot of sows, he said, and raise pigs as well as cattle. Spring came early. Toward the end of March the bulls were rounded up and yoked to the plows. Old Mrs. Berry and the Crow Woman prepared a little plot of ground in a bend of the creek, and sorted seeds they had obtained at some distant time from their people, the Mandans and Rees. I didn't know anything about plowing and planting, nor did I wish to learn.

Nat-ah-ki and I rode among the cattle—and found that the calves disappeared about as fast as they were born. Wolves were numerous. "Oh!" she would exclaim, as we rode slowly homeward from a day with the cattle. "Oh, isn't this happy and peaceful! Our strong, warm home there, our pretty room, the men planting things for us, the good meat we own feeding on these hills. Oh, it is much better than living in a camp and trailing from place to place across endless plains, ever expecting to hear the yells of the enemy and the whistle of bullets!"

"Oh! I don't know," I replied. "This is good enough. I like any place my little woman likes; but don't you remember what fun we had in camp, the dancing and feasting, the big hunts, the stories we heard of nights. That was great fun, Nat-ah-ki."

"Shame on you!" she exclaimed. "I really

MAY 12, 1906.]

believe you are an Indian, even if your skin is white. Now, I want to be white, to live like white people, and I'm just going to make you do so, too. Do you hear? You must quit these Indian ways."

In June more than a foot of snow fell upon our fields of growing things, and when it melted, there came a frost and froze everything. Berry cursed loud and frequently. In July and August we tried to put up some hay, but rain spoiled it as fast as it was cut. In the fall we had no grain to thresh, no potatoes nor turnips, not even cabbage to put into our big root house. After the fall branding, we found that we had an increase in our cattle of only fifteen per cent. The wolves were accountable for the additional forty-five per cent we should have had. "This here ranching and cattle raising," said Berry, "isn't what it's cracked up to be. Let's sell out and get back into the trade. There's more fun and excitement in that anyhow."

Of course I agreed to that, and he went into Benton to find a buyer for the place. He found one, but the man would not make the deal until spring, so we put in another winter there, which was also a happy one for some of us—for Nat-ah'-ki and I, at least. Ah, me! why shouldn't we have been happy? We were young; we loved each other; nothing else mattered.

WALTER B. ANDERSON.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

In the Lodges of the Blackfeet.

XXV.—Diana's Marriage.

MAY found us again installed in the little adobe in Fort Benton, but not for long. Berry was anxious to be doing something, and, learning that Fort Conrad was for sale, we bought it. This place, as I have previously mentioned, was built at the upper end of a large bottom on the Marias River, where the Dry Fork joins the larger stream. It was not much of a fort, just two rows of connecting log cabins, with stables and a corral at the west end of them, the whole thing forming three sides of a square. It was a good location, however, for, besides the trade in robes we expected to get, it was on the trail between Fort Benton and Fort Macleod, and the travel and freighting over it was heavy in the summer time. The women were especially pleased with the purchase. They had regretted leaving our home on Back Fat Creek, but now they had another one, further away from the mountains, where the summers were warmer and longer. "Here," said Crow Woman, "my beans and corn and squash will surely grow. I am glad."

"This is happiness," Nat-ah'-ki said, as we sat in the shade of a big cottonwood by the river's edge. "See the beautiful trees above there, and below, and the pretty island with its young timber. And on all sides the high, steep hills—protection from the winter winds."

"Yes," I said, "it is a pretty place. I like it better than I did the other one."

"Say this for me," she continued, leaning over and drawing me to her. "Say this: We will live here always; live here until we die, and they bury us out across there where the big trees grow."

I said it, and added thereto, "If it be possible for us to do so," watching the expectant, pleased expression of her eyes suddenly change to one of pain.

"Oh, why," she asked, "why did you spoil it all? Don't you know that you can do anything you wish to?"

"No, I don't," I replied. "No one can always do only that he wishes to do. But let us not worry; we will try to live here always."

"Yes," she sighed, "we will try; we will have courage. Oh, good Sun, kind Sun! Pity us. Let us live here in peace and happiness to great age."

Even then Berry and I had some idea of the changes that were to take place, but we did not dream that they were so near at hand. We looked for the old, free, careless times to last for fifteen or twenty years at least.

Unannounced, without having written a line of their intention to visit us, Ashton and Diana

drove in from Fort Benton one evening, having arrived there by steamboat the day before. Nothing could have pleased us more than to welcome them back. Nat-ah'-ki actually cried from joy as she clasped her "daughter" in her arms. We noticed instantly a great change in Ashton. We could no longer call him Never Laughs, for he began joking and laughing before he got out of the wagon; there was a merry glint in his eyes; he ran around like a boy, throwing things out recklessly. The sad, solemn, silent, slow-moving Ashton had been, as it were, reincarnated; and it did us good to see the change in him; it made us joyous with him.

And Diana, ah, there was a woman, if you please! Words fail me. I cannot describe her. Diana she was in features and figure, but the spirit within was that of the noble, human, loving, gentle woman—all pure, all good. Who could believe that this was the thin, frail, wild-eyed little thing Ashton had rescued and brought to our lodge not so many years since? Could this lovely, accomplished, refined woman have been born in a lodge and trailed with her people over the plains in pursuit of the moving herds? It seemed impossible.

What a happy evening we passed. How vivacious and affectionate Diana was, sitting now with Nat-ah'-ki, again with the old woman, clasping them lovingly in her arms, inquiring into all the little incidents of their daily lives. Education, travel, a knowledge of the great world had not turned her head; the people of her blood were as dear to her as ever. She told me that it had been her daily practice to speak over in the quiet of her room so much Blackfoot, to translate a verse or two of English into it, lest she forget her mother's tongue.

I cast about in my mind for the cause of the change in Ashton. "Perhaps," I thought, "he has fallen in love with Diana; is going to marry her; he may already have married her." I looked at her hand; she wore neither engagement nor wedding ring. It was late when we separated, Diana going with the old woman to their room, Ashton to a spare one we had. When we were alone, Nat-ah'-ki came over, leaned against me, and sighed heavily. "What is it?" I asked. "Why are you sad?"

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "I am so disappointed. This long, long time I have been praying for it, yet it has not come to pass. Why doesn't he marry my daughter? Is it that he thinks she is not good enough for him? That he does not love her? How can he help loving one so handsome, so good, so true-hearted?"

"Little woman," I said, "don't be impatient. I think everything will come right. Have you not noticed how different he is—how he laughs, how bright his eyes are? I am sure that he loves her; that if he has not asked her to marry

him, he will when he thinks that the right time has come."

Little did we think as we sat and talked, how near that time was, and what an unexpected and dramatic event would lead up to it. 'Twas a few evenings later. Ashton was lazily smoking, sitting by the table in my room. There was a bit of fire in the hearth, occasionally flaring up and illuminating the rude walls, again dying away, leaving everything shadowy and dim. Diana and Nat-ah'-ki sat together on a couch; I lay stretched out on the bed. We were all silent, each one occupied with his thoughts. A team and wagon were driven in to the little square outside, and through the open door we heard a silvery, anxious voice ask, "Can you tell me, sir," if Mr. Ashton is stopping here?"

Ashton sprang from his chair, made one or two strides, stopped, considering something for a moment, then returned and resumed his seat.

"Yes, madam," Berry was saying, "he is here; you will find him over in that room."

She did not notice us as she hurried in. The flame leaped up, revealing Ashton's face, pale and stern. She hurried over to him and placed a hand on his shoulder. "Oh, my dear," she cried, "I've found you at last. I wrote several times. Did you never get my letters? Oh, I'm free; free, do you hear? I've got my divorce; I've come to tell you that it was all a mistake; to beg your forgiveness; to"—

"Diana, child, come here," said Ashton, quietly, interrupting her. The girl arose and walked over to him, placed her hand in the one he held out to her appealingly. The woman—and she was a tall, handsome one, too; fair-haired, blue-eyed—stood looking at them in astonishment, in fear, her hands clasped convulsively on her bosom.

"Diana, my dear," Ashton continued, looking lovingly down into her face, "will you marry me?"

"Yes, Chief," she replied, clearly, firmly. "Yes."

He arose, and put his arm around her, facing the other woman, "Sadie," he said, "I forgive you all that you have done to me—your broken promises, your unfaithfulness, the years of misery I passed in trying to forget. I have found peace and happiness at last, thanks to this dear one by my side. I bid you good night, and good by. No doubt you will be returning to town early in the morning."

With his arm still around her waist, he and Diana passed out of the room. The woman sank into the chair he had vacated, bent over on the table, burying her face in her arms, and sobbed heart-brokenly. Nat-ah'-ki and I arose, and also left the room, tiptoeing across the floor and out into the night. "Oh!" the little woman exclaimed, when we were well beyond the fort. "Oh!"

and she shook me as hard as she could. "Why didn't you teach me your language? Tell me quick, who she is. What said they? What did he tell my daughter?"

I explained it all as clearly as I could, and then Nat-ah'-ki nearly went crazy with joy. She danced around me, and kissed me, and said that I was a good boy. I hoped I was. I couldn't see, though, that I had done anything to further this much-desired end of affairs between Ashton and Diana. We came upon them sitting on the shore end of our ferryboat. "Come here," said Ashton. Diana jumped up and embraced Nat-ah'-ki, and the two went back to the house.

"Old man," I said, "I congratulate you. You've found peace and happiness, as you well said a few moments ago. You can't help being happy with Diana."

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "isn't she—my boy, what she is to me, has long been, is beyond the telling. I feel that I am not worthy of her; yet she loves me devotedly, truly. She told me so here to-night."

"But about the other one?" I ventured, "What are we going to do with her?"

"She cannot go back to-night. Have Nat-ah'-ki give her something to eat and a bed. I presume her driver can look out for himself."

"That woman has been the curse of my life," he added. "I loved her deeply, devotedly. She promised to marry me. I believed in her goodness and faithfulness as one does in that of his mother. But she threw me over for a wealthier man. And now—now—well, enough of her; I'm going to find Diana and ask her to walk with me."

"There is some cold boiled meat," said Nat-ah'-ki, "some bread and stewed sarvis berries. If she will come into the Indian country hunting my daughter's man, even that is too good for her. I will make her a bed of buffalo robes and blankets, although she doesn't deserve it."

But the woman would not eat. Nat-ah'-ki made a bed for her on the floor of the trade room, and there we left her to her thoughts—and they were no doubt bitter. In the morning she asked for Ashton, begged me tell him to come to her for a moment. I told her that he had gone hunting and would not return until evening. She chafed at the driver's delay in hitching up, refused anything but a cup of coffee which I carried in to her. At last the team was ready, and she got in and started away without once looking back, without even thanking us for her night's lodging. And thus she passed out of Ashton's life.

I had told her truly that Ashton had gone hunting; he and Diana had ridden away at sun-up, but I imagine they did not go far—waiting on some nearby hill to see the visitor depart. As soon as the conveyance had crossed the bottom and climbed the hill up on to the plain, they returned, as happy and high-spirited as two children, and we all had breakfast together.

"This is what we may call our wedding breakfast," said Ashton, as we all sat down.

"That so?" Berry asked. "Are you going in to the fort to-day and be married? You can't make it with such a late start."

"No," he replied, hesitatingly. "No. Diana and I have talked the matter over, and we are agreed that a simple signed and witnessed marriage contract is just as valid as is a marriage before a justice of the peace or by a clergyman.

We intend to make it out this morning. What think you, friends?"

"It strikes me all right," said Berry.

"And me, too," I replied.

"My parents married without any ceremony whatever," Diana remarked. "Any way, what pleases my Chief pleases me." She looked across at him, and there was a world of love and faith in her eyes.

Nat-ah'-ki, sitting by my side, gently pressed my knee, which was one of her ways of asking what was being said. I told her, but she made no comment, remaining silent during the meal. The old women and Mrs. Berry were pleased with the idea. "Ai!" said the Crow Woman. "Let him fix the paper. It is enough; writing cannot lie. What matters a Black Robe saying many words? People married and lived happily together all their lives before these talking men were ever heard of. They can do so still."

But, after breakfast Nat-ah'-ki called me aside. "Will this way of writing things make her sure enough his wife?" she asked. "A wife according to the white men's laws?"

"Indeed it will," I replied. "It will be a marriage that can no more be put aside than ours. As strong as if a thousand Black Robes together had said the words."

"It is well then; I am glad; let them do it at once. I want to see my daughter married and happy with this good man."

Right there on the dining table, the breakfast things having been cleared away, we drew up the paper, Ashton and I. Omitting the date and signatures, it read:

"We, the undersigned, hereby agree to live together as man and wife until death parts us."

Short, wasn't it? They signed it. So did Berry and I as witnesses, the women standing by and watching us interestedly. Then Ashton took Diana in his arms and kissed her gently before us all. There were tears in her eyes.

You see how frank and open they were before us; not at all ashamed to show their love, express their feelings. It did us good. We felt that we were witnessing something very sacred, very ennobling. It made us think good thoughts; gave us the desire to lead better lives ourselves.

They went out, remounted their horses and passed the day somewhere on the big plains which Diana loved so well. In the evening we saw them returning, riding slowly side by side. "The Sun is good," said Nat-ah'-ki. "He has listened to my prayers and given them perfect happiness. Tell, me, do you love me as much as he does my beautiful daughter?"

Never mind what my answer was. I think it was satisfactory.

The marriage contract was sent in to Fort Benton and recorded by the County Clerk. Unless it was burned in the fire which destroyed the Court House some years later, the curious may find the transcription there. The contract itself stamped with the county seal, was duly returned and given to Diana.

We now made ready for a hunt, long postponed. Nat-ah'-ki sent for her mother, I for my good friends Weasel Tail and Talks-with-the-Buffalo, just three lodges of us. They having arrived, we pulled out westward one lovely July morning, en route to the Two Medicine Lakes. Passing the Medicine Rock, Nat-ah'-ki

seriously and Diana mischievously laid upon it little sacrifices, the former a bead necklace, the latter a bow of ribbon from her hair. For some ten or twelve miles the trail led over the high rolling plains, where we saw some antelope and a few buffalo. Weasel Tail circled out and killed one of the former, a fat, dry doe, which saved Ashton and me from making any exertion toward supplying meat that hot day. 'Twas more pleasant when we again rode down into the valley of the Marias, where the trail wound through cool groves of cottonwood, crossing and recrossing the river, over shallow, rippling fords, where the animals drank as if they could never get enough. Late in the afternoon we arrived at Willows Round, a large, broad bottom, where good old Sorrel Horse had, as he said, ceased from wandering and built himself a home. At that time this place, our Fort Conrad, and Mose Solomon's, at the mouth of the river, were the only ones located on the whole length of the Marias. Now, every last bottom on both sides of it, no matter how small, dry, and worthless it may be, is enclosed with some one's wire fence.

Our lodges were pitched near the new cabin of peeled, shining logs, and we strolled over to inspect it. Sorrel Horse greeted Diana with marked embarrassment. She seemed to him, with her dainty, gracious ways, dressed as she was, in a wonderfully becoming out-door suit, to be a creature from a far and unknown world. He addressed her as "Miss Ashton." I corrected him. "Mrs. Ashton," he said, "excuse me, mam."

Diana walked over and placed a hand on his shoulder. "Dear friend," she said, "is that all the greeting you have for me—can't you wish me joy?"

His constrained manner disappeared instantly; he bent over and lightly kissed her. "Bless your heart," he said. "I wish you all the happiness in this world. Put it there; shake."

In the evening he brought over a bundle of fine beaver skins and threw them down by the doorway of our lodge. "Here's something," he told Diana, "for your wedding present. They'll make you a warm cloak. Somehow this ranchin' business don't hit me right; it's too lonesome, and I can't help but go out an' set my traps once in a while."

Bear Head was camping with Sorrel Horse, herding the cattle and making himself generally useful; but when we came along he threw up his job and ordered his wife to make preparations to accompany us. The grim old mountains were calling him also. There were now four lodges of us. Bear Head's the greatest, for it sheltered a half dozen children of various ages. Their happy laughter and prattle enlivened our otherwise quiet camp.

In the morning an early start was made, and evening found us away up on the Medicine River, where the first pines grow. The next noon we went into camp on the shores of the lake, our lodges being pitched in a grassy little bit of prairie on the north side. Back of us rose the long, high pine and quaking aspen ridge, which divides the deep valley from the plains. In front, across the lake, was a long cliff-topped mountain of gray sandstone, its slope densely forested with pines. The grand view was to the west. First, but three or four miles distant, a huge heart-shaped snow-patched

mountain, which I named Rising Wolf, in honor of the greatest plainsman of us all, my friend Hugh Monroe. Beyond that, hemming in a vast amphitheatre of lake and forest, rose more mountains, cliff-faced and needle-pointed, forming the divide of the great range. Rose and gold they were in the rising sun, jet black when silhouetted against the evening sky. We never tired of gazing at them, their shifting colors, the fleecy clouds of a morning banding their splendid heights.

The camp site selected, Ashton and I jointed the rods he had brought out from the East, set reels, strung lines, and attached the moistened leaders and flies. Then we walked down to the outlet of the lake, only a hundred yards or so distant, followed by every one in our camp, including the children. I had talked about the pleasures of fly-fishing. The Indians were anxious to see this to them new phase of the white man's arts. Ashton made the first cast, and his artificial flies were the first that ever lit upon the waters of the Two Medicine. The response was generous. The placid water heaved and swirled with the rush of unsophisticated trout, and one big fellow, leaping clear from the depths, took the dropper with him in his descent. The women screamed. "Ah-hah-hai!" The men exclaimed, clapping hand to mouth, "Strange are the ways of the white man. Their shrewdness has no end; they can do everything."

The big trout made a good fight, as all good trout should do, and at last came to the surface floating on its side, exhausted. I slipped the landing net under it and lifted it out, and again there were exclamations of surprise from our audience, with many comments upon the success of it all, the taking of so large a fish with such delicate tackle. Trout we had in abundance, rolled in yellow corn meal and fried to that delicate brown color, and unsurpassable flavor which all true fishermen appreciate.

The sandbars along the inlet to the lake were all cut up with tracks of elk and occasional moose. Once upon a time the beavers had constructed a huge dam clear across the valley and parallel with the shore of the lake, but the stream had broken through it, and the erstwhile bed of the great pond was now an almost impenetrable thicket of red willow, a favorite food of the moose. Ashton said that he wanted to kill one of the great animals, and requested us to let him have that especial part of the valley for his hunting ground. Thither he and Diana wended their way every afternoon to wait and watch for some unwary game to appear, often remaining so late that they had no little difficulty in finding their way home through the dark forest. Thus day after day was passed, but no shot was ever heard from their retreat, and each night they had to report that they hadn't seen a living thing larger than a passing mink or beaver.

"The newly married man," Bear Head remarked, "can only get meat by leaving his woman in the lodge and going away to hunt alone."

"Ai, that is true," Weasel Tail agreed. "They cannot sit quietly together. They have so much to say: 'Do you love me? Why do you love me? Will you always love me?' Such are the questions they ask each other, over and over again, and never tire of answering. I

know all about it; we were that way ourselves once, hah, my girl?"

"Ai!" his wife replied, "that you were, and you still keep asking those questions. How silly you are."

Of course, we all laughed at Weasel Tail, and in truth he looked rather sheepish over his wife's frank disclosure. He hurriedly changed the subject by saying that he would himself go with the hunters in the afternoon, and try to get them a shot at the desired game.

They returned quite early that evening, and asked Weasel Tail to eat supper with us. "Well, what luck had you?" I inquired.

Neither Diana nor Ashton seemed inclined to answer, bending over their plates after a quick glance at each other, and becoming very much interested in their food. I repeated the question in Blackfoot, and Weasel Tail laughed heartily. "It is as I suspected," he replied. "There are many tracks on the sandbars of elk and moose, and deer, but they are very old; no game has been along there these many days. Out on the point of a sandbar lies a big log, from which one can see far up and down the river. There they have sat, and the game, coming to water, have seen them first, looking cautiously through the bushes, before stepping out in the open. They have talked, too, very low they say, but a moose can hear even the fall of a distant leaf. Also, the winds have blown up and down and across the valley, and told of their presence, and one by one the animals have left, sneaking away with careful footfalls to distant places."

"Well, it doesn't matter," said Diana, in Blackfoot, "We have sat and looked at the grand old mountains, and the clear streams, the feeding trout and prowling minks, and our tramps have given us health and strength. After all, that is better than killing things. Isn't that true, Chief?" she asked, repeating to Ashton in English what she had said.

"We have certainly had a pleasant time, my dear," he replied, smilingly; "but we have not contributed our share; we must try some other place to-morrow, and bring home meat."

Nat-ah'-ki and I went with them the following morning, riding up the valley to the shore of the upper lake on the way. We stopped to view the falls, which are certainly interesting. The river disappears in a mass of large boulders a short distance below the lake, and a mile further down gushes from a cañon in a high cliff into a lovely foam-flecked pool. The cliff itself is at least a hundred feet in height, and the fall is about a third of that. There are no trout above the pool.

Seen from a distance, the mountain I had named Rising Wolf was grand and imposing; from a nearer view, it proved to be a truly stupendous mass of red and black, and dark gray slate. It rises steeply from the depths of the lake in a series of reefs and cliffs, cut by streams of talus, and tapers to a sharp, walled dome. High up on its eastern side, in a deep and timbered pocket, lies a field of perpetual snow and ice. There are grassy slopes, and groves of pine, thickets of service and blue berry here and there, clear up to the foot of the dome.

"Mah-kwo'-i-pwo-ahts! Mah-kwo'-i-pwo-ahts!"* said Nat-ah'-ki, softly. "Truly, his name will never die."

* Rising Wolf! Rising Wolf!

I know not what life there may be now upon the mountain's grassy slopes and beetling cliffs, but on that day the wild creatures were certainly in evidence. On the lower part several bands of ewe bighorn and their young; higher up, singly and two and three and four together, some old rams, lazily feeding or lying down, but always watchful of their surroundings. And then, up on the higher cliffs there were goats, numbers of them, the snow white, uncouth, long-haired alpine creatures which the naturalists tell us are really antelope.

"Always Laughing," said Nat-ah'-ki to Ashton—she had given him a new and happier name, you perceive—"remember your words of yesterday! Across up there is plenty of fat meat; go and kill some, lest we starve."

"Oh," he said to Diana, "tell her that it would be a sin to kill the pretty things. We cannot starve, for there are always plenty of trout to be caught in the pool below our lodge."

"In other words," I remarked, "he is too lazy to climb. Well, I will not go. I have killed my share of the provisions, and we'll do without meat until he provides it."

Just then a big bull elk appeared on the further shore of the outlet, and Ashton, crawling slowly back into the timber behind us, went after it. We sat as still as possible, anxiously watching the animal and our horses, fearing that it would take fright at them. The women were so excited that they could scarcely contain themselves. "Oh," one would whisper, "why doesn't he hurry?" And then the other, "It is going away, he'll never get a shot at it. Isn't it too bad?"

The bull was in a happy mood. He drank standing belly deep in the water, walked out and kicked up his heels, raced up and down the beach several times, sniffed and pawed the sand. And then a rifle cracked, and he fell limply, instantly, and never even kicked. We went over with the horses, and I cut up the animal, taking all the best of the fat and juicy meat.

Thus the days passed in peace and happiness. Before we left, the skins of bear and moose and elk, deer and goat and beaver adorned our camp, killed mostly by the Indians. Ashton hunted little. He preferred to sit and gaze into Diana's splendid love-lit eyes, and I—had I not Nat-ah'-ki, faithful, true and tried companion? Her gay laughter and happy chatter is still echoing in my ears. Alas! alas! Old Time you have done me grievous wrong.

WALTER B. ANDERSON.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Houseboats South and North.

MR. HUNT's beautiful volume, "Houseboats and Houseboating," tells much about the joys of this method of living as practiced in Florida, whence the shoals of northern visitors are just now returning. Of these many who know the pleasures of houseboat life will, in the course of the next month or two, transfer themselves to comfortable and convenient houseboats afloat on Canadian lakes.

In the Middle West houseboating on the greater rivers has become a recognized form of summer pleasuring, and, indeed, it is hard to imagine a more attractive way of passing days or weeks or months than to float down the current of some stream great of small amid constantly changing scenes. The sport of houseboating is constantly growing in popularity, and is sure to become more and more firmly established north and south.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

In the Lodges of the Blackfeet.

XXVI.—A Game of Fate.

WE returned to the fort early in September, and shortly afterward Ashton and Diana went east. Nat-ah'-ki was for a time well-nigh prostrated over the separation, for she fairly worshipped Diana. Indeed, we all felt sorry to see them depart, for they were truly, both of them, very near and dear to us all.

During the summer we had put in a good stock of merchandise, expecting to have a fine winter trade at the fort, but now came the disquieting news, that there were practically no buffalo to the north, the west, or the south of us. We could not believe it at first; it seemed impossible; somewhere away to the north we argued, the great herds still roamed, and in due time they would return. But theory soon gave way to fact. Save for a few hundred in the Great Slave Lake country, and a few more scattered about the Porcupine Hills, the buffalo had drifted southeastward from the plains of Northwestern Canada into Montana, and they never recrossed the line. This was the winter of 1878-79, it will be remembered. At the same time the herds which had ranged along the foot of the Rockies from Canada south to the Missouri River left that part of the country never to return. South of the Missouri to the Yellowstone and beyond, in all Montana, save on the headwaters of Milk River, the Marias, Teton and along Sun River, and into western Dakota, the buffalo were, however, apparently as plentiful as ever.

The Piegiens had intended to winter in the vicinity of Fort Conrad and trade with us, but of course they were obliged to change their plans and go to buffalo, and we had to accompany them to get any trade at all. We left it to the women whether they would remain at home or accompany us, and all but Nat-ah'-ki elected to stay at the fort. Her prompt decision to accompany me was exceedingly pleasing, for I had felt that it would be well-nigh impossible to go alone, even for a few months; that the life would be unendurable. Yet for her own sake I demurred: "You love this place," I said to her. "You can be comfortable sitting here before the fire when Cold Maker comes down from the north. You had better remain."

"Is it because you love me no more," she asked, "that you tell me this?" And when I replied that I was thinking only of her comfort, she added: "I am no white woman, to be housed up, and waited on. It is my duty to go with you and do the cooking; keep the lodge warm; do all I can to make you comfortable."

"Oh!" I said, "if that is why you would go, just because you think you must, why, remain

here. I'll live with Weasel Tail; his wife will take care of us."

"How you can use words!" she exclaimed. "Always, always you search around with them and make me say all that is in my mind. Know then, if you will, that I go because I must follow my heart; you have taken it."

"That is exactly what I hoped you would say; but why could you not have told me at first that you wanted to go because you cared for me."

"Know this," she replied: "A woman does not like to be always telling her man that she loves him; she likes to think it and to keep it deep down in her heart, lest he tire of it. That would be terrible, to love and have your love cast aside."

Many and many a time I have thought of that talk by the evening fire, and I wonder, I wonder now, if all women are that way, chary of expressing their innermost thoughts. Women, I take it, are generally past men's understanding; but I believe that I knew Nat-ah'-ki. I believe I knew her.

We pulled out, Berry, Nat-ah'-ki and I, with a couple of four horse team loads, leaving a man to look after the fort and the women. Traveling by way of Fort Benton, we were several days passing the mouth of the Marias. Just beyond that point the sight of buffalo on all sides gladdened our eyes, and we found the Piegan camp, pitched at the foot of the Bear Paws, red with meat, littered with drying hides. Nat-ah'-ki's mother was on hand as soon as we came to a stop, and the two women put up our lodge while Berry and I unharnessed and cared for the stock. We finally turned them over to a boy who was to herd for us.

Big Lake's shadow had sometime since departed for the Sandhills. Little Dog, another great leader and friend of the whites, had been dead a still longer time. White Calf was now the head chief of the tribe, and after him, Running Crane, Fast Buffalo Horse, and Three Suns were the principal men. They were men. Big-hearted, brave, kindly men, every one of them, ever ready to help the distressed by word and deed. Our lodge was no sooner set up and supper under way than they came in to smoke and feast with us, Nat-ah'-ki's mother having gone around to invite them. Also came Weasel Tail and Talks-with-the-Buffalo and Bear Head and other friends. The talk was mainly about the disappearance of the buffalo in the north and west. Some thought that they might have crossed the mountains; that the Nez Percés or some other tribe of the other side had found some means to drive or decoy them to the plains of the Columbia. Old Red Eagle, the great medicine pipe man, declared that his dream had reliably informed him about the matter: "As it

happened before in the long ago," he said, "so it is now. Some evil one has driven them into a great cave or natural corral in the mountains, and there holds them in his hate of us to whom they belong. They must be found and released, their captor killed. Were it not that I am blind, I would undertake to do it myself. Yes, I would start to-morrow and keep on, and on, and on, until I found them."

"It may be that your dream speaks truth," said Three Suns.

"Have patience; in summer our young men will go out to war, and they will search for the missing herds."

"Ai! Ai!" the old man grumbled. "Have patience! Wait! That is what they always say. It wasn't so in my day; was there something to do, we did it, now it is put off for fear of winter's cold or summer's heat."

White Calf closed the subject by saying that even if some one had cached the northern herds, there seemed to be a plenty left. "And they're on our own land, too," he added. "If any of the other side people came over here to hunt, we'll see that they never return; some of them at least."

We had been asked to trade, even before we unhitched our horses, but Berry said that nothing would be done in that line until evening. The feast over, and our guests departed, people began to flock in. One for a rifle; another for cartridges; others for tobacco, or sugar, coffee, and some, alas! for spirits. We had nearly a wagon load of alcohol, which we diluted, 4 to 1, as occasion required. Before bedtime we sold over five hundred dollars' worth of goods wet and dry, and it was easy to see that Berry would be kept pretty constantly on the road all winter, hauling our furs to Fort Benton and returning with fresh supplies of merchandise.

There was an unusual craze for gambling that winter. By day the men when not hunting played the wheel and arrow game, rolling a small bead-spoked disk down a beaten path and trying to throw, or cast an arrow into it as it whizzed along. At night the camp resounded with the solemn, weird, gambling chant from many lodges. There the players sat, the two sides facing each other, and played the "hide the bone game," striking with small sticks the outer rail of the couches in time to the song. Even the women gambled, and many were the altercations over their bets.

In a lodge near us lived a young couple, Fisher and his woman, The Lark. They were devoted to each other, and were always together, even on the hunts. People smiled and were pleased to see the untiring love they had for each other. They seldom went visiting, but were always making little feasts for their friends. Fisher was a fine hunter and kept his lodge well

supplied with meat and skins, and he was a successful warrior, too, as his large herd of horses testified. He was so devoted to his pretty little woman that he never went out to gamble of an evening, nor invited parties to gamble in his lodge; they played too long. Feasts were well enough, for they were soon over, and he loved the quiet evenings, just he and his woman chatting by the fire after the guests had gone. Sometimes, when The Lark was chipping a robe, and it was too cold to sit outside and talk to her while she worked, Fisher strolled away to the nearest wheel game and played for a while. He was quite expert at it and won more frequently than he lost. But one evil day he played against a young man named Glancing Arrow, and lost ten head of horses. I was busy trading in our lodge, but from time to time I got news of the game, and listened to the comments on it. Glancing Arrow, it seemed, had himself wanted to set up a lodge with The Lark. Her parents, for reasons unknown—he was a rich young man—had rejected his gift of horses and given her to the Fisher, who was not nearly so well off. This had pleased every one, for the Fisher was loved by every one, but Glancing Arrow was a surly, crossed-grained, miserly sort of a fellow, and had not a single close friend. He had never married, and once had been heard to say that he would yet have The Lark for his woman.

"Fisher is crazy to gamble with him," said one of my customers. "To gamble with the best player in the camp, and the man who is his enemy. Yes, he is certainly crazy."

There was more news the next morning. Soré over his loss, the Fisher had sought out Glancing Arrow, played the bone game with him nearly all night, and he had lost twelve more horses! In the course of the forenoon The Lark came over to visit Nat-ah'-ki, and I was called into the conference. The woman was crying and sorely distressed. "He is sleeping now," she said, "but when he awakes he is going to play with Glancing Arrow again. I have begged him not to, but for the first time he refuses to listen to me. All he will say is, 'I shall play; I shall win back my horses.' Just think, twenty-two horses are already lost, nearly half of our band, and to that dog Glancing Arrow! Were it any one else who had won them, I would not care so much; but to him! to him!" And her sobs checked her words for a time.

"Go over and talk with him," she continued. "He thinks much of you; will listen to your words; go and talk him out of this madness."

I walked over to their lodge and found the Fisher still in bed, lying propped up on one arm and staring moodily at the fire. "You needn't say it," he began, before I could open my mouth. "I know why you have come in; she sent you to ask me to play no more, but I'm not going to stop. I can't stop until I have won back all that I have lost."

"But look here," I put in. "You may lose more if you keep on, perhaps all you have, for I hear Glancing Arrow is the most skilful of all the players. Just think how much you are risking; what a shame it would be were you to be set afoot, no horses with which to move camp, not even one for your woman to ride."

"Oh! that could not happen," he said confidently. "I could not lose them all. No, there is no use of your talking. I must play again with him, and I'm sure that I will win. I shall pray. I shall make a sacrifice. I must win."

A howling southwest wind set in before noon, so there was no gambling with the disk and arrows. The other game could not be played in the daytime, according to the ancient custom, lest bad luck befall one and all of the players. The sun had not long set, however, before they began again, the Fisher and Glancing Arrow, in the lodge of Heavy Top. A big crowd gathered there to witness it, and to encourage the Fisher, whom every one loved as much as his opponent was despised. The Lark came over to our lodge and sat with Nat-ah'-ki, who tried to cheer her up with encouraging words, and stories that might direct her thoughts from her trouble. But she was not to be amused and kept saying that she felt that something dreadful was going to happen. Time and again she went out and stood by the lodge in which the gambling was going on, listening and returning to tell us how the game progressed. "He has lost another horse," she would say; "they are going one by one." Once she reported that the Fisher had won one back. "But he'll lose it in the next game," she concluded despondingly and began to cry.

"Oh! do go over there and put a stop to it," Nat-ah'-ki entreated me. "Do something, say something to end it."

I went, utterly at a loss what to do, quite sure that I was setting out on a useless errand, but still I went. The lodge was crowded, but room was made and I found a seat well to the back of it, and near the players. When the Fisher saw me, he frowned and shook his head, as much as to say: "Leave me alone." And, indeed, before that crowd I felt that I was powerless; that I could neither entreat nor advise him to stop playing and go home.

By the side of Glancing Arrow lay a little heap of small, red-painted, cylindrical sticks, used for markers, and each one represented a horse that he had won. I looked over in front of his opponent and counted seven more sticks. The Fisher had, then, but seven horses left. "We will play for two head this time," he said and threw two sticks out on the ground between them. The other placed a like number beside them, and the Fisher took the bones, one red-painted, the other with black bands. They began the song, the onlookers also joining in and beating time on the couch rail. Manipulating the little bones, the Fisher deftly passed them from one hand to the other, back and forth, back and forth, carried his hands with the robe folded across his lap, while he changed them there; then, at the conclusion of the song, he suddenly extended both fists toward his adversary, looking him steadily in the eyes. Raising his clenched right hand, forefinger extended, Glancing Arrow slapped it down into the palm of his left hand, the forefinger pointing at the left fist. The Fisher reluctantly opened it and exposed to view the black-banded bone. He had lost, and had now but five horses. He picked up the markers, counted and recounted them, divided them into parts of two and three, two twos and one, and then bunching them, said: "These are the last. I will play you for the five head."

Glancing Arrow smiled; a cruel, sinister smile it was, and his evil little eyes sparkled. His eyes were set unusually close together in his hatchet-like face, and his large nose was very thin, and bowed owl-beak-like over his thin lips. His countenance always reminded me of the picture you see on tins of deviled ham. He

made no comment on this raise of the stakes, but quickly laid out his five markers, and picked up the bones. Again the song began, and swelling out his bosom, he sang loudest of all, crossed his hands forth and back, up and down, fore fingers crookedly extended. He rubbed them together, opened them and exposed the black-banded bone, now in one palm, now in the other, changing it so quickly that the observer was bewildered, or made certain that the bone still remained in the hand where he had last seen it, only to find that it had in some way been slipped into the other one. It was the latter ruse which deceived Fisher, for the instant the song ceased he pointed to the player's right hand, and the losing bone was tossed to him from it.

"Well," he said, "I have still a rifle, a lodge, a saddle, war-clothes, blankets and robes. I will bet them all against ten head of horses."

"Ten it is," Glancing Arrow agreed, laying out ten markers, and again manipulating the bones as the song was renewed. But this time the song was not so strong. Some, perhaps from the acute interest they had in this last unusual stake, or because they wished to show their disapproval, did not sing at all, and those who did were half-hearted about it. And, as usual, Glancing Arrow won, won and laughed wickedly, loudly. The Fisher shivered as if from cold, drew his robe about him, preparing to leave. "Come over to-morrow," he said, "and I will turn it all over to you—the horses and everything else."

"Wait!" Glancing Arrow exclaimed, as he arose. "I will give you one more chance; I will give you the chance to get back everything you have lost; I will bet everything I have won from you against your woman."

Every one present clapped his hand to his mouth in surprise, and there were exclamations, deep and heartfelt, of horror and disapproval. "The dog!" one said. "Knock him on the head!" cried another. "Throw him out!" others exclaimed.

Bue Glancing Arrow did not heed them; he sat nonchalantly bunching and counting his markers, the cruel smile still on his lips, the evil fire in his beady eyes. The Fisher shivered again, arose and passed around to the doorway. There he stopped and stood like one in a trance. Could it be, I wondered, that he was even considering the offer? I arose, too, and went over to him. "Come home with me," I said. "Come to my lodge; your woman awaits you there."

"Yes, go, go!" said others. "Go home with him."

But he shook my hand from his shoulder and quickly returned to his seat. "Begin!" he cried to his adversary. "We will play. We will play for her"—and he added under his breath, "for her and another thing."

Perhaps Glancing Arrow did not hear the latter part of the sentence, or, if he did, he made no sign. He picked up the bones and began to sing, but no one joined in, not even the Fisher, and looking at the rows of sullen, scowling faces staring at him, he faltered, but kept on with it in a manner to the end, and extended his closed hands before him. There ensued a moment of tense silence. Breasts heaved and eyes flashed, and if wishes could have killed, Glancing Arrow had died where he sat. I myself, in spite of my raising, felt an almost uncontrollable desire to spring upon him, bury my fingers in his throat



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

In the Lodges of the Blackfeet.

XXVII.—Trade, Hunt and War Party.

OUR trade flourished. Berry was almost constantly on the road, so I had few opportunities to do any hunting. There were days when I saw a band of buffalo 'loping swiftly over the distant plain pursued by the hunters, or when some friend came into our lodge and told of an exciting chase—I found camp life irksome at such times, and longed to be able to go and come as I pleased.

"To-morrow you shall be trader," I said to Nat-ah-ki one evening, "and I will go hunting. I must have a ride. I am getting weak sitting here in the lodge day after day."

"You shall go," she said. "Why didn't you tell me long ago? I can trade as well as you can. I know just how much to give for everything. But I will *not* put my thumb in the cup when I measure out sugar or coffee or tea."

"The cup has no handle," I interposed.

"But there are other cups of the very same size with handles. You and Berry ought to be ashamed of yourselves, to so cheat these poor people. Now, here is the one"—picking up a new tin one that Berry had just brought from the Fort. "This is the one I shall use. See, it has a strong handle and—and"—she turned it over and over, examining inside and outside. "Why, what a strangely made cup; it has two bottoms; it will hold only a little more than half as much as a real cup. Oh, what rascals you traders are!"

"Wait!" I exclaimed, "you do not understand. There is another trader in this camp. He gives four cups of sugar for a wolf skin; with this one we have had made we will give seven cupfuls of sugar, or four of coffee, or five of tea. The people will get just as much for a skin or robe as they did before, but the other trader has no false cup; he cannot give as many real cupfuls; we will drive him out of here and get all of the trade."

And that is just what we did. As I have remarked before, Berry was the man to get trade; no one could successfully compete with him.

I went hunting in the morning as I had planned. There were six of us, including Big Plume and his nephew, a very bright, handsome, likable young man named Moccasin. There were eight or ten inches of snow on the ground and the weather was cold. Thick, low clouds drifting southward obscured the sun, and snow fell intermittently at times so fast that we could not see objects a hundred yards away. We rode eastward for four or five miles, before we saw anything save a few scattering bulls, and then a lull in the storm permitted a temporary view of a large scope of country. A half dozen bands of buffalo were in sight, one of several hundred

head not half a mile farther on and across a wide coulee, a branch of which extended to where we were. We sat very still on our horses until another flurry of snow came down and blotted out the landscape, when we rode into the side coulee, down it and across the large one, and climbed the hill on the other side. When we topped the rise we were right in the herd, and then it was every man for himself. It was all very misty and uncertain chasing the white-covered creatures in the snowstorm, and half blinded by the stinging clouds of snow their sharp hoofs threw into our eyes. I trusted to luck to ride safely among the hidden paririe dog and badger holes, and to bring down the quarry when I fired. The muffled reports of my companions' rifles sounded very far off, my own seemed more like the discharge of a toy pistol than anything else, yet before I had emptied the magazine I saw three different victims stop, and stagger, and fall, and I felt that I had killed my share of the game, and brought my excited horse to a stop. The others did even better than I; and we were several hours skinning our kill and preparing the meat for packing. Not that we intended to do that; the hunters' women would come for it the next day, and Big Plume was to have my share taken in for one of the hides and part of the meat.

It was all of 2 o'clock when we started homeward, after tying to our saddles the tongues and other choice parts of the buffalo. The wind had veered to west northwest and was blowing harder, driving the snow in clouds before it. We had not progressed more than a mile, shielding our faces with our hands or blankets, and trusting to our horses to find the back trail, when some one cried out: "A war party ahead! Look! See them run!" And, sure enough, there they were, a couple of hundred yards distant, five men running as fast as they could for the shelter of a nearby coulee. Moccasin was away ahead of us and he put the whip to his horse as soon as he sighted them, regardless of his uncle's cries to wait and be cautious. Long before we could overtake him he had charged after them, firing his carbine rapidly, and we saw one of them fall. They, too, fired at him, and we saw that they carried muzzle-loaders. He was now almost on top of the four fleeing men when the one who had fallen rose up as he was passing and discharged a pistol at him, and doubling over in the saddle he hung on for a moment, then fell limply to the ground, his horse turning and running wildly back to us.

Big Plume hurried over to where he lay and dismounting beside him, raised him up in his arms. The rest of us made short work of the war party. One or two of them succeeded in reloading their guns and firing at us, but they did no damage and fell one after another, riddled with bullets from our Henry and Win-

chester repeaters. They were Assinaboines, of course, sneaking around in the cold and snow of winter as usual, and they had met their just deserts. My Piegan companions were for once quiet over their success, not even letting out a single shout of victory. They felt too badly over the fall of Moccasin, and quickly scalping and taking the weapons of the dead, they gathered around him in mute sympathy. It was plain to be seen that he had made his last run, fired his last shot. Cold as it was, beads of perspiration gathered on his pale face, and he writhed in pain. He had been shot in the abdomen. His horse had been caught and stood with the others nearby. "Help me to get into the saddle," he said faintly. "I must get home. I want to see my woman and my little girl before I die. I must see them. Help me up."

Faithful old Big Plume was crying. He had raised the young man and been a father to him. "I can do nothing," he sobbed, "nothing. Some of you lift him up. Some one ride ahead and tell them what has happened."

"No," the wounded man said, "no one shall go first; they will learn about it soon enough. I am badly hurt, I know, but I am going to live to reach my lodge."

We got him up into the saddle and one, mounting behind, supported his drooping form. Another led the horse, and thus we resumed our homeward way. Twice he fainted, and we stopped in a sheltered coulee, spread blankets and laid him on them, bathed his brow with snow and fed him snow when he revived. He was thirsty, calling for water, water, continually. The way seemed terribly long, and coming night added to the general gloom of our party. We had started out so happily, had been so successful, and then in an instant death had come among us, our swift home going had been changed into a funeral trail, a life full of happiness and love and contentment was going out. That was the way of it on the plains; the unexpected was always happening.

We came to the edge of camp at dusk and filed in past the lodges. People gathered and inquired what had happened. We told them, and some ran on ahead spreading the news. Before we came, Moccasin's wife ran from her lodge to meet us, sobbing heart-brokenly, cautioning us to be careful and carry him in as easily as possible. We laid him on his couch, and she leaned over and held him to her bosom, kissed him fervently and called on the Sun to let him live. I went out and to my own lodge. Nat-ah-ki met me at the doorway. She, too, was crying, for Moccasin was a distant relative. She looked at me anxiously to see if there was any blood on my clothes, and there was, plenty of it, buffalo blood.

"Oh," she gasped, "and they have shot you, too? Show me, quick, where is it? Let me call for help."



CHAUDIERE FALLS.

Photo by Dr. Andrew Graydon.

"It is nothing," I told her, "nothing but blood from my kill. I am as well as ever."

"But you might have been killed," she cried. "You might have been killed. You are not going hunting any more in this country of war parties. You have no business to hunt. You are a trader, and you are going to stay right here with me where it is safe to live."

Moccasin, poor fellow, died in less than an hour after we got him home, and the wailing of wife and relatives was heart-breaking to hear. It was a sad time for us all, and made us think of the uncertainty of life. Three of the kindest and best loved ones in the whole tribe had gone from us in so short a time, in such an unlooked for manner.

We did not get all of the robes that were tanned that winter; whiskey traders occasionally visited the camp, and by giving large quantities

of very bad liquor, bartered for some of them. The Piegiens also made frequent trips to Fort Benton to trade. But we did get 2,200 robes, to say nothing of deer, elk, beaver and other pelts, and were well satisfied. About April 1 we were home again at Fort Conrad, and Berry began at once to tear up the big bottom with his bull teams. Of nights he used up many a sheet of paper figuring out the profit in raising oats, sixty bushels to the acre, and in the pork raising industry, sixteen pigs to the sow twice a year—or maybe thrice, I forget which; anyhow, it all seemed very plain, and sure, on paper. More plows were bought, some Berkshire pigs were ordered from the States, a ditch was dug to tap the Dry Fork of the Marias. Yes, we were going to be farmers for sure.

Away down at the end of the bottom, where the Dry Fork and the Marias met, the women

planted their little garden and erected a brush-roofed summer house, under which they would sit in the heat of the day and watch their corn and pumpkins grow, morning and evening faithfully irrigating them with buckets of water. I passed much time with them there, or with rude pole and line angled for catfish and goldeyes in the deep hole nearby, the while listening to their quaint songs and still quainter tales of the long ago. Time and again Nat-ah'-ki would say: "What happiness; what peace. Let us pray that it may last."

The Piegiens drifted westward from the Bear's Paw country and most of them returned to their agency, which was now located on Badger Creek, a tributary of the Marias, about fifty miles above the Fort. Some, however, encamped across the river from us and hunted antelope and deer, killing an occasional buffalo bull. Reports from the Agency told of hard times up there. The agent was said to be starving the people, and they were already talking of moving back to the buffalo country.

WALTER B. ANDERSON.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Summer on the F

BY DR. ANDERSON.

CAMPING among the mountains has always been in contemplation, but was unable to close my plans until the first of July, 1905, when I was able to start with bright eyes.

The ride on the Great Northern Railway was of great interest. At the end of the trip I found the country unforgotten. It is good to see the mountains again. Braden.

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THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

In the Lodges of the Blackfeet.

XXVIII.—Nat-ah-ki's Ride.

WEEK after week the Piegiens waited for the buffalo to reappear on the plains of their reservation. With the hot weather they thought that some of the herds to the eastward would stray up to the cooler altitude, and they still believed that somewhere in the unknown fastnesses of the Rockies hordes of the animals had been cached, and that in some way they would be able to return to the open country. In the meantime the hunters scoured the foothills in quest of deer and elk and antelope, finding some, it is true, but barely enough to keep their families from actual starvation.

In our ranching work we were no more successful than the hunters in the chase. There were no rains, with the result that the Dry Fork remained dry, and our irrigating ditch was useless. Also, the thoroughbred Berkshires we procured from the States brought with them, or contracted en route some disease, and all died except the boar. He finally succumbed, after feasting upon the months-old carcass of a strychnined wolf. All this was very annoying to Berry, but I must confess that I did not feel very badly about it. I was never cut out for a tiller of the soil, and I hoped that this experience would prove to him that he was not, either. We had a few cattle. They roamed the bottoms and the nearby hills, waxed fat on the short gramma grass and increased. Who would plow, and sow, and reap, if it rained, in preference to sitting in the shade and watching a bunch of cattle grow? Not I.

We did sit in the shade, the women and I. True, there was cooking to be done, but it was a matter of a few moments to boil some meat, bake a pan of biscuit, and heat the contents of a couple of tins. We did not go in for those things which require hours of preparation, and make women red in the face from heat and loss of temper. Washing? We wore soft things and none too many of them. There wasn't an ounce of starch in the land, thank heaven! Long bull trains trecked down into the bottom, and I sold the dust-powdered bull-whackers beer, and buckskins, and tobacco. I bought deer and antelope skins from the Indians, but mostly I sat in the shade.

In June the river was bank full from the melting snow of the Rockies, and our cable ferry was used by all travelers. One day I had to cross a bull train, and for the first trip seven yokes of bulls were driven on board, all the yokes attached to the long lead chain with which they pulled the wagons. I took the wheel, the ropes were cast off, and we left the shore, the bull-whacker of the team standing beside me. He was a French creole, a voluble, excitable, nervous

man, as are most of his kind. When midway in the stream, where the water was deepest and swiftest, the lead yoke of bulls backed into the next one, they into the one behind them, and so on until they were all huddled to the rear of the boat, and their great weight threw the bow and upper side of the craft clear above the surface of the stream. Water poured into the hold through the submerged deck, and the increasing weight of it tilted the bow higher and higher until the bulls could no longer retain their footing and they began to slide off.

"Oh, mon Dieu," the bull-whacker cried, "it is that they will drown; that they will in the chains entangle. Return, m'sieur, return to the shore."

But I could do nothing, the boat would neither go on nor back, and kept settling deeper in the water, which gurgled ominously under us. The bulls finally slid off en masse, and how they did roll and snort and paw, often entirely submerged, but, strange to say, they drifted down to a bar and waded safely out in spite of the dangerous chain to which their yokes were attached. Freed from their weight the ferry surged the other way, dived into the stream as it were, and the strong current bore it down.

"Oh, mon Dieu! Oh sacré!" the Frenchman cried. "Save me, m'sieur. I cannot swim."

And he ran toward me with outstretched arms. I sprang backward to avoid his threatened embrace and fell, and, the water sweeping over the deck, carried me with it. I didn't mind that much, for I knew that the current would take me to the bar where the bulls had landed. I looked back at the Frenchman. The boat was now deep under the water and he had perched on the center hog-chain post, which was itself only a couple of feet above the surface. I can see him to this day, sitting there on top of the post, his eyes saucer-like with terror, the ends of his fierce mustache pointing to heaven, and I can still hear him, as he repeatedly crossed himself, alternately praying and cursing and calling on his comrades ashore to save him from the turbid flood. He was such a funny sight that I laughed so I could hardly keep my head above the water.

"Hang on, Frenchy!" cried the wagon boss and others. "Just hang on, you'll come out all right."

He shook his fist at them. "H'I am sink. H'I am drown. You maudit whack eet de bull," he answered, "an' you tell me hang on. Oh, sacré! Oh, misère! Oh, mon Dieu!"

I doubt not that he might have let go and sunk had the boat settled any deeper in the water, but just then the cable parted and it rose so that the deck was barely awash, and drifted along after me. Down jumped Frenchy and pirouetted around on its slippery surface, and shouted and laughed for joy, snapped his fingers at the men who had jeered him, and cried: "Adieu, adieu, messieurs, me, I am bound for St. Louis, an' my sweet-

heart." The boat drifted ashore not far below, and we had no difficulty in towing it back and repairing the cable. Frenchy, however, would not cross with his bulls, but went over with a load of the wagons, and he took a plank with him, to use as a float in case of accident.

In the hot summer nights Nat-ah-ki and I slept out on the edge of a high-cut bank near the river. Oh, those white moonlit perfect nights! They were so perfect, so peaceful, that the beauty and wonder of it all kept us awake long after we should have been sleeping soundly. An owl hooted. "'Tis the ghost of some unfortunate one," she would say. "For some wrong he did, his shadow became an owl, and he must long suffer, afraid of the Sun, mournfully crying of nights, before he can at last join the other shadows of our people who have gone on to the Sand Hills."

A wolf howled. "Oh, brother, why so sad? It seems as if they were always crying for something that has been taken from them, or that they have lost. Will they ever find it, I wonder?"

The river now moved and gurgled under the bank, and roared hollow down the rapid in the bend below. A beaver, or perchance a big fish, splashed its silvery surface, and she would nestle closer, shiver perhaps. "'Tis the people of the deep waters," she would whisper. "Why, I wonder, was it given them to live away down in the deep, dark cold places, instead of on the land and in the bright sunlight? Do you think they are happy and warm and content as we are?"

Such questions I answered to the best of my ability. "The goat loves the high, cold, bare cliffs of the mountains," I said to her, "the antelope the warm, low, bare plains. No doubt the people of the river love its depths, or they would live on the land as we do."

One night, after listening to the hooting of a big owl up on the island, she said: "Just think how unhappy that shadow is, and even were it permitted to go on to the Sand Hills, still it would be unhappy. They are all unhappy there, our people who have gone from us, living their shadow, make-believe lives. That is why I do not want to die. It is so cold and cheerless there, and your shadow could not be with me. White men's shadows cannot enter the home of the Blackfeet dead."

I said nothing, and after a little she continued: "Tell me, can it really be true that what the priests say about the next life, that the good people, Indian and white, will go away up in the sky then and live happily with World Maker forever?"

"What could I do but encourage her. 'What they say,' I replied, 'is written in their ancient book. They believe it. Yes, they do believe it, and I do, too. I am glad to believe it. Even the Indian may enter there; we can still be together after this life is over.'"

Still I had no comment to make, but I thought of those lines of the old tent-maker:

And many a knot unravelled by the way,
But not the knot of human fate.

But what a beautiful thing it is to have faith. He who has it—that simple, unquestioning, unreasoning faith of our ancestors; why, his heaven has begun right here on earth.

As the summer wore on the questions of food became a very serious one to the Piegiens, and we heard that the more northern tribes of the Blackfeet were also suffering. The Piegan agent, in his annual report to the Department of the Interior, had deplored the barbarism of his charges, their heathenish worship of strange gods, but he told nothing of their physical needs. "I have nothing for you," he said to the chiefs. "Take your people to buffalo and follow the herds."

This was in August. They all moved down near our place, and while the hunters rode the plains after antelope, the chiefs conferred with Berry, planning for the winter. They finally decided to move to the Judith country, where the buffalo were thought to be still plentiful and where, of course, there were practically as many elk and deer, beaver and wolves as ever. In September we also trailed out, Berry, the Crow Woman, Nat-ah'-ki and I, and in a week or more went into camp on the Judith River, only a mile or two above the mouth of Warm Spring Creek. In Fort Benton we had engaged a couple of extra men, and with their help we soon threw up a row of log cabins and a couple of rude fire-places. We were located in the heart of an extensive cottonwood grove, sheltered from the northern winds, and right beside us ran the river, then fairly alive with big, fat trout. According to agreement, the Piegiens came and pitched their lodges near us, and a part of the Blood tribe moved down from the north and mixed with them. We certainly had enough hunters, and if the buffalo were rather scarce in our immediate vicinity there were great herds of them only a day's journey to the eastward. As for the deer and elk, the country swarmed with them, and antelope, too.

Up on Warm Spring Creek there was a cattle ranch which had been located the previous year. A man named Brooks was its manager, and it was owned by a great firm which had large mercantile interests in Helena and Fort Benton and Fort Macleod, and also the tradership at the Blackfeet Agency, which the Piegiens had left in search of game. This was, I believe, the only cattle ranch at that time in all the vast country lying between the Highwood Mountains and the Yellowstone. Since then that once rich grassed country has supported hundreds of such ranches. And then came the sheep and fed it off. It would make the old-time hunters weep to see those barren plains and hills as they are to-day. I don't wish ever to see them again. I prefer to remember them as I last saw them, before they were despoiled by the white men's herds and flocks. Just think how many centuries those rolling plains furnished sustenance to the countless herds of buffalo and antelope which roamed them, and how many more centuries they might have lasted but for the white man's greed. I believe with the Indian that the white man is a terrible destroyer. He leaves the grassy plains mere brown wastes; before him the forests disappear, and only blackened stumps mark where once stood their green and lovely aisles. Why, he even dries up the streams, and tears down the mountains. And with him are crime, and hunger, and want such

as were never before known. Does it pay? Is it right that the many must pay for the greed of the few?

Once only, during the winter, did I find time for a hunt, as Berry was on the road much of the time. Nat-ah'-ki and I went once after buffalo, camping with Red Bird's Tail, a genial man of thirty-five or forty years. There were few lodges of us, but many people, and we traveled as light as possible. We found buffalo toward the close of the first day out, but went on until noon of the next one, and camped on the head of Armills Creek. I had never seen the buffalo more plentiful than we found them there. From a little butte nearby we could see that the prairie was black with them clear to the breaks of the Missouri, and to the eastward where the buttes of Big Crooked Creek and the Musselshell loomed in the distance. The Moccasin Mountains shut off the view to the south, but westward, whence we had come, there were also buffalo.

"Ha!" exclaimed Red Bird's Tail, who had ridden up beside me. "Who says the buffalo are about gone? Why, it is as it has always been; the land is dark with them. Never have I seen them more plentiful."

"Remember that we have come far to find them," I told him; "that the plains to the west, and away in the north, are barren of them."

"Ah, that is true, but it will not be for long; they must have all moved eastward for a time, as our fathers tell us once happened before. They will go back again. Surely, the good Sun will not forget us."

I had not the heart to destroy his hopes, to tell him of the vast regions away to the east and south of us, where there were no longer any buffalo, where the antelope, even, had been practically exterminated.

Red Bird's Tail was the leader of our party, and the hunters were subject to his orders. We had ridden out on to the butte very early, and after getting a view of the country and the position of the herds, he decided that a certain herd southwest of us should be chased, as they would run westward into the wind, and not disturb the larger ones grazing here and there in other directions. We returned then to camp for our morning meal, and to wait until everyone had saddled his favorite horse and was ready to start. It was a warm day, some snow on the ground, but a mild chinook wind blowing, so Nat-ah'-ki accompanied us, as well as most of the other women. The lay of the land was favorable and we succeeded in riding right into the edge of the herd before they became alarmed, and then they ran, as Red Bird's Tail had predicted, southwestward into the wind and up a long slope, an outlying ridge of the mountains. That gave us an advantage, as the buffalo were not swift runners on an up-grade. On a down-hill run, however, they could easily outstep the swiftest horse. All their weight was forward; there was not enough strength in their small, low hindquarters to propel their abnormally deep chests, huge heads and heavy hump with any noticeable speed when they went up hill.

Nat-ah'-ki was riding a little mare of gentle mien and more than quiet disposition, which had been loaned her by one of our Blood friends for the trip. All the way from the Judith she kept plying her quirt and calling it sundry reproachful names, in order to keep it beside my more lively and spirited mount. But the moment we came near the herd, and the hunters dashed into

it, the animal's demeanor suddenly changed. It reared up under her restraining hand, pranced sideways with arching neck and twitching ears, and then, getting the bit firmly in its teeth, it sprang out into the chase as madly as any other of the trained runners. Indeed, that is what it was, a well-trained buffalo horse; but the owner had not thought to tell us so. It was even swifter than mine, and I felt no little anxiety as I saw it carry her into that sea of madly-running, shaggy-backed, gleaming-eyed animals. In vain I urged my horse; I could not overtake her, and my warning shouts were lost in the thunder and rattle of a thousand hoofs. I soon saw that she was not trying to hold in the animal, but was quirting it instead, and once she looked back at me and laughed, her eyes shining with excitement. On we went, up the slope for a mile or more, and then the scattering herd drew away from us and went flying down the other side of the ridge.

"What made you do it?" I asked as we checked up our sweating, panting horses. "Why did you do it? I was so afraid you would get a fall, perhaps be hooked by some of the wounded."

"Well," she replied, "at first I was scared, too, but it was such fun, riding after them. Just think of it, I struck four of them with my quirt! I just wanted to keep on, and on, and I never thought of badger holes, or falling or anything else. And once a great big cow looked up at me and snorted so hard that I felt her warm breath. Tell me, how many did you kill?"

"Not one," I replied. I hadn't fired a shot; I had noticed nothing, seen nothing but her as she rode in the thick of it all, and I was more than glad when the run ended. We looked back down the slope and saw the hunters and their women already at work on the carcasses of their kill, which dotted the snow. But we—we were meatless. It would never do for us to return to camp without some, so we rode on for a mile or two in the direction the herd had gone, and then turned off into the mountains. Up among the pines there were deer, both kinds, and here and there were groups of elk feeding or lying down in the open parks. While Nat-ah'-ki held my horse I approached some of the elk, and by good luck killed a fat, dry cow. We built a fire and roasted some of the liver, a piece of tripe, and, after a hasty meal, we rode back to camp with all the meat our horses could conveniently pack.

WALTER B. ANDERSON.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Yellowstone Park Atlas.

THE notice of the publication of the Geological Atlas of the Yellowstone National Park appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM and aroused interest in not a few readers. It raised several questions as to where it could be obtained. The volume is published by the United States Geological Survey, Washington, D. C., and is \$3.75 bound in cloth, or for \$4.75 in leather.

As already pointed out, the atlas consists of four large sheets which show the geology of the Yellowstone Park, the Teton Range, the Mammoth Hot Springs, the Fire Hole, and the Grand Canyon. There is a map of the entire park, and a map of the shores of the Yellowstone Lake. The atlas is a most valuable work, and one that every one interested in the geology of the Yellowstone Park should have.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

In the Lodges of the Blackfeet.

XXIX.—An Incident in a "Century of Dishonor."

WE made another run the next day. It was an auspicious morning. The sun shone bright and warm, there was a big herd of buffalo nearby, every one rode out from camp in the best of spirits. I had changed horses with Nat-ah'-ki; while mine liked to run as well as hers, it had a tender mouth, and she could easily control it. Once into the herd, I paid no attention to any one else, but did my best to single out the fat cows, overtake and kill them. I did not need the meat nor robes, but there were those with us who had poor mounts, and what I killed I intended to give them. So I urged the little mare on, even after she had begun to show fatigue, and managed to kill seven head. When I stopped at last, no one was near me; looking back I saw the people gathered in two groups, and from the largest and nearest one arose the distressing wailing of the women for the dead. I soon learned the cause of it all; Young Arrow Maker had been killed, his horse disembowled; Two Bows had been thrown and his leg was broken. A huge old bull wounded and mad with pain had lunged into Arrow Maker's horse, tearing out its flank and knocking the rider off on to the backs of its close pursuing mates, whence he had fallen to the ground and been literally trampled to death by the frantic running herd. Two Bows' horse had stepped into a badger hole and he had been hurled to the ground with such force that he lay senseless, his right leg broken above the knee. Some of the women's horses were dragging travois, and we laid the dead and the injured on them and they were taken to camp by their relatives. We hurried to skin the dead buffalo, some of the hunters taking no more of the meat than the tongue and boss ribs, and then we also went back to the lodges, very silently and quietly you may be sure. There was no feasting and visiting and singing that night. Instead, women wailing, men sitting solemnly by the fire, smoking and thinking upon the uncertainties of life, occasionally speaking praises of their dead comrade and regretting his untimely end.

They buried Arrow Maker in the morning, placing the body in the forks of a big cottonwood, and then we prepared to move camp, which took all the rest of the day, as meat was cut and dried to reduce weight, and the many hides had to be trimmed, the frozen ones thawed and folded for packing. There was not a man in camp who knew anything about mending a broken leg, but we splinted and bound Two Bows' fracture as best we could. On the succeeding morning we broke camp early and started homeward, every one being fairly frantic to get away from the unlucky place, to end the

unlucky hunt before more misfortune should happen. The injured man was made as comfortable as possible on a couch lashed to a travoi.

In the afternoon a blizzard set in, a bitterly cold one, which drifted and whirled the fine snow in clouds around us. A few decided to make camp in the first patch of timber we should come to, but the rest declared that they would not stop for anything, but keep on through the night until they arrived home. They were afraid to stop; more afraid of some dread misfortune overtaking them than they were of Cold Maker's blinding snow and intense cold. Evil spirits, they reasoned, hovered near them, had already caused death and suffering, and none would be safe until the hunt was ended and sacrifices made to the gods. Red Bird's Tail was one of those who elected to keep on. We could have stopped and found shelter with some family which turned off into a timbered coulée to camp until the storm would be over; but Nat-ah'-ki declared that she wasn't in the least cold and was anxious to get back to our comfortable shack and warm fire-place. "We can make it by midnight," she said, "and just think how pleasant it will be to eat before our little fire, and then sleep in our big, soft, warm bed. Don't be afraid for me, I can stand it."

That was a terrible night. There was a moon, but most of the time it was hidden by the low flying snow-spitting clouds. We simply hung on to our saddles and gave our horses the reins, trusting them to keep in the trail which Red Bird's Tail broke for us. We could not have guided them had we wished to, for our hands became so numb we were obliged to fold them in the robes and blankets which enveloped us. I rode directly behind Nat-ah'-ki, she next after our leader, whose family followed us. Looking back I could see them sometimes, but more often they were hidden in the blinding snow. Red Bird's Tail and many of the other men frequently sprang from their horses and walked, even ran, in vain effort to keep warm, but the women remained in the saddle and shivered, and some froze hands and faces. While still some six or eight miles from home, Red Bird's Tail, walking ahead of his horse, dropped into a spring, over which the snow had drifted. The water was waist-deep and froze on his leggins the instant he climbed out of the hole; but he made no complaint, walking sturdily on through the deepening drifts until we finally arrived home. It was all I could do to dismount. I was so stiff and cramped, and cold, and I had to lift Nat-ah'-ki from her saddle and carry her inside. It was past one o'clock, and we had been on the road something like seventeen hours! I aroused one of the men to care for our horses, and we crawled into bed, under a half dozen robes and blankets, shivering so

hard that our teeth chattered. But if you ever get really numb with cold, try our way. You will get warm much sooner than if sitting before the fire and swallowing hot drinks.

When we awoke in the morning it was nearly noon, we learned that a woman of our party was missing somehow—somewhere in the fearful night she had dropped from her horse and Cold Maker had claimed her for his own. Her body was never found. I related the experiences of the trip to Berry. "Well," he said, "I warned you not to go. A man who can stay close to the fire in the winter, but leaves it for a hunt out on the plains, is sure locoed. Yes, sir, he's a blankety blank, plumb fool."

In September a man named Charles Walmsby, en route from Fort MacLeod to Fort Benton, was found murdered on Cut Bank Creek, midway between the two places. His wagon, harness and other effects had been partly burned and thrown into the stream. Suspicion finally fell upon one, Turtle, and his companion, The Rider, Blood Indians, who had spent several hundred dollars Canadian money in Fort Benton for guns and various things dear to the Indian's heart. They were in the Blood section of camp, and learning their whereabouts, the sheriff of our county came out to arrest them, bringing with him only the under sheriff, Jeff Talbot. There may have been braver men on the frontier than Sheriff John J. Healy, but I never met them. He held the office for I know not how many terms, and owned the Fort Benton Record, the first newspaper to be printed on the plains of Montana. Previous to this he had been an Indian trader, and was one of the leading men of Whoop Up and the northern trade, one of the "thieves, murderers, criminals of every stripe," as Miss Lant calls us.

He and Talbot drove in at our place about sundown one evening, and as soon as they had cared for their horses, he told why they had come.

Berry shook his head. "I wouldn't attempt to arrest him here if I were you," he said. "These Bloods are pretty-mean, and Turtle has a whole lot of relatives and friends among them. I believe they'll fight. Old man, you'd better go back and get some of the soldiers at the fort to help you."

"I don't care a continental d—— if he has a thousand friends and relatives!" Healy exclaimed. "I've come out here after those Indians, and they're going back with me, dead or alive."

"Well," said Berry, "if you are bound to try it, of course we'll stay with you; but I don't like it a bit."

"No, sir," said Healy. "This is my funeral. On account of your trade you can't afford to mix up in it. They'd have it in for you and move away. Come on, Jeff."

They went, and we passed about fifteen minutes of pretty acute suspense. We armed our men and ourselves, and stood waiting to go to their aid, although we knew that if anything happened, we would be too late; and again, what could we few do against a big camp of angry Indians. But while we were talking, and you may be sure keeping a good watch on the camp, here came Healy and Talbot with their men, both securely handcuffed. One they chained to the center post of our trade room, the other to a log wall of the kitchen. "There!" Healy exclaimed, "that is done and I'm tired. Haven't you anything to give a hungry man? I'm just starving."

Healy spoke good Blackfoot. When he and Talbot went into the camp he inquired for Running Rabbit, the Blood chief, and they were shown into his lodge, where he quickly stated his business. The old chief said that he would send for them, and they could have a talk. "But," he concluded, "I can't be answerable for what may happen if you try to put your hands on them and take them away. My young men are wild. I can't control them."

The women sent to ask Turtle and The Rider to the chief's lodge had been cautioned to say nothing, to give no reason why they were wanted, and they came in and sat down quite unsuspecting, following them a number of other men, curious to learn the cause of the white men's visit. Healy soon explained it.

"I don't know anything about it," said Turtle, "and I'm not going with you. I will not go; I'll fight; I've got lots of friends here who will help me."

He had no sooner spoken than Healy, who was a very powerful man, seized him and snapped a pair of handcuffs on his wrists, Talbot doing the same with The Rider. Both of the Indians were furious, and those sitting with them became greatly excited, some crying out, "You shall not take them." "We will not let them go." "Take off those iron things, or we will do you harm."

"Listen!" said Healy, holding up his hand warningly. "You all know me; I guess you know I am not afraid. I have got to take these two men with me. I am going to take them. If any of you interfere, I will not be the only one to die. You know how I can shoot—well, some of you will die before I do."

He had not pulled his gun; he stared them coldly in the eyes, and when he was aroused those eyes fairly made an evildoer shiver.

"Come!" he said to Turtle, and as if dazed, the Indian mechanically arose and followed him out, Talbot and the other following.

None of us slept much that night. Late in the evening a Piegan youth came in and told us that the Bloods were planning to rescue their friends, some proposing to attack the trading post, others saying that it would be better to waylay the officers on the trail next day. "You go back and tell them that I hope they'll try it," said Healy. "We've got some big Winchesters and six-shooters and plenty of cartridges, and we'll have a real good time. Turtle and The Rider here will get our first two bullets."

The prisoners were taken safely to Helena, and when the trial came off, The Rider turned States evidence; Turtle had shot Walmsley in the back while he was cooking supper. He got imprisonment for life, and died two years later in the penitentiary in Detroit. No white man

has since been killed by any Indians of the Blackfoot tribes.

The winter had been pretty hard, and the Indians did not kill so many buffalo as they would had the herds been nearer camp. Still, they were tanning a good number of robes, and had a large number of rawhides on hand, when, one evening, a detachment of soldiers under command of Lieutenant Crouse arrived from Fort Benton. It was pitiful to see the women and children run to hide in the brush, their eyes wide with fear. They had not forgotten the Baker massacre. The men said nothing, but they seized their weapons and stood about outside of their lodges, ready to fight if need be, until they saw the detachment halt and prepare to camp. It was not to be war then, they concluded, and called in their wives and little ones. But the soldiers' errand was only a degree or two less serious than would have been a battle. They had come to escort the Piegans back to their reservation, where there were no buffalo, nor game of any kind, and to fight them if they refused to go. A council was held. "Why, why," asked White Calf, his face ashen with suppressed anger, "is this to be done? By what right? We are on our own ground. It was always ours, who shall say that we must leave it?"

Lieutenant Crouse told them that he was but an unwilling instrument, carrying out the order of his superiors, who in turn had been told, by the Great Father himself that they must move the Piegans back to their Agency. Complaint had been made of them. The cattlemen claimed that they were killing their cattle and had requested that they be sent home. The Great Father had listened to their demand. The lieutenant was a gentle, kindly man, and did not like the mission on which he had been sent.

"Listen!" said White Calf. "Years ago there came some of the Great Father's men on a steamboat to the mouth of the Judith River, and there they made a treaty with our people. It was made on paper, which they and our chiefs put their names on. I was a young man then, but I had understanding and I well remember what was put on that paper in the white man's writing. It said that all the land lying north of the Musselshell River and the Missouri as far as the mouth of Milk River, up to the Canadian line, from the Rockies eastward to a line running north from the mouth of Milk River, all that country, it said, was ours. Since that time the whites have never bought any of it, nor even asked us for any. How then, can they say that we shall not hunt here?"

"We are accused of killing cattle! We have not done so. Why should we when we have fat buffalo and deer and elk and other game, fat animals, all whose hides are useful! We do not wish to return to our Agency. The man there has nothing for us. There is no game in that region. If we go, we must starve. It is a dreadful thing to suffer for want of food. Pity our little children, our women and our aged ones. Go you back to your fort and leave us in peace."

Others arose and talked, and their pleas to be allowed to remain in the game country were truly pathetic. I believe they brought moisture to the eyes of many of us. I am sure that there was a catch in the lieutenant's voice when he replied that he was powerless to do as they wished, and he asked them not to make it any

harder for him by refusing to go. He then arose and left the council, asking to be informed soon what they concluded to do.

It did not take long to decide. "Of course," said White Calf, "we could kill off the soldiers here, but others, many more, would replace them. They would kill off our women and children, even the new-born babies, as they did before on the Marias. No, we cannot fight them. Let us go back to the Agency and try in some way to procure food."

A couple of days later the lodges came down, we packed our robes and various impedimenta into wagons and abandoned the post, and all took the trail for the north, escorted by the soldiers. This was in March, and the Indians' stock was so worn and poor that they could travel only twelve or fifteen miles a day, and hundreds of horses died along the trail. Heavily loaded as were our wagons, we made even better time than they, and arrived in Fort Benton ahead of them. Our total trade amounted to eight hundred robes, three thousand deer, elk and antelope hides, and I forget how many beaver and wolf skins.

From Fort Benton the Indians journeyed slowly out to our place, Fort Conrad, and thence straggled on up to their Agency, where the women tanned their raw hides, and from the sale of the robes they kept from actual starvation for a time.

And now, here is the true explanation of this unjust and cruel treatment of the Piegans: As before stated, the owners of that lone cattle ranch on Big Spring Creek also owned the traders' post at the Agency, and they wanted to have the Indians back there, well knowing that they would get some hundreds of robes from them. So they trumped up the charge that the Piegans were slaughtering their cattle, and having powerful influence in Washington, their complaint was listened to, and believed. They got the robes all right, and, seeing the successful trade they were doing, they induced an innocent pilgrim to purchase the tradership from them. He got an empty bag, for by mid-summer the Piegans hadn't a single robe to sell, nor anything else with which to purchase a pound of tea.

By right that vast tract of country lying between the Missouri and Musselshell rivers and from the Missouri to the Marias still belongs to the Blackfeet. The treaty of 1855 guaranteed it to them, but it was taken away by two executive orders of July 2, 1873, and Aug. 19, 1874. If some good lawyer would take up the case, he could undoubtedly get redress for them, and a very handsome fee for himself.

WALTER B. ANDERSON.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NOTICE TO NEWS STAND

Give Your Dealer

After June 30 the FOREST AND STREAM will be unreturnable by dealer. Please order them to regular stores. Stand



In the Lodges of the Blackfeet.

XXX.—Crees and Red Rivers.

HOME again at Fort Conrad. Somehow Nat-ah'-ki and I liked that place better than any we had lived in. The river, murmuring and gurgling by our window, the lovely green groves in the grassy bottoms, the sloping rise of the valley, the rude room itself built of massive logs, cool in summer, warm in winter and alight with the blaze in the hearth, seemed to us all that we could desire. "Let us never leave here again," she said; "let us stay right here in peace and comfort."

But I told her, as I had before, that we could not always do as we wished; that in a few weeks, or months, we might be obliged to take the trail to buffalo again.

Berry made a flying trip through the buffalo country in May, and upon his return we made preparations to establish a trading post on the Missouri at a place named Carrol, something like a hundred and fifty miles below Fort Benton. Steele and Broadwater, partners in the "Diamond R." outfit, which was a great transportation company, had started the place some years before with the view of hauling freight from the steamboats there directly to Helena, but for various reasons this plan had failed, and their buildings had long since fallen into the ever-encroaching river. We chose the location because it lay south of the Little Rocky Mountains, north of the Snowies, had good wagon roads leading out of it, and above all because it seemed to be in the very center of the remaining buffalo country. We sent a trusty Indian north into Canada to notify the Blackfeet and Bloods of our intention, and they agreed to move down there as soon as possible. So did our near neighbors, the Piegiens. We counted on having a big trade, and as it turned out, we were not mistaken.

It was about the first of July (1880) that we embarked on the Red Cloud at Fort Benton, Berry, the Crow Woman, Nat-ah'-ki and I. There went with us also a French half-breed, named Eli Guardipe, the best rifle shot, the best buffalo runner and all-around hunter I ever knew. He was six feet two in height, rather slender, and I never saw any one who could keep up with him walking or running, for he had the wind and the muscle to endure. At the mouth of the Judith we came to the buffalo, the bottoms covered with them, the river black with them swimming across, some north, some south. And we saw herds of deer and elk and antelope, and on the bare cliffs and buttes many a flock of bighorn. The sight of all the game gladdened our eyes, and astonished the tenderfeet passengers. They made a rush for their rifles and shotguns and toy pistols, but the captain of

the boat forbade any shooting. He told Guardipe, however, that he would like to eat some roast bighorn saddle, and gave him permission to kill one. Soon afterward we saw a fine big ram standing near the top of a butte watching us. It was at least three hundred yards away, but a moment after Guardipe's rifle cracked it toppled over and rolled and bounded down into the river with a mighty splash. The captain reversed the big stern wheel, and waited for it to float alongside, when the roustabouts drew it on deck. That was about as difficult a shot as I ever saw made. The tenderfeet gathered around Guardipe, and stared at him in open-mouthed wonder.

We arrived at Carrol late in the afternoon. We had tons and tons of trade goods aboard, and it was wonderful to see how quickly the deckhands put the stuff ashore. Berry's bull train had preceded us, overland, and the men had already put up a commodious two-room cabin, which was to be our kitchen and dining room. We took possession of it at once, and the women cooked us a good meal.

By the middle of September we were in good shape for the winter, having built a large log store and warehouse 40x125 feet, a smoking house for curing buffalo tongues, and a row of sleeping quarters. True to their promise, the Blackfeet and Bloods came down from the north, and a little later came about two thousand Canadian Crees, under Chief Big Bear. There also trailed in a large number of Red River French and English halfbreeds with their awkward, creaking, ironless, two-wheel carts. Surely, we were not going to lack for customers. An opposition trader had started a small store about two hundred yards above us. He had never been in the Indian trade, but boasted of his commercial successes in the States, and said that he would soon put us out of business, even if he didn't have such a large stock of goods. When the Blackfeet appeared on the opposite side of the river, he went across and invited the chiefs to feast with him. They all got into his boat and came over, but the moment they stepped ashore a bee-line was made for our place, and the welcome they well knew awaited them. The trader was about the most chagrined man you can imagine. We made things interesting for him before the winter was over.

The north Blackfeet were friendly with the Crees; had intermarried with them to some extent. The two tribes camped side by side in the bottoms near us all winter. The Bloods, however, were not so friendly to them, and hunted out south of the river, along the foot of the Snowies. The chiefs of the two tribes made a sort of armistice, agreeing that for the winter, at least, there should be no trouble between them. But the Piegiens would not meet their long-time

enemy, and hunted in the country to the west of us, occasionally sending out a war party to kill a few of the Crees and drive off their stock. We got none of their trade.

Nat-ah'-ki and the Crow Woman were highly indignant when they saw the Crees pull in from the north. "By what right," asked the latter, "are they here? The soldiers ought to drive them back to their brush swamps. It is wrong to allow them to kill the buffalo and other game belonging to our people."

"They are dog-eating dogs!" Nat-ah'-ki exclaimed. "If you are going to ask their chiefs in here to feast, you can find some one to do the cooking, for I will not." And she kept her word. Seeing how she felt about it, I found an English halfbreed family to take charge of the mess. Nat-ah'-ki had lost a brother and an uncle in war with the Crees, and I could not blame her for feeling as she did toward them. The Piegiens, however, had always beaten the Crees, as they were braver, better armed, and better horsemen. Where the town of Lethbridge, Alberta, now stands, they once had a battle with them in which two hundred and forty of the Crees were killed, and many more drowned while attempting to escape by swimming the river.

I cannot explain why I also had a deep hatred for the Crees unless it was that Nat-ah'-ki's enemies were naturally mine, too. I am ashamed to say that I did hate and despise them, their looks, manners and even their language. I soon learned their words for the different articles of trade, but would never use them, pretending that I did not understand, and obliging them to tell me what they wanted either in Blackfoot, which most of them spoke, or by means of the sign language. Their chief, Big Bear, was a short, broad, heavy-featured, small-eyed man, with a head of hair which seemed never to have known the comb. Why he was a chief I could never learn. He did not seem to have even ordinary intelligence, and his war record did not compare with that of the average Blackfoot.

Even more than the Crees, I disliked their half brothers, the French-Cree Red River breeds. They were not dark, but actually black skinned like the negro, and they dressed in black, both women and men, the latter wearing a bit of color, a bright red sash around the waist. The women's kerchiefs even were black. And then the men had such a despicable way of wearing their hair, cut straight off just above the shoulders, and standing out around the head like a huge mop. But it was not for their looks that I disliked them so much as it was their habits and customs. They ate dogs, for one thing; they pretended to be faithful and zealous members of the church, but were the worst set of liars and thieves that ever traveled across the

plains; they hated the Americans as much as they did the English, and in their vile bastard French cursed us until, one day, I could stand it no longer. I jumped over the counter and struck one of them, a fellow named Amiott a stinging blow in the cheek which sent him sprawling to the floor, and it was all I could do to keep from kicking him when he was down. "That is for your low down cursing of us," I told him. "I will not hear any more of it in this place. If you don't like it, you and the others here go and heel yourselves and come back."

Strange to say, we did not lose any trade by this. The very ones I had called down remained our customers, and quiet ones they were, too.

Louis Riehl! How well and yet how little I knew him, he who led the halfbreed rebellion of 1885 in Canada, you remember. He was a fine looking man, even if his bright black eyes were a bit shifty and uncertain in their gaze; and he had such courtly manners. When still thirty or forty yards away he would remove his wide sombrero with a ground sweep and approach you bowing and smiling, and filling the air with high-flown compliments. He had a fine education; the Jesuits having trained him for the priesthood; but certain lapses had prevented his ordination. It was his education, I believe, which caused his downfall, for he overestimated himself and his power. Still, I was never able to determine whether he really believed in his cause and his power to right what he called the wrongs of his oppressed and defrauded people, or whether he got up the row, expecting to be bought off by the Canadian Government and to live in wealth ever afterward. Also, it may be that in his estimate of himself, his people and his position, he was mentally unbalanced. He came to us with his people from the plains of the north and soon got into Berry's good graces, for he was an exceedingly smooth and persuasive talker. He wanted some goods on credit with which to trade in his camp, and got them. We kept an open account with him for nearly two years. It is still open, for he left, vanished between sun and sun, owing a balance of seven hundred dollars.

"Well," said Berry, "I don't know but what we are about even. He must have bowed to us about seven hundred times, and I reckon that such grand and low bows as those are worth about a dollar apiece."

"Do you know," Riehl once told me, "these people of mine are just as were the children of Israel, a persecuted race deprived of their heritage. But I will redress their wrongs; I will wrest justice for them from the tyrant. I will be unto them a second David. Yes, I can compare myself to the great leader of the Jews. I, too, am writing psalms. Riding at the head of our columns, by the evening fire, in the stillness of the night, I think them out and put them on paper. Some day I shall have them printed."

None of the Red River halfbreeds, save Riehl had the slightest conception of the power of the Canadian, and back of that, the English people. But he knew, for he had been eastward to Ottawa, Montreal and Quebec, and from his reading had acquired an all-round knowledge of the world in general. Yet there at our place he held meeting after meeting and wrought his people up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm,

telling them that the Canadian-English were few and inexperienced, and that in a very few weeks they could subdue them by force of arms. Asked for our opinion, we told them that they had no earthly chance to win, and so did a Catholic priest, Father Scullin, who lived with us. The Bishop of Edmonton had sent him there to look after the spiritual welfare of the different tribes. He spoke Cree, and Blackfoot, and the Canadian French fluently. Had the buffalo lasted, I doubt if Riehl would have succeeded in getting the Red Rivers to revolt. But when they could no longer live by the chase, and began to starve, they became desperate and broke out. That was four years after the matter was first debated there on the Missouri. The whole body of them, Crees and Red Rivers, did not put up as good a fight as a handful of Blackfeet would have made, and Riehl was tried, condemned, and hung for treason.

Far different from the French, were the English and Scotch Red River breeds, who came down to us. They were neither negro hued nor black hearted, and it was a pleasure to trade and associate with them. The women were mostly fair haired, blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked dames, and the men great muscular, sturdy specimens of manhood, good to look upon. But hold! I must not utterly condemn the French breed women. I remember that some of them were exceedingly lovely, even in the sombre and outlandish garb they wore. There was a certain Amelie X., for instance, whose husband, a Frenchman, was killed in a buffalo chase. Every young French breed in camp was courting her, but she told them to go about their business and leave her alone. "I don't want no more French mans," she told us. "I don't want no H'Injun, no H'Englis mans. I want American mans, me."

Long John Pape and Mike Duval fought over her, and the former was badly whipped. Mike thought then that he had her sure, and was begging her to name the day, when, lo! one morning, Billy Burns walked into her cabin, picked her up in his arms without a word, and carrying her over to our place, he set her on her feet before the astonished priest. "Just hitch us up," he said, "and be quick about it."

"I won't!" Amelie screamed, giving him a resounding slap in the face. "I won't! Go way from me, you bad mans! Let me alone!"

"Oh! well," said Billy, "if you won't, of course you won't. I thought you kind o' liked me."

He turned away abruptly and started for the door, but Amelie ran after him and grasped his arm. "Come back you big fools," she commanded, with a stamp of her pretty moccasined foot. "Come back! Me, I'm only make it joke; course I marry you; you got blue h'eyes."

They stood again before the father: "It's a go, then?" he asked them. It was, and he married them then and there.

Such a blowout as there was that night! The dancing and drinking were something to be remembered! Long John and Duval not only made friends, but when Nat-ah-ki and I looked in for a moment, they were weeping on each other's shoulder. Billy and Amelie had fled. Having provided the cabin, the musicians, the solid and liquid refreshments for the party, they hitched a horse to a halfbreed sled and sped away down the river to the camp of a friend.

The buffalo remained in our vicinity and their numbers did not seem to diminish, although a

daily horde of hunters rode out to slay them. I went once, with a number of the Red River breeds. We sighted a herd soon after passing the rim of the valley and, screened from their sight by a sharp rise of ground, my companions dismounted, removed their hats, fell upon their knees, crossed themselves, and one old patriarch offered up a long prayer, asking for a successful chase and that no harm befall them or their horses in the run. Then they sprang up into the saddle and were off, quirted their horses madly and cursing them with the most terrible oaths at their command. Some, who found not sufficient of them in their own tongues, swore also in broken English.

"Paul," I said to one of them after the run, "had you been killed in the chase, where would your soul have gone?"

"Why, to the good God, most certainment."

"But after you prayed you cursed your horse; you used terrible oaths."

"Ah! but that was in the excitement; to speed the ill-born brute. The good God knows I meant no disrespect; most certainment. My—what you call him—soul would have gone to the pleasant place."

To accommodate the Bloods, and a large camp of Red Rivers, late in the fall we established a branch post on Flat Willow Creek, a tributary of the Musselshell. I rode over there several times during the winter, through great herds of buffalo, and antelope, and once I saw a band of wild horses, wilder by far than the game with which they mingled. Along the foot of the Snowy Mountains, in which the Flat Willow has its source, there were immense herds of elk and deer, and we bought large numbers of their skins.

I think that the Crees and Red Rivers loved liquor more than any other people I met on the plains. The Blackfeet liked it, but not well enough to impoverish themselves for it. The former, however, would sell anything they had to obtain it, even their women, and it was rare for a family to have more than half a dozen horses. Many of the Crees were obliged to walk when moving camp, packing their few effects on dogs. They were not lazy, however, and killed and tanned a great many robes which they exchanged for liquor, tea, and tobacco, seldom buying any finery. There were nights when at least a thousand of them would be drunk together, dancing and singing around little fires built down in the timber, some crying foolishly, some making love, others going through all sorts of strange and uncouth antics. There was very little quarreling among them, not half a dozen being killed in the whole winter. More than that number froze to death, falling on their way in the night and being unable to rise and go on.

WALTER B. ANDERSON.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A BERLIN paper tells of a new device that makes herring fishing easy. A microphone, which magnifies sounds, is plunged into the sea to ascertain if fish are passing that way. A wire connects the submerged microphone with an ordinary receiver, with which one listens to what is going on in the depths of the sea. Excellent results have been obtained in the North Sea by the invention for signaling the passing of the herring shoals.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

In the Lodges of the Blackfeet.

XXXI.—The Last of the Buffalo.

WHEN spring came the Blackfeet and Bloods moved back into Canada in order to get their treaty money from the Government. They intended to return in the fall, but now crossed the line again. The Crees and Red Rivers remained with us. Our trade for the season footed up four thousand buffalo robes and about an equal number of deer, elk and antelope skins. For the robes we received \$28,000, for the skins, some beaver and wolf pelts about \$5,000 more. That was our banner season, and the biggest one Berry had ever experienced. It was remarkable in that it occurred when the buffalo were so near extermination.

We were looking forward to a quiet summer, as usual, when orders came from the Sioux Agency Indian traders of Dacotah, and from firms in the Northwest Territory of Canada for pemmican and dried meat. The letters all had the same story to tell, "The buffalo are gone." They said, "Send us as many tons of the stuff as you can for our trade." The Crees and their half brothers were happy when we told them that we would buy all they could bring us, and they lost no time in beginning to hunt. Everything went that was meat—poor cows, old bulls and perhaps crippled horses. The meat was dried in wide, thin, flat sheets, and done up in rawhide thonged bales. Pemmican was made by pounding the dried meat into fragments and mixing it with tallow and grease extracted from the animal's bones. It was packed into green hide, flat, oblong bags, and the covering shrunk so tightly over the mass as it dried that a package of it had the solidity and weight of a rock. I do not remember how much of the stuff we got during the summer, literally cords and cords of the dried meat and hundreds of bags of pemmican, all of which we sold at a good profit.

There came to our place one day in midsummer a tall, slender man, who from his face and the black, sharp, ended-up curling mustache he wore reminded one of pictures of the old-time Spanish cavaliers. He spoke English, pure English, much better, indeed, than that of any white man around, better than many West Point graduates of the army. He introduced himself as William Jackson. The name seemed familiar, but I could not place him until he said that he was sometimes called Sik-si-kai-kwan—Blackfoot Man. Then I knew. How often I had heard old man Monroe mention him, his favorite grandson; of his bravery and kindness of heart. I couldn't help shaking hands with him and saying, "I have long hoped to meet you, Sik-si-kai-kwan; your grandfather has told me much about you." Well, we became lasting friends; friends to the day of his

death, and I hope that together we accomplished some measure of good in penance for our many sins.

No one can make me believe that there is nothing in heredity. There was Jackson, for instance. On his mother's side, he came from the Monroes, a notably brave family of Scotch Highlanders, and from the La Roches, a noble French family, some of whom early emigrated to America. His father, Thomas Jackson, had taken part in the Seminole and other Indian wars of 1832; his great grandfathers on both sides had fought in the Revolution. No wonder, then, that he took to war as a profession, enlisting at an early age as scout in the U. S. Army.

The summer previous to his enlistment he made a name for himself by killing three Sioux. He and his mother went berrying in the breaks of the river north of Fort Union, and when four or five miles away they saw five Sioux sneaking down on them, following a deep coulee running parallel with the ridge upon which they were riding. The Sioux were just entering a big thicket and imagined that they and their horses had not been seen. Jackson kept on a little ways, gradually riding off to the west side of the ridge and out of sight of the enemy. Then he told his mother what he had seen, made her take his horse, which was the strongest and swiftest of the two, and told her to ride back to the fort for help as swiftly as she could. She cried and objected, saying that if he was to be killed she wanted to die with him. But he finally assured her that he could take care of himself for a time and she started back as fast as the horse could run. Jackson at once went up to the top of the ridge, peering over it very carefully. In a moment the Sioux mounted and burst out of the brush full tilt after his mother. There was his chance, and kneeling to get a more steady aim, he fired his Henry rifle a number of times, dropping two of the enemy. But that did not stop the others, who came swiftly up the ridge, so he mounted his horse and took the back trail. One of the horses the Sioux rode proved to be a better animal than his, the other two not so swift. The rider of the former kept gaining on him, firing his muzzle-loader as fast as he could, and Jackson kept shooting back at short intervals, failing also to hit his foe. Finally, when the Sioux had lessened the gap between them to about a hundred yards, Jackson stopped his horse, and jumping off, knelt down and took a careful aim at his pursuer. He must have been a very brave Sioux, as he never stopped, but whipped his horse harder than ever. Jackson fired twice at him; the second shot hit him fairly in the breast and he instantly rolled off to the ground, where he lay perfectly still. Then Jackson remounted and rode on, the remaining two Sioux pursuing him for a half mile or so, when they stopped, seemed to talk together for a

moment, and turned back to take care of their dead.

Jackson was a favorite with the army officers, especially Generals Custer and Miles. On the morning of the battle of the Little Big Horn, June 25, 1876, he, with the other scouts, was detailed to accompany Major Reno. Had they accompanied Custer, they would have undoubtedly shared his fate. As it was, they did what they could—at the expense of the lives of most of them—to save Reno and his command from utter annihilation, for when the Sioux charged, they held their ground for a time, to give the soldiers a chance to retreat across the river and up on the hill, where they were nearly overcome several times by the enemy. Jackson was finally cut off from the command with Lieutenant DeRudia, Interpreter Guard, and a soldier. They lay in the thick brush all that day, and the next, and then when evening came Jackson ventured out, took sufficient leggings and blankets from the enemy lying about, and when they had dressed themselves in the leggings and moccasins, and wrapped blankets about themselves, he led them right through the watch fires of the Sioux to their comrades up on the hill. Only once were they accosted. "Who goes there?" asked some one sitting by a small fire roasting meat.

Jackson, who spoke Sioux perfectly, replied, "It is only us, we're going over here a little way."

"Well, go where you're going," said their questioner. "I'm going to sit right here and eat some meat."

At the time he came to the store at Carroll, Jackson was trading with the Indians out near the Judith Mountains. I was sorry to part with him. I hardly expected to meet him again, but I did some years afterward, where all of us "squaw men," as we were called, were driven by the tenderfeet, the "pilgrims," with their five-cent ways of doing business.

Winter came again, and the Crees and Red River breeds were still with us, but the buffalo were not so plentiful as they had been the previous winter. Their range was also smaller, extending from the mouth of Judith River eastward to the Round Butte, on the north side of the Missouri, a distance of one hundred and twenty-five miles, and back from the river not more than forty miles. They were far more plentiful on the south side, between the Missouri and the Yellowstone, but so were the hunters. They were hemmed in on the east by the Assinaboine and Yanktonais Sioux, on the south by the Crows, and a horde of white skin hunters that the Northern Pacific, then being constructed along the Yellowstone, had brought into the country. In the midst of the herds were our Crees and Red Rivers. The white hunters were the most destructive of all, and piled up more than one hundred thousand buffalo hides along the Yellow-

stone that winter, which they sold for about two dollars each to eastern tannery buyers. We got twenty-seven hundred robes, about a thousand deer, antelope and elk skins, and the rest of the traders along the river, all told, had about as many more. Most of the robes we got were killed in the early part of the winter. As the season advanced the hunters had to ride further and further to find the game. There was no doubt but what the end of the trade was near.

In February we ran short of trade blankets, and I went to a trading post up at the mouth of the Judith after more, taking Nat-ah'-ki with me. The river was solidly frozen, so we took that route, each driving a pony hitched to a Red River sled. It was pleasant, traveling up the familiar river over the smooth ice. The weather was not too cold, and it neither blew nor snowed. We traveled the first day to the foot of the Dauphin Rapids, and camped in the cabin of some wood hawks, temporarily absent. They had left the latch string out and a notice on the rude table which read: "Make yerself to hum, stranger, an' shet the door when you leeve."

We did make ourselves "to hum." Nat-ah'-ki cooked a good meal in the hearth, and then we sat long before the pleasant fire in the most comfortable of chairs. They were merely green buffalo hides stretched over a pole frame work, but they had been used as the skins dried, and fitted perfectly; every part of the body had just the proper support.

The next day we reached our destination, and on the following one started homeward with our loads of blankets. It was about four in the afternoon that we saw some buffalo scurrying southward across the river, and heard some firing back in the breaks. A little later we saw a large camp of Indians file down into a bottom below us. I was not a little uneasy at first, for I feared that they might be Assinaboines, and they had recently killed a woodhawk, and committed other depredations along the river. I stopped my horse and asked Nat-ah'-ki what we had best do, drive on as rapidly as possible, or stop and camp with them. She gazed at them intently for a moment; they were already pitching their lodges, and a painted lodge skin was just then elevated and spread around the poles. "Oh!" she cried, with a happy catch of the breath which was almost a sob, "Oh, they are our people. See! that is the buffalo medicine lodge they have put up. Hurry! let us go over to them."

They were indeed some of the Piegans under Red Bird's Tail, with whom we camped that night. They were as pleased to meet us as we were them, and it was far into the night when we reluctantly went to bed, the supply of lodge fuel having given out. "We are near the end of it," Red Bird's Tail said to me. "We have hunted far this winter, along Milk River, in the Wolf Mountains (Little Rockies), and now over here on the Big River, and we have just about had meat enough to eat. Friend, I fear that this is our last buffalo hunt."

I told him of the conditions south and east of us, that there were no buffalo anywhere, except the few between us and the Yellowstone, and even there no herds of more than a hundred or so. "Are you sure," he said; "sure that the white men have seen all the land which they say lies between the two salt waters? Haven't they overlooked some big part of the country where our

buffalo have congregated and from whence they may return?"

"There is no place in the whole land," I replied, "north, south, east or west, that the white men have not traveled, are not traveling right now, and none of them can find buffalo. Do not believe, as many of your people do, that they have driven them away in order to deprive you of your living. White men are just as anxious to kill buffalo for their hides and meat as you are."

"Then, that being the case," he said with a deep sigh, "misery and death are at hand for me and mine. We are going to starve."

On our way homeward the next morning, I saw a lone buffalo calf—almost a yearling then—standing dejectedly, forlornly, in a clump of rye grass near the river. I killed it, and took off the hide, horns, hoofs and all. The Crow Woman tanned it for me later and decorated the flesh side with gaudy porcupine quill work. That was my last buffalo. Along in the afternoon we startled something like seventy-five head which had come to the frozen stream in search of water. They scampered wildly across the bottom and up the slope of the valley to the plains. That was the last herd of them that Nat-ah'-ki and I ever saw.

The little woman and I had been homesick for some time. While we loved the great river, its lovely valley and fantastic bad lands, we did not like the people temporarily there. We were ever talking and dreaming of our home on the Marias, and so one May morning, we embarked on the first boat of the season for Fort Benton, and thence to Fort Conrad. And thus we bade good-by forever to the old plains life and the buffalo and the Indian trade.

Berry soon followed us, leaving a man in charge of our place, which we ran—at a loss—for another year, getting only three hundred, mostly bull robes, the last winter, 1882-3.

WALTER B. ANDERSON.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Twilight Limited.

"ALL aboard Northwest
Limited for Lake
Deer Park, Clear Lake,
Spooner, Silver Lake,
and Duluth, for
our train, a
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THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

In the Lodges of the Blackfeet.

XXXII.—The "Winter of Death."

THE summer days slipped by happily for all of us. Berry's mother and the Crow Woman made themselves a little garden, where the Marias and its Dry Fork join, irrigating it with water carried from the river. Their corn and pumpkins and beans, all of the stock which the natives had cultivated long before Columbus saw America, grew apace. The old women erected a shelter hard by their thriving plants, a roof of brush supported by four posts; and there Nat-ah'-ki and I spent many a pleasant afternoon with them, listening to their quaint tales, and the still more quaint songs which they occasionally sung. Early in the spring, Berry had again torn up the earth with his bulls and plows, and sown it with oats and wheat. Strange to say—for it was again a dry year—they grew and ripened, and were harvested and stacked, but never marketed. The pigs undermined the stacks, cattle and horses broke through the corral and trampled them, and all went to waste. We were no farmers whatever.

All summer we had Piegiens with us from time to time, and they told harrowing tales of hard times up at their Agency. The weekly rations, they said, lasted but one day. There was no game of any kind to be found; their Agent would give them nothing. Those with us and scattered along the river, by hard hunting, found deer and antelope enough to keep themselves alive, but those remaining at the Agency actually suffered for want of food. They were the ones who could not get away. They had lost their horses through a skin disease which had spread among the herds, or had sold them to the trader for provisions.

In September Nat-ah'-ki and I went up to the Agency to see for ourselves what was the condition of affairs. Arriving at the main camp, just below the Agency stockade, at dusk, we stopped with old Lodge-pole Chief for the night. "Leave our food sacks with the saddles," I said to Nat-ah'-ki, "we will see what they have to eat."

The old man and his wives welcomed us cordially. "Hurry," he commanded the women, "cook a meal for our friends. They must be hungry after their long ride." He spoke as if the lodge was filled with provisions. He smiled happily and rubbed his hands together as he talked. But his wives did not smile, nor hurry. From a parfleche they brought forth three small potatoes and set them to boil, and from another one, two quarter-pound trout, which they also boiled. After a time they set them before us. "'Tis all we have," said one of the women, pathetically, brushing the tears from her eyes. "'Tis all we have. We are very poor."

At that poor old Lodge-pole Chief broke down. "It is the truth," he said, haltingly. "We have nothing. There are no more buffalo, the Great Father sends us but a little food—gone in a day. We are very hungry. These are fish to be sure, forbidden by the gods, unclean. We eat them, however, but they do not give us any strength, and I doubt not that we will be punished for eating them. It seems as if our gods had forsaken us."

Nat-ah'-ki went out and brought back one of our food sacks and handed to the women three or four tins of beans, corned beef and corn, some sugar, coffee and flour. To the old man she gave a piece of tobacco. Ah! how their faces brightened! How they talked and laughed as they cooked and ate a good meal. It was a pleasure to watch them.

The next day we rode to the various camps and found the same conditions in each. Not what one could call actual starvation, but something very near it, so near it that the most vigorous of the men and women showed the want of food. They appealed to me for help, and I gave freely what I had; but that of course was a mere nothing, as compared to their needs. Nat-ah'-ki's mother had been long in one of the camps, caring for a sick relative, now dead. We rescued her from the place of famine and made our way back to the Fort.

After a talk with Berry, I determined to write a full account of what I had seen on the Reservation, and this I did, sending it to a certain New York paper for publication. I wanted the American people to know how their helpless wards were being used. I knew that some good people somewhere, would take the matter up and see that sufficient food was sent them to keep soul and body together. My contribution was never printed. I was a subscriber to the paper, and scanned its columns for weeks and months after I had sent in my registered manuscript. Alas! I did not then know how much politics affected even such an ordinary position as Indian Agent, and especially at that time, when the "Indian Office" was in the hands of a "ring." I had sent my story to the paper which was the mainstay of the Administration. Of course, they would not print it, and I gave up. Both Berry and I advised the Indians to kill their Agent, and see if that would not awaken people to their necessities; but they were afraid to do it; they remembered the Baker massacre. I know now where I could have sent that story, whence it would have been scattered broadcast throughout the land; but I was young, and easily discouraged, and so matters drifted and drifted along from bad to worse. Not many of the people died during the winter from actual want.

Summer came. The Agent gave out a few potatoes to the Indians to plant. Some actually

did plant them; others were so hungry that they ate what was given them. Also, in the early spring they scraped the inner bark of pine and cottonwood, and dug "pomme blanch," a tuberous growth something like a turnip, for food. Then came fishing time, and they caught trout. Somehow they got through the summer, and then came winter again, the starvation winter, the winter of death, as it was called, and from which ever afterward, everything was dated. In his annual report of the summer, dated Aug. 13, 1883, the Agent had much to say about the heathenish rites of his people, and but little of their needs. He told of the many hundred acres they had planted with potatoes and turnips—they may have planted five acres all told. In fact, he gave no hint of the approaching calamity. For years in his annual report he had recorded a constant increase in the tribe's resources; he would not now, it seemed, take back his words and make himself out a liar. It had been through his own single, strenuous efforts that the Blackfeet had risen to their present stage of civilization, "but their heathenish rites were most deplorable," he said.

Early in the fall, about fifty lodges of people came down and remained with us. There were still a few antelope, but when they failed to make a successful hunt, we gave them from what we had. None of them perished. But up at the Agency, as January and February passed, the situation was terrible. Old Almost-a-Dog, day after day, by ones and twos and threes, checked off the deaths of the starved ones. Women crowded around the windows of the Agent's office, held up their skinny children to his gaze, and asked for a cup of flour or rice or beans or corn—anything, in fact, that would appease hunger. He waved them away. "Go," he would say, surlily, "go away! Go away! I have nothing for you." Of course he hadn't. The \$30,000 appropriated for the Blackfeet had disappeared—somewhere, I suppose. The Indian ring got a part, and the rest, from which must be subtracted a freight tariff of 5 cents per pound, was used to buy many unnecessary things. Beef and flour were what the people needed, and did not get. In one part of the stockade the Agent kept about fifty chickens, a couple of tame wild geese and some ducks, which were daily fed an abundance of corn, freighted all the way from Sioux City up to Fort Benton by steamboat, and then more than a hundred miles overland, for the use of the Indians. The corn was Government property, which, by law, the Agent could neither buy nor in any way convert to his own use. Nevertheless, he fed it liberally to his hens, and the Indian mothers stood around mournfully watching, and furtively picking up a kernel of the grain here and there. And day by day the people died. There were several thousand pounds

of this grain, but the chickens needed it. And while the Agent fed it to them, his family dyed Government blankets to remove all trace of the U. S. I. D. (United States Indian Department) with which they were branded, and shipped bales of them to certain places, where they were sold.

The news of all this did not reach us until February, when Wolf Head came in one day riding the sorriest looking horse I ever saw. It had a little hair in places, the skin along the back was wrinkled, and here and there had been deeply frozen. "There are not many of them up there that look better," said Wolf Head, sadly. "Most of our herds are dead." And then he went on to tell of the starving and dying people. Long before he had finished, Nat-ah'-ki began to cry, and so did the Crow Woman, who was the only one of the others present. But while they cried, they were quickly heating some food and coffee, which they placed on the table before Wolf Head and told him to eat. Never in my life did I see food disappear so quickly, in such huge portions. I arose after a little and took the different things away. "You shall have them later," I said. The women protested until I convinced them that starving people sometimes die when given much food after their long fast. In the evening our place was well filled with the Indians from camp, and Wolf Head repeated what he had told us of the suffering and dying people. He named some of the dead, and one by one some of the listeners stole away to mourn for relatives they had lost. Here, there, sitting on the frozen ground or bank of the river they wailed, calling over and over the loved one's name. The sound of it was so distressing, so nerve-racking, that I felt like going out and asking them to desist and go home. But I could not do it. It was their way, their ancient way, of expressing their sorrow. What right had I to interfere; of what account were my nerves beside their sorrows?

When Wolf Head ended his harrowing tale, for a time all the men sat very still, not even smoking, and then they began, one by one, to heap such curses on their Agent and white men in general as their language permitted. Berry and I listened in silence; we knew they did not mean us—we knew that they regarded us as members of their tribe, their very own people. But we were nevertheless ashamed before them, sore that the cupidity and carelessness and lust for land of the white race had brought them and theirs to this pass. After the talk had somewhat drifted into half silences, Berry said what he could in the way of condolence, adding, "We told you months ago to kill that Agent of yours. Had you done that, there would have been a great excitement where the white people live, and men would have been sent here to look into the matter. They would have learned that you were without food, and a plenty would have been sent to you."

I said nothing. A thought had suddenly struck me which I at once put into execution. I sat down and wrote a letter to a New York gentleman with whom I had had some correspondence, but had never met, explaining fully the sad plight the Blackfeet were in. I can't say why I wrote to him, but I believe that fate directed me, for my story in due time reached a sympathetic hand, and I was told to go on up to the Agency and write an account of what I saw there. Unknown to me this gentleman had

ridden several trails in the West, and had formed a different opinion of Indians from what most white men have. In time he became what may be called an honorary member of the Blackfeet, the Pawnees, the Cheyennes, and other Northern tribes. The Fisher Cap, as the Blackfeet call him, has done more for them than all the different "Indian Rights," "Indian Aid" societies put together. He has rid them of thieving agents; helped them to get good ones; to get full value for the lands they have been obliged to sell; accompanied their delegations to Washington, and stood by them in their petitions to the Indian Office.

Well, I saddled a horse and rode up to the Agency. Not exactly to it, for I did not wish to get my friends into trouble. The Indian Police had been ordered by the Agent to arrest every white man they found on the Reservation. If I rode right into the stockade, the Police would have to arrest me or resign, and I wished none of them to leave the service, for the Agent gave them plenty of food for themselves and families. Therefore, I rode from one camp to another for a day, and what I saw was heart-rending. I entered and sat down in the lodges of friends with whom I had feasted not so long since on broiled buffalo tongues and ribs, on rich pemmican and other good things of the plains. Their women were mostly sitting gazing hopelessly at the fire, and upon seeing me drew their old thin robes about them, more securely to hide their rent and worn-out dresses. And the men! There was no hearty, full-voiced "Ok'-yi!" from them. They spoke the word of welcome of course, but in a low key, and their eyes could not meet mine, for they were ashamed. There was nothing in the lodge to eat, and the greatest of humiliations to a Blackfoot is to be unable to set out a little feast for his visitors. But when I began to speak about their predicament, they roused up quickly enough and spoke of their suffering children and wives, and of the deaths, and sometimes as they talked a woman would begin to sob and go out; one who had, perhaps, lost a child of her own. It was all very sad.

Leaving the camps in the vicinity of the Agency, I rode over to Birch Creek, the southern boundary of the Reservation, where there was a small camp. I found the people there slightly better off. A few range cattle were wintering in the vicinity, and the hunters occasionally went out in the night and killed one, so thoroughly covering up or removing all trace of blood and offal that had one ridden by the next day he would never have suspected what had been done there but a few hours before. It has always been a heinous offense to kill, rebrand, or maverick cattle in the range country, and the Indians knew it, hence their caution. The cattlemen knew of course that their herds were growing smaller, but they could prove nothing, so they merely damned the Indians and talked about "wiping them off the face of the earth." Even that last remnant of the Blackfeet's once vast territory, their Reservation, was coveted by the great cattle kings for many years, and as you shall learn later, they eventually got the run of it, after surreptitiously fattening, in connivance with various agents, thousands of beeves upon it for the Chicago market.

WALTER B. ANDERSON.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

In the Lodges of the Blackfeet.

XXXIII.—The "Black Robe's" Help.

DURING my visits to the various camps, I had heard much of a certain Black Robe or priest, whom the people called Stahk'-tsi kye-wak-sin—Eats-in-the-middle-of-the-day. "He is a man," the people told me, "a real kind-hearted man. Twice the Agent has ordered him off of the reservation, but he returns to talk with us, and help us as he can."

I learned that he had built a Nät-o-wap'-o-yis, or sacred house, on the non-reservation side of Birch Creek, and thither I went after visiting the last of the camps. I found the Rev. P. P. Prando, S. J., at home in his rude shed-like room, attached to the little log chapel, and there we two struck up a fine friendship which was never broken. I am not a religious man—far from it; that is as to a belief in a revealed religion and some certain creed. But, how I do admire these Jesuits. They have always been at the front here in America; have suffered hardships, cold and heat, hunger and thirst, and gone through such dangers as the representatives of no other creed have done. Nothing has daunted them in their zeal to propagate their faith in wild and savage lands. There was Father De Smet, for instance, who ascended the Missouri in 1840, and established a mission among the Flathead Indians. You should read his story. He crossed the Rockies, of course, to reach the Flathead country, and then he made a trip with my old friend, Hugh Monroe, among the Blackfeet on the east side of the Rockies, during which they had several narrow escapes from Assinaboine and Yanktonais war parties. But the Father found conditions unfavorable for founding a mission among the Blackfeet, for they were forever roaming over their vast hunting ground, one winter on the Saskatchewan, for instance, and the next far to the south on the tributaries of the Missouri or the Yellowstone.

Father Prando made me welcome; made me know that I was welcome, and I stopped with him for the night. We had supper; some yeast powder biscuits, rancid bacon, some vile tea, no sugar. "It is all I have," he said, deprecatingly, "but what would you? I have given a little here, and a little there, and this is all that remains."

Even that was better than I had found for several days, and I ate a number of the biscuits. We began to talk about the starving Indians, and I learned with surprise and pleasure, that the good Father had been trying for some time to obtain relief for them. He had written to the authorities in Washington, without result. Then he had corresponded with the army officers at Fort Shaw, especially with Col.

—now General—Edward A. Moole, and they had accomplished something. Reporting to the War Department the condition of the Blackfeet, there had been a lively scene between the officials of that and the Indian Department, with the result that an inspector was to be sent out. He was supposed even then to be on his way. "And now," the good Father concluded, "it all depends upon the inspector: If he be honest, all will be well; if dishonest, then ——" his voice trembled, and he could say no more.

It seemed that there was nothing more for me to do, so I started homeward by way of the Agency. When nearing the stockade, I met a policeman, and his face was one big broad smile. "Yesterday," he told me, "came a man from the home of the Great Father, and we are saved. I carry this letter from him to the soldiers; they are to bring us food;" and with that he hurried on.

Down at the trader's store, (it contained about a wagon load of goods) I at last got the details of all that had happened. I am sure that never before, nor since, has the Indian service had a more efficient man than was Inspector, or Special Agent G. Arrived at the stockade, he had the driver stop just within the gates. "Where is that chicken house?" he yelled, jumping from the wagon and staring at the gaunt forms of the Indians, standing apathetically around. The driver pointed it out to him, and he ran and kicked open the door, shoved the chickens out and piled out after them several sacks of corn. "Here, you," he called to the astonished spectators, "take these; take the chickens and go and eat something."

If the Indians did not understand the words, they at least understood his actions—and what a scramble there was for grain and fleeing, squawking hens. The Inspector hurried on across to the office, kicked open the door and came face to face with the Agent, who had arisen, and was staring at him in astonishment. "You —— canting old hypocrite," he cried, "I've just given your Indians those chickens, and some Government corn. What do you mean by denying that your charges are starving? Hey? What do you mean, sir?"

"They are not starving," the Agent replied. "I will admit that they haven't a large ration, but they are not starving by any means. Not starving by any means, sir. But who are you, sir? What right have you, breaking in here and questioning me?"

"Here is my card," the Inspector replied, "and I'll just add that I suspend you right now. Your goose is cooked."

The agent read the card and sank back into his chair, speechless.

The Inspector drew on the Fort Shaw commissary for what supplies could be spared, and bought more at Helena, but they were a long,

long time in coming. Owing to the melting spring snow, the roads were almost impassable, so, still for a few weeks, Almost-a-Dog kept cutting notches in his willow mortuary record, and at the end, after a bountiful supply of food had arrived, and a new and kind and honest Agent was looking out for their welfare, the total numbered five hundred and fifty-five! Nearly one fourth of the tribe had passed away. The living, weakened by their long privation, became an easy prey to tuberculosis in its various forms. To-day, there are but thirteen hundred full-blooded Blackfeet, seven hundred less than there were in 1884. They are going fast; they might as well, for there is no place left for them to abide in even comparative prosperity and peace. Since 1884, they have sold three million dollars' worth of land, and the money has mostly been used to purchase for them food, farm machinery and cattle. Under the few good Agents they have had they did remarkably well. For instance, under one Agent who served two terms, their cattle increased to something like twenty-four thousand head, for he allowed them to sell only steers and old dry cows. Under a succeeding Agent, however, their fine herd practically disappeared. Cows, calves, yearlings, were bought by the trader, rebranded and driven to his range in the vicinity of the Bear's Paw Mountains. Also, the Reservation was always, except during the short administration of an army officer, overrun with the stock of the great cattle kings. Their round-ups drove away many of the Indian stock, the vast number of steers they kept shoving upon the reserve caused the grass to become more and more sparse. To-day, I am told, the range is about gone, and the Indians are about to receive their allotments of land. When that happens, and the surplus land is opened to settlement, the sheepmen will drive their flocks upon it, and thereafter the Blackfeet will be unable to raise either horses or cattle. In a very few years, those once richly grassed hills will become as bare of verdure as is the middle of a country road.

I could not help but go back to tell the good father that his efforts to aid the Indians had proved more than successful, and thus I stayed another night with him. He told me of his work with the Crows, among whom he had been for several years, long enough, in fact, to learn their language. Like most of those frontier Jesuits, he could do things: He had a good knowledge of medicine and surgery. He could build a log cabin; repair a broken wagon wheel; survey and construct an irrigating ditch; and he was a successful fisherman and good shot. I came across him one afternoon away down on Milk River. He had been visiting some distant parishioners, and had tethered out his horses for a short rest. He was broiling something

over a small fire, and looking up, invited me to alight and eat with him. "It is a badger," he said, "that I have just killed."

"But," I expostulated, "they are not good to eat. I never heard of anyone eating badgers, did you?"

"My son," he replied, deliberately turning the meat over the glowing coals, "everything that God has made, has some use, if we could only discern it. This badger now, He made it; I am very hungry; therefore, I broil its meat—I killed it and it is mine—and I shall satisfy my hunger."

"But see here," I went on, dismounting and sitting down by his fire, "When you are traveling around this way, why don't you have a well-filled 'grub' box in your wagon?"

"I had; there is the box, you see; but save for a little salt and pepper, it is now empty. The people I visited were very poor, and I gave them all."

There you have it in a word. They gave them *all*, those Jesuits of the frontier. All their strength and endurance, bodily and mental; gave even the necessities of life, in their zeal to "gather the heathen into the shelter of the cross." This same man, at the age of sixty; have I not known him more than once to start out at dusk and drive wildly, madly, all night through a forty degrees below blizzard, to reach the bedside of some dying Indian who had sent for him to administer the last sacrament!

"Mistaken zeal." "Folly." Many of us may say. Well, granting that, yet must we still regard with reverence and something akin to awe, the men who dare all things, endure all things, for the faith that is in their hearts.

But to continue my story: Arrived home, I stabled my horse, and went to my room to hang up my chaps and spurs. I found Nat-ah'-ki in bed, her eyes swollen with weeping; and when she saw me, she sprang up and clung to me crying: "They are dead, both dead! My daughter, my handsome daughter, Always Laughs; they two who loved each other so much, both are dead! Both drowned in the everywhere's water."*

And then she told me, little by little, as she could between her fits of sobbing, of what Berry had read in the newspaper received that morning. Ashton's boat had foundered in a great storm, and all on board were lost. I sought out Berry, and he handed me the paper in silence. It was all too true. We were never again to see Ashton and Diana. Their yacht and all it held, lay at the bottom of the Gulf of Mexico.

That was a sad time for us all. Berry and his wife went to their room. Old Mrs. Berry and the Crow Woman were mourning and crying, away down by the river. I went back to comfort Nat-ah'-ki if I could, and the men cooked their supper. I talked long, far into the night with the little woman, saying all I could, everything I could think of, to allay her grief—and my own too; but in the end, it was she who solved the problem, in a way. I had thrown another chunk or two on the fire, and leaned back in my chair. She had been silent some little time. "Come here," she finally said. So I went over and sat down beside her, and she grasped my hand with her own trembling one.

"I have been thinking this," she began, falteringly; but her voice became firmer as she went on, "This: They died together, didn't they. Yes. I think that when they saw that they must drown, they clung one to another, and said a few words, if they had time, and even kissed each other, no matter if there were other people there. That is what we would have done, is it not?"

"Yes."

"Well then," she concluded, "it isn't so bad as it might have been, for one was not left to mourn for the other. We must all die sometime, but I think the Sun and the white man's God favor those whom—loving each other as they did—they permit to die that way."

She got up, and removing from wall and shelf various little gifts Diana had given her, packed them carefully away in the bottom of a trunk. "I cannot bear to look at them now," she said sadly, "but some day, when I am more used to it, I will take them out and set them in their places."

She went back to bed and fell asleep, while I sat long after by the waning fire, thinking much upon her words. More and more, as the years went by, I realized that Nat-ah'-ki was—well, I'll not say what I thought. Perhaps some of you, of sympathetic nature, can fill in the blank.

It was several years before Diana's gifts again took their place in our abode to delight the eye and the mind of the dwellers therein. But many a time did I see Nat-ah'-ki quietly take a picture of her daughter from the trunk, and after gazing at it lovingly, go away by herself to mourn.

WALTER B. ANDERSON.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Dragon Flies.

MUCH has been written in this country Europe about dragon flies, but for the folk and poetry of the subject we must go to Japan.

It is curious to note that the Island Empire once actually called after the dragon fly.

Says Lafcadio Hearn: "One of the names of Japan is *Akitsu-shima*, meaning, 'The Land of the Dragon Fly,' and written with a character representing a dragon fly—now called *tombo*, was anciently."

"In a literal sense," continues Hearn, "the name well deserves to be called the Land of the Dragon Fly; for as Rein poetically declared, 'The Land of the Dragon Fly is the Land of the Eldorado to the Neuroptera fauna of the world.' In other country of either temperate or tropical zone, so many kinds of dragon flies, whether even the tropics or the temperate zone, flies more curiously beautiful than those of the Japanese species."

It is not to be wondered at that the Japanese æsthetic and fanciful should have adopted the name. The author already.

"They made very peculiarities, even the propensity of the succession to a new Sometimes the and compared Buddhist and imponderable stillness times the anger, They change play ge sa

**Mo-to-yi' awk-hi*—The ocean.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

In the Lodges of the Blackfeet.

XXXIV.—Later Years.

THE very last of the buffalo herds disappeared in 1883. In the spring of 1884 a large flotilla of steamboats was tied up at the Fort Benton levee; among them the Black Hills and Dacotah, boats of great size and carrying capacity. The latter came up but once in a season—when the Missouri was bank full from the melting snow in the mountains—and this was their last trip for all time to come. Not only was it the last trip for them, but for all the smaller boats. The railroad was coming. It had already crossed Dacotah, and was creeping rapidly across the Montana plains. Tying up at night, using enormous quantities of wood fuel in order to overcome the swift current of the Missouri, the steamboats could not compete with the freight carrier of the rails.

When the railroad did finally enter the Rocky Mountain country, a branch running to Fort Benton, Great Falls, Helena and Butte, the main line crossing the divide through the Two Medicine Pass, it brought in its coaches many immigrants from the "States," at whom the old-timers laughed. "What are they coming here for?" they asked. "What are they going to do—these hard-hatted men and delicate looking women?"

They soon found out. The new-comers settled here and there in the valleys, and took up the available water rights; they opened stores in the towns and crossroads places and reduced prices to a five-cent basis; they even gave exact change in pennies. Heretofore a spool of thread, even a lamp-wick, had been sold for two bits. The old storekeepers and traders, with their easy, liberal ways, could not hold their own in this new order of things; they could not change their life-long habits, and one by one they went to the wall.

The men married to Indian women—squawmen as they were contemptuously called—suffered most, and, strange to say, the wives of the new-comers, not the men, were their bitterest enemies. They forbade their children to associate with the half-breed children, and at school the position of the latter was unbearable. The white ones beat them and called them opprobrious names. This hatred of the squawman was even carried into politics. One of them, as clean-minded, genial, fearless and honest a man as I ever knew, was nominated for sheriff of the county upon the party ticket which always carried the day; but at that election he and he alone of all the candidates of his party was not elected. He was actually snowed under. The white women had so badgered their husbands and brothers, had so vehemently protested against the election of

a squawman to any office, that they succeeded in accomplishing his defeat. And so, one by one, these men moved to the only place where they could live in peace, where there was not an enemy within a hundred and more miles of them, the Reservation; and there they settled to pass their remaining days. There were forty-two of them at one time; few are left.

Let me correct the general impression of the squawmen, at least as to those I have known, the men who married Blackfeet women. In the days of the Indians' dire extremity, they gave them all they could, and were content so long as there remained a little bacon and flour for their families; and some days there was not even that in the houses of some of them, for they had given their all. With the Indian they starved for a time, perchance. Scattered here and there upon the Reservation, they built for themselves neat homes and corrals, and fenced their hay lands, all of which was an object lesson to the Indian. But they did more than that. They helped to build their red neighbors' cabins and stables; surveyed their irrigating ditches; taught them how to plow, and to manage a mowing machine. All this without thought of pay or profit. If you enter the home of a Blackfoot, you nearly always find the floor clean, the windows spotless, everything about in perfect order, the sewing machine and table covered with pretty cloths; the bed with clean, bright-hued blankets; the cooking utensils and tableware spotless and bright. No Government field matrons have taught them to do this, for they have had none. This they learned by observing the ways of the squawmen's wives. I have seen hundreds of white homes—there are numbers of them in any city—so exceedingly dirty, their inmates so slovenly, that one turns from them in absolute disgust; but I only two steers, and what is that?"

In their opulent days, under a good agent, and when they had numbers of steers to sell, they bought much furniture, even good carpets. There came to me one day at that time a friend, and we smoked together. "You have a book with pictures of furniture," he said, "show me the best bedstead it tells about."

I complied. "There it is," pointing to the crib. "All brass, best of springs; price \$80."

"Send for it," he said, "I want it. It costs only two steers, and what is that?"

"There are others," I went on, "just as good looking, part iron, part brass, which cost much less."

"Huh!" he exclaimed. "Old Tail-feathers-coming-over-the-Hill has one that cost fifty dollars. I'm going to have the best."

Without the squawmen, I do not know what the Blackfeet would have done in the making of their treaties with the Government; in get-

ting rid of agents of whom the less said the better—for the squawmen fought their battles and took all the brunt of the trouble. I have known an agent to order his police to kill a certain squawman at sight, because the man had reported to Washington his thievery; and others to order squawmen to leave the Reservation, separating them from their families, because they had spoken too openly regarding their underhand doings. But at intervals there were good, honest, capable men in charge, under whom the Indians regained in a measure the prosperity they had lost. But such men did not last; with a change of administration they were always dismissed by the powers that be.

One thing the squawmen never succeeded in doing—they were never able to rid the Reservation of the great cattle kings' stock. The big men had an "understanding" with some agents, and at other times even with the officials of the Department. So their stock remained and increased and fed down the rich grasses. Most of the Indians and most of the squawmen carefully tended their little herds in some favorable locality as near as possible to their home; but always, once in the spring, once in the fall, the great round-up of the cattle kings swept like wild fire across the Reservation. Thirty or forty swift riders would swoop down on one of these little herds. Some of their cattle would be mixed in with them; but they did not stop to cast them out; there wasn't time; and they drove them all to some distant point or branding corral, and the owner of the little herd lost forever more or less of them. At last, so I am told, the Indians prevailed upon the Department to fence the south and east sides of the Reservation in order to keep the foreign stock out, and their own inside. There was no need of fencing the west and north sides, for the Rocky Mountains form the western boundary, and the Canadian line the northern. It cost \$30,000 to build that fence, and then the cattle kings obtained permission to pasture 30,000 head of cattle within it. But perhaps it is as well. It is only hastening the end a bit, for the Blackfeet, as I have said before, are to have their lands allotted. Then will come the sheep men, desolation in their wake, and then the end. It has been nearly the end for them this past winter. The Department decreed that no able-bodied person should receive rations. In that bleak country there is no chance of obtaining work, for the white men's ranches are few and far between. Even if a man obtained three months' work in summer time—something almost impossible—his wages could not by any means support his family for a year. A friend wrote me in January: "I was over on the Reservation to-day and visited many

old friends. In most of the homes there was little, generally no food, and the people were sitting sadly around the stove, drinking wild tea."

In the hegira of the old-timers to the Reservation, Berry and I took part. Fort Conrad had been sold. Berry bought out the Reservation trader, good will and goods, for three hundred dollars.

I got an insane idea in my head that I wanted to be a sheepman, and locating some fine springs and hay ground about twelve miles above Fort Conrad, I built some good sheds, and a house, and put up great stacks of hay. The cattlemen burned me out. I guess they did right, for I had located the only water for miles around. I left the blackened ruins and followed Berry. I am glad that they did burn me out, for I thus can truthfully say that I had no part in the devastation of Montana's once lovely plains.

We built us a home, Nat-ah'-ki and I, in a lovely valley where the grass grew green and tall. We were a long time building it. Up in the mountains where I cut the logs, our camp under the towering pines was so pleasant that we could hardly leave it for a couple of days to haul home a wagon load of material. And there were so many pleasant diversions that the ax leaned up against a stump during long dreamy days, while we went trout fishing, or trailed a deer or bear, or just remained in camp listening to the wind in the pine tops, watching the squirrels steal the remains of our breakfast, or an occasional grouse strutting by.

"How peaceful it all is here," Nat-ah'-ki once said, "How beautiful the pines, how lovely and fragile the things that grow in the damp and shadowy places. And yet, there is something fearsome about these great forests. My people seldom venture into them alone. The hunters always in couples or three or four together, the women in large numbers when they come to cut lodge poles, and their men always with them."

"But why are they afraid?" I asked. "I don't see why they should be."

"There are many reasons," she replied. "Here an enemy can easily lie in wait for one and kill without risk to himself. And then—and then they say that ghosts live in these long, wide dark woods; that they follow a hunter, or steal along by his side or in front of him; that one knows they are about, for they sometimes step on a stick which snaps, or rustle some loose leaves with their feet. Some men, it is said, have even seen these ghosts, peering at them from behind a distant tree. They had terrible, big wide faces, and big wicked eyes. Sometimes I even have thought that I was being followed by them. But, though I was terribly afraid, I have just kept on going, away down there to the spring for water. It is when you are away off there chopping and the blows of your ax cease, that I am most afraid. I stop and listen; if you begin to chop again soon, then all is well, and I go on with my work. But if there is a long silence, then I begin to fear. I know not what; everything; the dim shadowy places away out around; the wind in the tree tops which seems to be saying something I cannot understand. Oh, I become afraid, and I steal out to see if you are still there—if anything has happened to you—"

"Why—how is that?" I interposed, "I never saw you."

"No, you didn't see me. I went very quietly, very cautiously, just like one of those ghosts they talk about; but I always saw you. You

would be sitting on a log, or lying on the ground, smoking, always smoking, and then I would be satisfied, and go back as quietly as I came."

"But when you came out that way, why didn't you come further and sit down and talk with me?" I asked.

"Had I done so," she replied, "you would have sat still longer idle, smoked more, and talked of those things you are ever dreaming and thinking about. Don't you know that the summer is nearly gone? And I do so much want to see that house built. I want to have a home of my own."

Thereupon I would for a time wield the ax with more vigor, and then again there would be a reaction—more days of idleness, or of wandering by the stream, or on the grim mountain slopes. But before snow came we had our modest home built and furnished, and were content.

It was the following spring that Nat-ah'-ki's mother died, after a very short illness. After the body had been wrapped with many a blanket and robe and securely bound with rawhide thongs, I was told to prepare a coffin for it. There was no lumber for sale within a hundred and fifty miles, but the good Jesuits, who had built a mission nearby, generously gave me the necessary boards and I made a long wide box more than three feet in height. Then I asked where the grave should be dug. Nat-ah'-ki and the mourning relatives were horrified. "What," the former cried, "burying mother in a hole in the dark, heavy cold ground?"

"No! our agent has forbidden burials in trees, but he has said nothing about putting our dead in coffins on the top of the ground. Take the box up on the side of the hill where lie the remain of Red Eagle, of other relatives, and we will follow with all the rest in the other wagon."

I did as I was told, driving up the valley a half mile or so, then turning up on the slope where lay half a dozen rude coffins side by side on a small level place. Removing the box from the wagon, I placed it at some little distance from the others and with pick and spade made an absolutely level place for it. Then came the others, a number of friends and relatives, even three men, also relatives of the good woman. Never before nor since have I known men to attend a funeral. They always remained in their lodge and mourned; so this was even greater proof of the love and esteem in which Nat-ah'-ki's mother had been held.

Nat-ah'-ki, from the moment her mother had died, had neither slept nor partaken of food, crying, crying all the time. And now she insisted that none but she and I should perform the last ceremonies. We carried the tightly wrapped body and laid it in the big box, very carefully and tenderly you may be sure, and then placed at the sides and feet of it various little buckskin sacks, small parfleche pouches, containing needles, awls, thread and all the various implements and trinkets which she had kept and guarded so carefully. I raised and placed in position the two boards forming the cover. Every one was now crying, even the men. I held a nail in position, and drove it partly down. How dreadfully they sounded, the hammer blows hollowly, loudly reverberating from the big, half empty box. I had kept up thus far pretty well, but the cold, harsh, desecrating hammering unnerved me. I tossed the implement away, sat down, and in spite of all my efforts to control

myself, I cried with the rest. "I cannot do it," I said, over and over, "I cannot drive those nails."

Nat-ah'-ki came and sat down, leaned on my shoulder and reached out her trembling hands for mine.

"Our mother!" she said, "Our mother! just think; we will never, never see her again. Oh, why must she have died while she had not even begun to grow old."

One of the men stepped forward, "Go you two home," he said. "I will nail the boards."

So, in the gathering dusk, Nat-ah'-ki and I drove home. I unhitched the horses and turned them loose; and then entering the silent house we went to bed. The Crow Woman, always faithful and kind, came later, and I heard her build a fire in the kitchen stove. Presently she brought in a lamp, then some tea and a few slices of bread and meat. Nat-ah'-ki was asleep; bending over me she whispered: "Be more than ever kind to her now, my son. Such a good mother as she had! There was not one quite so good in all the earth; she will miss her so much. You must now be to her both her man and mother."

"I will," I replied, taking her hand. "You know that I will," whereupon she passed as silently out of the room and out of the house as she had come. It was a long, long time though, before Nat-ah'-ki recovered her naturally high spirits, and even years afterward she would awake me in the night, crying, to talk about her mother.

* * * * *

Since the rails of the great road had crossed the land which White Calf said should never be desecrated by fire wagons, I thought that we might as well ride upon them, but it was some time before I could persuade Nat-ah'-ki to do so. But at last she fell grievously ill, and I prevailed on her to see a famous physician who lived in a not far distant city, a man who had done much for me, and of whose wonderful surgical work I never tired telling. So, one morning, we took seats in the rear Pullman of a train and started Nat-ah'-ki sitting by the open window. Presently we came to a bridge spanning an exceedingly deep cañon, and looking down she gave a little cry of surprise and terror, dropped to the floor and covered her face with her hands. I got her back on the seat, but it was some time before she recovered her composure. "It looked so awfully far down there," she said, "and supposing the bridge had broken, we would all have been killed."

I assured her that the bridges could not break, that the men who built them knew just how much they could hold up, and that was more than could be loaded on a train. Thenceforth she had no fear and loved the swift glide of a train, her favorite place in suitable weather being a seat out on the rear platform of the last Pullman.

We hadn't been on the train fifteen minutes, when I suddenly realized something that I had never thought of before. Glancing at the women seated here and there, all of them dressed in neat and rich fabrics, some of them wearing gorgeous hats, I saw that Nat-ah'-ki was not in their class so far as wearing apparel was concerned. She wore a plain gingham dress, and carried a shawl and a sun bonnet, all of which were considered very "swell" up on the Reservation, and had been so

regarded in the days of the buffalo traders at Fort Benton. To my surprise, some of these ladies in the car came to talk with Nat-ah'-ki, and said many kind things to her. And the little woman was highly pleased, even excited, by their visits. "Why," she said to me in surprise, "I did not think that white women would speak to me. I thought they all hated an Indian woman."

"Many do," I answered, "but they are not women of this class. There are women, and women. My mother is like these you have spoken to. Did you notice their dresses?" I added. "Well, so you must dress. I am glad that we arrive in the city at night. You shall be dressed like them before we go to the hospital."

Our train pulled into the city on time, and I hurried Nat-ah'-ki into a cab, and thence to the side entrance of a hotel, thence upstairs to a room which I had telegraphed for. It was a Saturday night and the stores were still open. I found a saleswoman in a department store to accompany me to the hotel and take Nat-ah'-ki's measure. In a little while we had her fitted out with waists and skirts, and a neat traveling coat. How pleased she was with them, and how proud I was of her. There was nothing, I thought, good enough to clothe that true and tried little body, whose candor, and gentleness, and innate refinement of mind were mirrored in her eyes.

We had dinner in our room. I suddenly remembered that I had not thought of one article of costume, a hat, and out I went to get it. In the lobby of the hotel I met an artist friend, and besought his aid in selecting the important gear. We looked at about five hundred, I thought, and at last decided upon a brown velvet thing with a black feather. We took it up to the room and Nat-ah'-ki tried it on. "'Twas too small," we all declared, so back we went after another one. There didn't seem to be any larger ones, and we were discouraged. "They don't fit down," I told the woman, "can't be made to fit like this," raising my hat and jamming it down in place. The woman looked at me in astonishment. "Why, my dear sir!" she exclaimed. "Women do not wear their hats that way. They place them lightly on the top of the head, and secure them there with large pins, hat pins, running through the hair."

"Oh, I see," I said. "That's the way, is it? Well, give us back the hat and some pins, and we'll be fixed this time, sure."

But we weren't. Nat-ah'-ki wore her hair in two long braids, tied together and hanging down her back. There was no way of skewering that hat on, unless she wore her hair pompadour, or whatever you call it, bunched up on top of the head, you know, and of course she wouldn't do that. Nor did I wish her to, I liked to see those great heavy braids falling down, away down below the waist.

"I have it," said my friend, who had ridden some himself, in fact, had been a noted cow puncher, "we'll just get a piece of rubber elastic sewed on, like the string on a sombrero. That will go under the braids, close to the skin, and there you are."

The store was just closing when I finally got the elastic, some thread and needles, and Nat-ah'-ki sewed it on. The hat stayed. One could hardly knock it off. Tired and thirsty, the artist and I withdrew in search of a long fizzing drink, and Nat-ah'-ki went to bed. I found her wide awake when I returned. "Isn't this splendid,"

she exclaimed, "everything as one could wish it. You merely push a little black thing and some one comes up to wait on you, to bring you your dinner, or water, or whatever you want. You turn faucets, and there is your water. With one turn you make the lightning lamps burn, or go out. It is wonderful, wonderful. I could live here very happily."

"Is it better than the neat lodge we had, when we traveled about, when we camped right here where this city stands and hunted buffalo?"

"Oh, no, no," she cried, "it is not like those dear dead, past times. But they are gone. Since we must travel the white man's road, as the chiefs say, let us take the best we can find along the way, and this is very nice."

In the morning we drove to the hospital, and up the elevator to the floor and room assigned to us. Nat-ah'-ki was put to bed by the Sisters, with whom she immediately became infatuated. Then came the doctor. "It is he," I told her, "the one who saved me."

She rose up in bed and grasped one of his hands in both her own. "Tell him," she said, "that I will be good and patient. That no matter how bad his medicines taste, I will take them, that no matter how much he hurts me, I will not cry out. Tell him I wish to get well quick, so I can walk around, and do my work, and be happy and healthy once more."

"It is nothing organic," said the doctor. "It does not even need the knife. A week in bed, some medicine, and she can go home as well as ever."

This was pleasing news to Nat-ah'-ki, when she came to her senses. The chloroform did not even make her ill, and she was as cheerful as a lark from morning until night. The Sisters and nurses were always coming in to talk and joke with her, and when I was not on hand to interpret, they still seemed to understand one another, Nat-ah'-ki in some way making her thoughts known. One could hear her cheery laughter ringing out of the room and down the hall at almost any hour of day.

"Never in my life," said the Sister Superior, "have I known such another cheerful, innocent, happy woman. You are a lucky man, sir, to have such a wife."

Then came the happy day when we could set out for home again. We went, and for a long time Nat-ah'-ki talked of the wonderful things she had seen. Her faith in the Blackfoot men and women doctors was shattered, and she did not hesitate to say so. She told of the wonderful way in which her doctor had cut patients in the hospital and made them well; of his wonderful lightning lamp, (X-ray) with which one's bones, the whole skeleton, could be seen through the flesh. The whole tribe became interested and came to listen from far and near. After that, many a suffering one went to the great hospital and to her doctor, no matter what their ailment was, in full faith that they would be cured.

On our homeward way, I remember we saw a man and two women loading a hay wagon, the man on top of the load, the woman sturdily pitching up great forkfuls of hay to him regardless of the extreme heat of the day. The little woman was astonished, shocked. "I did not think," she said, "that white men would so abuse their women. A Blackfoot would not be so cruel. I begin to think that white women have a much harder time than we do."

"You are right," I told her, "most poor white women are slaves; they have to get up at three or four o'clock in the morning, cook three meals a day, make, mend and wash their children's clothes, scrub floors, work in the garden, and when night comes they have hardly strength left to crawl to bed. Do you think you could do all that?"

"No," she replied, "I could not. I wonder if that is not why some white women so dislike us, because they have to work so dreadfully hard, while we have so much time to rest, or go visiting, or ride around here and there on the beautiful plains. Surely our life is happier than theirs, and you, Oh, lucky was the day when you chose me to be your little woman."

* * * * *

The years passed happily for Nat-ah'-ki and me. We had a growing bunch of cattle which were rounded up with the other Reservation stock twice a year. I built two small irrigating ditches and raised some hay. There was little work to do, and we made a trip somewhere every autumn, up into the Rockies with friends, or took a jaunt by rail to some distant point. Sometimes we would take a skiff and idly drift and camp along the Missouri for three or four hundred miles below Fort Benton, returning home by rail. I think that we enjoyed the water trips the best. The shifting, boiling flood, the weird cliffs, the beautifully timbered silent valley had a peculiar fascination for us such as no place in the great mountains possessed. It was one of these river trips that Nat-ah'-ki began to complain of sharp pain in the tips of her right hand fingers. "It is nothing but rheumatism," I said, "and will soon pass away."

But I was wrong. The pain grew worse, and abandoning our boat at the mouth of Milk River, we took to the first train for the city where our doctor lived, and once more found ourselves in the hospital, in the very same room, the same good Sisters and nurses surrounding Nat-ah'-ki and trying to relieve her of the pain, which was now excruciating. The doctor came, felt her pulse, got out his stethoscope and moved it from place to place until, at last, it stopped at a point at the right side of the neck, close to the collar bone. There he listened long, and I began to feel alarmed. "It is not rheumatism, I said to myself. Something is wrong with her heart."

The doctor gave some directions to the nurse; then turning to Nat-ah'-ki he said, "Take courage, little friend, we'll pull you through all right." Nat-ah'-ki smiled. Then she grew drowsy under the influence of an opiate; and we left the room.

"Well, old man," said the doctor, "this time I can do little. She may live a year, but I doubt it."

For eleven months we all did what we could, and then one day, my faithful, loving, tender-hearted little woman passed away, and left me. By day I think about her, at night, I dream of her. I wish that I had that faith which teaches us that we will meet again on the other shore. But all looks very dark to me.

WALTER B. ANDERSON.

THE FOREST AND STREAM may be obtained from any newsdealer on order. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.

Cherokee

1912-29

the pipe
left
and him



ext arrivals at the tee
—hastily? Or will they
and admiringly at that
nt, tantalizing aroma?
rior of yours is packed
r Raleigh it will be as
on the eighteenth hole
It's milder. It's full of
and smooth—to the last
leaf in the bowl. Pack
hip before your next
and watch how a sweet
oves your game.

Sir Walter Raleigh, send
ur regular tobacconist and
you have a chance to get
this rich, milder tobacco.

rown and Williamson
oration, Louisville, Ky.



WALTER
LEIGH
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milder

out of the notch. The string thereby strikes the rear end of the arrow-shaft, driving it forward along its groove.

The curious bump seen over the lock is ingeniously planned, shaped and constructed to check any jump of the bow-string on coming out of the notch, such as might cause it to fail to hit and drive forward the shaft of the arrow. The common revolving catch or "nut" of the mediaeval cross-bow, released by a separate trigger and thereby allowed to revolve and release the cord, was very probably beyond the Indian's skill to copy or his tools to construct. The entire arm, save the bow-string, is of wood. No metal of any kind enters into it.

On what game were these cross-bows used, and at what distances were they capable of accuracy and effectiveness? I asked my *Croatan* informant both questions. His answer to the first was, "Any small game." As a reply to the second, he pointed out a distance which I measured and found to be 75 feet. In view of the Indian's invariable custom of stalking, or "sneaking," into the shortest possible range of any game whatever, it is entirely possible that such short killing-range may have been all he needed for birds, small animals and the like. The arrows, he told me, were made of dogwood, a common Indian arrow-material, or of stiff reeds. The points were of flint, or later of trader's iron, or often of the material of the arrow-shaft itself, sharpened and then hardened by fire.

Unlike Bob Becker's witnessing the actual use of the blow-gun and using one himself, none of us who saw and handled the old cross-bow was willing to try to bend it. Indeed, we would not have been permitted, and rightly so, by those in whose care it is today. Old bows of any kind, long unused, invariably become so dry and "set", that to draw one is almost certain to crack or break it. This strange old arm deserves, as it now receives, only

interested study and the respectful touch of those privileged to examine it.

Finally, what actual evidence does it present of the truth of the *Croatan* claim to descent from ancestral intermarriage with the members of the "Lost Colony"? The only true answer is, "None." I do think, however, that it is in itself definite evidence that in the long ago—perhaps more than three hundred years since—the ancestors of these multi-bred Indians learned, from Europeans familiar with the cross-bow, how to make and use these weapons, and that of such instruction this remarkable relic is a direct descendant. There exist even traces of other Indian tribes (the *Potawatomi*) having made and used similar weapons. In their case, also, I feel sure that they learned the idea from early European explorers.

THE cross-bow was used in England in hunting deer till at least 1621 and was similarly used on the Continent until after 1650. During these latter years constant expeditions of discovery, exploration and colonization landed on the eastern coast of America and even penetrated far into the interior.

While the gun was being increasingly adopted and developed for military purposes during this time, nothing would still be more likely than that many of the arriving colonists, perhaps of the humbler classes, would bring with them their hunting cross-bows. The weapon's independence of any supply of powder and lead such as was necessary for the serviceability of the gun was, doubtless, an important factor. Its arrows could be made anywhere and it would kill small game or, with skill and good luck, even deer. From such the ancestors of my *Croatan* Indian friends learned to make these arms with which hunting was done in the pine-woods and swamps along the Lumber River at a date within the memory of not a few who may read these lines.

NOTES ON THE SUBJECT OF GUN-FITTING

By H. P. SHELDON

SOONER or later, every gun lover who enjoys an occasional opportunity to publish his ideas, experiences, and opinions for the dubious benefit of others, is lured into the production of an essay on the fitting of the gun. The subject is beguiling in the matters it presents for discussion, and also because it has constituted an active problem among the shooting gentry ever since the discovery of the art of wing-shooting. It is a dangerous subject for arbitrary discussion, however, and unless the essayist is very good and very careful he is likely at this point in his career to lose whatever measure of confidence he may have gained from his readers.

The correct "fit" of a gun is, for the experienced shooter, the most desirable and sometimes most elusive of all the qualities that may be bestowed by the gunmaker upon that temperamental arm, the shotgun. A man can adjust himself to the peculiarities of a rifle, but the shotgun must be adjusted to the peculiarities of the man—a thing that is sometimes fairly easy to accomplish and in other cases is baffling and difficult in the extreme. It cannot always be done simply by giving the gunmaker a set of measurements to indicate length and drop of stock, circumference and length of grip, and kindred specifications. The reason for this is that the control of the shotgun involves mental impressions, nervous impulses, reactions, and other influences more nearly associated with the study of

psychology than we are apt to realize.

As a rule, we begin our shooting knowing little or nothing about gun fit. A three-inch drop on a nine-pound gun seems to us then to be as good as any other combination. As we progress, however, we discover that certain individual arms seem to possess a marvelous power to complement our skill. The effect, to one who has perhaps been shooting an awkward, badly designed, sluggish piece of ironmongery, appears to be almost miraculous. Once it is experienced, no sensible gunner will ever again use for long, or with any actual pleasure, a weapon that does not have this attribute.

The quality is not easy to define. Many sportsmen believe that fit is wholly a matter of stock dimensions and so are content to rely on these specifications when they order a new gun. In truth, the length, drop, and shape of stock are important details, but the desired "handiness" is concerned with more than these. The weight of the gun, the length of the barrels, the shape of the rib, the trigger pull, and even the type of action, box or side lock, are likewise matters of importance.

One will not purchase many guns before discovering that he can have two weapons exactly alike in all such details as can be measured with a pair of calipers, yet one may be a nice fit while the other is hopelessly "off." It is at this stage that men lose faith in the simple rules of self-measurement and, unless they take

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off by the inertia where such a light and
low mounted scope is concerned.

Another scope of comparatively recent
design is the Hunter Model brought out
by Belding and Mull of Philipsburg, Pa.

This instrument was designed by Mr.
Belding to meet the needs of those among
us who found the original B. & M. Marks-
man Model entirely too heavy and cum-
bersome for sporting use.

It was built with an eye to the fact that
the hunter normally uses but one load and
rarely changes adjustments. He usually
zeros his sights for average distance and
holds over for increased range. This is
simple enough with any good telescope.

The glass is 2½ power, which is quite
all the hunter requires in the way of
magnification, and has a field of 40 feet
at 100 yards. The glass has unusually
high illumination and clear definition,
though I do not know the exact amount.

The scope is 12 inches long and 1½
inches in diameter and weighs but nine
ounces alone and complete with the mount
attached, 14 ounces. It is supplied with a
reticule having a flat top post—fine, me-
dium or coarse; or a pointed picket for an
aiming point.

The glass has universal focus and is
said to be free from parallax at any
range. There are absolutely no exterior
projections on either scope or mount. All
adjustments for elevation, windage and
parallax are achieved within the tube.
Upon the forward end of the tube is a
sleeve cover which slides forward reveal-
ing the adjustment screws—one on top for
elevation, and one on each side for wind-
age. The necessary adjustment must be
made with a small, preferably a jeweler's,
screw driver, and when once set, remains
fixed for all time.

The mounts consist of two dove-tail
bases permanently screwed to the top of
the receiver and a truss female portion in
which the glass is supported. This is de-
tachably and when attached, is locked in
place by two locking levers, similar to
the system used with the Griffin and Howe

mount, instead of the impractical screw
pins supplied with the original Marksman
Model to which I objected. They involved
too much waste of time in attaching or
detaching the instrument to the rifle with
the ever present possibility that one or
more of them might be dropped and lost.

In all, its simplicity of design—neat
outline, light weight and strength, to-
gether with the fact that it is attached and
sighted in for \$56.00 to any rifle—com-
mends it to practical sportsmen.

The only fault with it is, that as it is
mounted directly over the center of the
barrel, it prohibits the use of the iron
sights when the glass is attached, unless
it is mounted far higher than is desirable.

As attached to my Savage Model
1899G for the .250-3000 cartridge as il-
lustrated on page 82, it presents a splendid
combination for vermin. I had no difficulty
in securing with it 2½ inch groups at
100 yards from the prone position with
sling, but without rifle rest.

THERE is also a new mount designed
and manufactured by the Neidner Ri-
fle Corp., Dowagiac, Michigan. I have not
seen, much less used it. It appears from
the photographs to be similar to the Grif-
fin and Howe and the Noske, save that the
windage adjustment is taken care of at
the front end, instead of the rear and is
accurately laid off on the adjustment
screw-head. Also the fastening of the
detachable portion to the base portion on
the rifle is cared for by two screws, the
heads of which are slotted to be turned
with a coin. Otherwise, it is an off-set
mount with a dove-tail fastened to the
left side of the receiver supporting the
glass, over the center of the barrel.

I believe that, as all of the good mounts
are quite similar in design, except the
Meise, and it seems no better method can
be found at this late date for the bolt ac-
tion rifle—that the precision with which
they are made is the most important con-
sideration. Such careful workmanship we
would expect from the Neidner shop.

CROSS-BOWS AND THE INDIANS WHO USED THEM

By Paul B. Jenkins

FEW articles on unusual arms have ever
given me as much of a "kick"—which
is saying a good deal, as they happen to
be my incurable hobby—as did "Bob"
Becker's striking tale in the March issue
of FIELD AND STREAM about the Cherokee
Indians on the eastern slopes of the Great
Smoky Mountains in western North Caro-
lina, and the primitive blow-guns which
they still use. Inasmuch as it chanced
that I got my copy the night before I
was to start for that identical neighbor-
hood, on a motor-trip from Wisconsin to
North Carolina, I naturally found this nar-
rative particularly interesting. I was not
half-way through it, before I had vowed
that I would go to Bryson City and meet
Horace Kephart—whom everyone inter-
ested in woodcraft or the Southern "high-
landers" or the history of the mid-South
always hopes to meet. From there I
would go to see those Cherokees of Bob's
and have a look at those blow-guns.

It happens that I know a little, in an
amateurish way, about blow-guns, as I
have owned two of them. One of these
came from Sumatra, and I shot—or should
I say "blew"—it around southern Wis-
consin. This gun, however, was of the
more common light-arrow variety using
tiny, slender bamboo darts whose points
had been, or were supposed to be, poisoned.
It is true they are old, and had been
"doped" some time ago, and maybe I
was a bit shy of them. I must confess,

however, that I never could get those
things to travel with any accuracy, and
I certainly wanted to see an American
blow-gun that would propel a life-size
arrow with sufficient power to kill small
game. Accordingly, the next morning,
when we waded through three feet of
snow in a temperature 19½ degrees "be-
low," to start the car, the Lady said:
"Well, here goes for warmth and sun-
shine and flowers!" I added: "Yes, and
for Bob Becker's Cherokees and their
blow-guns!"

But I didn't make it, at that. After be-
ing detained for thirty-six hours at Berea
by that famous snow-fall such as the oldest
"highlanders" of those Kentucky hills had
never heard of, we finally wound around
the dizzy curves of the mountain highway
through Cumberland Gap in a pouring
rain that threatened to wash away any
road that wasn't made of concrete. And
I had an appointment at Pinehurst, on
the other side of the State, the next day!
So I had to pass up meeting Horace Kep-
hart and the Cherokees and their blow-
guns, until—well, next winter, maybe.

It was a disappointment, of course,
such as only a "blown-in-the-glass" gun-
crank knows. But it chanced to be only
a few days thereafter that I ran across
a tale that made my eyes stick out—for
a sane, normal, intelligent individual
calmly told me of more North Carolina
Indians, who claimed to be descendants

of Sir Walter Raleigh's famous "Lost Colony" of 1587. These Indians used, and still had in their possession cross-bows, which they claimed were centuries old and were copied from old English originals in the possession of those long-lost English Colonists of the Sixteenth Century! Can you imagine how long it took me to start for those cross-bows?

Were they there? Well, look at the photograph!

The claim of these people to their "Lost Colony" ancestry will be summed up as briefly as possible. It is important, however, as their cross-bows are no small link in such evidence as exists in the case.

In 1583 Queen Elizabeth—urged by that popular craze to discover and claim new and unknown lands and their possible riches—authorized Sir Walter Raleigh, "his heirs and assigns forever, to discover, search, find and view such remote and heathen and barbarous lands, countries and territories, not actually possessed of any Christian Prince, nor

the tract of sand, pine-forests, swamps and rivers which constitute the southeastern corner of North Carolina. This unattractive area was largely passed by in the continuous settlement of more fertile and promising sections. Here an outlying band of Cherokee Indians continued to live very much as they pleased.

It chanced that in 1864, on a funeral occasion attended by a number of whites, an old Indian of the tribe made a speech. He narrated a striking tale to the effect that many years before, his people had taken certain whites to live with them. They adopted their ways, laws and religion, and had ever since been on the side of the white race.

When this address came to be known, there gradually arose a marked interest in these particular Cherokees. Investigations continuing until the present day have revealed no definite clues whatever proving any connection between the famous "Lost Colony" and this *Croatan* group (as they call themselves) of obviously



American Indian cross-bow made about 1780 by the Croatan tribe of Cherokees, Robeson County, North Carolina

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inhabited by Christian people, as to him, his heirs and assigns, to every or any of them shall seem good, and the same to have, hold and occupy and enjoy, to him, his heirs and assigns, forever."

On the strength of that commission, Raleigh fitted out a number of expeditions to the still largely unknown eastern shore of the new western world. Such expeditions sailed in 1584, 1585 and 1586. In 1587 three ships landed what was meant to be a permanent colony of 125 men, women and children, on Roanoke Island on the coast of North Carolina.

The commander of the expedition, John White, returning to England for supplies, was detained by the Spanish Armada's great attack on England. It was not until four years later, in 1591, that he was able to return to ascertain the fate of his luckless colonists. To his dismay he found them vanished, their fort in ruins, the sole tangible clue to their fate being the word *Croatan* carved on a tree on the deserted site. This was the English version of the name of a tribe of friendly Indians living not far away, also called *Croatan*s. But the captain of "Governor" White's hired ship would not wait to permit a search to be made for them, so the vessel left, and neither man, woman nor child of the "Lost Colony" was ever seen again by white men.

So much is definite history; and there are details innumerable on record, of the expeditions, their personnel, names, desultory explorations, experiences, and the like—a fascinating story for the student.

In the course of the next two hundred and fifty years America was largely settled, developed and civilized, with here and there a few out-of-the-way spots that remained little known. One of these was

very mixed-breeds. There are, however, many curious and certainly suggestive evidences of a close degree of intimacy between their forefathers and a considerable element of European and negro infusions into the tribe.

In Robeson County, where they chiefly live today, they constituted, as they still do, the bulk of the population—possibly some 6,000 to 8,000 living there now. Among them is every shade of skin from deep bronze to practically perfect blondes, and every texture of hair from the long, black, coarse locks of the Indian to "kinky" or even "golden" curls—many very fashionably "bobbed"! Any pretty ones? Well, you ought to give the girls at the County Normal School "the once-over"!

BUT, note!—these investigations have shown that of the hundred and twenty recorded family names of the "Lost Colony" of 1587, not less than sixty are family-names among these *Croatan*s today. They are nearly all Protestants, and claim long to have been such. The old people among them use many curious words which seem definitely old English—"hit" for "it," "hosen" for "hose," "housen" for "houses," "mension" for "measurement," "mon" for "man," and many others. Almost without exception, the more intelligent elders claim intermarriage between whites and Cherokees as their definite family-traditions. And up to fifty years ago the more remote or poorer members of the tribe, unable to afford guns and gunpowder, hunted continually with wooden cross-bows. It is claimed that these bows were made—many of them a hundred to a hundred and fifty years ago—on the lines, construction and operation of those originally

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brought over by the "Lost Colony" of 1587.

Of these extremely interesting old cross-bows, at least two survive today and it is not improbable that others might be unearthed by a thorough search among their settlements. One is, so they told me, in the possession of their "head chief." Another was fortunately secured by the devoted labor of their foremost white friend and historian, the late Mr. Hamilton McMillan of Red Springs, Robeson County. It was wisely placed by him for permanent preservation with the State Historical Commission at Raleigh, where I saw it. I handled and measured it, and by the courtesy of Colonel Fred. Olds of the State Historical Collection was permitted to secure the accompanying photograph of this most remarkable relic of the past.

The arm is 36 inches long from center of butt to "muzzle," and the stout, thick bow is the same length "from tip to tip." It is extremely light in weight, weighing less than four pounds. The wood of which it is made is a light grayish-yellow in color. One of the veteran *Croatan*s, Mr. Calvin Lowrey of near Pembroke, told me that it was maple. It shows every evidence of great age and much handling, being literally worn smooth in many places, such as the grip, butt and left-hand grip. Mr. Lowrey told me that the bow was not less than a hundred and fifty years old, and possibly older.

THE shape of the stock from trigger to butt is very definitely gun-like; more so than of any early cross-bow of which I know. I think that any informed examiner would agree with me that this part of the arm was copied from a gun-stock. The bow-string is of thick, strong, twisted raw-hide. It is fastened to the ends of the bow so it can be either lengthened or shortened at the choice of the shooter, thus of course loosening or tightening it and thereby giving less or more power—and a corresponding range and accuracy—to the discharged arrow. Such alteration of tension was effected by simply taking up or letting out an additional turn of the string around one tip of the bow, as is distinctly shown on the right-hand tip in the photograph.

The same veteran told me that in his own use, and seeing others use these weapons, it was the practice, for the sake of avoiding unnecessary over-strain of the bow, to effect only such tension of the string as an anticipated shot would seem to require.

The arm has no sights of any kind. It is well known that many ancient European cross-bows had elaborate sights, with elevating "peep" and even wind-gauge devices. A Swiss cross-bow that I own has an elevating rear peep-sight and a front bar-sight on a block.

The "lock," so to speak, of the arm, whereby the string is held in the drawn or "cocked" position, and thence discharged, is at once simple and ingenious. Yet it is unlike any other of which I have been able to find record; and I have all the books on the subject. It consists of a simple notch to which the string is pulled back, thus bending the bow. In the front face of this notch, is a slot in which fits the upper rear face of the trigger, a simple stout piece of wood, trigger-shaped, pivoted in front of the notch and extending below the stock like the trigger that its lower portion forms. There is no trigger-guard, nor a trace of any. On "cocking" the bow-string—and placing an arrow in the groove for it with the rear end of the shaft just in front of the drawn string—a pull on the trigger simply shoves the string up and

"I'll get that bird"

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equally sure of his —

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Samson Welch, champion Cherokee blow-gunner, about to blow an arrow through his 9-foot 4-inch gun

Blowing Up Your Game

The Cherokee Indians of the Great Smoky Mountains are the original "blow-hards"

By BOB BECKER

EVEN in this day of remarkable guns and long-range shells, many a moan rises from disgruntled hunters because they can't reach far enough on a moving live target. I used to be in this lamenting chorus, but I'm cured, as just a short time ago I stepped back five centuries to get acquainted with the blow-gun. It's a far cry from "two-lung" power guns to high-power rifles. No, "far" is not quite strong enough to describe the distance between the lung-power blow-gun of the Cherokee Indians and our modern hunting weapons. Now that I am shooting both, I have resigned from the choir of gun complaints.

And what is this American blow-gun? Speaking straight to the point, it's a long, hollow tube of bamboo cane through which short arrows feathered with thistle down are blown with sufficient force to kill small game. Immediately a loud noise may be heard, above which the sportsman will shout, "Go on! You can't blow anything hard enough to kill small game."

But the blow-gun will kill game, and today in far-away countries it still is killing game for the naked savage who uses it. I do not know how old the blow-gun as a weapon is. Perhaps the Bureau of Ethnology in Washington can say. But this much is true. The Choctaw and Cherokee Indians in the United States have used blow-guns for many centuries. Moreover, the scientists tell us that these tribes learned of this weapon from Indians far to the south. Sounds reasonable enough, as I have traveled many thousands of miles through the hinterland of Brazil and I can take you to blow-gun Indians down there along the equator.

But enough of this scientific angle. Lay aside your rifles and your goose

guns, and I'll put you next to the mechanics of the original brand of "blow-hard" smokeless powder and a two-lung power gun.

I found the Cherokee Indian blow-gun a few months ago, when I made a peaceful invasion of the Cherokee Indian reservation about fourteen miles from Bryson City, North Carolina. It seemed quite fitting that close to Bryson I should find this primitive old weapon which brings with it an atmosphere of outdoor life, woodcraft and savages, because in Bryson I met Horace Kephart,

Close-up of a thistle-down arrow



author of the book on woodcraft which every sportsman knows.

Living on 65,000 acres of as beautiful a mountain country as I have ever seen, the Cherokees and their blow-guns were soon located. I spent many hours in their home country tramping up steep mountain sides to visit some of the old men who owned blow-guns, and I talked with them, through interpreters, about the old days when hunting with a blow-gun was a common way of getting meat for the pot. Then some of the expert gunners demonstrated their skill.

The first complete demonstration of what a blow-gun could do in the hands of an expert was given by Samson Welch, a good-looking Cherokee living altogether too high, for me, up one of the many mountainsides on the reservation. Welch trotted out his blow-gun, made two arrows for me, and then did some target shooting.

HIS gun was 9 feet 4 inches in length. It was a straight, hollow tube of bamboo cane, brown with age, slightly cracked, but still shooting straight as a line. I found the breech end slightly larger than the muzzle. The inside of the gun was well polished. In some way the Indians have been able to burn out the joints in the cane so that nary a blemish, bump or rough edge can be seen in the barrel.

Every outdoorsman is familiar with the feathering which the Indians of North America put on arrows for bow work. But the Cherokees, probably after considerable experimenting, turned to the light, fluffy, silk-like down of the thistle pod for their blow-gun arrows. In this phase of their blow-gun work they again show a relationship to the Indians of Brazil, who "feather" their small blow-gun darts with finely drawn cotton.

Captain Kidd's Pond

"On a fly." And Bill actually swelled. It was a treat to see the look of relief chased by a smile that spread across his weathered face. "Crotch!" he exclaimed, and continued his smoke. Presently, he asked several questions that were obviously to test out Bill's geographic knowledge of the country in which Island Lake lies. He seemed satisfied with Bill's answers.

"By crotch!" he exclaimed. "I got a notion to tell you about a pond, not many miles from thar. An' I'll gamble that there ain't anybody fished in it since I was thar last." He got up out of his chair and looked at Bill. "By jingo! I'm a-goin' to," he exclaimed.

Then he insisted that we gather about him, and he whispered the tale:

"Fifteen—no, it ain't more 'n ten years—come next July I done a fool thing," he began. "I lugged a two-gallon can of small salmon for thirty miles and dumped 'em in a little pond in that country where you caught that big trout. It's a little pond, maybe ten acres, but she's a deceivin' one—waters deep, deeper 'n you'd guess a little pond could be. She's plumb full of feed—shiners. Never was a good fish pond. Fact, nobody ever caught a trout in it. Some little ponds did get left out when ole nature put the trout round, yer know. I was back thar two, t'ree times, an' them salmon was a-growin' good. Sometimes when I can't sleep at nights, I lay awake wonderin' how big they be now."

"BUT," pointed out Bill, "somebody 'B got them long ago."

The old-timer shook his head. "Guess not; guess not," he said. "It's an outer the way pond. Off from the way a feller would naturally look for a pond, and there's no inlet or outlet to foller."

"But somebody just must have blundered on to them," persisted Bill.

"Guess not," said the old man. "How'd you like to be the first to try 'em out?"

Bill opened his mouth and then shut

it. He looked as though he might laugh or cry, and wound up with scratching his head.

"You can see," said Jake, "that he's itching to go."

"They're thar," said Durgin Bean impressively.

"But," said Jake, "ten years is a long time."

"It ain't so long, young feller. Thar's sunthin' shy about that pond. If anybody up that way knows about it, they've never give it a thought as a place to fish."

"BUT somebody going by would be sure to see them jumping in ten years' time," I suggested.

"Does seem possible," agreed the old-timer, "but I 'spose hundreds has passed by that pond without seein' it at all."

Several customers came into the store, and I left to help the clerk. While I was so engaged the old-timer went out. And we never saw him again.

It takes several kinds of folk to run a successful sporting goods store, or any other project, for that matter. When the old chap failed to drop in again and we never saw him trailing by, Jake formed a pronounced opinion that he had been stringing us.

"It sounded like a Captain Kidd treasure-map story," he declared. But Jake is very human; so he added, "Blamed if I don't hate to think that he was gassing us, though."

But you know Bill's kind. His own selling psychology was turning its guns on him. He began to play with a dandy little fly rod we had in stock. And he studied flies. In March we had a thaw in Boston, and a rush of business. Bill's special fly sold like hot cakes.

Now if you like to fish but don't want to suffer, keep out of a sporting goods store when you can't get away. The bitten and the swollen come with their tongues hanging out. And the lies they tell, and the dreams they air out, and

the plans they unfold are enough to drive one to fishing in his mother's mop pail. Yes, sir; the dyed-in-the-hackle fisherman hasn't any license to laugh at Simple Simon—not by a long cast.

Even Jake began to forget orders and to misplace stock. Just at the right moment, so far as I was concerned, Bill produced a map the old-timer had drawn for him while I had been waiting on the trade, and on the opposite side of the sheet was a brief note of introduction to a guide in Caratunk, Maine.

Bill declared he had made up his mind. "I'm going," he said. "What if we can't locate the lost pond? There are plenty we can find in that country."

"Oh, all right, go ahead," said Jake. "I'll look after the more prosaic end of the partnership, and you and Mack can take a week or ten days to chase rain-bows. But just remember before you start that I'm telling you, you will not find Captain Kidd's pond."

PETE, an acquaintance of ours, decided to accept Bill's invitation to accompany us, although he made it perfectly clear that he considered the old-timer's tip and map a couple of hoaxes. In fact, he rubbed it in a little too much, considering he was to be a guest and not a court jester.

April came, and early fishing lies. May came with more lies, and some truths. June came—and we went. Bill couldn't reconcile himself to the necessity of leaving dear old Jake behind. In fact, he offered to stay behind himself if Jake wanted to go. But Jake declared, with a grin, that the pleasure was to be all his.

Caratunk is a pleasant little village, with a population that is small but select—hand-picked Yankees. The Kennebec River flows just to the west of it, and the road to Canada passes through the main street. The old-timer's note was addressed to one Dave Pooler, who proved to be a mild, blue-eyed man, large of build (Continued on page 85)

After the fog lifted, we sat up in our blankets, and there, beneath us, was a gray body of water



Blowing Up Your Game

Welch used the regulation thistle-down arrow. He took a straight, thin shaft of wood about 21 inches long and showed us how the thistle down, fragile material at best, was bound to the arrow. It was a simple operation, because the Indian merely tied chunk after chunk to the arrow with stout cord until five or six inches of thistle down had been wrapped. After sharpening the point of the arrow, my Cherokee friend was ready to hunt squirrels, rabbits, doves, partridges or other small game.

How far does it shoot? What is the range of the blow-gun? Here are two questions which sportsmen pop at me when I bring out my blow-gun and begin to bang away at a target. Welch shot his gun at a small target 5 x 2½ inches and hit it mid-center with no effort at all at a distance of forty feet. Apparently those Cherokees have no trouble in killing at 20 yards, or 60 feet.

I talked for some time with Samson Welch, one of the best blow-gunners on the reservation today, and he showed me, by pacing, the distances at which he was accustomed to kill his game. Without doubt one of those boys can hit and kill an object farther away than sixty feet, but nearly all their shooting is very likely between forty and sixty feet. When the Cherokees stage a contest and shoot at a target, they stand at a distance of forty feet, which apparently is a fair standard.

WHILE down there I tried for distance and by excessive blowing shot, or rather blew, an arrow 118 feet. But, of course, at that distance there was no killing power in the missile.

This ten-foot gun is unwieldy, difficult to carry in the woods and fragile because thin bamboo cane can be cracked easily. It's a fair-weather weapon, for the blow-gun cannot stand rain or snow, and is limited in range and killing power. There you are—a picture which stands on one side of the panorama depicting the evolution of our hunting weapons. On the other side the high-power rifle, easy to handle, with a short 18-inch or 26-inch barrel, and the 32-inch goose and duck



Sigla Ned, an old Cherokee, with a ten-foot bamboo cane blow-gun

his blow-gun arrows—a stunt which is common among tribes in South America and the South Seas. This has made hunting with a blow-gun a more difficult task, as our Indians have been obliged to kill their game with an arrow which must shock, penetrate and disable. The Brazilian blow-gunners using poison simply have to puncture their quarry, and poison does the rest.

And now, can the American sportsman find use for a modified blow-gun in his fun afield? Take a good hold, mates, as my answer is yes. I repeat yes; if you're interested enough, you can have some fun with a blow-gun.

Here is my program for the blow-gun. I am now having a 5½-footer made. The material will be mahogany, and the barrel will be hand-polished, so that friction will be reduced to almost nothing. Mahogany as a material is frankly an experiment, but I believe it will work. I

also am having made three types of arrows. Some will be barbed and some merely sharp-pointed. They're going to be used in the following manner.

In the Middle West the guides who steer the muskie fishermen to the big 'lunge invariably tote a revolver of villainous size and dangerous possibilities. The practice is to wham the 20-, 30- or 40-pound muskie with a revolver bullet as soon as the fish is brought within shooting distance. Sometimes a rifle is used.

I have long considered all such hardware quite superfluous, if not to say strictly out of place. Moreover, I never did like to participate in target practice of any kind when I'm with two or three excited fishermen. Maybe I'm persnickety, but the fact remains; I don't like it!

Now if my guide insists on shooting the muskie, all right; but let's get down to a less dan- (Continued on page 61)



The same stance as that of South Sea Island savages

gun capable of killing at long ranges. Yes, sir; a visit to the Great Smokies near Bryson, where the blow-gun is rapidly passing as one feature of our Indian Americana certainly does bring home the fact that we have "come a long way."

As far as I have been able to learn, the Cherokee has never used poison on

BLOWING UP YOUR GAME

(Continued from page 35)

gerous and at the same time sportier basis. Let's take a crack at those ferocious, man-eating, fresh-water tigers with a blow-gun. It's going to take some nifty marksmanship to place an arrow in a moving fish which is thrashing on the surface, and Mr. Muskie stands a pretty good chance of breaking loose with some tackle or throwing the hook from his undershot jaw. But that's all right. There'll be fun in such a program, and there'll be a challenge in standing in a boat trying to blow an arrow into a moving target.

I have a hunch that blow-gunning a muskie is going to be no easy job, although I am confident that one tipped arrow blown with the force which I have finally gotten into my shots will certainly muss him up considerable. And getting the full force of your lung power behind an arrow is quite a stunt. I watched the Cherokees for some time before I learned that you start your blow away down around your tummy and then *sowie!* Let 'er go with a sharp blast, which makes the arrow shoot out with a *plup!*

Although the application of blow-gunnery to muskie fishing is occupying my attention at the present moment, I have found our original nine-foot Cherokee gun a handy tool around the house, as I have been in the midst of a sparrow and cat campaign. I commend the blow-gun for such a campaign because it is noiseless.

If you have any bird houses, you don't want cats. Of late my idea has been to get blow-gun practice and not kill the cats. So I am able to open a window, shove the gun through, and make it very unpleasant for the bird-killing felines by smacking them with a blunt thistle-down arrow. A pointed arrow shot from a blowgun will undoubtedly cause the death of a cat or at least inflict a severe injury. But I have no ideas along this line. When bird enemies are to be wiped out, a gun should be used.

Target shooting much like archery on the lawn, use on muskies, a make-life-miserable weapon against cats—these are the uses for the primitive old Cherokee blow-gun as I have adapted it. Somehow or other, I get a great kick out of it because it is such an elementally simple old weapon—a tube, an arrow and your lungs. Also because it has been tucked away in the beautiful mountain valleys of the Great Smokies for so many years—isolated, a part of a vast wilderness and an Indian tribe's culture—while on all sides high-power guns, with modern shot and shell, have been developed to a startling point of efficiency.

and Facts and Fancies

on the art of fly-fishing gives a few suggestions

By SAMUEL G. CAMP

fection is slated to wait quite a while. The reader will, of course, understand that I am by no means taking exception to the rule of selecting the very best fly rod and other tackle which the purchaser can afford. It is particularly true in fly-fishing for trout that good tackle—the finest if possible—greatly enhances the sport. Furthermore, the employment of fine tackle certainly tends to produce the much desired results, if for no other reason than that the user of a first-class outfit, deriving no little enjoyment merely from its use in casting, is more apt to continue against odds than the poorly equipped fisherman who usually needs tangible encouragement, meaning trout, in order to keep him going.

But a thoroughly satisfactory outfit for trout fly-fishing cannot be secured by merely spending money. Perhaps it would be going a bit too far to say that fly-casting for trout is a sport of "infinite variety." But certainly the range is wide—all the way from casting for the six-pounders of

the Nipigon, or the weighty steelhead, the Rogue, to brook-fishing for inchers in possibly the Catskill Berkshires.

Likewise there must be taken in consideration the two methods of fly-fishing, wet and dry, and the fact that for results the outfit should be selected with view to which method is to be chiefly, perhaps exclusively, used. Accordingly should be obvious that something in addition to a comfortable bank bank, namely, wise selection—is necessary to secure the proper fly-fishing equipment for the specific purpose which you have in mind.

As above noted, the range of fly-fishing is very wide. For brevity and in the interest of the greatest number of readers, it will no doubt be discussed chiefly the right tackle for the most common variety of the sport, which is, small-stream fishing.

To the great majority of anglers fishing for trout with the fly means wading the small streams, little rivers ranging from twenty to forty feet in width, most part and, except perhaps for a reach here and there, of wadable stream. On such a stream—really the typical stream—a creel of a dozen or so averaging ten inches constitutes a day's take, though there is always a chance of a pound fish.

Every year numbers of really big trout are taken from just such streams, particularly if they hold browns and brooks in addition to the Eastern rainbow trout. It might be added that many anglers are quite content with streams of this character and have no aspirations toward more pretentious waters.

Now very likely the fly rod is exactly suited to the general run of stream trout—or, let us say, fish a pound or so in weight—is not precisely the one with which you would check stack up against a three- or four-pound brown or rainbow in fast water. In places these small streams are developed some fairly strong rapids. In opinion, the logical answer is as follows: Under ordinary conditions, big trout, bass, too—are more or less accidents to the small-stream fly-fisherman who comes a victim to what might be called the big-fish obsession is very much of luck. In the plainest of language, he is licked before he starts.

TO be sure, every year a number of large trout are recorded from the usual sort of small streams. The reason, by the way, is to "civilized" stream wilderness waters. But if you trouble to trace these matters down, you will find that in most cases the catch was merely estimated, and usually the theory that a ten-inch trout weighs a pound. Likewise it might be pointed out that the use of trick scales is not confined to the so-called marts of the world. Furthermore, careful research will frequently reveal that a certain winning brown or rainbow "take fly," according to the local paper, in fact fell for a night-walker about the

Dry-point by W. J. Schaldach



67. SOME CHEROKEE METHODS OF DIVINATION

FRANS M. OLBRECHTS

The Cherokee of North Carolina, living their secluded life in the Great Smoky Mountains, have kept intact a vast proportion of their beliefs and customs. Belief in divination is very much alive, and quite a respectable number of methods are practised to this day.

As well-nigh everywhere, there is a divination "tout-court", used to find out hidden things and future events; and another kind, which not merely purports to discover, but at the same time endeavors to influence the course of things, and is considered a first step towards obtaining the result desired.

A. The first class includes methods to gain information on: The whereabouts of lost objects; (by using "brown-stone", or tiny fractions of twigs).—The future span of life; (by examining with beads, by peering into the floating river, by the "transparent stone", by eating up to seven doses of a more or less poisonous plant).—Love; (by examining with beads, by placing seeds in water, by various plants).

B. In the second series, as stated, the course of future events is not only looked into, but favorable results are believed to be obtained by them. They include: Divination in certain cases of illness.—Machinations against witchcraft by either smoking or burning "old" tobacco.—"Working" against enemies by means of beads, by the transparent stone.—Hunting-divination by burning "old" tobacco.

C. Finally, there are some methods that are no longer practised, and that are only known as mentioned in tales and myths; and there are a couple more that are manifestly impossible, and which, no doubt, have likewise been handed down in the oral literature of the tribe.

CONCLUSIONS: The two main conclusions are that:

1. As a whole, the Cherokee methods of divination confirm the evidence supplied by linguistic and other data, and which indicate that the migration of this tribe from the kindred Iroquois peoples must have taken place at a very remote period.

2. They have kept their medical and botanical lore, their beliefs and practices pertaining to divination all but intact from European influence.

Si llegó un burro flaco
à tu ventana,
trátelo con cariño,
que es mi retrato ;
a chinita que sí,
a chinita que no.

When a lean donkey
comes to your window,
treat him lovingly,
for he is my portrait ;
curly-haired love, yes,
curly-haired love, no.

Diablo que anda en Castilla,
con vuelillos y golilla,
con vuelillos y golilla,
quién será ? quién será ?
Jesu Cristo ! que fracaso !
yà está aquí ; dejadle paso,
dejadle paso.

The devil who travels through Spain,
with cuffs on and ruffled collar,
with cuffs on and ruffled collar,
who may he be ?
By Jesus ! what a portent !
Here he is ! let him go in peace,
let him pass gently.
Albert S. Gatschet.

Rhyme, rime. The latter spelling of this word, as etymologically the true form (see the etymological dictionaries), is preferred by our *collaborateur*, as by several modern writers. The case seems to be one in which liberty of choice may reasonably be demanded. — GEN. ED.

Journ. Am. Folk-Lore, Vol. 2, No. 4, March 1889.

LEGENDS OF THE CHEROKEES.

AMONG the Western Cherokees, in the Indian Territory, many ancient songs and legends are still preserved, handed down by verbal tradition, from generation to generation. Many of these traditions are scarcely known, even in name, to the half breeds, but among the old full bloods, still attached to the mountains and forests of their long-lost home, they survive in memory. The subjects of these songs and legends are generally deeds of heroes, and love. Others have a religious character.

During the long winter nights, while the Indians are gathered round the hearth fire of their houses, the voice of the story-teller is heard until late in the quiet night, for however often he has heard them related, the Indian is always willing to listen to tales of the days of yore.

But with the full blood Cherokees, these legends and traditions will pass away forever, unless they are saved from oblivion by some lover of Indian folk-lore ; and soon, or it will be too late.

During a visit to the Western Cherokees, in the autumn of 1883, I obtained a few of these legends. My informant was a prominent Cherokee of mixed blood, by the name of William Eubanks, at the time senator at Tahlequah.

THE STONE-SHIELDS.

In ancient times there lived among the Cherokees two strange beings, — monsters of human form, resembling Cherokees in appearance. These two monsters, a man and a woman, lived in a cave. They were called *Nayunu'wi* (Stone-shields, or Stone-jackets),¹ or *Uilata* (sharp, pointed), because they had sharp-pointed steel (?) hands.

These monsters killed children, and sometimes adults. As they dressed like Cherokees, and spoke their language, it was difficult to distinguish them from this people.

The man generally killed hunters and other people who were alone and far from home, by attacking them. The woman used tricks to procure her victims. She came to the houses, kindly offering her services, offering to nurse children, and do similar things.

As soon as she had a child in her arms, she ran away with it, until she was out of hearing, and pierced the brain of the child with her steel hand, then took the liver from the body and disappeared. The *Nayunu'wi* appear to have lived on the livers of their victims.

The older Cherokees, long tired of the ravages of these monsters, held a council to determine the best way of killing the *Uilata*. At last they resolved to kill them with arrows, not knowing that the *Uilata* were stone clad. As soon as they saw an opportunity to attack the woman, they shot their arrows at her with all their might, but they were very much astonished to see that the arrows did not take the slightest effect.

Then a topknot-bird, which was perched on the branch of a tree close by, said to the warriors: "In the heart, in the heart!"

The Cherokees shot their arrows at the spot where they supposed the heart to be, but no better than before did they succeed in killing the monster.

At last a jay appeared, and said to the warriors: "In the hand, in the hand!"

They shot the monster's hand, and it dropped dead. At the moment it fell its stone jacket broke into pieces. The people gathered the fragments, and kept them as sacred amulets, for luck in war, in hunting, and in love.

The man-monster disappeared; according to tradition, it went north.

¹ A tradition of the Tuscarora Indians also speaks of monsters in human form, man-eaters with a stone-clad skin. They were called Stone giants, (*Ot-ne-yar-heh*). See E. Johnson, *Legends, etc., of the Iroquois and History of the Tuscarora Indians*, Lockport, N. Y., 1881, pp. 55, 56.

The Cherokees possess also a legend about flying monsters, having the form of falcons. These caught and killed especially children. They were slain by a brave man, whose little and only son had been captured by them. He followed them to their cave, where they kept their young, and killed the latter. Thereafter the old falcons disappeared forever.

THE HORNED SNAKES.

In ancient times there lived great snakes, glittering as the sun, and having two horns on the head. To see one of these snakes was certain death. They possessed such power of fascination, that whoever tried to make his escape, ran toward the snake and was devoured.

Only great hunters who had made medicine especially for this purpose could kill these snakes. It was always necessary to shoot them in the seventh stripe of their skins.

The last of these snakes was killed by a Shawnee Indian, who was a prisoner among the Cherokees. They had promised him freedom if he could find and kill the snake.

He hunted for the snake during several days, in caves, and over wild mountains, and found it at last high up on the mountains of Tennessee.

The Shawnee kindled a great fire of pine cones, in the form of a large circle, and then walked up to the snake.

As soon as it saw the hunter, the snake slowly raised its head, but the Shawnee shouted, "Freedom or death!" and shot his arrow through the seventh stripe of the snake's skin; then turning quickly, he jumped within the circle of the fire, where he was safe. At this moment a stream of poison poured down from the mouth of the snake, but the fire stopped it. So the Shawnee had regained his liberty.

Four days afterwards the Cherokees went to the spot where the snake had been killed, and gathered fragments of bone and scales of the snake's skin. These they kept carefully, as they believed the pieces would bring them good luck in love, the chase, and war.

On the spot where the snake had been killed, a lake formed, the water of which was black. In the water of this lake the Cherokee women used to dip the twigs with which they made their baskets.

Dr. H. ten Kate.

CHEROKEE PLANT LORE OF THE SMOKIES

BY ROBERT LINDSAY MASON

JAMES E. THOMPSON

WHEN a wilderness wayfarer of the Great Smokies comes upon a Cherokee Indian medicine man and his squaw gathering herbs in the deep slopes of these gigantic mountains he does not thoroughly realize the great preponderance of tradition, prayer formula, and plant myths in back of the acts of the two. A fascinating and charming plant lore is existent here among the intelligent and likable Cherokees and its creation goes back to the beginning of things.

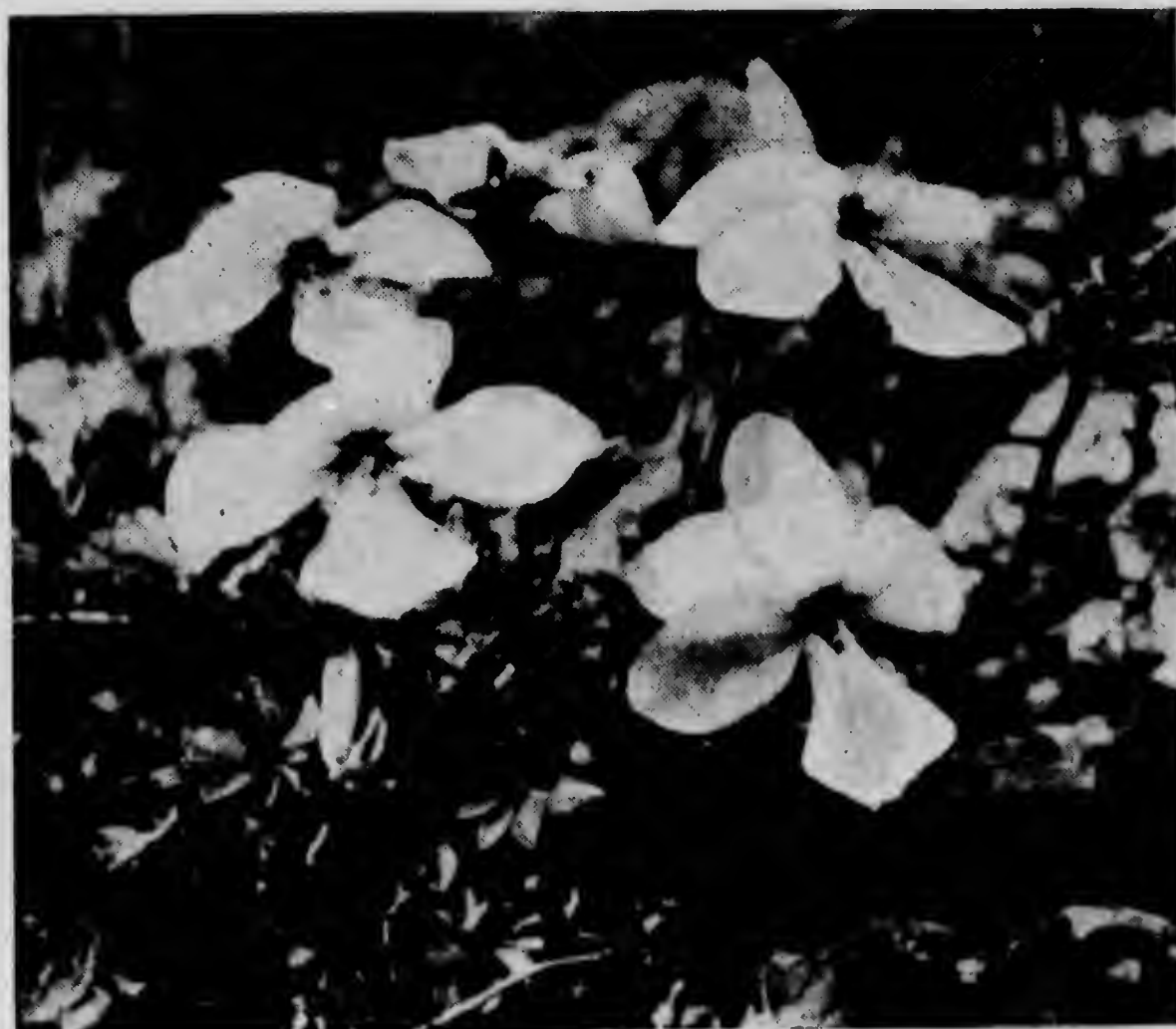
Great story tellers like Old Swimmer (Ayun'ini), John Ax (Itagu'nuhi), Suyeta the Chosen One (a Baptist preacher), Ta'gwadihi' (Old Catawba Killer) of Cheowa, and Wafford, a cultured mixed blood of Georgia, reveal the interesting legends that have grown up around the beautiful plants that adorn the Carolina and Tennessee hills.

According to Old Swimmer—one of my informants among the Cherokees—animals, trees, plants and birds all existed before man and were very powerful. Because of endless persecution by hunters, the animals had grown very antagonistic toward man but plants and trees were very

favorable to him and sought to intervene in the age-long enmity, offering to those who were wise enough to "understand their talk", the juice and sap of their leaves and bark to alleviate human suffering. The old-time Smoky Mountain Indian believed that the souls of trees and plants would tell man what was good for his most serious ills if he loved them rightly.

Plants had councils and "townhouses", similar to those of the animals, under Kuwa'hi, or Clingman Dome, the highest peak of the Smokies. They used to mingle with human kind on equal terms and could talk. Each

plant had a specific mission to perform. The plants lived in this underworld, which was exactly like ours except that the seasons were the opposite,—for is not spring water warm in winter and cold in summer? Entrance to the abode was gained only through prayer and fasting and by following the proper trails, which were the crystal streams plunging down the rugged moss-covered sides of the Great Smokies. Only the Nunnehi, the spirit people, or other underground folk, could lead man to the Plant World and show him its sights.



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INDIANS HAD A NAME FOR IT

They called this plant, our *Viola pedata*, "they pull off each other's heads."

A SHOWY ORCHID OF THE SMOKIES

Orchis spectabilis, a beautiful plant, is one of the many varieties found in the Great Smoky Mountains, and particularly loved by the Cherokees



© JENNISON

Dine'tlana d'nigwa ("soon after the Creation"), when plants and animals were first made, they were instructed to watch and keep awake for seven nights, just as all devout tribesmen are supposed to do when praying to their medicine. The reward for this vigil was to be a power to make good medicine. If they fell asleep betimes, they were to be punished. Only to the persistent was exceptional ability fully guaranteed.

During this test only the cedar, the pine, spruce, balsam, hemlock, holly, laurel, mistletoe, and the spotted wintergreen stayed awake to the end of the long vigil, so they were permitted the gift of staying green forever and of being the greatest medicine. To the others was decreed the penalty of "losing their hair" every winter. And who has not seen deciduous trees and plants naked and shivering without their clothes in the icy blasts?

At first there were only a brother and sister of each species but later all were allowed to marry and to have children to grow up around them in the forests. This was all "in the long ago."

After enduring a similar ordeal the Animals held an important council at which each member present was given the privilege of naming a disease that could be inflicted upon their common enemy, Man, because of his persecutions. The Bears, Deer, Fishes, and Reptiles, the Birds, the Insects and the smaller animals all had grievances. The Grubworm was selected chief of the council because he was "unega" or "white."

During the august deliberations of the convention the little ground squirrel entered a minority report. He had the temerity to venture a good opinion in behalf of the common enemy. But he was nearly torn to pieces for his trouble by the enraged majority and bears the stripes of his scars to this day! This all happened when "the animals were the same as men."

Gossip travels fast among Nature folk in the Smokies and it was not very long before the Trees and Plants heard of the great evil council. Forthwith they held one of their own and determined to defeat such drastic

measures. In their council each Plant, Tree, and Shrub offered to furnish a cure for at least one of the diseases adopted by the Animal Convention and adopted the pledge: "I shall for one appear to help Man when he calls upon us in his need." Thus came about Medicine.

As the luxuriant, flower-filled slopes of the Great Smokies contain several hundred species of trees and lesser plants representing northern as well as southern conditions, the country of the Cherokee has proved to be one vast pharmacy.

The Great Smoky Indian is an exceptionally close observer and many of his plant names are peculiarly apt. Thus the mistletoe, which never grows alone but the roots of which are always fixed in the rough bark of some supporting tree or shrub, is called *uda'li*—"it is married", and the violet is known by the plural name of *dinda'skwate'ski* ("they pull each other's heads off"), revealing that the little Cherokee redskins must have had a game that is familiar to all children.

Rattlesnake master—*Eryngium*—with its long slender leaves like diminutive blades of corn was "green snake" or *salikwa'yi*, and another plant, known as "Job's Tears"



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A SOUTHERN MOUNTAIN MAGNOLIA

The six-inch rule at the left indicates the size of the blossom and the leaves

on account of its polished, rounded grains, which were used by the little Indian children for necklaces, was *selutsi*, "the mother of the corn." Rudbeckia, our "black-eyed susan", was deer eye (*awi'akta'*) and the beautiful lady's slipper (*Cypripedium*) was poetically named the partridge moccasin! The common may-apple, *Podophyllum*, "wears a hat" (*u'niskwetu'gi*) and the puff-ball fungus (*nakwisi'usdi*) is "the little star." A common rock lichen bears a musical, if an unpoetic name, in the translation of *utsale'ta*, which means "pot scrapings!"

Other plants whose medicinal value was well

known to the roaming medicine man were Virginia or black snakeroot, *Unaste'tstiyu'* (very small root); for feverish headaches or coughs. Chewed, it was put into tooth cavities to stop aches or was spat upon snake bites to counteract poison. Wild senna, *unegei* ("black"), was effective for poulticing sores, and the graceful vetch or *altsa'sti*—"a wreath for the head"—cured dyspepsia and pains in the back.

The juice of milkweed (*u'ga'atasgi'ski*—or "the pus oozes out") was rubbed on skin eruptions. Skullcap (*gu'nigwali'ski*—"it becomes red when bruised") was a tonic. Crowshin (maiden-hair fern) was fine for chronic catarrh; *Porteranthus trifoliata* is "Indian physic"; *skw'li* (common liverwort), the first thought in coughs; tassel flower (*da'yewu*—"it sews itself up", meaning that the leaves are supposed to grow together again when torn) had virtue as a poultice for bruises. The little fungus *Stypticus panus* with its mucilaginous secretion offered itself for effectually staunching wounds. The dried puff-ball fungus was used as a counter-irritant for pains by placing it upon the skin and lighting it; when



WELLS

THE BEAUTY OF THE SPRINGTIME

Rhododendron covers the hillsides in the Cherokee country with luscious blooms during March and April. It is one of the "big medicine" family



shield fern, *Aspidium*, called *yona-yse'stu* or "the bear lies on it."

The names of still other plants hinge upon ceremonial or domestic uses. Fleabane, *Erigeron canadense*, became *atsil'sunti*, "they make the fire", because its dried stalks lent themselves very readily to primitive methods of kindling a blaze by friction from the bushman's fire-bow and rod. Bugle weeds, *Lycopus virginicus*, were "talkers" and if chewed, and the lips and tongue were anointed with the juice, the experimenter would be endowed with eloquence. How many of us would like to ship a quantity of this magic weed to Congress or to political candidates talking over the radio!

Medicine men of the Big Smoky tribes used other plants in their sacred prayer formulas. One of the most important was the familiar "seng" or ginseng, *Panax quinquefolium*, sought with so much avidity by all Smoky Mountaineers. To the Cherokee it was *a'tali-guli*, or "mountain climber", and was addressed most respectfully by their conjurers as *Yunwi Usdi Ada'wahi'yu*—"Oh Most Powerful Magician"—because its odd root resembles the human body. Because this plant is threatened with extinction at a market price of \$15.00 a pound for export to China the North Carolina legislature has entirely prohibited its gathering. In collecting it the herb doctor always passed by the first three plants but plucked the fourth and in the root cavity deposited a bead as payment to placate its discouraged spirit.

Two frogs once had a famous duel, using for their lances the stalks of the prosartes, *Disporum lanuginosum*. The apt Cherokee pronounced it *walas-unul'sti*, "the frogs fight with it"! A town in the Smokies was named for this event but the resourceful Anglo-Saxon twisted the name to his own fanciful "Fighting Town". White clover has an Indian name that means "it follows the Unega", or white man. It is indeed found in almost every white man's front yard.

Among the domestic plants, corn or *selu* holds first place because it sustains both man and beast. Such an



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TOOTHWORT IN ITS HABITAT

It is a low woodland plant that is fond of rich, damp soil.
It was a favorite salad flavoring of the Indians

it had burned down to the skin the watering blisters were opened, "letting out the pain!"

Solomon's seal—*utistugi'*—was employed as a poultice for carbuncles; *amadita'ti*—"they draw water"—gained a reputation for bladder trouble cures from the sole fact that children used the stems as playthings to suck water through!

Other plants not found in the herb doctor's sack were named because of their supposed conjunction to animal economy. Such are the wild rose, labelled *tsist-uni'gisti*, "the rabbit eats it", meaning the red seed-hips, and the



MASON

READY FOR THE CORN DANCE

Standing Deer, full-blooded Cherokee, under the tree of Big Medicine

• • •

A SHY DENIZEN OF THE HILLS

Yellow ladyslipper, which the Cherokees called the "partridge's moccasin"



© JENNISON

important item is it in household economy that the Cherokees every year observe a ceremonial called the Green Corn Dance. It is held under the name of *Agawe'la* or "the Old Woman", who was slain by her disobedient sons and whose blood was supposed to have colored the red corn.

This dance, preliminary to eating the first new corn, is one of the most solemn tribal functions observed yearly at the Cherokee Reservation in North Carolina. It is invoked also for the propitiation of sins of the previous year and a prayer for happiness in the ensuing one. Formerly it also provided a general amnesty for criminals. Only those who had fasted, prayed and attended purification ceremonies were eligible to engage in the celebration.

The usual mystic *seven* ears of corn were laid aside when the dance occurred in order to encourage the crop until it was fully ripened. When eating the first ears the participants were not allowed to blow upon them for fear of causing a windstorm to beat down the standing corn in the field! A well-beaten path was also religiously preserved from the field to the house further to encourage the corn to stay at home and not to wander away.

The priest of the tribe takes up his abode in the *detsunun'li* or small flat space in the center of the field and chants songs of invocation to the corn spirit for four successive nights; no one is allowed to enter the field for seven nights. At the end of this time a loud rustling is heard—if medicine is good—caused by "the Old Woman" bringing the corn into the field.

Tobacco, which is of American origin, was used only as a sacred incense and guarantee of the observance of a solemn tribal pact. Usually smoked in a pipe it truly became a "pipe of peace" when dealing with the ever encroaching white settler who took vast tracts of land for a mere song. Sometimes tobacco, or *tsalu*—a name now lost to the Cherokee—was gravely sprinkled upon the fire of the townhouse or lodge where the ceremonies occurred. It was never chewed or smoked as a habit of indulgence as initiated by Sir Walter Raleigh. *Tsal-agayun'li*

or "old tobacco" was most desired for tribal functions. A famous legend of the Cherokees reveals "How They Brought Back the Tobacco" which was stolen by the *Dagulku* or "The White Fronted Geese." This feat was accomplished by a famous magician who changed himself into a hummingbird.

The poisonous wild cowbane, *Oxypolis rigidior*, bore a doubtful reputation among the Indians. Its odor was vile. Mixed with the food of the victim or used in evil incantations it would destroy his life. Its nauseating smell was a very good protection against snake bite if the spell wielder annointed himself with it. If the snake was

angered into fanging the offensive intruder, however, the cure would prove worse than the disease. Poison ivy was also well respected by the Smoky Mountain Indian, who always conciliated it by addressing it as "My friend"—*hi-ginali*. But if, for some mysterious reason,



WELLS

TENNESSEE'S STATE FLOWER

The passion flower has played an important rôle in the Cherokee plant lore

his friend still persisted in poisoning him he applied the macerated flesh of a crawfish to his hurts and went philosophically about his business.

Smilax briar was *dinu'ski* or "breeder", from the belief that a thorn of it imbedded in the flesh would breed others in a day or two. Devil's shoe string, cat-gut, or goat's rue, *Cracca virginiana*, was *distai'yi* or "tough", and an ointment made of the leaves strengthened the hair of Smoky Mountain squaws, and toughened the sinews of ball players.

Even the humble weeds offered their services in "the long ago" promise to the Plant Council. Important of these are the Jimson weed, the cockle bur, and the Spanish needle, all of which came under the Cherokee generic term of *u'nistilun'isti* or "stickers".

A ceremony appealing in its poetic meaning applies to the Japanese clover. Very soon after a child was born among the old Cherokees this plant was beaten up and put into crystal clear water taken from a cataract where the stream tumbled noisily. It was given to the baby red-skin for four consecutive days to make him of retentive memory! The tumult of the cataract was believed to be the stentorian voice of Yunwi Guanhi'ta, or "Long Man", the river god, who taught lessons the child could

understand. A similar rite observed for grown-ups was more intricate and the mind must be kept fixed upon the ceremony. If other emotions were allowed to creep in the participator would forever afterward be of such a quarrelsome disposition that no one could live with him.

In the chase, to insure the fatness of the quarry, bruised root of the potato vine, *Aplectrum spicatum*, must be crushed into the wound of a slain deer while the hunter imitates its bleat during the magic process.

Last—but not least—the "rattlesnake's master", *Silene stellata*, was called *ganidawa'ski* because it "disjoins itself". Efficacious in snakebite, a piece of it held in the mouth caused the deadliest serpent to flee in terror. Certain it is that many tales of the mountains have been related of famous battles between the rattler and his inveterate enemies, both the king and the black snake. The two latter, so legend has it, always raced madly to nibble of the precious champion when fanged; then they have returned to fight to the death. When deprived of their life-saver—according to reports—they have ignominiously curled up and died.

Thus have the plants fulfilled the promise they made to aid man so many years ago, in the dim beginnings.



BURS OF COMMON PLANTS

NO. 4—TICK TREFOIL AND
ENCHANTER'S NIGHTSHADE
BY SALOME COMSTOCK-MILLER

TICK TREFOIL, the seed-pod of which is a familiar bur, belongs to the pea family. There are many varieties of this species, and all are quite similar. It is recognized by its purple or purplish blossoms, which look like small sweet peas. Its leaf is composed of three leaflets, and its chains of flat, easily detachable pod sections consist of many burs.

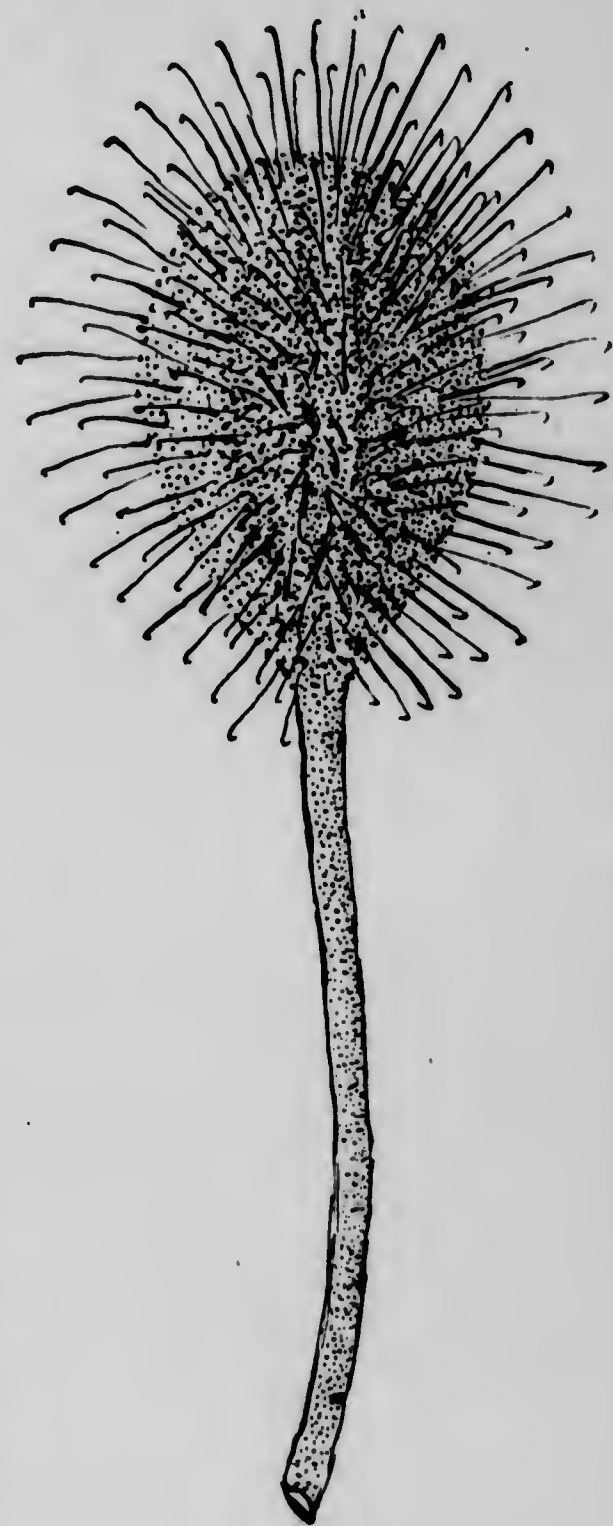
In some kinds of tick trefoil the bur, instead of being triangular, as the one here pictured, is almost round. The hooks on the bur, which is about three-eighths inches long, are usually too small to be seen with the naked eye, so that one wonders by what means they cling. They are plainly visible under a magnifying glass, however. They are quite as effective in their powers of adhesion as though they were larger, for their strength lies in num-

CLINGERS BOTH

The saw-edged tick trefoil and the many-hooked enchanter's nightshade are each stickers

bers rather than in size. This plant is commonly found in meadows and open woods, and along roadsides.

Enchanter's nightshade grows usually in the woods. Each of its numerous one- or two-seeded burs is provided with a rather long individual stem, and these in turn are distributed along a main stalk. The bur, which is about a quarter of an inch long, nearly always carries its stem with it when detached from the stalk. The plant is rather small and frail; its leaves are undivided and in pairs. The common species usually grows about a foot or more in height. Another species, called smaller enchanter's nightshade, grows less than twelve inches high. Enchanter's nightshade is found in many parts of the world, although not in very great abundance.



SEA AND RIVER FISHING

Indian Anglers.

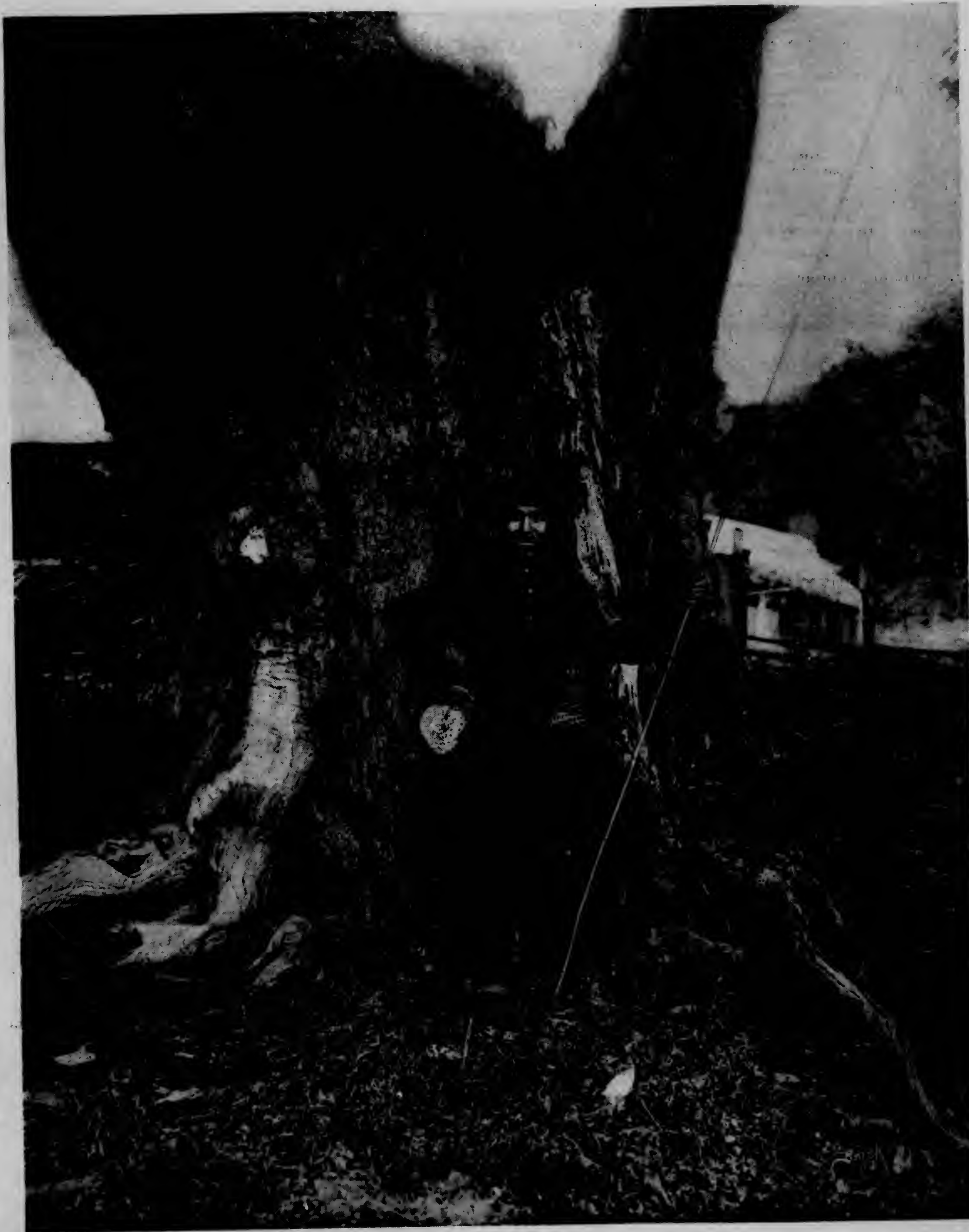
RALEIGH, N. C., Jan. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There yet remain two tribes of Indians in North Carolina, the Cherokees, in the high mountain region, and the Croatans, in the south central section. I spent a few days in May with the Croatans, and in August with the Cherokees, and was brought into the most intimate association with both tribes.

The streams in that section are deep and swift, though the country is sandy, and in general quite flat, and there are extensive swamps and great areas of long-leaf pine timber. The jack or pike grows very large and is in much request. The rivers are entirely fed by springs and are bordered by forests of cypress and juniper which literally cover the swamps and which give the water the color of light chocolate in the mass, though when taken in a glass it is as clear as crystal and is extremely palatable.

The Indians fish with all sorts of bait, sometimes with worms and often with what they call roaches, for black bass, which they term trout or chub. The main stream is the Lumber River, which properly is the Lumbee. The poles are long and so are the lines, and the fishing is done either from the banks or from boats. The cypress "knees" stand up thickly, and the streams run so fast through the shallows and the woods as to make a kind of whispering noise, very peculiar at night. The bottom of the streams is generally covered with a luxuriant growth of slender green vegetation which trails like a snake and has stalks sometimes fifteen to twenty feet in length.

One of the most prized, and at the same time handsome fish in the Lumber River and its numerous small tributaries and the outlying

marshes is the one known as the blue bream, which is a very bold fish and gives as fine sport as the large-mouth black bass. These blue bream weigh generally from a pound to two pounds and they are delicious eating. Anglers can go to that section from a considerable area.



JIM TAIL READY FOR FISHING WITH WASP GRUB BAIT.

The Cherokees have exterminated the game in their high mountain country, and therein are widely different from the Croatans, for in the section inhabited by the latter there are yet many deer, wild turkeys and squirrels, while as already stated there are no end of fish. The Croatans show more up-to-date methods in preserving their game than do the Cherokees. The

Croatans generally use shotguns for killing game, though rifles, old and new pattern, are very frequent. Strange to say, these Croatans have always used the cross-bow, being the only Indians so far as known that ever used this weapon. They got this of course from the English side of their race, and it is a survival of the days of Queen Elizabeth. Of course they used the long-bow, too, but this has gone out for many a year, while cross-bows are yet made, though now these are not used for killing game, but merely for purposes of amusement, though some of

them are extremely well made and duplicate the lines of the once so deadly English weapon.

The Cherokees, with the usual Indian improvidence, have literally exterminated all the game in their wonderful region, which extends from the top of the Smoky Mountains, on the Tennessee border, down to the tableland some sixty miles westward from Asheville. These Indians use blow-guns for killing small game, and the scarcity of everything in fur or feathers is remarkable.

The principal streams are Oconalufy River, the Nantahala, the Soco Creek, etc. The canoes are all dug-outs. The Indians prize the brook trout most, next to this ranking the black bass, which they, too, call chub, and there are very handsome yellow-throat perch of good size. The streams are so clear that they look like quicksilver. For bait they never use the fly, but often grasshoppers and wasp grubs, together with worms and little salamanders, which they find under stones and logs alongside the streams. They have very great skill in taking fish, coupled with infinite patience. They fish by day and by night. They also "bait"

certain places in the streams, where there are rather deep holes, by throwing food there from time to time, so as to accustom the fish to go to these places.

On one occasion Jim Tail, whose name in Cherokee is Coneetah, had just come in from a hard morning's work and was getting ready to

(Continued on page 160)



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The **FOREST AND STREAM** is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. The editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

Inside pages, 20 cents per agate line (\$2.80 per inch). There are 14 agate lines to an inch. Preferred positions, 25 per cent. extra. Special rates for back cover in two or more colors. Reading notices, 75 cents per count line.

A discount of 5 per cent. is allowed on an advertisement inserted 13 times in one year; 10 per cent. on 26, and 20 per cent. on 52 insertions respectively.

Advertisements should be received by Saturday previous to the issue in which they are to be inserted.

THE OBJECT OF THIS JOURNAL

will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects.

—FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 14, 1873.

GROUND-NESTING BIRDS.

MASSACHUSETTS sportsmen propose to curb the wanderings of self-hunting dogs during the nesting season of quail, grouse and woodcock. A bill for this purpose is now before the State Legislature, and excellent reasons why it should become a law are given in another column.

To the appeal made by Mr. Clark there is little that may be added, but we would suggest that those who now oppose the passage of the bill give careful consideration to the fact that, as more and more land is cleared for agricultural purposes, cover for ground-nesting birds decreases, and important agents in this situation are the fires that creep about among the leaves and grass in autumn. These little fires are regarded as of small importance, but they destroy many of the few covers left to the birds. When severe storms and periods of cold come in mid-winter, the birds find difficulty in securing food and shelter, and in the nesting season they become the prey of every dog that roams at will, and of cats as well.

If a portion of the vast sums of money now expended in the purchase of foreign game birds were devoted to simple measures for protecting our native game birds, the results would not be so difficult to find as is the case to-day. It may properly be regarded as an innovation to tie up the dogs during certain periods, and to look after the welfare of small game in severe weather, but the necessity for this is evident.

The cold weather of January killed immense numbers of small game in regions where the

game formerly wintered with small loss. The substitution of barbed wire fences for the old-time worm fence of split rails, accounts for no small portion of the loss to-day. These old fence corners were always perfect shelters for birds and rabbits, even in cleared fields. Because of the scarcity of wood, the worm fence has entirely disappeared over much of the country, and the wire fence which takes its place affords no shelter, as there are no angles grown up to brush and dense grass, to furnish windbreaks.

Eagle Gun Club.

MANOA, Pa., Jan. 27.—Ike Knowles won the weekly shoot of the Eagle Gun Club to-day. He killed every bird he fired at, beating out Gideon and Hawk by one bird each. Gideon missed his first bird, as did Hawk. Scores: Knowles (28yds.) 10, Gideon (30) 9, Hawk (30) 9, Boyd (28) 8, Scheerer (28) 7, Blessing (29) 7, Swartz (29) 6, Schofield (29) 6.

Rifle and Revolver

Zettler Rifle Club.

SCORES of the Zettler Rifle Club were made as follows at the regular weekly practice shoot on Jan 23:

A Begerow	240	232	239	235	235—1181
F M Bund	237	242	242	242	239—1202
Kaufmann	245	245	248	249	247—1234
Atlas	235	235	239	232	240—1181
love the	240	241	237	237	243—1198
ing of the	247	246	247	248	244—1233
coast and els	246	247	244	246	250—1233
if it were possib	240	241	248	247	246—1222
tions on board a	247	249	249	249	248—1242
if such a ship were pu	246	249	248	247	249—1239
equipped to insure the co	234	239	236	236	242—1187
of a reasonable number of	245	246	243	238	238—1210

Rifle Shooting League.

At the end of the fourth Intercollegiate Rifle competition, it is more than its Agricultural College and University, 945 enterprise would prove profitable. defeated Louisi- ships aplenty suited to this use, or that, and Agricul- adapted to it with some alterations; officepshire, 835 crews to be had, and no lack of men who would gladly take passage if permitted to "play sailor" now and then, and with them would go their families.

The Atlantic's moods have not changed, but men have acquired greater skill than was possessed by the navigators of the old-time clipper ships, and they are assisted by instruments and data unknown then, while it is possible now to so equip ships that living aboard one for a fortnight will be a pleasure.

CALLING TURKEYS.

THE accidental killing of one Arkansas turkey hunter by another may strike the average person who has never called a turkey as of the same brand of carelessness as that which has been displayed so conspicuously in the woods of the Northern States. Such unfortunate happenings are rare in the regions where turkeys may still be found, and the only explanation that may be deduced from theory alone is that the man who fired the shot was not an expert hunter, and that he was deceived by the imitation of the turkey hen's p'aintive call.

In places where calling is practiced the gobblers can be deceived only by an excellent imitation of the hen's call, but there are very few veteran hunters who mistake the imitation for the real call and are thereby placed in personal danger from a possible shot from the other hunter's place of concealment. Still, that such a thing is possible is proved now and then,

but usually the deception is discovered before it is too late, and few hunters fire before the gobbler is actually seen. In the Arkansas case the shooter did not wait to make assurance doubly sure, and was therefore guilty of the inexcusable carelessness which has cost so many deer hunters their lives in other States. For he fired into the bushes and of course did not miss the other hunter concealed there. Such shots rarely do miss.

It is a blessing, to say the least, that deer and be game of the Northern hunting grounds

lured by calling or any similar decep- the fatalities have kept pace with

number of persons who go autumn to hunt deer. If

SPC additional excuse for

her reck- See them

TRAP

ANGLERS' CAS BOYS' CAM

March 1st to 9

MADISON SQ
NEW YC

International Trap Shooting Tour

S. M. VAN ALLEN, General Manager

TELEPHONES; 8746-8

from the State Game Farm at Sherburne, this year. Sportsmen, farmers and lovers of game birds desirous of obtaining allotments of these birds or eggs for restocking covers may apply to the commission. Upon request blanks will be sent for the purpose. All applications should be made before March 1. The distribution of eggs will commence about the middle of April and continue during May, June and the first part of July. Pheasants will be ready for distribution during August, September and October.

RICHARD TJADER, the big-game hunter, is planning another expedition, but in this one he will bag big game of another sort, and lay his plans for capture in a different way than those made on his African hunting excursions. Both he and Mrs. Tjader have long been interested in missionary work, and his plans include an extensive journey by motor car into many parts of the world in the continuance of this work. While he is saving souls, perhaps Mr. Tjader may also do a little shooting now and then on side trips.

PLANS are being made in New Rochelle, N. Y., to secure a fund by popular subscription for the erection of a statue of the late Frederic Remington on the plaza in that town. Mr. Remington lived in New Rochelle for a great many years and his neighbors were very fond of him. One of the stations of the new railway building there will be named for him.

Cheyenne

1908-20

R. V. COLEMAN

NATIONAL BOOK BUYERS' SERVICE

522 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

WE ARE PLEASED
TO ANNOUNCE

the publication, by Yale University Press,
of George Bird Grinnell's new volume of Cheyenne Indian
stories.

Grinnell is unquestionably our foremost
authority on the northern plains tribes, and particular-
ly on the Cheyennes.

For more than fifty years he has been in
close touch with the Cheyennes and is one of the few men
who has thoroughly won their confidence and been permit-
ted an insight into their traditions.

"By Cheyenne Campfires" is a collection of
those stories which for generations have passed from
mouth to mouth among the Indians; they are the stories
that have been told to hushed audiences about the camp-
fires of the wandering tribes.

They tell us much about the things that
have interested the Indian, about his activities, and
the crude mythology which made up a large part of his
religion. There are War Stories, Mystery Stories, Hero
Myths, and many others.

"By Cheyenne Campfires" is a genuine
contribution to our knowledge of a hitherto little
known literature; it is both instructive and enter-
taining - a book which you will find very useful in
your permanent reference library.

The following pages will tell you more in
detail of the book. Doubtless, however, you will wish
to examine it and satisfy yourself of its importance.
The accompanying service card, filled in and mailed as
a postal, will bring you a copy by return mail or ex-
press, prepaid, on approval.

Very truly yours,

RVC-P





BY CHEYENNE CAMPFIRES

By GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL, Author of "THE CHEYENNE INDIANS," Etc.



GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL

BY CHEYENNE CAMPFIRES

PARTIAL TABLE OF CONTENTS

Introduction

The Cheyennes and Their Stories

War Stories

The Medicine Arrows and the Sacred Hat

The White Horse

The Brave Ree

Bear's Foot and Big Foot

Rope Earrings' Arrow-Point

Many Crow Horses

Stories of Mystery

Sees in the Night

The Buffalo Wife

Black Wolf and His Fathers

The Bear Helper

Sand Crane

Hero Myths

Hero Myths

Stone and His Uncles

Falling Star

The Bad Hearted Man

The Earliest Stories

The Very Earliest Stories

Creation Tale

Culture Hero Stories

Old Woman's Water and the Buffalo Cap

Sweet Medicine and the Arrows

Wihio Stories

Tales of Wihio

He Loses His Hair

Plums in the Water

A Medicine Man's Arrows

THE Cheyennes, like all the other Indian tribes, derived their entertainment largely from social intercourse, such as conversation, story-telling, and speech making. They were great visitors and spent much of their time either in discussing the news of the camp or in talking of the events that had happened in the past.

Since they had no written characters their history was wholly traditional, handed down from one generation to another by word of mouth. The elder, who transmitted these accounts to younger people, solemnly impressed upon his hearers the importance of repeating the story just as it had been told to them.

Story-telling was a favorite form of entertainment, and it was a common practice for hosts at feasts to invite some story-teller to be a guest, and then, after all had eaten, to relate his stories. Men known as good story-tellers were in demand, and were popular. The learning of these stories must have been a fine training for the memory of the young, who were frequently examined by their elders to see how completely they had assimilated the tales so often repeated to them.

Some of the stories were short, others were long, sometimes told in great detail, and even in sections. A short story might be told, and when it was finished the narrator stopped, and, after a pause, said, "I will tie another one to it." Then there was a long pause; the pipe was perhaps lighted and smoked, and a little conversation had; then the story-teller began again and told another section of the tale, ending as before.

Of the tales of the past, those narrating the events of the warpath were perhaps the most popular; by listening to them a fairly clear no-

tion may be had of the methods by which the tribal wars were carried on. Yet mystery, magic, and the performances of doctors and priests—men who possessed spiritual power—had their part, often an important part, in the narratives related by the older men. Sacred stories were told reverently, and with some ceremony. After the people had assembled in the lodge the door was closed and tied down and all sat still; there was no conversation; no one might go in or out; no noise might be made in or near the lodge during the telling of the story, lest the lack of reverence should bring misfortune. These sacred stories were to be told only at night. If related in the daytime the narrator might become hunchbacked.

This literature of the Cheyennes is very extensive, and, although interesting on its own account and extremely valuable from the point of view of ethnology, is little known for the simple reason that the Indian seldom takes an outsider into his confidence.

Dr. Grinnell, however, through his long association with the Cheyennes has been accorded a unique opportunity to become acquainted with their stories and traditions. In the present volume he has brought together a representative collection of these stories, many of which are very old and some of which are comparatively recent.

"By Cheyenne Campfires" is uniform in size and binding with "The Cheyenne Indians,"* published some three or four years ago, and may be looked upon as supplementary to that work. It is a book of 323 pages with nine full-page illustrations from photographs. The price is \$4.00.

* "The Cheyenne Indians," by George Bird Grinnell. Two volumes. Illustrated. Large 8vo. Bound in red vellum cloth. Price \$10.00. Published by Yale University Press.

was born in Brooklyn, New York, September 20, 1849. He was graduated from Yale University in 1870 and for some years thereafter engaged in business in New York. His intense interest in outdoor life, however, soon led him into the fields in which he has spent the greater part of his life. He accompanied Gen. Custer's expedition to the Black Hills in 1874 and was with Col. William Ludlow's reconnaissance to Yellowstone Park in 1875. Since 1876 he has been connected, sometimes as editor and for several years as president, with *Forest and Stream*. He has been for years prominently associated with the New York Zoological Society, Hispanic Society of America, Boone and Crockett Club, and similar organizations. He is the author of a long list of books on Indian life, hunting, fishing, and outdoor adventure. He is editor of a series of books on big game hunting and conservation issued by the Boone and Crockett Club. Probably his most lasting and important publication is "The Cheyenne Indians," with which the new book is uniform.

A Unique Collection of Authentic Aboriginal Folk Tales by One of Our Greatest Authorities on the American Indian

RUNNING THE SOCKDOLOGER

"On each side were the steep, ragged granitic walls, with the tumultuous waters lashing and pounding against them in a way that precluded all idea of portage or let-down. It needed no second glance to tell us that there was only one way of getting below.... We pulled up-stream about a quarter of a mile close to the right-hand wall, in order that we might get well into the middle of the river before making the great plunge, and then we turned our bow out and secured the desired position as speedily as possible, heading down upon the roaring enemy—roaring as if it would surely swallow us at one gulp.

"My back being towards the fall I could not see it, for I could not turn round while waiting every instant for orders. Nearer and nearer came the angry tumult; the Major shouted 'Back water!' there was a sudden dropping away of all support; then the mighty waves smote us. The boat rose to them well, but we were flying at twenty-five miles an hour and at every leap the breakers rolled over us. 'Bail!' shouted the Major,—'Bail for your lives!' and we dropped the oars to bail, though bailing was almost useless. The oars could not get away, for they had rawhide rings nailed around near the handle to prevent them from slipping through the rowlocks. The boat rolled and pitched like a ship in a tornado, and as she flew along Jack and I, who faced backwards, could look up under the canopies of foam pouring over gigantic black boulders, first on one side, then on the other. Why we did not land on top of one of these and turn over I don't know, unless it might be that the very fury of the current causes a recoil. However that may be, we struck nothing but the waves, the boats riding finely and certainly leaping at times almost half their length out of water, to bury themselves quite as far at the next lunge."



A CANYON VOYAGE

The Narrative of the Second Powell Expedition down the Green-Colorado River from Wyoming, and the Explorations on Land, in the Years 1871 and 1872

BY FREDERICK S. DELLENBAUGH

Artist and Assistant Topographer of the Expedition

PRIOR to 1869, the Colorado River country was almost a complete blank on the maps of the United States. The Canyon itself had never been traversed by white men. In this year, Major Powell made his famous first descent of the Green-Colorado River from the Union Pacific Railway in Wyoming to the mouth of the Virgin River in Nevada, a feat of exploration unsurpassed, perhaps unequalled, on this continent. So far as being useful in mapping the river, however, the trip was a failure due to the almost complete loss of the records and photographs through various mishaps, including the wrecking of the boats and the massacre of one of the parties by Indians.

It became necessary, therefore, to make a second expedition and it is this descent of the Canyon which is described by Mr. Dellenbaugh, who as artist and topographer was one of the ten men on the expedition of 1871–1872.

Backed by a government commission and under the nominal direction of the Smithsonian Institution, the expedition started on April 29, 1871, from the point where the Union Pacific Railway crossed the Green River. For over four months these intrepid explorers plunged and whirled in their frail boats through canyons sometimes so narrow that the sun was not visible for days at a time while the walls on either side were thousands of feet high; through rock strewn rapids where the boats had to be lowered by means of ropes or shot at the risk of imminent destruction.

It is now over fifty years since the expedition was made. Mr. Dellenbaugh's account is and will remain for all time the authentic story of the trip.

Second and Revised Edition. Profusely illustrated with photographs, colored plates, sketches, and maps made by the members of the expedition. Price \$4.00.

Putting Up an Indian Lodge.

WHILE in buffalo days some of the wild Indians of the plains occupied permanent dwellings during a part of the year, there were others who lived wholly in movable lodges.

These were made of buffalo skins tanned white and sewed together. They were of different sizes, the poor occupying smaller lodges, while the wealthy man, he who owned many horses, very likely had a large family and required a larger lodge. The size of a man's lodge was to some extent an indication of his wealth. Two horses were needed to drag the poles of a large lodge and one to carry the lodge itself; three horses for the transportation of the dwelling alone, to say nothing of the other property and the different members of the family.

A lodge of moderate size required eleven skins and eighteen poles were needed to set it up. A sixteen skin lodge required twenty-two poles. The larger the lodge the greater was the number of poles needed. From the fact that they used an unusual number of poles in setting up their lodges, it resulted that the Cheyennes had well stretched, nice looking lodges.

The Northern Cheyennes declare that an odd number of hides was always used for the best lodges, and the number might range from eleven to twenty-one. The skins were sewed together with sinew thread. First, of course, the hides must be tanned; the hair removed and the skin softened. Then the Cheyenne woman held a sewing "bee" which was not unlike the "bees" of our ancestors in the early days of this country. She invited her friends to come and help her sew her lodge, and provided them with refreshments. Among them was always one woman especially skillful in cutting out the lodges, and she fitted the skins together before the women began to sew them.

All this is introductory to the story of the raising of the lodge which is figured in our supplement this week. There we see at work putting up her lodge Stands Out, a tall, handsome, self-respecting Cheyenne woman, no longer in her first youth, for she is the mother of grown up children.

Before the lodge is erected she has carefully gone over it to see that it is in good order. It may have been worn against the saddle, or a lash rope may have cut a hole in it, or it may have been torn; and if there are holes they must be patched before the lodge is put up, otherwise it will leak to the discomfort of some one. If holes are found, Stands Out cuts a piece of hide of the proper size and with the awl and sinew mends them. A hole is punched by the keen awl, the sinew thread, moistened in the mouth, is pointed and passed through this hole as a shoemaker passes his waxed end through leather and the patch is sewn on. So, one by one, all holes and rents are repaired until the lodge is everywhere tight and rain proof.

The first operation of erecting the lodge is to tie together the three poles which form the lodge's foundation. These are lashed together at the proper distance from their butts by one end of a long rope and the three poles are erected and the butts spread so as to form a tripod. The long line, one end of which lashes them together, hangs down and several feet of it rests on the ground. After the three poles have been properly spread, all the remaining poles save three are leaned up against the forks of the first three in such a way that they are evenly distributed, their butts forming a short ellipse on the ground. It is generally believed that the poles form a circle, but this is not true; the figure is elliptical and the length of the ellipse is from windward to leeward.

The poles having been properly arranged, Stands Out takes hold of the line which hangs

down from the three important poles, steps outside the circle of the lodge poles and walks around them from east to south to west to north, holding the line in her hand and throwing it up as she moves, so that it slips up as far as possible, and tightly holds all the poles at the point where they cross each other. The result of this act is that all the poles are strongly bound together. Then she enters between the poles, pulls the line as tight as she can, drives a stout pin into the ground near the fire, and ties the line firmly to this, thus anchoring the lodge poles from the center and relieving the strain on any set of them in case a hard wind comes up.

Of the whole number of poles to be used in the lodge three still remain on the ground. One of these is used to raise the lodge lining. Inside the lodge lining at the back of the smoke hole, two stout leather thongs are fastened to the lodge covering and these are firmly bound to this pole at just the proper height. By this means, when the pole with the lodge covering is raised, and the pole is laid up in its proper place against the forks of the other poles, the smoke hole is at just the right height above the ground and the border of the lodge covering all about nearly reaches the ground. The woman now walks about the poles, and spreads the lodge covering over them, shaking it out and flapping it in the direction she wants it to go, somewhat as a bed maker flaps a sheet, until its nearly vertical borders meet in front. These borders are then pinned together, as high up as she can reach, by means of little wooden skewers which pass through holes in the margin of the lodge covering. Stands Out cannot reach up as far as the lower edge of the smoke hole, so she gets a travois and leaning it up against the lodge climbs up and stands up on that, and finishes the pinning. Next comes the final arrangement of the butts of the poles, so that the lodge covering shall be evenly supported and stretched on all sides, and then the driving of the pins into the ground to hold the lodge covering down. Now the small ends of the two other poles are passed into little loops or pockets at the points of the wings, and these are extended in the proper direction.

Stands Out now digs a hole in the ground in the middle of the lodge for her fire, and if possible she gets a few stones as big as one's fist and puts them in a circle around the fireplace. Then she hangs the door, tying it by its strings to one of the pins which holds the front of the lodge together and her house is completed.

It has taken a long time to describe this operation, but it does not take Stands Out a long time to perform it. She works briskly, never makes a false move and wastes no energy. She has built her house, and when the fire is kindled and the lining put up, it will be warm and comfortable on the coldest winter day.

Quail Drowned Out

NEW BERN, N. C., Jan. 19.

Stream: Every last one of calendars I receive this is the 19th of it. Possibly "corroborating" as snow and cury down North C had so last driz with the

By Cheyenne Camp Fires

BY GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL

Author of "The Cheyenne Indians,"
"When Buffalo Ran," etc.

Nov. 1926



This collection of folk tales gathered by one of our greatest authorities on the American Indian is a real contribution to our knowledge of aboriginal oral literature. The stories show vividly the range of the Indian's ideas, the things that interested him, the activities of his life, and the crude mythology which made up a large part of his religion.

"By Cheyenne Camp Fires" contains: Hero Myths, The Earliest Stories, Culture Hero Stories, and Wihio Stories. Wihio is the simpleton who always makes his magic once too often, to his own discomfiture, and the corresponding delight of his fellows.

Illustrated. Price, \$5.00.

The Cheyenne Indians

Their History and Ways of Life

BY GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL

"The value of such a work as Mr. Grinnell has produced can hardly be overstated. The Indians are a vanishing race, and the remnant that remains is rapidly losing the traditions which link it with the past. It is highly important that what can still be learned about the race be recorded while there is yet time, and this can be done through the patient and painstaking labors of such devoted students of Indian lore as George Bird Grinnell and a few others like him."—*The New York Times*.

Two volumes. With 50 illustrations from photographs and drawings. Price, \$10.00.

When Buffalo Ran

BY GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL

"It is hard to classify this book. It might be called a straightforward narrative of real adventure in the fashion of Defoe; it might be called a book for boys who like to read the romance of the old west; it might have been printed as a contribution to the sociology of the American Indian. In any case, it is a remarkable story and as interesting as it is remarkable."—*Literary Review, New York Post*.

"This is an exceedingly interesting, true story of an Indian boy of more than fifty years ago, written by a man who started in life as a brave little Indian, who is now a cultured American."—*Journal of Education*.

*Illustrated. Price, \$2.00.**

Night crept down. The stars peered out timidly. Over a shadowy hill in the east the moon swung like a huge paper lantern. The mist began to rise from the warm river and the breeze grew chill. My companion stirred himself, and with the embers of the cooking fire, started a crackling blaze in a pile of bleached drift. Its heat was pleasant and the leaping

flames charmed our drowsy eyes. And we sat there late, smoking, talking. From the woodland across the river an owl hooted; on the hill a fox barked twice. A giant frog drowned at the water's edge. The fire fell low. We spread our blankets and turned in. The moon peeped into the tent and we slept.

following one behind another, crept up until they had come within two hundred yards of the man. They could approach no nearer without being seen. Pushing Ahead said, "Now, let us make a rush and kill him before he can get on his horse."

"No," said Crow Chief, "we cannot do that. We shall be running up hill, and long before we can get to him he will be on his horse and away."

They crouched there, watching. As fast as the man cut off pieces of meat he put them on his own and his wife's saddle.

"It will be better," said Crow Chief, "to watch these people and see where they go. The village must be close at hand." The others thought that this was good counsel, and said to Crow Chief, "Now, since you are the fastest runner, as soon as this man gets over the hill do you follow him and see where he goes. We will come after you and will carry your gun and your other things."

At last the man finished his butchering, and mounted his horse, and he and his wife rode off. As soon as he had passed over the crest of the nearest hill, Crow Chief ran hard after him, and when he reached the top of the hill he could see the man, and watched him. He motioned the others to come on, and waiting until the Kiowa had passed over the next high hill, he again ran hard after him. Those who had followed Crow Chief, when they peeped over the hill, saw him on the next hill, signing to them to come on. When they reached him he said, "You see that hill over there. It is there that he passed." Pushing Ahead said, "Now, make a quick run over there and see what you can discover." Crow Chief made the run and crept to the hilltop and soon came back a little way down the hill and motioned the others to come on. They ran across to him as hard as they could, and when they reached him he said to them, "Well, I think we have found our friends." They looked down the valley where he pointed, and there, on both sides the Washita River, the hills were covered with horses as far as they could see.

Not far off there was a large buffalo wallow where the grass grew high. They went there, hid, and began to get ready—to straighten and soften their ropes by pulling on them, or by running them back and forth over the soles of the feet, and to fill their saddle pads with grass. This took a long time.

Then they chose partners, saying, "How shall we go to the camp?" Pushing Ahead and Crooked Neck said that they would go together. Crow Chief said, "I will go by myself, for I am the fastest runner, and I do not wish to be obliged to wait for anyone." Six agreed to go in pairs, but Crow Chief, Gentle Horse and Omaha were to start together, but to part before they reached the camp. At the buffalo wallow they left all their things except their lariats and their hair ropes, and it was agreed that they should come back to this place to meet.

As soon as it grew dark, they started out, running for the camp. Crow Chief was soon far ahead. Gentle Horse and Omaha parted company, and Gentle Horse went on the hills above the camp. Soon he came upon a bunch of horses standing close together, as if being herded. When the horses saw him they put up their heads and snorted, but he walked around them for a few

The Fleetness of Crow Chief

By GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL

THIS happened a long time ago, before the big fight in 1838 with the Kiowas, Comanches and Apaches. A war party of Cheyennes set out. Pushing Ahead, Crooked Neck and Crow Chief were the ones who carried the pipe. Besides these there were Gentle Horse, Omaha, Short Tailed Bull, Man-on-the-Hill, Medicine Arrow and Angry Man—nine in all.

It was at the last of the winter or the beginning of spring that they left the main camp near the Black Hills. They were going against the Kiowas, Comanches and Apaches to take horses from them. Their leggings and moccasins were made of well smoked lodge skins, and they used lodge skins for blankets. When the weather was bad they made little shelters of willows like a sweat lodge, and when they had built the frames, they covered them with bark and long grass. Each man had six or eight pairs of moccasins which he carried tied by their strings to the coiled rope that hung over one shoulder and under the opposite arm, so that the moccasins lay flat on the back. Each man had also a rope made of twisted buffalo forehead hair to use for a bridle.

Crow Chief was the best hunter and fastest runner of them all, and they usually sent him ahead to act as scout and to kill game.

When they reached the Smoky Hill River they camped on Running Creek, a tributary coming in from the south, and here they determined to stop and kill and dry meat and to make small ropes. They took strips of dry buffalo rawhide, and two of them would climb part way up the bluff and would draw these strips backward and forward around points of rock until they became soft. While they were doing these things, a great herd of buffalo came down and fed all about their camp. The calves were just being born and someone proposed that they should kill a number of calves, and from their skins make sacks in which to carry their dried meat. The men had awls and sinew, and they made the sacks as proposed.

When they had finished this work they started on again. They did not go near Bent's Fort, but passed about sixty miles below it. When they crossed the Arkansas they considered that they were in the enemy's country. As they went along, those men who best knew the country pointed out to the others the way they would return, showing where the rivers should be crossed, and the different landmarks by which the trail might always be found.

From this on they always had a scout out during the day to look for danger. The others

would remain behind until this scout had crept up on the next hill and looked over the country; then if all was well he would motion them to come on. When they reached the Cimarron River they were still more careful. Here the country is open and level for long distances and often they would creep from point to point of the hills, or sometimes would run by twos, one just behind the other, so that anyone seeing them from a long way off might suppose the two to be an elk or a horse. They never stopped all night in a creek bottom, but after drinking, retired to the head of some ravine and slept there. One night just as it was getting dark they came to the South Canadian. When they crossed it, Crow Chief went first, and the others followed, each stepping exactly in his foot prints in the sand. The last man carried a brush of willow twigs with which he swept away the tracks. After they had crossed, they went up into the breaks, where they ate and slept.

The next morning they followed up a ravine and Crooked Neck went ahead as scout. After he had been gone a little while, the others started on after him. They were now, as they supposed, in the heart of the enemy's country. They could see Crooked Neck ahead of them, up on the side of the hill, looking over the country, while they themselves were traveling in the bed of the ravine.

Presently they saw Crooked Neck look, and then jump into a ravine and run down toward them, all the time making signs for them to keep on up the stream. Soon he met them and said, "I do not know what it is, but just over the hill is a bunch of buffalo, and I saw the bulls begin to run. People must be there, and we shall have to wait here for a time."

The men all began to put on their light moccasins for running. While they were doing this, one of them looked up a side ravine and saw a buffalo cow come over the hill, and a man following it and ranging up alongside to shoot it with his arrow, and following the man, a woman. Both were on fast horses. The man must have shot the buffalo in a good place, for soon she stopped and stood a moment and then fell. The man did not at once dismount, but he and his wife sat on their horses looking all over the country. Then the man got off his horse and began to cut off meat, but he handed the rope to his wife and she sat there on her horse close to him.

"Now," said Pushing Ahead, "we will creep up close to those people and kill them." The Cheyennes slipped down into a side ravine, and

cadence that blended into the song of the river and went on and on down the valley. At intervals, too, the rattling call of a kingfisher, making a blue flash across our bow, fell with blatant notes upon our ears.

As we thus loafed along, the river ran swifter, the rapids became more sudden and violent, and eddies swirled in larger circles. For some miles we had our difficulties and we had to sit erect and ply the paddles with straightened arms. Two dilapidated fish dams were run, and at the second one we almost came to grief on a large rock close to the surface. Sometimes the gravel bars extended clear across the river and we ran aground more than once seeking the narrow channel that slipped noiselessly over the stones. And sometimes the channel divided into narrow chutes choked with drift. In one of these we had to step out into the current and drag the canoe over a half-submerged log.

These obstructions, however, served to keep us aware of ourselves and key us up for the chief obstacle of the day. A great tree had fallen across a narrow part of the river just

tance between us and the devouring spirit of the water, we plied the paddles vigorously for a time.

But soon we forgave the river for its greed and relapsed into our former golden state of mind, at peace with all the universe. Toward noon we got fairly drunken with the sunshine and the breeze. The current was now much slower, spreading out in a deep wide channel, and paddling had become merely a listless dipping, now on this side, now on that. The canoe began to grow too small for us; we must get out and stretch ourselves on shore.

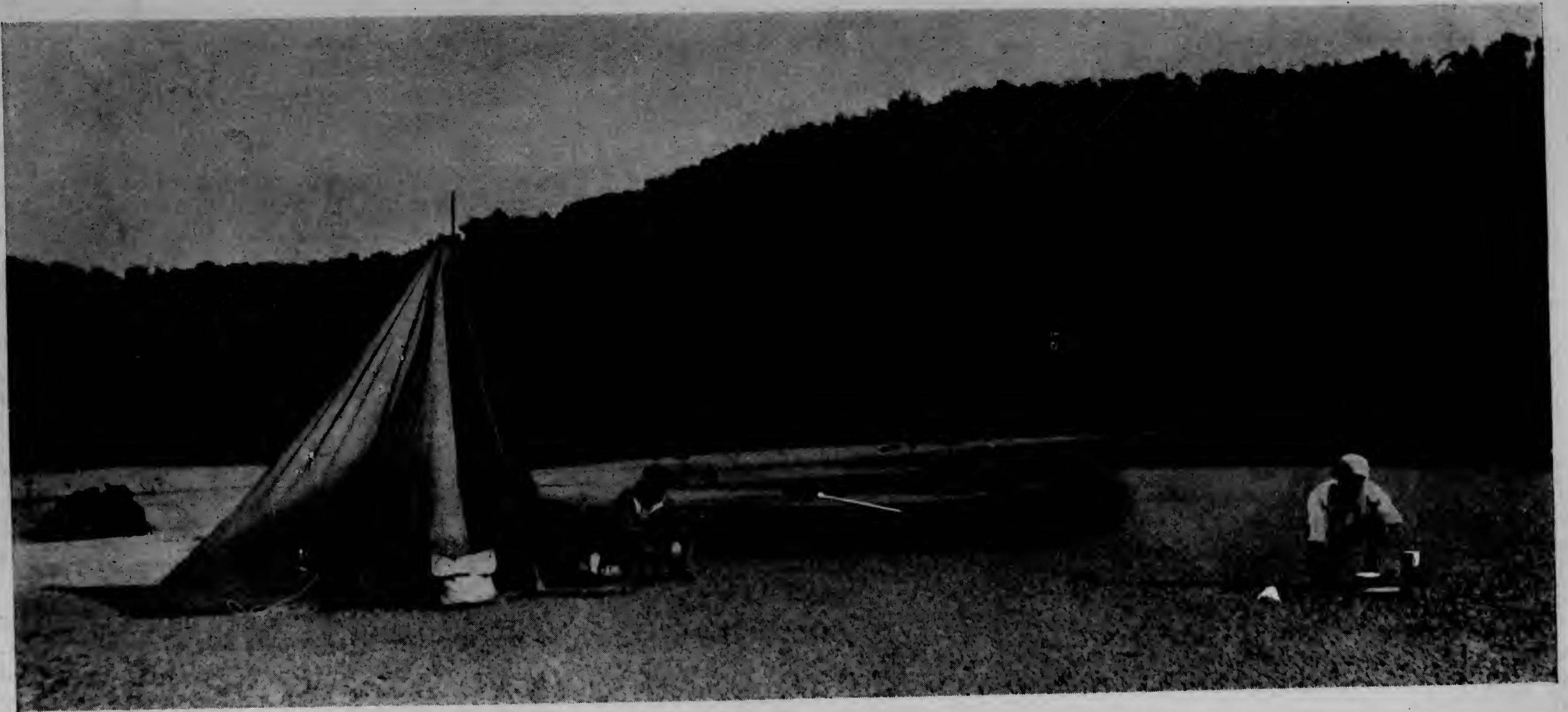
In a leafy nook between two tall chimney rocks that rose against a bluff, we bestowed ourselves, lunched, smoked and proclaimed all things good; especially tobacco and a lively river. It was a pleasant hour of the day, and we lay there dreamily, conscious of the sun at the height of its circuit, the slumbering woodland, the soft breathing of the wind and the running water that never stopped even for the noon hour.

We embarked again when we had been roused

the gravel bars. Cows came down from the meadows and stood knee deep in the cool water, lazily lashing clustered flies with wetted tails. A farmer boy perched upon a clay bank above an eddy and fished. His salutation barely gained a response from the dull beings floating past.

So on we went, until the rays of the sun reached up under our hat brims. Then we remembered the necessity of making camp for the night stealthily approaching. We were running through a wide stretch of the valley with low, heavily wooded banks. There were no open places where the breezes could keep us free from the night mists and the insects. So we selected a wide gravel bar that divided the current just above an abrupt turn of the river.

We made camp deliberately. The little brown tent was hung from a dried willow pole, the cooking rods set up, driftwood gathered in a handy pile. Then we slipped into swimming suits and plunged into the river. The swift current of the narrow chute west of the camp quickly carried us down to its junction with the broad part of the river, and there we essayed



OUR CAMP ON THE GRAVEL BAR.

around a sharp turn. We pounced down upon it so suddenly that our most strenuous strokes failed to carry us full into the free water at the end, and the stern, wherein I sat, was swept broadside into the branches. We hung there, half capsized, with the current sucking and bubbling among the twigs and piling up against the canoe. The river seemed hungry for us and our thoughts were of a grave and somber character as we struggled with tree and current. We were in a ticklish position, but we managed to keep our wits, and by main strength we cheated the ambush and suddenly shot clear, and on down stream.

This attempt of the river on our persons left us with a sense of injustice after our close brotherhood with nature, and some of the hollow notes of Pan's music were heard in the little valley. And just as if we must put a great dis-

by the distant shout of a plowman starting his horses to their afternoon's plodding in the loam. On down the river we floated, leaf-like on the current. The sun had warmed the breeze until it seemed to be the exhalation of some scented anesthetic of nature, and our drowse grew more intense.

Screwing up our eyes against the glittering sparkle of the water we hazily glimpsed the fat green landscape streaming by. The river was turned hither and thither by the close-gathering hills. The rock faces of the bluffs were painted in various and beautiful shades by ages of mineral seepage. In the moist clefts, ferns and fragile grasses clung, accentuating the browns and reds and blacks exuded by the hidden veins. Little streams fell into the river here and there and added each its small volume to the current. Willows, wherein young herons skulked, covered

to swim up stream. It was a strenuous task and shook us from our open-air lethargy.

We started supper eagerly. Bacon was crisped, an omelet was stirred up and the tea water boiled. There were twelve strips of bacon, eight eggs in the omelet, eight slices of bread, a pot of jam and much tea when we began. There was nothing left when we had done. Hunger had kept us from noticing the setting of the sun and the fall of dusk. As the shadows deepened across the bar we lit our pipes and stretched out on the boat rug, thrown on a patch of soft sand. A breeze drifted over from the south bank. And as the atmosphere was cooled we could feel a pleasant warmth rise from the gravel. It was very comfortable there in the dusk after the long day on the water. With full stomachs and pipes alight, a measureless content fell upon us.

moments, and then caught one with his rope and mounted and began to drive them off.

Now these horses were being herded by a captive Mexican boy who must have been lying down on his horse, for he was not seen. When the horses started, he must have slipped off his horse and a horse must have stepped on him, for Gentle Horse heard behind him a boy cry out as if in pain. Gentle Horse always declared that he made a great mistake when he did not go back and get the boy and make him help drive the horses.

When Gentle Horse got to the meeting place all were there except Crow Chief and Man-on-the-Hill, and there were horses all about. They waited a little while for the two who were missing, and then Pushing Ahead said, "We cannot wait longer for our friends. Something may have happened to them and we cannot risk the lives of others by remaining here." They started and drove all night. During the night there came up a great rain which washed out their tracks.

At daylight, as they were going along, they looked down the river and saw two men, each driving a bunch of horses. When these two men saw the others they changed their course

a little so as to join them. The different bunches of horses were still being driven separately, so that each man might know his own horses when they were bunched up. Crow Chief and Man-on-the-Hill did not go to the meeting place at the buffalo wallow, but went to where the trail would cross the river.

After they had come together the horses were bunched and driven faster. A man with a good horse was always left behind on a hill to watch the back trail. All that day they pushed hard and crossed the Arkansas at night, and there they stopped and rested the horses. When they had crossed the river they were all very tired. They went up on the divide above the river and spent the night there, and the leaders told each man to catch a fast horse and tie it up close to him.

At daylight the next morning Crow Chief awoke them and said, "Come on. Let us go." He advised them to walk for a while until they got limbered up, for they were very sore. About noon Crow Chief caught a horse and went on ahead and killed two buffalo. He and Man-on-the-Hill, who had not gone back to the meeting place, had lost their riding pads. They took

off the hides from the shoulders of the buffalo, where the hair is thickest, and made riding pads from these and made stirrups of the rawhide. That night they stopped and camped here for a few days, doctoring themselves and greasing their sores and chafed spots with buffalo tallow.

When they started again, most of the men still walked, but Crow Chief rode, for he was tireless. He went ahead and killed two antelope, and giving one of them to Man-on-the-Hill, told him to spread it over his buffalo pad, and he would really have an easy saddle. They kept on north to the head of the Republican River, intending to wait there for a while.

When they had left the Black Hills, the Cheyennes were intending to move south, crossing both the North Platte and South Platte rivers. One day, when Gentle Horse was out from the camp, he saw from the point of a hill two persons coming. He rode around among the hills closer to where he could get a better view, and after a little he saw that these two people were a Cheyenne man and woman, and from them he learned that the big camp was close at hand. So the war party reached the camp with their horses.

Cave Dwellings in Arizona.

SAN CARLOS, Ariz., Dec. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I say cave dwelling because it looked more like that than like a cliff dwelling.

We were riding over the mesas beyond Hackberry Spring, looking for springs that might be developed into water holes for Indian stock.

I had with me two line riders, one of whom was an Apache Indian. The Indian called my attention to a covey of white or silver-crested quail near by. These were the first I had seen or heard of. The California black topknot quail fairly swarm on all parts of the reservation, but I had not known of any other variety.

Far off, more than two miles away, bands of wild horses were speeding for the breaks and cedar gulches. They were as wild as though they had never before seen humans. The line rider showed me where, between two wide breaks with precipitous walls, they held a band

cement. Only about a foot of the walls remained, the floor being covered with a mass of débris and impalpable dust.

The grass shoes were not in evidence. We had nothing to dig with but a pointed stick, but I put the Indian to work and he seemed to be as interested as I was. Presently he exhumed some old discarded shoes, bits of ancient pottery and bones. Now he found a shoe in a good state of preservation, but showing wear as though it might have been worn a day or two before. The marks of the wearer's foot were still on it. Next came a bit of corn husk that was fresh as the day it was torn off.

You will see for yourself, as I send these articles with this paper. Evidently this cave had never been disturbed since it was abandoned by the inhabitants. Pieces of mescal that had been chewed were found, also bones and corn-cobs.

All of this stuff was dug up a foot under the

could not be removed. One picture represented lightning or a river. The figures were rude and evidently represented a family group.

What became of these people? Human bones are found in many of these dwellings. It seems to me that necessity and the encroachment of the enemy made them cannibals, and thus they disappeared.

LUTHER S. KELLY.

The Audubon Societies at Boston.

THE National Association of Audubon Societies will be represented by an exhibit at the Sportsmen's Show of the New England Forest, Fish and Game Association, to be held in the Mechanics Building in Boston, commencing Dec. 24, 1908, and closing Jan. 5, 1909. The exhibit will be under the charge of Prof. Edward Howe Forbush, State Ornithologist, and the New England agent for the Audubon Association. One



but they possess also great medicine power, are able to accomplish many marvelous things, and especially have the power of healing and curing themselves or those whom they favor when wounded. Often a part of the operation of healing is said to consist in blowing out from the nostrils dust of various colors, or in disgorging earth of different colors. Here is a story of the curing of a wounded cow by a buffalo bull, told in absolute good faith by Two Crows, a man now over sixty, and so old enough to have taken part in many of the fightings of forty years ago.

Two Crows was in Tall Bull's camp at the time when General Carr captured it, and killed so many of the Dog Soldiers, breaking forever the power of that stern and headstrong organization.

Two Crows said: "It was in the summer many years ago (summer of 1872) that I came back from the North. I was traveling south with several young men who had left the Northern Cheyenne. The Southern Cheyenne were camped on the Cimmaron River. We met a young Southern Cheyenne who told us where the camp was.

"When we were about ready to start one morning, I said to my friends that I would go on ahead, and I picked up a gun and powder horn belonging to one of the party and walked off. On my way I saw a herd of buffalo close to the bank of a deep ravine and went around and into the ravine and shot a buffalo cow that was very close to me. She ran a little way and fell down.

"I walked up to the cow to take some meat from her and the other buffalo ran off. One young bull stopped about fifty yards off and looked at me. Just as I had reached the cow, the bull started back and charged me. There was a little cottonwood tree standing nearby. I dropped my gun and ran for the tree and jumped up into it. As I did so the bull struck the stem of the tree and nearly knocked me out of the tree. I sat down on a branch.

"The buffalo bull went back to where the cow was lying, walked around her, pawed the ground and bellowed. Then he lifted the cow off the ground with his horns. Then the cow and the bull walked off together. It was the greatest mystery I ever saw.

"I waited in the tree a long time before I went back for my gun again, and then started back to where I had left my party, walking along the edge of the ravine where I had shot the cow.

"At the head of the ravine there was some tall grass, and I looked down in it and saw there a little old man lying on the ground, smoking. He had an old robe about him and his old flint and steel bag in front of him. I watched him for a long time, but he never looked up; just kept on smoking quietly. All at once he got up suddenly and made a jump for the bank. As he did so, he turned into a coyote and stood on the bank looking at me. I have always been sorry that I did not put out my hands to him to thank him for showing himself to me.

"When I got back to the camp everyone said I should have thanked the coyote man, for his letting me see him showed me I would live to be an old man.

"This is a true story. I am getting old now and it would not do for me to tell a lie."

GEO BIRD GRINNELL.

Forest & Stream - Oct. 10, 1908.

Indian Camp-Fire Tales

II.—A Snapper on the War Path.

IN 1850 a war party of Cheyennes had started out on foot to take horses and had got as far south as Black Butte Creek—perhaps Big Creek of the whites—which runs into the Smoky Hill River from the north, near where Fort Larned afterward stood.

They had come to the banks of this stream and were sitting there resting, some of them drinking water, others lying down in the grass and sleeping. As they sat there one of the men saw coming over the prairie a coyote, slowly trotting toward the stream. It acted as if it smelt something.

Now, it is the law that when people are on the war path they must not kill or injure either wolf or coyote, so no one thought of harming this animal, and the men sat there and looked at it, and one said to the others, "Sit still, now; do not frighten it; let us see what it will do."

The coyote trotted along slowly until it had come to a sand bank at the edge of the water, and there, after smelling about a little, it began to dig, and presently had partly uncovered the eggs of a snapping turtle and was beginning to eat them. But close by, lying on the sand, was a big snapping turtle, the mother that had laid these eggs. She saw the coyote and commenced slowly to walk toward him. The coyote had his head down in the hole busily devour-

ing the eggs and saw and heard nothing, and in a moment or two the turtle was close to it, and darting out its long neck seized him by the cheek and the ear, closing her jaws on him with a grip that nothing could loosen. The coyote yelled dismally and tried to pull away, but could not. The turtle was big and strong, and she began to back slowly toward the stream. The coyote, howling with pain, pulled back as hard as he could and struggled desperately, trying to shake himself free, but the turtle held on and marched steadily backward until she got into the water and dragged the miserable coyote after her. Gradually the water got deeper and deeper, until it had reached the coyote's body, and then presently his head disappeared, and the last the Indians saw of him was his tail and his hind legs waving in the air.

For some time the Indians sat there looking at the water and talking over what had happened, and at length they saw the body of the coyote rise to the surface and float away down the stream.

So the old turtle protected her young ones.

III.—The Buffalo Bull and the Coyote Man.

THE Indians believe that the bear and the buffalo are two of the most powerful animals found on the prairie or the mountains. They are not only two of the largest and strongest,



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

A Bloodless Coup

By GEORGE B. GRINNELL

A LONG time ago, a war party made up half of Arapahoes and half of Cheyennes started from their camp in the mountains near the Laramie River to go to war against the Utes. Red Bull, the head chief of the Arapahoes, was the leader. Most of the war party were traveling on horseback, but a few were on foot.

It was in the winter time that they started, and the weather was cold. For many days they traveled south along the Wind River mountains. They found no enemies, and nothing happened.

One day, as was their custom, they sent scouts out from the camp to go ahead of the party and see what they could discover. The men had been gone but a short time, when they came back and told the leader that they had seen a camp of Utes. When the leader of the war party heard the news, he determined to go that night to the Ute camp, and to take as many horses as they could. Some of the young men were to look over the prairie and gather the loose horses they found outside the camp, while others should creep into the village and cut loose the better horses that were tied up close to the lodges.

During the day they made themselves ready, and as soon as it was dark all started for the camp, which was close to them. Those who had horses took them part way to the camp, and then

horse that was tied in front of a lodge, the Ute that owned it heard him, threw back the lodge door, and shot at him. Then all the men of the war party ran, and began to call to each other that the Utes had shot a man and were after them, and they all jumped on the horses that they had taken and rode off as fast as they could in the direction of their home.

All did this except Red Bull, the leader. He was one of the bravest men in the camp, and



YOU.

one of the wisest. When he saw all the others riding away north he thought it would be better if he went by himself another way, and instead of going toward the Cheyenne camp, he rode in the opposite direction, south. He rode that night in the storm until he came to a stream on which some timber grew. He was freezing, and it was so cold and the storm was so bad that he determined to stop there in the timber until he could warm himself. It was away in the middle of the night when Red Bull reached the timber. He stopped, dismounted, and tied his horse; then he began to look about for some shelter from the storm—some place where he could be out of the wind and the snow. At first he could find none, but at last, not far from his horse, he walked against a high cut wall of rock, and as he felt along this wall he came to a hole, and crawled in there to get out of the wind and snow. He found the hole deep, and soon got in and sat down.

For a little while Red Bull sat there in this cave, shivering but glad that he had got in out of the wind, and then he began to feel about with his hands to find a good place to lie down. As he was doing this he put his hands on a man's knee.

"Ha!" Red Bull was surprised. He covered his mouth with his hand.

After a little he felt along and put his hand on an arm, and a breast, and found that it was really a man—a live man sitting by him. He said to himself, "Why here is a Cheyenne or an Arapahoe who has got here ahead of me," and he wondered who it could be. Pretty soon the other man put out his hand and began to feel of

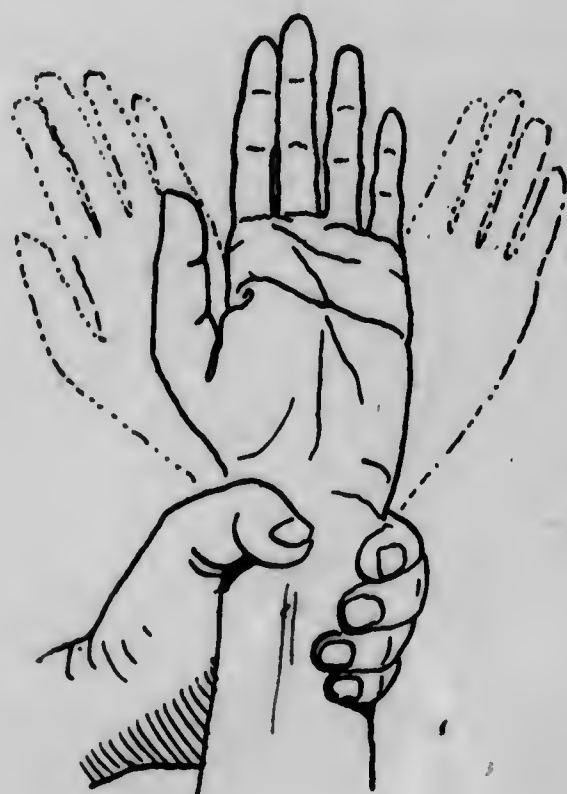
Red Bull, and felt of him all over. Neither spoke. Presently Red Bull took hold of the man's hand and raised it, holding it before his own breast, and shook it and then touched the man's breast with his finger; thus making the sign "Who are you?" He let fall the hand, and the other man took hold of Red Bull's hand and asked him in signs, "Who are you?" Then he put Red Bull's open hand close to his face and rubbed the back of the hand with his own fingers—"black" (Ute), and then he touched his own breast with Red Bull's hand. Then he closed all Red Bull's fingers except the first, touched his own breast with it, moved it before him in a wide circle, then pointed it upward, raised it high, bent it over, and brought it down, pointing toward the ground; thus saying, "Of all people about here I am the Chief."

Now they changed hands, and Red Bull took the Ute chief's hand, drew all the fingers together to a point, and with them tapped his own right breast, saying in signs—Arapahoe—tattooed on the breast. Then by the same signs that the Ute had used he said to him, "Of all the Arapahoes about here I am the Chief."

Now the Ute took Red Bull's hand, brought it close to him, and shut down all the fingers except two which he left extended side by side and touching each other, and then pushed it outward,



CHIEF.



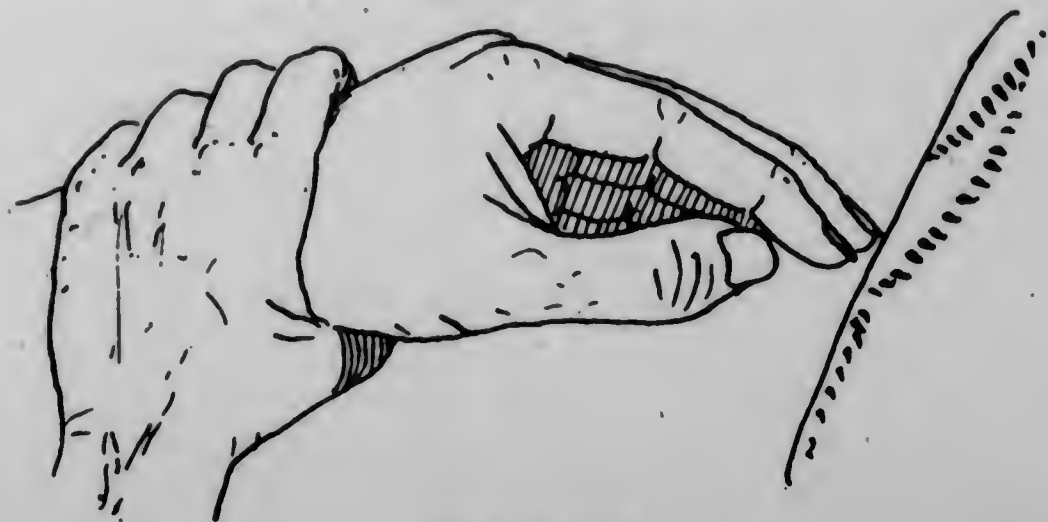
QUESTION SIGN.

tied them up, so that if there was an alarm they could get them quickly. From this place all went on foot, and a part of the men went into the village, while a part looked over the prairie. It was a terrible night, very cold, and blowing and snowing so hard that one could see but a little way.

While one of the men was cutting loose a

signifying "We have met together and are here side by side like friends." Then he took Red Bull's hand, closed all the fingers except the index, pushed with the forefinger his own body and Red Bull's body, and then, holding Red Bull's hand in his own, pushed it sharply down and snapped his own fingers out as if suddenly letting go of or throwing something away. This

meant "To pierce (kill) each other would be bad." With one hand, he pushed Red Bull's hand toward the entrance of the cave (outside); and then shook it as if shivering (it is cold); tapped the back of Red Bull's hand with the tips of his own half spread fingers (it is snowing). He made the question sign; and taking Red



ARAPAHOE.

Bull's forefinger, bent it up at the second joint, then he struck the tip of the finger with the palm of his open hand (a pipe filled); then put Red Bull's closed hand close to his forehead and lowered it (do you own or possess?); then he drew the hand back and toward his own mouth, and moved it out nearly the length of his arm and back toward his mouth and out again (smoking).

Now Red Bull took the Ute's hand, closed it, and brought it to his own forehead, and moved it outward and downward (I have one). Then he let the hand go, and reached around to his fire bag, took out his pipe from its case, filled and lit it, and handed it to the Ute chief, and he smoked, and they both smoked. When the pipe was smoked out he placed it on the ground.

Again he took the Ute by the hand, and brought it over and touched his own breast, and then touched the Ute's breast, and made the sign for smoking; (you and I have smoked). Then he made the sign for cutting (a knife), touched the Ute and himself, and made the sign for putting down and for sleeping ("let us put away our knives and sleep"). They slept there together all through the night.

When they awoke and looked out, it was day and clear weather. They got up and went outside, and the Ute said to Red Bull by signs:

"My friend, I have a good horse tied down there; he is very fast; a fine horse. I give him to you."

Red Bull said, "My friend, I have a horse picketed down here; he is a good horse. I give him to you."

Red Bull was wearing his war shirt, handsomely ornamented and fringed with scalps, and with a bundle of medicine tied on the shoulder. He pulled this off and said, "My friend, I give you that shirt." Across his scalp-lock he wore an eagle feather tied to it. He untied this and handed it to the Ute and said, "I give you that. Tie that in your head, and when any one shoots at you he will not be able to hit you."

The Ute also wore a fine shirt, and he pulled it off and said to Red Bull, "My friend, I give you my shirt. There is no medicine on it, for I am not a medicine man, I am only the head chief." He had a gun and a bow, and a quiver full of arrows, and these he gave to Red Bull, saying, "I give you these." He wore a fine pair of buckskin leggings and a fine robe, and he took off the leggings and gave them and the robe to Red Bull, saying, "My friend, I give you

these." He took off his knife and said, "I give you that."

Red Bull had a fine robe worked with porcupine quills, and he gave this and his gun to the Ute, and also his leggings and his knife. So these two exchanged clothing, arms and horses. Then the Ute said, "I have some meat here. We will make a fire and cook it and eat." They did this. Then Red Bull said, "Let us go and get our horses," and they went down to where the horses were. They were tied right close together—side by side. Red Bull had no saddle on his horse, and the Ute had one. So he said to Red Bull, "My friend, you have to ride a long distance, and I have only a short way to go; you take my saddle. Also, since you have a long way to go and you may perhaps meet some enemy, I will give you my balls and my powder for your gun. I have more at home in my camp." Then the Ute gathered up a big lock of hair over his temple, and said, "My friend, take your knife and cut this off and take it home with you, and when you get to your camp, blacken



FILLING A PIPE.

your face and dance, and tell them that you have counted a *coup* on the head chief of the Utes."

Then Red Bull gathered up a lock of his hair and said, "My friend, take your knife and cut this off, and when you get home, blacken your face and dance, and tell them that you have counted a *coup* on the head chief of the Arapahoes." Each cut the hair off the other.

The Ute said, "My friend, I would like to take you to my camp with me, but perhaps your party have been fighting with the Utes, and if they have news of it in my village they will kill us both if I take you to the camp. But if my people should come on us now while we are to-

gether, I will fight by your side and die with you, fighting my own people."

Then the Ute said, "What is your name?" Red Bull answered, "My name is Red Bull." Red Bull asked the Ute, "What is your name?" The Ute said, "My name is He Who Walks in the Air." Then said the Ute, "Let us exchange names. I will give you my name, and you give me your name." They did so. Then Red Bull put his arms around the Ute and hugged him,



SIDE BY SIDE.

and the Ute did the same with Red Bull. The Ute said to his friend, "Now we part. You go and I will go." So they parted, and each went his way.

The Utes chased the Cheyenne and Arapaho war party, and in the morning at daylight caught them, and they had a big fight. Two of Red Bull's party were killed, and the Cheyennes and Arapahoes killed three Utes. Neither party ran or pursued. After these men were killed, both parties drew off and went home. One night after the Cheyennes and Arapahoes had reached home, Red Bull came to the camp and told his story, and they danced.

About two years after this the Arapahoes made a peace with the Snakes. Then the Snakes went with them to the Utes, and there also they made a peace. Red Bull and He Who Walks in the Air met, and became great friends.

All this happened many years ago, but in the year 1893, White Bull, a chief of the Cheyennes, went to the Snake and Arapaho agency at Fort Washakie, and there met a very old white-haired man, a Ute, whom he asked if he remembered anything about these men. The old man said that he remembered them, and added, "We have now in our tribe a chief named Red Bull. Although this happened long ago this name still remains among our people, and is handed down from chief to chief."

The Passing of Pussy Tom

By EDMUND F. L. JENNER

SIXTY-EIGHT lambs from forty sheep ain't so bad. I guess them sheep will clip near six pounds of wool right straight through. Them five or six oldest lambs will be ready to ship in two weeks' time; and they say good lambs are worth three and a half each. Wool's worth twenty-five cents a pound, cash, and those two barren ewes I mean to stall-feed and sell."

So spoke Hiram Hawkins as he leaned on the fence of the two-acre paddock close to his house. The sheep were freshly washed. In a day they

would be dry enough to shear. The lambs varied from sturdy youngsters, almost fit for the market, to weak, wabbling babies only a couple of days old. Abraham Lincoln, the imported ram, had already been sheared. The scales recorded the fact that his fleece weighed fifteen pounds odd ounces.

Mr. Hawkins was engaged in mixed farming. It was his great ambition to become the owner of a hundred sheep. Starting on a capital of nothing at all, he had saved enough to buy a backwoods clearing. That was twenty odd years

Winter War Stories

By GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL

AMONG the Indians in olden times people were occasionally found who believed that they had a certain spiritual power, which enabled them to foretell coming events. Some of them could also call "spirits from the vasty deep," and those spirits, when summoned, conversed with them, told them about events that were then happening at a distance, about the location and condition of persons far away, and foretold matters that should happen. This foreknowledge came to those who possessed this mysterious power, and whom we call "Medicine Men" sometimes, while they slept—in dreams—at other times they saw visions while awake, or again some bird or some animal might call out to them and they would understand its cries, just as if it had spoken in the man's own tongue. Some of these men possessed amulets or charms which warned them of the approach of danger. Their powers, which were very varied, thus resembled in some respects those of the Old Testament prophets in that they often heard and saw things not seen and heard by common people, and communicated with beings of which the people knew nothing except by hearsay.

All Indian tribes have a great oral literature; that is to say, they have a multitude of stories dealing with things ancient and modern, sacred and profane. Many of their tales purport to give the history of the origin of things. There are stories of the gods, tales told simply for purposes of entertainment, and stories about the events of wars. In all these tales the mysterious appears from time to time, miraculous happenings which we are familiar with in the stories of ancient times, whether they be those of sacred history or of classical antiquity, or merely the folk-tales of the common people.

Two or three stories recently told me by Cheyenne Indians of occurrences which took place less than sixty years ago, though dealing with actual events of war and winter, contain those elements of the miraculous, and are offered here as interesting both for the facts which they contain, and for what they show of the working of the mind of primitive men.

The Prophecy of Bear Man.

IN the winter of 1856-57 a part of the Cheyennes were camped for the winter on Running Creek. Three clans of them were there, the Wüh'tāpiu, O'ivimānāh' and Hēv'ātāniu. One day a medicine man called Bear Man, after coming out of a sweat house where many old men were taking a sweat, stopped by some men who were sitting, smoking near the pile of earth where the buffalo skull faces the sweat house, and said to them: "While my friends there were all singing inside the sweat house, I saw something."

"What is it," said the others; "tell us about it."

"As we were sitting there," said Bear Man, "praying and sweating, it came into my mind strongly that it will be good for us to keep close and tie up all our gentle horses, for in my mind I saw coming toward our camp on foot a war party of Pawnees. The leader was carrying in his arms something wrapped up in a cloth."

When Bear Man had finished speaking, Bear Tongue rose to his feet and went through the camp, crying out and telling all the people what Bear Man had seen in his vision.

As the sun drew to the west, all the people drove up their horses and all the gentle ones were tied up. Some young men went out a little way from the camp and watched during the night for the Pawnees. Two nights passed and nothing happened. On the third day people began to say that Bear Man must have been mistaken in his vision, and that night they did not tie up their horses, and on this third night everything was quiet. Nobody now thought anything of Bear Man's vision.

Early in the morning after the fourth night a young man came running into the camp, calling out that the Pawnees had stolen horses. He held in his hand a Pawnee arrow that had dropped out of a Pawnee quiver while its owner was getting on a horse. The man's tracks showed where he had mounted a Cheyenne horse. All the men now ran out to see if their horses were taken. When the women went down to the stream for water they found a blanket that a Pawnee had lost. Those who were out hunting for their horses came to a place on the hill below the camp where the Pawnees had sat in

a row and made prayers before taking the horses. On the ground they had marked horse tracks leading toward the Pawnee country. They had left their sacks just as they had set them in a row, with corn and dried meat in the sacks and also some moccasins. They had driven the horses by this place and taken a few of their things, for their tracks showed where they had dismounted.

Thus it was seen that Bear Man's vision had come true. His prophecy was fulfilled. The Cheyennes came back to the camp and told what they had seen, and now men began to saddle up their horses to follow the trail. As the men were beginning to start, Bear Tongue cried out, "Follow them slowly, for the Pawnees have not taken very many good horses." The best horses were above the camp, but the Pawnees coming up the stream had taken the horses below the camp and mainly from the camp of the Hēv'ātāniu. The clans Wüh'tāpiu and O'ivimānāh' were camped further up the creek and had their horses above the camp.

As fast as the men got saddled up they started on the trail. It was very plain and led toward Solomon Forks. In the evening the pursuers stopped on a small stream that runs into those creeks. The trail was now very fresh.

Black Kettle had been chosen as the leader on this trip. He was a young chief and had married into the Wüh'tāpiu clan. When they stopped that evening he said to the young men: "Now we are getting close to the Pawnees. All those of you who have good horses must saddle them and leave your poor horses here. Those of you who are riding slow horses stay here with these horses." A good many of the men were riding common horses and leading their war horses, but some people who were riding poor horses were those who had had their good horses stolen. Buffalo were all about them, and Black Kettle told those who were going to stay here not to go away from this place, but to go out and kill some fat cows, so that when his party returned they might have plenty to eat. He told them also to keep up a good fire during the night, for he and his party would come back as soon as they had overtaken the Pawnees.

Black Kettle and his party started on the trail and when they got near the Solomon River,

Black Kettle told his men to form in line and all to get off their horses. They did so and all the men stood in line in front of their horses. Then Black Kettle took an arrow from his quiver and stepped ahead of his men and held the arrow as if he were going to shoot; then he drew the arrow back and came to his men and said to them: "Do you see the point of that hill over there? Right under it the Pawnees are resting and eating." All mounted their horses and charged for this point, and when they reached it they found that the Pawnees had just left it. The fire was still burning. They had killed a buffalo and had been roasting meat. The Cheyennes had started down this creek and had not gone very far when they saw the Pawnees rounding up the horses and trying to catch the fast horses to get away on. But the Cheyennes were all on good horses and they were too quick for the Pawnees. Two Pawnees caught fast horses, one a white horse that belonged to Thin Face and one a gray horse that belonged to Lump Nose. These two were noted horses. Thin Face and Lump Nose had stayed back with those that had the slow horses and were left as leaders of that party. In their younger days both had been great warriors.

Five Pawnees ran to the timber nearby and got among the willows and cottonwood trees, but the Cheyennes got all around them, and it did not take them long to kill all five. The two on fast horses got away. The Cheyennes knew that they could not catch them, so they let them go. Antelope was the first man to count a coup.

They had recovered all their horses except the two that the Pawnees had ridden off and nine more that were still missing. These nine were eight unbroken mares and a very old mule that had been broken to ride.

It was night when they turned back. On the way they stopped to rest, and next day early started on, though their horses were getting very tired. Black Kettle said: "Let us stop on the creek and dress the scalps," and they did so and rested for a time. They all said: "We must not show the scalps to the other party until we get near them and then we can shake the scalps in their faces." This was the custom in those days.

The party that had been left behind got up on the hill to watch those who were approaching to see whether anyone had been hurt or killed, but those who were coming made no signal. When Black Kettle and others got close to those who had stayed behind and were just about to shake the Pawnee scalps at them, Thin Face, who was Black Kettle's brother-in-law, ran up to Black Kettle and pulled out a scalp from under his robe and waved it in front of Black Kettle's face. Black Kettle and his party were surprised at this. Thin Face pointed down the creek and said to them: "You will find his carcass there." He meant that they had killed the Pawnee there.

When those that were left behind went out to kill buffalo, they saw a man driving eight head of horses and riding a mule. This Pawnee was unlucky. The horses he had taken were all unbroken mares. Only the old mule was gentle and could be ridden. In the darkness these wild mares looked fat to the Pawnee, and he thought he was getting a fine herd, but in the morning he found his mistake, for he had nothing to ride but this very old mule.

The Cheyennes say that this man must have been crazy. When they charged toward him he jumped off the mule and ran down the creek. He came to a coyote hole and spread his buffalo robe over the hole and pulled his moccasins off and placed them on the ground in such a way that it looked as if he were lying down there. At first the Cheyennes thought he was lying in the hole, and when they charged him the first man struck the robe with his bow and then saw that there was no Pawnee there. They ran further down the creek, searching everywhere, and at length found him hiding in the bed of the stream. When he saw that he was discovered, he jumped up, holding his bow and a handful of arrows. He pointed to the sun and made signs that he was like the sun and that it would be a great thing for them if they should kill him that day. The Cheyennes say that whether he was crazy or not he made a good fight. Twice he came very near catching Thin Face, and they say that if he had been on a horse he would have killed a number of them. Thin Face fought on foot and the Pawnee kept running after him. Big Nose had a gun and got off his horse to shoot at him, and when the Pawnee saw that Big Nose was off his horse he made a dash for him. Big Nose got behind his horse to shoot, but the Pawnee did not turn back but kept rushing toward him, and when he got very close, Big Nose shot him and he fell. For a long time the Cheyennes were afraid to go close to him. Once before he had lain on the ground and pretended that he was shot, and when they went near to him he had jumped up and run after them. They thought he was playing this trick again. After loading his gun, Big Nose walked up to the Pawnee and he was dead. They say he was a fine looking young man.

This time the Cheyennes got six scalps and got back all their horses except two that the Pawnees had ridden off. For the rest of the winter the Cheyennes held big scalp dances.

Later in the winter Bear Man, although it was winter, made fresh cherries and plums to grow while he was doctoring Sand Hill. Sand Hill was very sick—so low that he could not eat anything, and Bear Man made this fruit for him to eat. Bear Man took twigs of cherry and plum brush and stuck them in the ground and threw a buffalo robe over them and shook his rattle and prayed over it a few times, and when he took the robe off there were wild cherries and plums on these bushes. The medicine men were sitting inside the lodge and saw Bear Man do this.

The Strange Adventures of a Kiowa War Party.

A long time ago a war party of Kiowas and Comanches started to go to Mexico to see what they could do. After they had gone some distance the back of one of their horses became very sore; it was so bad that the horse could no longer be ridden. When they saw how sore the pony's back was, they thought it best to leave it behind, for it would be no use to them on the rest of the trip, and when they came back they could find it and take it home with them. While they were talking about this a middle aged man said: "It will be good to take the insides of the wild gourds that grow here on the prairie and plaster them on this sore. This will keep the flies off, and at the same time will

help to heal the wound." Some of the young men hobbled the pony, and getting some of the gourds they broke them open and took out the seeds and the pulp and spread this over the sore until it was all covered. Then they left the horse and went on their way.

There was a young man who went along as a servant who rode a small black pony, whose ears and tail had been cut off. It was a thick short-legged animal and, when at a little distance, looked a good deal like a black bear. The party traveled on, and when they reached the mountains they came to a place where bears



CLIMBING THE MOUNTAIN.

were very plenty and very tame, so that anyone could ride right close to them and they would pay no attention to the men. Game of all kinds was plenty and the war party had an abundance of food. They did not trouble the bears because it is against the Kiowa medicine to hurt a bear, for the great medicine of the Kiowas—that which they used in their medicine lodge, and to which they offered presents to bring them good luck—are stones that look just like bear kidneys and they call them stone bear kidneys.

The night they camped here someone gave the alarm that enemies were coming, and all were frightened. The young men that were guarding the horses ran them into camp, and everybody was in a great hurry to saddle up and move to another place. The night was very dark. The young man who had the black bobtailed pony saddled it and at length the whole party moved off together. During the night, while they were traveling, if any man rode near to this young

servant who had the small bobtailed horse, the rider's horse would shy away from the young man. To some of the men this happened more than once, and they thought it was queer and did not understand it, but when daylight was coming on they saw the reason why their horses shied away from this young man on his black bobtailed pony. When the horses had been driven into the camp a black bear had come with them, and this young man had saddled up the black bear in the darkness, taking the bear for his horse.

When the Kiowas saw what had happened they all laughed a great deal and asked the young man why it was that he had not found out that he was riding a bear. The young man said: "I was so sleepy that I did not know what I was doing; so I rode the bear."

The bobtail pony was running with a loose herd of horses, so the young man got off the bear and took off his saddle and bridle and the others caught his pony and brought it to him and they left the bear behind them.

The war party went on to Mexico, raided the settlement there, took some Mexican captives and got many horses. On the way back they came to a very large and deep stream. They sent the Mexican captives to ride into it in the lead, and drove the loose horses after them, so that the herds followed them. When the horses reached the middle of the stream they began to plunge for the other side as fast as they could swim, but one gray mare hung back and was slow in making for the shore and in climbing the bank. The other horses had all got out on the bank, and some began to feed and some to roll in the grass when they saw this mare coming up on to the bank, and all of them stampeded, running away from her. She had something hanging to her tail, but when she got up on to the level ground she began to kick and plunge and the thing dropped off.

When the Kiowas rode up to it, it was an old man. It had a tail like a fish, no legs and was very wrinkled all over. It had eyes and mouth and ears, but no nose. The head was perfect except for the nose. The eyes were large and round; they were like fishes eyes. It had very long finger nails like the claws of the snapping turtle. It could not sit upright on account of its fishes' tail. The Kiowas all ran from this little old man.

After a time they got back to the place where they had left the sore-backed horse. When they had almost reached the place the owner of the horse went ahead to search for it. He climbed up on a hill to look around to see if he could see the horse down the stream, and when he looked down the valley he saw a small green mound, and while he looked at it, it moved. He motioned to his party to come on quick and they did so, and joined him, and at last they all rode up to the mound and found that it was the sore-backed horse that they had left. Long vines had grown from the seed put upon his sore and hung down to the ground all about, covering the horse.

The Kiowas held a council to determine whether they should take this horse with them or leave him, and after it had all been talked over they thought it best to leave him where he was. They say that now there is a big mound there covered with these gourds and they call it the Horse Mound. At this place big herds of

wild horses roam and the Kiowa medicine men used to go there to dig up the roots of these gourds for medicine. They say that these roots were stronger medicine than those that grew in other places. All the Indians use these roots for medicine. When dry they are sweet tasting.

The war party came on toward home. As is the custom with war parties, one or two men were always out ahead hunting, to get food for the party. One day a hunter who was ahead saw a big herd of wild horses coming out of a creek, and in the lead of this herd of horses he saw a person walking. For a long time he did not know what to do. He knew that these were wild horses, and yet they were following a person and this seemed mysterious. He did not know whether to ride up to the person or not. The hunter rode back to his party and told him what he had seen. He was a chief and they all believed in him. They decided that the next day they would try to capture this person when the wild horses came back for water. That night one of the medicine men dreamed that this person was a woman who some years ago had

gone back to look for a colt that had been left behind, and who had been lost and never could be found or traced.

The next morning all the men caught up their best horses in order to chase this person and to capture him if they could. They waited behind a big hill, and in the middle of the day they saw the herd coming for water. When the horses went into the creek, the Kiowas made a rush for them and some made for the hills in the direction they thought the wild horses would run. Those that charged directly on the wild horses got very close to them before they ran up out of the creek. The person who was with them took the lead of all the horses and outran them all. A yearling colt was running with it and a big stallion kept close behind it. The big stallion fought hard for it, but the Kiowas closed in, and after a long chase caught it with their ropes. When they caught it, it fought hard. It had long finger nails and had long hair all over its body even on its face. The yearling colt kept coming back.

After the Kiowas had their lariats thrown on

it from all sides so that it was firmly held, they could look closely at this person, and they found that it was the woman that had been lost years before. One of her relations was with this party, and he said it was better to let her go, for she would be of no use to them, as she had turned wild. So they loosened the ropes and let her take them off, and when she got loose she made for the wild horses—she and the yearling colt. The wild horses stood off a short distance waiting for her. In years after that she was often seen with the wild horses, but she was never afterward troubled nor was the herd she ran with ever chased, for in council the Kiowas agreed not to chase this herd; they always avoided it or went around it.

When they reached the village they told all about this woman's running wild with the wild horses, and how she acted when they caught her, and how she fought to get loose, and that it was no use to try to tame her.

This is the story as told to me by Man Going Down Hill. He is still alive and one of the oldest Kiowas now living. What do you think of it?



NATURAL HISTORY



Concerning Black Bears.

UNTIL very recently I have always had the greatest unconcern in connection with meeting common black bears; an unconcern founded on the belief that they invariably got out of the way for people who were not afraid of them. I have had to alter my opinions radically.

As a boy I used to spend my summers in a region of Canada where bears were fairly numerous, and later when I adopted lumbering, my business often took me into the big woods in the summer and fall. In this way I met many bears and made their more intimate acquaintance; sometimes when they were on their depredations at the lonely farm houses, which stood in little clearings on the edge of the wilderness, and sometimes in the tangled and trackless wilderness itself.

Once in a great while we would surprise a bear close enough to see him sneaking off with his head turned over his shoulder, and watching us out of his wicked little eyes; or perhaps he would disappear with a heavy awkward-looking lope, without giving us even a backward glance.

The woodsman undoubtedly passes many bears in summer without any intimation of their proximity, but in such cases it is seldom that bruin himself is not either watching or getting out of the way, for like all other wild creatures he has the advantage over human beings in the matter of keenness of scent as well as in the exercise of other organs of sense. Of this I have had two striking illustrations told in detail by that invaluable publicity bureau of the forest, the newly fallen snow.

In late September and early October in the

Northern Canadian woods, five or ten minutes' snow flurries are of frequent occurrence. These flurries hardly cover the brown carpet of the fallen leaves "under the shade of melancholy boughs" in the autumn woods, and the snow disappears almost as quickly as it has fallen, but during its short stay furnishes a perfect record of the near passage of any of the forest inhabitants.

One of the illustrations I mentioned will be sufficient. Three of us were walking through the virgin woods, following more or less the course of a river. We were discussing in rather loud voices the advisability of certain lumbering operations, when the first little snow flurry of the day came sifting through the evergreens and birches, calling our attention to the near approach of winter.

A few moments later when the snow had made a partial covering for the ground, we came on two bear tracks, a large and a small one, made undoubtedly while we were within rifle shot of the bears. They had been coming toward us and the snow showed plainly where they had halted at the sound of our voices. They must have stood for a moment to ascertain the nature of the noise, but in that moment came the knowledge of the presence of human beings and—in consequence of the recognition of danger—a digression from their original course; a digression which took them to the river and across it, for they did not seem to mind the swim in the icy water so long as they evaded us. The river was narrow and we were too late to catch a glimpse of them. There must be many like occurrences when there is no newly fallen snow to tell the story.

Most of the settlers in the forest fringe I

have mentioned either had traps or made dead-falls, and some years they were very successful in their war against the thieving bears.

There was one French-Canadian called Isidor something or other, who lived in a particularly lonely place, and with whom we often made our headquarters. This Isidor was greatly bothered by bears and had lost many sheep, one heifer and a pig during his residence on the farm. I have never seen a bear catch a sheep, but Isidor has told me of the depredator's manner of proceeding: Dusk is the hour when they usually operate. They approach cautiously till the sheep notice them, and sheep-like scamper off in affright. Then the bear lies perfectly flat and quiet, and the natural curiosity of the sheep brings them back to investigate. Nearer and nearer they come till bruin has a chance to grab one in a few short springs.

His method of departure, Isidor said, was always on the hind legs with the sheep or even a heifer clasped in his front paws. Once Isidor met a bear walking off thus erect, with a creamer full of milk clasped by the edge in one of his front paws and held out in front of him.

The last summer I had the pleasure of friendly intercourse with Isidor he had determined on a new policy to protect his live stock. He had sold three sheep, and with the proceeds was having masses said for various of his deceased relatives, hoping thus to secure their spiritual intervention in the matter of protection for the sheep and confusion to the bears. Unfortunately I left the region before the result of the experiment could be ascertained, and as I did not again see or hear from Isidor, I cannot say whether his tactics were successful.

I sometimes made the round of the traps and

An Indian War Bonnet

THE accompanying illustration represents an eagle-feather head-dress in the writer's collection of Indian relics at Saint Williams, Ontario. This bonnet formerly belonged to Man-in-the-Clouds, a chief of the Southern

cost was heavy. In the days of the bison a pony was the price of each bird, and as tail-feathers only were used, three eagles usually had to be secured. White plumes with black ends were considered superior to barred specimens, but the



Indian war bonnet

Cheyennes of Oklahoma, and is the type worn by prairie tribes of Canada as well as of the United States.

The seventeen large feathers of the upper part are securely fastened to the buckskin scull-cap and beaded peak. The twenty-four on the flap are strung along a core laced through it, by means of their bases being ingeniously pointed and bent back into the cylinders. They are kept in a horizontal position by a string suspended from the cap and threaded through the bone midway. All the quills are bound with red flannel, which goes well with the red and blue cloth of the flap and which is embellished with inserted down. The two cords hanging from the peak are for adjustment. The two yellow strips below (the tassels only being visible in the picture) are for tying around the chest, keeping the tail in position and at the same time relieving the wearer's head of its weight.

A war bonnet of this kind was highly prized. As exceptional skill is required to kill or capture an eagle, the initial

latter were not all rejected, as can be seen in the photo. Originally no feathers were worn below the waist, as indeed is yet the custom to a great extent. But with the introduction of horses, the long flaps became popular.

A chief was allowed a feather for each man killed by himself and his band. If the victim lost his scalp, a tip of red down was attached. On the example shown there were forty such tips, but one has been lost. The notched ornamental plume extending from the back of the cap is tufted with white.

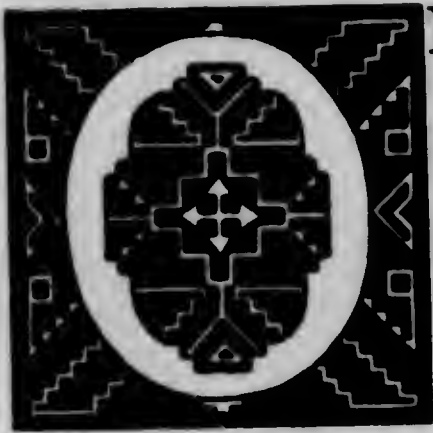
In actual warfare, bonnets were often found to be cumbersome, and were cast aside. There is a story of an Omaha chief, who in assisting to ward off an enemy attack on his village, felt his head-dress to be in the way. He sent it back to the tepee by a lad, who put it on and amused the squaws by strutting about and pretending to be a victorious warrior. However, the boy's action was really a symbol of victory, for shortly afterwards the braves returned in triumph laden with scalps.



The Redman-Feb. 1913.

The Indian's Gift.

ANNA HAUSER, *Cheyenne.*



ONCE upon a time an Indian started on a long journey, and as was the custom in those days he walked.

The only thing which he carried was a large buffalo robe. It was very hot, as it was in midsummer when he started on his journey.

As he was nearing a river bank he saw a fox sitting there. When he reached the river he began to talk to the fox for quite a while, and then he again started on his journey.

When he was quite a distance from the river he came to a large rock, and he began to talk to the rock. The rays of the sun were beating on the rock and the Indian thought he would give the robe to the rock as a present to protect it from the scorching rays of the summer sun. He gave the robe to the rock and he again resumed his journey.

He had not gone very far from the rock when he again met the same fox and began talking to him. In the distance could be seen black, heavy clouds and he knew that there was going to be a severe storm. He wished for his robe to protect him from the storm and he finally made up his mind to take it back from the rock.

He told the fox to go after it and the fox did so. The rock was very unwilling to give up the present given to him by the Indian. The fox took the robe in spite of the rock's protests and carried it to the Indian.

The Indian could see off in the distance that something black was coming. He thought it was a cloud and did not hurry but took his time.

The next time he looked back he saw that it was the rock which was following him. He looked around for a hiding place and saw a cave where the fox lived. He ran into the hole, but it was too late as the rock had seen him. The rock rolled up to the mouth of the cave and the man was suffocated.

This should teach us a lesson that whatever we give away we should not take back and be "an Indian giver," as they say.

Am. Anthropologist, Vol. 17, No. 1, Jan-March 1915

manent structure of society. Mr A. R. Brown followed with an account of the varieties of totemism in Australia, his classification covering several new types recently discovered by himself in Northern Territory, or by Mrs Bates in the Eucla district. In the afternoon the section repaired to the museum, where local experts provided a full program. Mr R. Etheridge commented on various ethnological exhibits from Australia and New Guinea, being part of the rich collection over which he presides. Mr S. A. Smith dealt with various anatomical peculiarities of the Australian aborigines. Messrs Flashman, Hedley, Enright, and Elmore were also to thank for interesting contributions and exhibits, while a great debt is due to Prof. J. T. Wilson, who, despite the severe duties of military censor, managed to arrange for so strongly supported and well-organized a sectional meeting as that of the anthropologists at Sydney.

It has proved quite impossible to do justice here to the multitudinous experiences which, altogether apart from the formal proceedings of the section, have served to make the Australian visit of the Association, and of the anthropologists in particular, at once pleasant and profitable in a quite unique way. The unfailing kindness and hospitality shown by our over-seas brethren one and all make it a too invidious task to assign special thanks, and it must suffice, by way of showing due gratitude, to see to it that, in the way of science, Australia's myriad wonders and excellences are henceforth rated at their proper worth. As for the anthropologists in particular, they cannot be accused of having neglected Australia, since it has ever been the happy hunting-ground of the theorist seeking to reconstitute the life of primitive man; but at any rate it is likely that henceforth the study of Australian problems will proceed more intensively, inasmuch as the astonishing wealth of the Australian museums has been realized from near at hand. Moreover, we come away feeling that we have left on the spot plenty of men capable of carrying out the best kind of anthropological work, if only those in control of ways and means can be induced to make proper provision for a branch of study in which Australia might well aspire to lead the world.—*Nature*, London, October 22.

A Cheyenne Dictionary.—The veteran Mennonite missionary, Reverend Rodolphe Petter, who has spent twenty-three years with the Cheyenne of Oklahoma, and is without question the best authority on the language and general ethnology of the tribe, announces as nearly ready for publication his "English-Cheyenne Dictionary," a monumental work which has engaged much of his study time for a number of years. Mr

Petter is of Switzerland, the country which has given to American ethnology Gallatin, Gatschet, and Bandelier. After graduating in theology and receiving ordination at home, he volunteered for the Indian mission work, having as an equipment, besides a practical knowledge of agriculture and mechanics, a ready acquaintance with the classical languages, French, German, and medicine, to which he afterward added English on arriving in this country. In 1891 he was assigned to the Cheyenne mission at Cantonment, Oklahoma, where he has since resided until within the last year, being now on temporary furlough for the purpose of arranging his linguistic material. On coming to the tribe Mr Petter at once devoted himself to an earnest study of the language, which he mastered so thoroughly that for years he has used it entirely in all his communication with the Indians, both in church and in camp. His English also is nearly perfect, and he preaches as occasion demands in any one of four languages with almost equal fluency. A manuscript English-Cheyenne dictionary which he prepared some years ago has been several times laboriously duplicated for the use of other missionaries in the tribe, both in Oklahoma and Montana, and forms the basis of the present work. He has also published in the same language a *Cheyenne Reading Book* (1895), the first book ever published in Cheyenne; translations of the gospels of Luke and John; the *Pilgrim's Progress*; several compilations of hymns; and a considerable volume of extracts from the Old and New Testaments (*Hosz Maheo Heeszistoz*, 1913). His "Sketch of the Cheyenne Grammar" was published in Volume I of the *Memoirs of the American Anthropological Association* in 1907. He has also a Cheyenne-English Dictionary and a Cheyenne Grammar still in manuscript.

As originally planned, the present dictionary would make nearly 1000 printed pages of large size, in two volumes, and embodying, besides etymologies and definitions, a great amount of ethnologic material relating to botany, medicine, geography, ritual, and daily home life. The price is necessarily high, the edition being limited to about fifty copies, and the printing being done upon the Gammeter multigraph, by his son, Valdo Petter, who was born with the tribe and knows the language thoroughly. Should the work receive sufficient encouragement it will be followed by a Cheyenne-English Dictionary and a Cheyenne Grammar. Further information and specimen sheets may be obtained by addressing the author, Rev. Rodolphe Petter, Kettle Falls, Washington.

JAMES MOONEY



Repairing the Lodge Covering



Tying the Poles



Setting the First Three Poles



Adding the Supporting Poles



Binding the Lodge Poles



Raising the Lodge Covering



Pinning the Front



The Completed Lodge

Forest & Stream - Feb. 2, 1907.
Photographs by John Jay White, Jr.

CHEYENNE WOMEN SETTING UP A LODGE

Chippewa

1898-31

Field & Stream - May 1898.

PASSING OF THE CHIPPEWAS

ANGUS HAY

I N the autumn of 1834 three birch-bark canoes, loaded with a missionary's limited household effects, landed on the north shore of Lake Pokegama near Pine City, Minnesota. Two persons remained on the bank when the canoes were again paddled out into the lake. These were the Rev. Mr. Boutwell and his wife.

At the landing they established the second Protestant mission in Minnesota. For years they carried on their work of christianity among the Indians. Once during their residence in the heart of the great forest they were warned by a rumor from Fort Snelling that the Sioux were chanting their war songs and that the Chippewas, whose hunting ground the missionaries occupied, and the mission, would be attacked.

Rev. Mr. Boutwell and the Chippewa chiefs held a council of war and dispatched runners to Mille Lacs Lake to seek aid. The Sioux poured in on their enemies, and the battle was fought between Mission Island and what is now called Mission Farm. The Chippewas were victorious and retained their hunting ground.

The missionaries carried on their work for several years after the decisive battle which ended the warfare between the old tribes. Advancing civilization at last relieved Rev. Mr. Boutwell of his toil, and the pioneers of the white race blazed the way for their weaker brothers to follow.

Three years ago, the government issued orders to have the remaining Chippewas, who still eked out an existence in the region, removed to White Earth reservation at Mille Lacs Lake. All the old chiefs and a major portion of the tribe were persuaded to move. Before leaving they followed the Indian custom of holding a farewell ceremony, which comparatively few white persons have ever witnessed. In order to have the desired large attendance, the Indians for miles around were notified of the con-

templated pow-wow, and a hundred or more responded to the invitation. The exercises were scheduled to begin in the afternoon, just before sunset.

At the appointed time canoes noiselessly slid up on to the sandy beach at the spot where the missionaries' canoes had landed years before. The reception of the visitors was cordial, according to the custom of the people. A small fire was burning on a high point of land overlooking the surrounding country and the lake. Around the blazing pile the Indians gathered in a large circle, the chiefs on the inside. After squatting there in silence several minutes, the pipes were passed. Those who smoked knew it was the last time the pipe would be handed around among the remnants of the once mighty band. Not a word was spoken till the oldest chief of the tribe, Kaga-docia, arose to deliver his farewell address to his people. He wrapped his blanket more closely about him as he surveyed the old hunting grounds and his faithful band. His words were in the tongue of the Chippewas. He said:

"The father speaks to his children for the last time, and he sees the night coming when he shall see his people together no more. The lodge fire dies tonight; it will burn again in another hunting ground. My braves show the scars of battle; we fought to save our land from the hands of the Sioux. My people won their fight. They decked their wigwams with the scalps of their enemies. The Great Father afar off owns all the hunting grounds. He gives some to his faithful children. We go there to live with our tribe. When the sun shines again our wigwams shall be gone. Our canoes will take us away. The paleface will live on the Chippewas' grounds. The spirits of our warriors who sleep shall no more hear the music of their people's voices. We go to the new land. We obey the Great Father. It is well for my people. I have spoken."

At the conclusion of the old warrior's

There were ducks enough on Lake Preston at one time last fall to restock the world in five years, but you may silence every gun in the world and ducks will not breed in a cornfield or closely cropped pasture.

For years the draining of sloughs, lakes and marshes and turning them into fields and pasture has been going on. This would seem a laudable enterprise until we come to reflect that the increased acreage has perhaps added only one bushel of grain to the output where consequent drought has shortened it ten; then its beneficence is not so evident.

There has been a strong prejudice manifested in certain quarters against clubs owning large tracts of marsh lands and fencing out the public. Yet if every acre of marsh lands in Illinois, or any other state, had fifty years ago fallen into the hands of clubs or others who would have kept them in their primeval condition, it would have been a great good

to the State. The poor shooter without a preserve would have been benefitted, as he could have got a few birds from the overflow. Now he can get none. There are none to speak of. The owners of the arable lands would have been benefitted, as the presence of large marshes and lakes would have secured them immunity from droughts, from which they now suffer. The clubs that buy up marsh lands and return them to their natural state should receive the support of sportsmen of all classes as well as of owners of farm lands. The State should have held control of her swamp lands in the first place and made preserves of them.

Restore the marshes and lakes in Illinois, and there are not shooters enough within her borders to keep down the birds that would breed there. While the consequent summer showers would restore the value of the land held out of use every two years.

WHEN THE GAME'S AFOOT

Written for FIELD AND STREAM

When the noble elk, with his antlered head
parting the alders green,
Comes crashing on toward the tangled wood
where the watcher stands unseen;
When the trusty rifle, with piercing crack,
sends its missive swift and true,
And the green hillside hands the echo back
ere the smoke has cleared from view;
When the hounds rush in, and the beast at bay
stands up in his stalwart might—
Who, but the huntsman, can paint the scene
of the thrilling finish-fight?

The proud man may boast of his conquests
in commerce and love and art,
But he's only a huntsman for human game
and playing a little part.
Give us the cry of the stalwart hounds
and the rush of noble game,
Let the puny theorist bend the knee
at the fickle altar of fame;
For there is a joy when the game's afoot
that only the huntsman knows.
And he'll find it as long as the fir tree waves
and the babbling river flows.

—A. A. BARTOW

address the squaws assembled on a rising knoll a few rods from the fire. The braves remained as they were when their chief addressed them. At a signal from one of the young chiefs the squaws began a low chanting of a weird song. Their voices were pitched in a tone which a white singer has seldom been able to imitate. Their mournful chant continued several minutes, and before it ended there was but one old, wrinkled woman singing the strangely sad refrain. The other squaws were bent over, their faces on the ground, and their shawls wrapped about their heads. It was not for them to see the last campfire die out. They were squaws, and were weak. None but the Indian braves could watch the dying embers of the last campfire. Then there was a silence lasting several min-

utes, during which all the people remained in the same positions as that assumed when the chant was ended. When the blaze had flickered and died, the old chief commenced the wild battle song of the tribe. His comrades joined him in the peculiar half cry, half shout, of the song. When the black robes of night had fallen on that picturesque spot, the wild melody was stilled, and save the swish of the waves on the lake shore there was no sound to disturb the stillness of the night.

With the cessation of the peculiar ceremonies the Indians gave their attention to their embarkation. The canoes were loaded with the traps belonging to the band, and their last departure from the favorite old camping ground was noiseless. They disappeared in the darkness of night—and were gone forever.



PHOTO BY JAMES FULLERTON

A SHEEP HERDER AND HIS OUTFIT

CHIPPEWA INTERPRETATIONS OF NATURAL PHENOMENA

By Sister M. INEZ HILGER, O.S.B.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, ALTOONA, WISCONSIN

THE following notes on the interpretations of natural phenomena by the Chippewa were gathered on the Red Lake Reservation of Minnesota in the summers of 1932 and 1933 and on the Lac Courte Orielle, the Lac du Flambeau and the La Pointe Reservations of Wisconsin and the L'Anse Reservation of Michigan in the summer of 1935.

"No one kept account of years in early days." Months were recorded by moons and were known by natural events which occurred from new moon to new moon. Days were counted by nights.

The sun, when eclipsed, was either dying or dead, or being hid by some one. Men shot arrows toward the sun until it reappeared, believing that thereby bad luck was killed. No explanation was known for eclipses of the moon.

The sun and moon represented persons. The moon at one time was a man who had gone to fetch some water and was taken up into the air. Hence, in the full moon one sees a man with a bucket. Stars were not personified.

Thunder and lightning are caused by Nēmīkīg, the thunder bird. Nēmīkīg flashes lightning when he looks about him to see in what direction he wishes to fly. Immediately after he has taken a glance, he flaps wings and tail, proceeds on his journey and so causes the thunder. When a thunder-storm rumbles through the skies, an old Chippewa may offer tobacco on the fire, smoke his pipe, step out-of-doors, raise his hands toward heaven, and say to the thunder: "Don't scare the children! Keep quiet! Go back!" The storm invariably passes over. "Not every one can do this effectively; only those who have dreamed of thunder."

The power of the thunder bird is shown in the following story:

A long time ago before the whites came, an old Indian was hunting beaver. The Indians at this time tempered copper into spearheads. Beaver were speared by means of these copper spearheads. This man had a blanket over his head to see where the beavers were. A bird picked up the old man with the blanket and took him up among the clouds. He was afraid to open his blanket to peek out; when he did, he saw the blue sky. The thunder bird had picked him up. He was gone for four years. When he returned to earth the lightning was so strong near him that he couldn't stay near his own people.

An old theory is that the thunder bird also causes northern lights. Other explanations are that they are light reflected from water or ice or that they are caused by an electric storm raging in the far north, or that winds are "blowing furiously high up in the air." Strong winds or severe storms invariably follow two or three days after the appearance of northern lights.

The rainbow, nāgwá'áb, is the color of the sleeves of Magēgēkwā, a woman who raises her arms over the sky so that her fingers interlock. The appearance of the rainbow is a sign that the rain has ended and that good weather will follow.

One informant said that one night, when he was a little boy, the sky became red and then white (from a comet). "The stones were red from the reflection. It was night but it seemed like daylight. This thing had a long tail which was lighted!" His mother predicted some catastrophe, and soon there was war between the North and the South. His father went away and did not return for three years.

The sun marked the directions by day; the north star, by night. Chippewa Indians following a trail marked a turn toward the setting sun by fastening to a tree a piece of birch bark containing a + sign. A — sign indicated a turn

toward the rising sun. Sundials were at times used in finding directions. More often, however, they indicated the time of the day.

Sundials, to-day, are used primarily when camping away from home and are still made in the same manner as in the early days. On a clear night a man will stake a stick, about a yard high, and lying flat on the ground move about until the stick and the north star are in line. A second stick of about the same length will then be laid to the south of the first and in line with it and the north star, and be staked about a yard from the first. (An informant on the Lac Courte Orielle Reservation did not stake a second stick but simply drew a straight line north and south through the first stick). In the morning a line is drawn through the base of the south stick at right angles to the line of the two sticks. When the shadow of the south stick falls on the westerly line it is about six o'clock in the morning; when it falls in line with the north stick, it is noonday; when on the easterly line it is nearly six o'clock in the evening. The remaining hours of the day are only approximately read.

The method used by an old Indian at Red Lake varies somewhat from the above. Two sticks are staked as described above. In the morning, a third one is staked to the south and in line with the first two. A semi-circle is then drawn through the third stick, convex to the southward. When the shadow of the third stick falls west and tangent to the circle, it is approximately six in the morning; when it falls in line with the two sticks to the north, it is noonday; when, to the east and tangent to the circle, it is approximately six in the evening.

The old Chippewa, too, have ways of foretelling weather. Rain may be expected when birds abruptly end their

songs and leave them unfinished. When small lizards that live in decayed wood whistle notes not unlike those of an ordinary human whistle, heavy rainfall and storm are on their way. The singing of tree toads also predicts rainfall. A rainbow in the west predicts more rain; in the east, clear weather. A small circle about the moon never fails to forecast bad weather; a large circle indicates warm weather. Northern lights, as noted before, forecast a storm. Some women can predict weather at maple-sugar making time by the way stars and clouds hang in the heavens. Sundogs in the fall predict heavy snowfalls for the winter.

Throwing a rabbit skin into fire will cause a snowstorm or bring a north wind. Any one wishing the wind to blow in a certain direction must shoot arrows in that direction. Swinging one's hand back and forth in the water while rowing to places may produce a storm.

Drowning dogs or cats in Keweenaw Bay invariably brings a storm. The water will not tolerate decayed matter, and hence produces a prevailing wind in any direction until the dead animal has been landed on shore. One day, two men, hoping to have a favorable wind for a fishing expedition, threw a cat into the bay. They were not disappointed; the wind blew favorably for three days. In early June of 1935, an informant accompanied by two men went out to fish. He noticed a bag near one man and said, "What have you there?"

"A cat that I'm going to drown," the other answered.

"Don't put that cat into the bay or you'll have a wind!"

While they were rowing, a storm suddenly came up.

Our informant inquired, "What did you do with that cat?"

"I threw it into the bay."

"Well, there is your storm!"

THE INDIAN'S SUPERNATURAL POWER

By SIMON NEEDHAM, *Chippewa*.

The story which I am about to tell to the dear reader may be more or less interesting because it explains how the Indian obtains his supernatural power of becoming a medicine man. This knowledge has been in existence many centuries among the Indians.

From my own experience among my own tribe of Chippewas of the North, I have seen many wonderful performances done by the medicine men among the Indians. One instance occurred not so very long ago, where a certain Indian medicine man was arrested for some disorderly conduct and was put in jail. He then predicted to the authorities that they could not keep him in there very long.

His power rested in the "Thunder and Lightning" in which some Indians believe that it is the Great Spirit that makes the roaring sound as the storm goes by. That night a great storm arose, the lightning flashed and the thunder roared; the next morning the keeper found the cell empty and the iron doors wide open and partly bent and broken—the Indian was gone and never was bothered again.

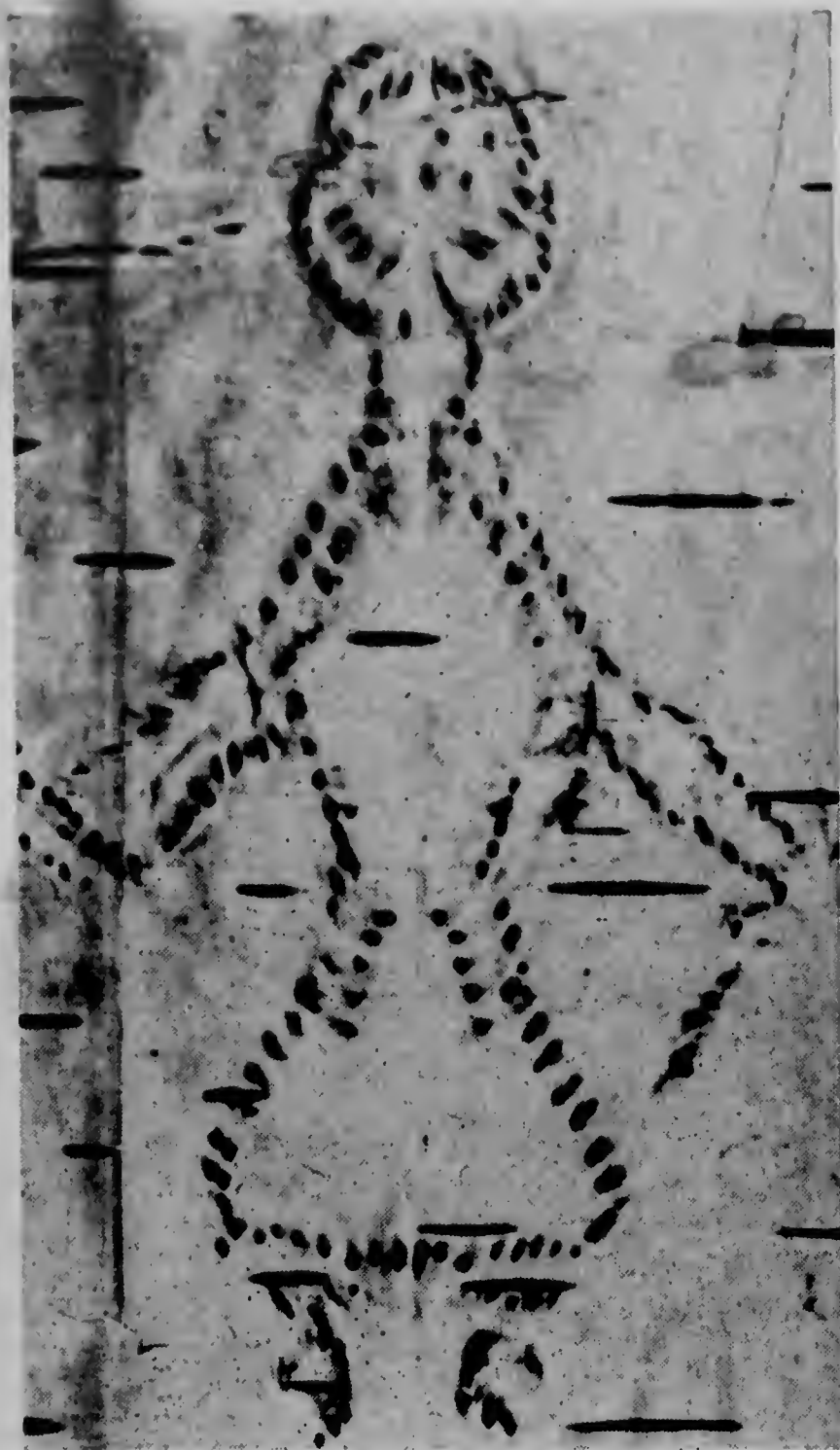
The way the Chippewas obtain their power as I was told is that the Indian has a trial which is not very easy. The aborigine is compelled to fast for four days and nights without food or drink out in some lonely spot in the forest with hardly any cover, and during these four days and nights he will hear all kinds of spirits and dream of all kinds of creatures, and at the end of four nights he will dream of a certain creature or object, and whatever that creature is, that will be the one that is going to help him perform his miracles, in medicine, danger, or in time of war.

I have seen many of these performances among my tribe, and many stories concerning this mystery can be heard from the old Indians of the north.

ETHNOLOGY

Biting Birch Bark Designs Was Indians' Lost Art

Museum Gets Specimens Covered With Delicate Patterns Which Cannot Be Duplicated by Chippewa Women Today



NOT A PAPER DOLL

But an example of the lost Indian art of biting designs in birch bark. Here is an Indian woman dancing. She is an old woman, it appears, for her shoulders droop and her knees take the bending step without any lively spring.

"The antirachitic activity of calciferol is the highest yet recorded in known units for any preparation."

Calciferol has more of this antirachitic potency than the crystalline preparation of vitamin D recently reported by the German Nobel Prize winner, Prof. Adolf Windaus of Goettingen, Germany, the British investigators state in their report to *Nature*.

Prof. Windaus has two vitamin D substances which he calls vitamin D₁ and vitamin D₂. Calciferol is not the same as D₁, but is much like vitamin D₂ in such physical properties as have been described. Prof. Windaus' vitamin D₂, however, has approximately the same activity against rickets as D₁. In this it differs from calciferol, which has much greater antirachitic activity than D₁, the British scientists found. Consequently, they concluded that the two substances, calciferol and D₂, are not identical.

Calciferol has been proved by them to be a direct product of the irradiation of ergosterol, known for some time as the parent substance of vitamin D. It has the same elements in the same relative proportion as ergosterol, although the structure of its molecule may be different from that of ergosterol.

Science News Letter, December 5, 1931

EVIDENCE of a real "lost art" which once flourished among Chippewa Indians around Lake Superior has been brought to the Smithsonian Institution by Frances Densmore, collaborator for the Institution. Miss Densmore, who has studied the customs of the Chippewas on their reservations, has collected about 170 specimens of the lost art. The U. S. National Museum has just acquired a portion of the collection.

The specimens are small pieces of birch bark covered with delicate patterns. They were made by Chippewa women, who took birch bark as soft and pliable as tissue paper and folded it and bit the designs with their teeth. Some of the outlines represent rows of dancing Indians, rather like the rows of paper dolls, all alike, that children cut out of folded paper. Other pieces of bark are marked with geometric patterns, like the lace mats that can be cut out of a square of paper folded again and again. When held to the light the bark pictures make attractive transparencies.

This trick of biting a design with little, neat, precise cuts is one that the younger generations of Chippewas cannot achieve, declares Miss Densmore. It is truly a lost art. Nor can the young Chippewa women keep in mind an elaborate pattern that is to be produced. That fine art of clear thinking, too, is lost. A woman of older Chippewa generations could think out a design of butterflies, leaves, beavers, or other nature forms, and then fold the bark—even as many as 24 folds—and without hesitation transfer the mental picture to the folded bark, perfect. When a young Chippewa today tries a hand at the old art, she "nibbles" the bark, leaving a heavy, patchy line, which betokens her mental uncertainty as much as her lack of dental skill.

The lost art of biting pictures in bark died out at least 50 years ago, Miss Densmore estimates. How long ago the pictures were first made is uncertain. When the Chippewa women brought out samples of the old art to show to

Miss Densmore, they told how they thought the art began.

Some woman was sitting on the ground by a wigwam or campfire, they said. She picked up a broad leaf or piece of soft bark and idly folded it and bit a few lines into it. She looked at it and showed the others. So, other women tried it, and competition arose. The art flourished especially in the sugar camps, early in spring, when birch tree bark is suitably pliant.

Miss Densmore points out that the Indian has sometimes been called lacking in purely aesthetic art. It has been asserted that Indian art was employed to make useful things beautiful. But the transparencies are evidence that the Indian could and did produce art for art's sake. The little transparencies, like water-color sketches, were handed about and displayed in the firelight of the wigwams at night, and were treasured for years by the owners, merely because it was pleasant just to look at them.

Science News Letter, December 5, 1931

METEOROLOGY

Trees Will Die Unless Heavy Rains Fall

WHILE the drought of 1930, the severest on record, has been officially "broken," the rains have been insufficient to replenish the sub-soil moisture necessary to the life of deep-rooted trees. Unless the rains this winter are especially heavy next year will see increasingly large numbers of dead and dying trees. Already many of those which line the driveways in and around Washington, D. C., have succumbed to the lack of moisture.

Latest reports from the U. S. Weather Bureau show that southeastern United States, from Maryland down to northern Florida, is at present experiencing very dry conditions. South Carolina, Georgia, and eastern Alabama are especially hard hit. Tennessee, Kentucky, northern Arkansas, and parts of Illinois, however, have had good rains.

Science News Letter, December 5, 1931

MRS. ROSA LA FLESCHÉ,
Chippewa Woman Who Says She Is Deserted by Her Omaha Husband.



For the first time the courts of the District of Columbia will have to deal with a suit for maintenance instituted

by a full-blooded Indian woman against her husband, also an Indian.

Mrs. Rosa La Flesché, who, as published in The Times, filed suit on Monday against her husband, Francis La Flesché, a clerk in the Indian Bureau here, was married a little more than a year ago. Mrs. La Flesché is a Chippewa, while her husband is of the Omaha tribe, of which his father was chief and of which he might have been head had he cared to give up his associations in the East and live among his people.

Mr. La Flesché is a writer of some distinction, a graduate of the National University Law School, of this city, and

a member of the Anthropological Society.

No reason is given for the alleged desertion of his wife, who is now living in a boarding house in H street northwest.

Mrs. La Flesché is a well-educated woman. In her suit she has asked the courts to restrain her husband from disposing of his property, either by sale or transfer, and to make known the exact amount and character of the property. The husband receives a salary of \$1,400 from the Government and owns considerable property in the West.

First Indian divorce in Washington

EXPENSES OF SALE OF CHIPPEWA LANDS IN WISCONSIN.

L E T T E R

FROM THE

ACTING SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR,

TRANSMITTING

An estimate of appropriation to defray the expenses connected with the appraisal and sale of the tract of land in the State of Wisconsin set apart for the Chippewa Indians of Lake Superior.

JANUARY 9, 1873.—Referred to the Committee on Appropriations and ordered to be printed.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
Washington, D. C., January 7, 1873.

SIR: I have the honor to transmit herewith a copy of a letter of the 6th instant, together with an estimate, therein referred to, of appropriation required to defray the expenses connected with the appraisal and sale of the tract of land in the State of Wisconsin which was, by the terms of the second article of the treaty with the Chippewa Indians of Lake Superior and of the Mississippi, set apart for the Fond du Lac band of Chippewas, the appraisement and sale of said land having been provided for by the eighth section of the Indian appropriation act of May 29, 1872.

The favorable consideration of Congress is invited to the subject. The amount asked for is \$3,000.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

B. R. COWEN,
Acting Secretary.

Hon. JAMES G. BLAINE,
Speaker of the House of Representatives.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
OFFICE OF INDIAN AFFAIRS,
Washington, D. C., January 6, 1873.

SIR: Referring to the third and fourth clauses of the second article of the treaty with the Chippewa Indians of Lake Superior and the Missis-

issippi, concluded September 30, 1854, (St., vol. 10, p. 1110,) by which certain tracts of lands were set apart for the Lac de Flambeau and Fond du Lac bands of the Chippewas of Lake Superior, and to the eighth section of the Indian appropriation act of May 29, 1872, (St., vol. 17, pp. 190, 191,) providing for the appraisal and sale of said lands, I have the honor herewith to present an estimate for the sum of \$3,000, or so much thereof as may be required, to defray the expenses of said appraisement and sale so far as pertains to the tract of land assigned to the Chippewas of the Fond du Lac band, who have consented to the sale of the same in accordance with the provisions contained in the third clause of the eighth section of the act last referred to.

I respectfully request that Congress be asked to appropriate the amount called for.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

H. R. CLUM,
Acting Commissioner.

The Hon. SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR.

Estimate of appropriation required to defray the expenses connected with the appraisal and sale of certain lands in the State of Wisconsin set apart for Chippewa Indians of Lake Superior.

For this amount, or so much thereof as may be necessary, to defray the expenses connected with the appraisal and sale of the tract of land in the State of Wisconsin which was, by the terms of the second article of the treaty with the Chippewa Indians of Lake Superior and of the Mississippi, set apart for the Fond du Lac band of Chippewas, the appraisement and sale of said land having been provided for by the eighth section of the Indian appropriation act of May 29, 1872..... \$3, 000

Choctaw

1900-32

How the Choctaws Keep Their Word.

BY WILLIAM R. DRAPER, OF WICHITA, KANSAS.

An able member of the "Kansas City Star" staff astonishes British readers with an account of the all but incredible executions among the Choctaw people. A condemned redskin gives his promise that he will come along and be shot a year hence! In the meantime he may marry or go to the ends of the earth! But a broken promise is all but unknown among them.



HERE is the American or Englishman who would desert his happy home and go back to a place several thousand miles distant to be shot to death, simply because he had promised he would return to his own execution? Would he not rather shrink from death and break his promise? But there is one race of people who would not. The Choctaw Indian, when convicted and sentenced to death, never fails to keep his promise to come back to the execution ground on a fixed day and meet his fate. He leaves everything behind to go alone to his death, rather than break his sacred word. Choctaw honour is something marvellous—a veritable revelation to the ordinary humdrum person.

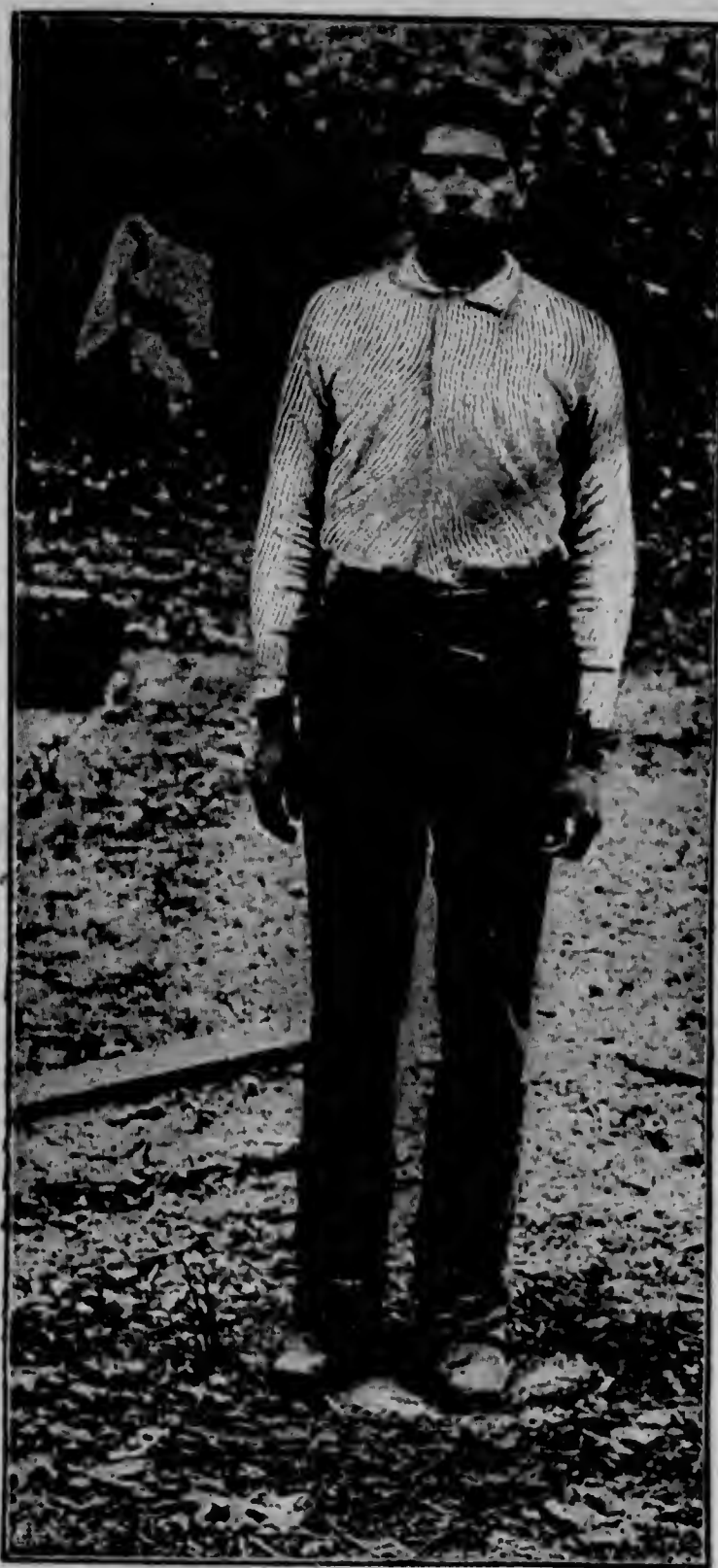
It is generally supposed that the Indian is degenerate, with no principle; but the custom I am writing about has prevailed among the Choctaws for the last half-century, and is one which sharply challenges the assertion that Choctaws are an irresponsible race of redskins. When they give their promise it is considered absolutely binding. That Choctaw honour is sacred was proven clearly on July 13th last, when William Going, a Choctaw murderer, returned from Cuba, *leaving behind him his bride and riches*, to fulfil a promise he had made to return and be shot to death. He went to Cuba, under no bond or guard, and with the sentence of death hanging over him. And when a brief note came that July 13th had been selected as his execution day, he left all and

hastened home to his native land and the grave. Is it not amazing? Does it not sound fantastic? No matter. It is known to be a solid fact. There was no necessity for the throwing away of this life; it was merely to fulfil a promise. And Going's case is only one instance. There are

hundreds. Romances and tragedy fill every one; the details being the recital of brave deeds—of men who are under a strong sentiment that a promise is sacred. There is no denying that the Choctaw Indian will steal and murder; but he has the good trait of keeping a promise, though it costs him life itself. It is true that if a Choctaw murderer escapes *before he has been sentenced* there will be little chance of capturing him. But once tried and convicted, he may be turned loose and allowed to go anywhere alone. If alive on his execution day he will come back to his death. Sometimes this strange system is faulty. While thus liberated pending death, the condemned man occasionally gets careless or wilful, and shoots men for mere sport. "Why shouldn't I?" he says to himself. "They can only execute me once." These instances are few, however.

Whenever an Indian is sentenced he hastens away from his native country and lives

where little is known about him. Sometimes the condemned men are shot within three months after the sentence is passed, but in most cases the execution day is fixed at six months after the sentence. In many cases appeals are taken, and a great number of condemned men have gone free for as long as two years, pending a



WILLIAM GOING WENT TO CUBA AFTER BEING SENTENCED TO DEATH. HE FOUGHT IN THE WAR AND THEN MARRIED AND SETTLED DOWN. BUT HE LEFT ALL AND CAME HOME TO BE SHOT.

From a Photo.



THIS IS THOMAS WATSON, THE CHOCTAW SHERIFF, WHO HAS
[From a] LEGALLY SHOT THIRTY-TWO INDIANS. [Photo.]

final hearing of their case. People wonder where such a country is situated, where the honour of one's word is so carefully observed.

The Choctaw nation lies in the south-east corner of the Indian Territory of the United States. The surface is mountainous and covered with heavy timber. At present the population is 43,800. Of this number 10,117 are Choctaws. There are 1,040 Indians of various other tribes, and 4,406 negroes, whilst the remainder are white people who have settled among the Choctaws by consent of the United States Government. The laws of the Choctaw nation have been lax. This tribe came to their present home from Alabama half a century ago. The Indians then established a national council, the members being elected by the

Choctaw citizens. This body makes all the laws. A principal chief enforces these laws, while under his supervision are a number of judges. The laws are poorly constructed, and there is much fraud practised by the shrewder element of the population. There are few towns of importance in the Choctaw nation. No roads except the cattle trails, and only two railways traverse the interior.

The Choctaw full-blood is indolent and lazy, while the half-breeds are progressive, and are now learning more to follow modern customs. The full-blood is scrupulously honest, but a half-breed will worst you, if possible, in the matter of trading. The promise of any of them, however, can be accepted in good faith. These Indians possess a fair degree of good sense, but their mind is sluggish, and not quick to grasp an idea. The quarter-blood of to-day is intelligent and shrewd. The Choctaw is of a dark brownish colour, and, as a rule, tall and straight. The full-bloods wear trousers, but no shirts, leaving the upper portion of the body bare. The women dress as do the poorer class of whites, but when they have a fine dress it is always a gaudy red. Among the better class of this tribe, however, there is nearly everything to be found worn and used by a white man. And this is the race who would die rather than break a promise.

Half a century ago the Choctaws were just getting comfortably settled in their present home. After a long march they were glad to enjoy a quiet life. The council had been formed, and chiefs and judges elected. About this time Chinnuble Harjo, a full-blood with a bad reputation, killed his sister for a trifling



THE INDIAN COURT OFFICERS—CLERK, JUDGE JAMES, DISTRICT ATTORNEY, AND SHERIFF WATSON.
[From a Photo.]

disobedience. This was the first murder among the tribe since they had come West, so they were determined to make an example of Harjo. The principal chief called his council together, and they passed laws making murder and stealing high crimes and punishable by death. Harjo was duly arrested and sentenced to die. The law-makers, however, had inserted a clause in the new law allowing a condemned man three months of life after he had been sentenced to death. After Harjo was sentenced, he demanded the three months' stay, and of course it had to be granted. But now the thing was, what to do with the prisoner in the meantime?

"Put him in gaol," said the chief.

"We have no gaol," the old judge replied.

"Well, then, employ a guard for him."

"But where is the money to pay a guard?"

The treasury happens to be empty," replied the wise old judge.

This staggered the chief, and he did not know what was the use of passing the law. He wanted to repeal it. But the judge had an idea. He called the prisoner before him and said:—

"Young man, you are to die in three months from this date. In the meantime you are free. If you do not return to your execution your parents will be for ever disgraced."

The judge's action created no little excitement, yet all believed that Harjo would return. He *did* come back, and met death bravely. The tribe thought so well of the custom that they adopted it, and agreed that thereafter all condemned men should be treated likewise. After this the Choctaws frequently had occasion to commit their fellows for murder, and two or three times every year some murderer or robber was shot to death. Until ten years ago there was no such thing as a reprieve, and whenever an Indian was sentenced he was sure to die on the day appointed. The executions soon became a matter of common interest to travellers—particularly as the news of how a Choctaw valued his honour became current. As a rule, the Indians left the nation after they had been sentenced and lived with the whites until the day of their execution. It seems that they

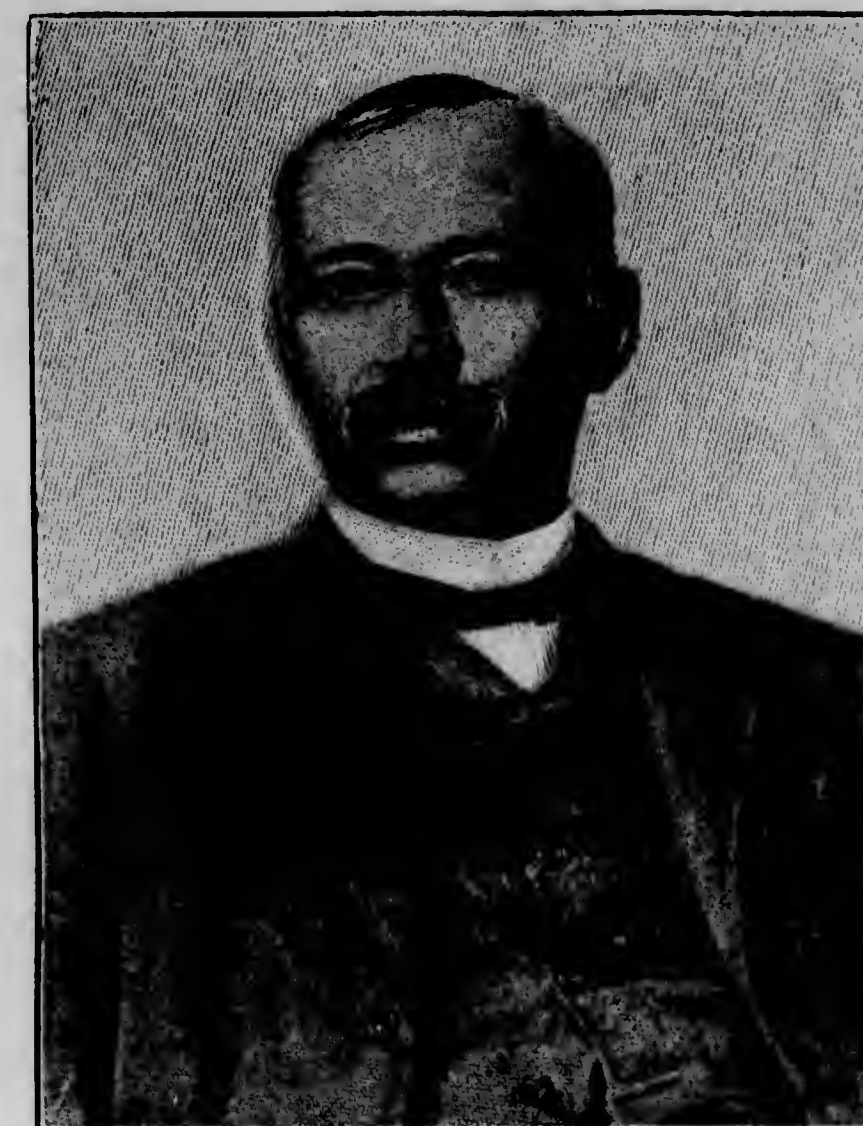
desired to conceal the fact that they were living under such a fearful cloud. There is only one instance where an Indian failed to keep his promise, and so great was the disgrace to his parents that they committed suicide. In some cases the condemned men left the United States altogether while their sentence was pending, but they invariably returned to die. Details of a few of these weird executions cannot help but be of interest to readers of THE WIDE WORLD.

Fifteen years ago the Interior Department, or Union Agency, at Muskogee, I.T., was in need of a Choctaw Indian clerk, to assist in revising the census rolls. They sent word to the Choctaw chief and asked that he might send an educated Choctaw to assist the white clerks. Albert Red Bird was the name of the Choctaw who appeared in a few days to fill the place. He was a quarter-

blood—tall, lithe, and handsome. His black eyes glistened with intelligence, and his toilet was immaculate. Red Bird was a graduate of the Indian college at Carlyle, Pennsylvania. The young Indian's bearing was dignified, and his address cultivated. The Indian agent soon recognised in his Choctaw clerk a man of business, and he offered the young Indian a permanent place in the office. Red Bird accepted, but only on the understanding that *he could resign at very short notice.*

In a little while he became a social favorite among the wives and daughters of the military men at Fort Gibson, near the agency; and presently

it was rumoured that he was engaged to a stylish and dashing young woman of the fort. A wedding was predicted to occur soon. Thus events progressed until the grand ball of the season was held, early in August. Every member of the local high society was present and made merry. It was early dawn when the last strains of music died away in the ballroom. Red Bird, handsome, as usual, but with his dark skin a trifle pale, was with his sweetheart. Suddenly the young Indian turned gently from his partner and called aloud to the crowd of dancers as they were disappearing: "Friends, hear me." Everyone stopped instantly. The silence was intense—even painful. Then Red Bird continued:—



RED BIRD, THE QUARTER-BLOOD CHOCTAW, WHO
BADE HIS SWEETHEART A DRAMATIC FAREWELL
[From a] IN THE BALLROOM. [Photo.]

"When I came among you, no one knew me; but you all had the kindness to believe I was well-behaved. I have never told you my story. Just one year ago I killed a fellow-Indian, while crazed with drink (*un-romantic* this). Tomorrow I must die for the crime. I feel like a thief for having deceived you, but a little pleasure seemed sweet. This morning I leave you and go to die. I go alone, so, friends, farewell."

The speaker turned and gave his hand to the girl, who fainted immediately after. Friends crowded around and urged the young Indian not to go, but he told them he had given his word and must go alone to die. And so he strode out from among the crowd and went on his way alone. An effort was made to follow him, but he soon baffled his pursuers in the brush. Precisely at three o'clock on the afternoon of the appointed day he was executed. In the cemetery at Fort Gibson to-day anyone who cares may see the monument to his memory. It is told that Red Bird's pale-face sweetheart has never married, so great was her sorrow.

Among every class of men, however, there are traitors. This is even so among the Choctaws. But only once can it be learned that an Indian broke his promise and failed to appear at his own execution. That was eight years ago. The Indian in question killed a friend and robbed him. The murderer was a full-blood named Going Snake. The judge sentenced him to die on July 15th, 1891. The viciousness of his crime had excited much interest among the natives, and a great crowd came to the execution ground on the date set for him to die. A big feast was given by the Indians at noon, and at two o'clock the condemned man was expected to arrive and be shot. As the sun commenced to sink in the West and the Indian did not appear, the guests became anxious. They remained on the ground until dark, but the Indian did not appear. Going Snake had proved a traitor—the first one they ever knew in the tribe. Had he been found, the Indians were prepared to scalp him. A month later the Choctaws were called to assemble once more at the execution ground. The sheriff refused to tell them who was to be shot, and



GOING SNAKE, THE ONLY CHOCTAW WHO EVER FAILED TO PRESENT HIMSELF FOR EXECUTION. THE DISGRACE WAS SO GREAT THAT HIS FATHER AND MOTHER GAVE UP THEIR LIVES INSTEAD.
From a Sketch by John Noble.

they supposed that the traitor had been caught and was to die. The crowd was even larger than before. At the appointed time the door was swung open; but instead of the young traitor, an old man and woman tottered out. They were the father and mother of the young traitor. The old Indian's voice quivered as he told how keenly they felt the disgrace. It was due to the tribe, he said, that they should die by their own hand, and such was their intention. Although they had previously been well loved, Indian nature cried out for revenge, and the redskins shouted:—

"Yes, it must be done. Choctaw honour cannot be sacrificed."

And there, before the multitude, the old man shot his wife and then himself.

Several years ago a full-blood slew his whole family. He was sentenced to die six months later. During that time *he joined a circus and went to England*, but quitted everything in good time and came home alone to his death.

A case which was celebrated everywhere, and which called forth letters of sympathy even from England, was that of Walla Tonka, the Choctaw baseball player. Tonka was a half-blood (something of a rarity) and a beautiful specimen of manhood. Before dying by the sheriff's bullet he was in his prime—twenty-eight years of age, 6ft. high, straight as an arrow when on parade—although Indian laziness gave him a slight stoop when in repose. He weighed 180lb., and every pound of it was sinew and muscle. Prior to his national notoriety he was known among the Indian tribes for his fleetness of foot and accurate marksmanship. Walla Tonka committed, first of all, the offence of falling in love with a white girl named Tookah Ingamore. She loved him, but another claimed some of her attention too. He was a quarter-breed named Coulter, and as skilful with a gun as his rival. That was three years ago. Although Miss Ingamore had given her promise to marry Tonka, she was a great flirt. I must admit, however, that she was ignorant of the serious trouble brewing. One night in May there was a green corn dance near Eufaula. Miss Ingamore came in late, and the artful Coulter made it his business to step in at



WALLA TONKA, THE CHAMPION CHOCTAW BASEBALL PLAYER, FELL IN LOVE WITH A WHITE GIRL, SHOT HIS RIVAL, WAS SENTENCED TO DEATH, BUT TOURED ALL OVER THE STATES BEFORE HIS EXECUTION.
From a Photo.

the door immediately behind her, so that the fiery Tonka should surmise he came along with her. As Tonka came up to meet his sweetheart, Coulter stepped from behind the girl and drew his revolver. He was not quick enough. There were two shots in quick succession, and Coulter lay dead. Next



NO. 1.—WILLIAM GOING IS MARCHED OUT FOR EXECUTION. IN THE BACKGROUND IS THE GUARD-HOUSE WHERE HE GAVE HIMSELF UP TO THE SHERIFF.
From a Photo.
Vol. iv.—52.

day the judge sentenced Tonka to die in November. Upon the same date William Going (who later secured a reprieve and was not shot until July 13th) was to be executed. Immediately following the passing of the death sentence upon Tonka *he and the white girl were married!* Then Tonka received an offer from a baseball team to join them in a tour all over the United States. Seeing the opportunity to make some money, he went with them. No guard went along, and the story preceded him everywhere. Naturally Tonka was a feature, and thousands went to see him. His stoicism regarding his impending fate and his enthusiasm in playing ball were in the most striking contrast. Tonka played ball up to within a week of the execution day, when he returned



NO. 2.—INDIAN GUARDS STANDING WITH THEIR BACKS TO GOING, WHO IS KNEELING. SHERIFF WATSON, ALSO KNEELING, IS RESTING HIS RIFLE ON A BOX.
From a Photo.

to his wife. They spent the few days he had to live in the little hut alone, and on the morning of his execution day Tonka bade his wife farewell for ever and set out alone to the court-house. Although the scene of execution was forty miles inland, and whites were forbidden to attend, several hundred went and saw the shooting of a brave man. After Tonka's death, his wife received hundreds of proposals of marriage, but she scorned them all, and continued to live among her husband's people.

The execution of William Going, on July 13th, 1899, is probably the last Choctaw execution that will ever occur. The United States had recently assumed charge of the criminal business of the Choctaw courts, and Going was the last murderer convicted under the old tribal laws. The man had killed his uncle, a deputy sheriff, three

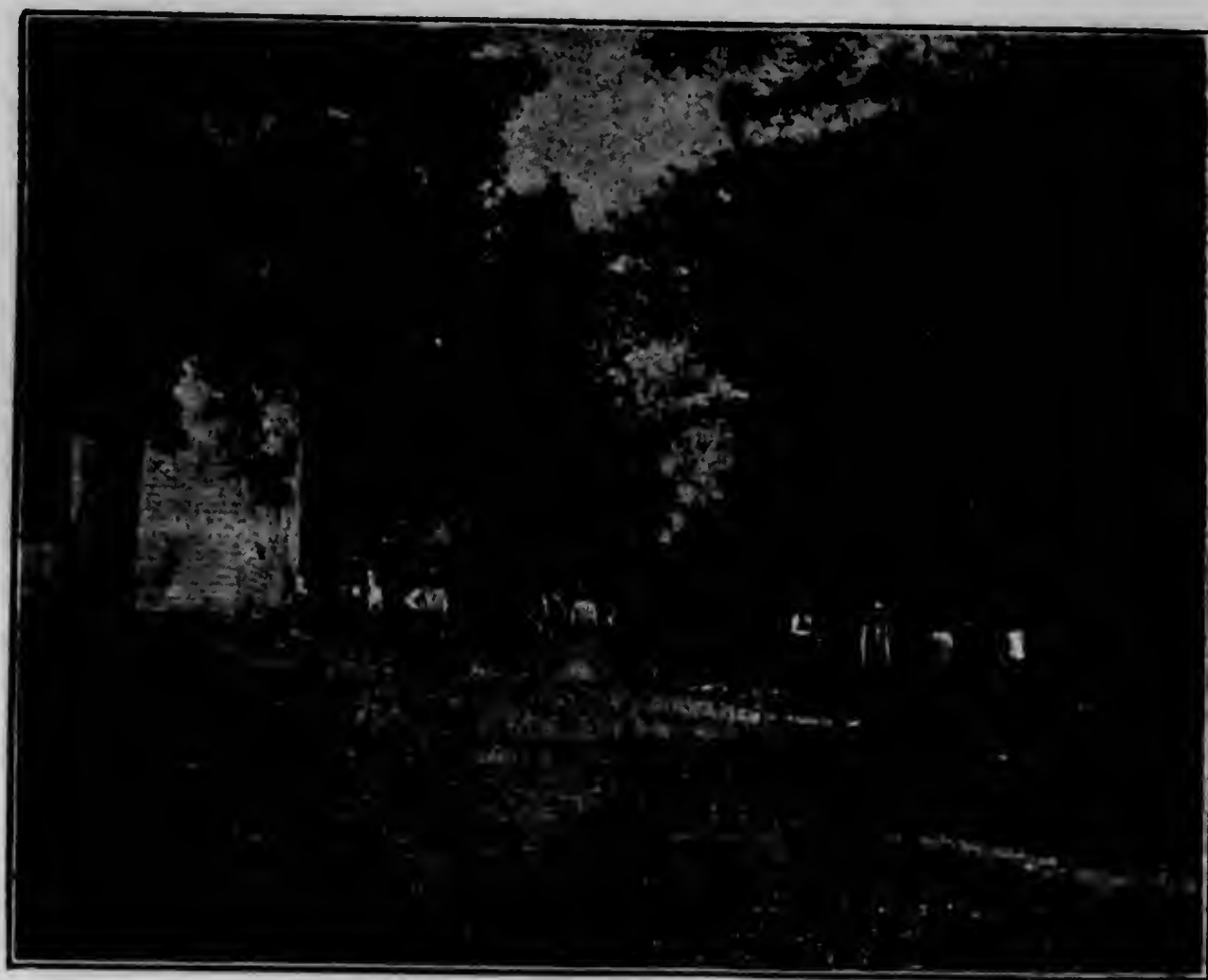
years ago. He was sentenced to die at the same time as Walla Tonka, but, as I have said, he was granted a reprieve. After the *Maine* disaster at Havana the condemned man went to Cuba and joined the insurgents under Garcia. After the war he married a Cuban girl and settled down on a tobacco plantation near Havana City. There he remained until a friend wrote to him saying that July 13th was the date appointed for him to die. Going then bade his Cuban wife farewell, returned to the Choctaw nation alone, hunted up Sheriff Watson, and went off to the Alikchi court-house, there to wait for his execution day.

The hour of his execution was set for 2 p.m.

This was the last exhibition one will ever see of the extraordinary and romantic Choctaw honour; but the strange custom will live in history.

Just a few words about the last three photos. reproduced. I must explain in the first place that no white man is allowed to witness these executions; and as I greatly desired some unique snap-shots of the weird ceremonial, I engaged an Indian official named J. M. White, and provided him with a camera for that purpose. That he was no expert is evident from the snap-shots themselves, which, though unique in kind, are poor enough as pictures.

No. 1 shows the Indian officers on their way



From a NO. 3.--THE SHOT HAS JUST BEEN FIRED. [Photo.

Shortly before that time two Choctaw ministers visited his room. A short prayer service was held, and the condemned man joined in the singing in a clear, strong voice. Then a guard of twenty-four deputies formed a line on each side of the doorway, and Going, supported on either side by friends, stepped out. As he passed near the crowd of spectators he recognised several, and spoke to them. He sat on a blanket spread upon the ground, and his eyes were bandaged by the sheriff. A piece of white paper was pinned on his shirt over the heart. The sheriff stepped back a few paces, rested his Winchester on a box, and fired. The Indian at once fell dead on the blanket!

from the guard-house, where Going came and gave himself up to the sheriff, to the execution ground. Four other Choctaws, bearing the coffin, preceded this procession by a few minutes. In No. 2 the sheriff, wearing a big hat, may be discerned kneeling near a box, and posing his Winchester rifle thereupon. Between the two lines of Indian guards, who, you will notice, stand with their backs to the execution, as a mark of respect to the doomed man, is Going himself, kneeling to be shot.

The third snap-shot was taken just a moment after the shot was fired, when Going fell over dying. These are positively the only photos. ever taken of an Indian execution.

Peninsula, Abbott 14. Haina, Faris 39, 159. Sánchez, Rose, Fitch & Russell 4352. Without locality, Wright, Parry & Brummel.

This is the common sensitive plant of tropical America, so called because it responds to irritation by a rapid drooping of the petioles and folding together of opposed leaflets. The plants are often found in this "sleeping" condition in the early morning, but gradually expand as warmed by the rising sun. Under cultivation the plant often becomes robust and assumes an erect position. Its common name in the Dominican Republic is morir-vivir; in northern Haiti it is called ronté.

7. MIMOSA INVISA Mart. Herb. Fl. Bras. 121. 1837

Schrankia brachycarpa Benth. Journ. Bot. Hook. 2: 130. 1840.

Mimosa diplotricha Wright in Sauv. Pl. Cub. 34. 1873.

A herbaceous clambering vine 1 to 2 m. long, the branches angled with numerous reflexed prickles, pilose when young; pinnae 4 to 8 pairs; leaflets many pairs, oblong-linear, 3 to 4 mm. long, glabrous on both sides, ciliate; flowers in dense heads; calyx and corolla glabrous; stamens twice as many as the petals, purplish; pods linear-oblong, 1 to 2 cm. long, setose on the valves and margin, more or less pubescent.

Type locality: Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

Distribution: Brazil, north to Mexico and the West Indies.

Specimen examined:

HAITI: In meadow at sea-level, near Port Margot, Nash 303.

The type of *M. invis*a from Brazil has not been examined. It is possible that the common North American plant which has long passed under this name is specifically distinct.

EXCLUDED SPECIES

MIMOSA ANGUSTIFOLIA Lam. Encycl. 1: 12. 1783

Erect tree; bark brown or grayish; wood white and very strong; leaves with 4 or 5 pairs of pinnae each bearing from 30 to 50 pairs of narrow leaflets, these green above and pale beneath; flowers racemose; pods 10 to 13 cm. long, 6 to 8 mm. broad, appressed, yellowish; seeds small, orbicular, usually 12 in each pod.

Type locality: Santo Domingo.

Plant not seen. The racemose inflorescence and long, nonjointed pods are characteristic of the genus *Acacia*, to which this species, probably, should be referred.

ARCHEOLOGY.—Potsherds from Choctaw village sites in Mississippi.¹

HENRY B. COLLINS, JR., U. S. National Museum. (Communicated by D. I. BUSHNELL, JR.)

Archeological research in the southeastern states can probably never reach the point of exactness that it has in the Southwest. There are

¹ Published by permission of the Bureau of American Ethnology, Smithsonian Institution. Received April 12, 1927.

no stone ruins, and barring a few exceptional kitchen-middens along the coasts, no extensive refuse heaps showing successive culture layers. The climate, furthermore, is not such as to preserve textiles, basketry, wood-work or other perishable objects so that about all that is now left of the once high material culture of the Southern tribes is the pottery and the ornaments and implements of stone, shell, and bone. It is very desirable, therefore, to seize upon every available source of tribal identification of the cultures represented, and to accomplish this end there is probably no safer beginning than to locate the historic Indian village sites and to study their type of cultural remains for comparison with other sites of unknown age. This method was followed during the past two summers when for several months the writer carried on preliminary archeological work in Mississippi for the Bureau of American Ethnology in coöperation with the Mississippi Department of Archives and History, represented by Mr. H. H. Knoblock.²

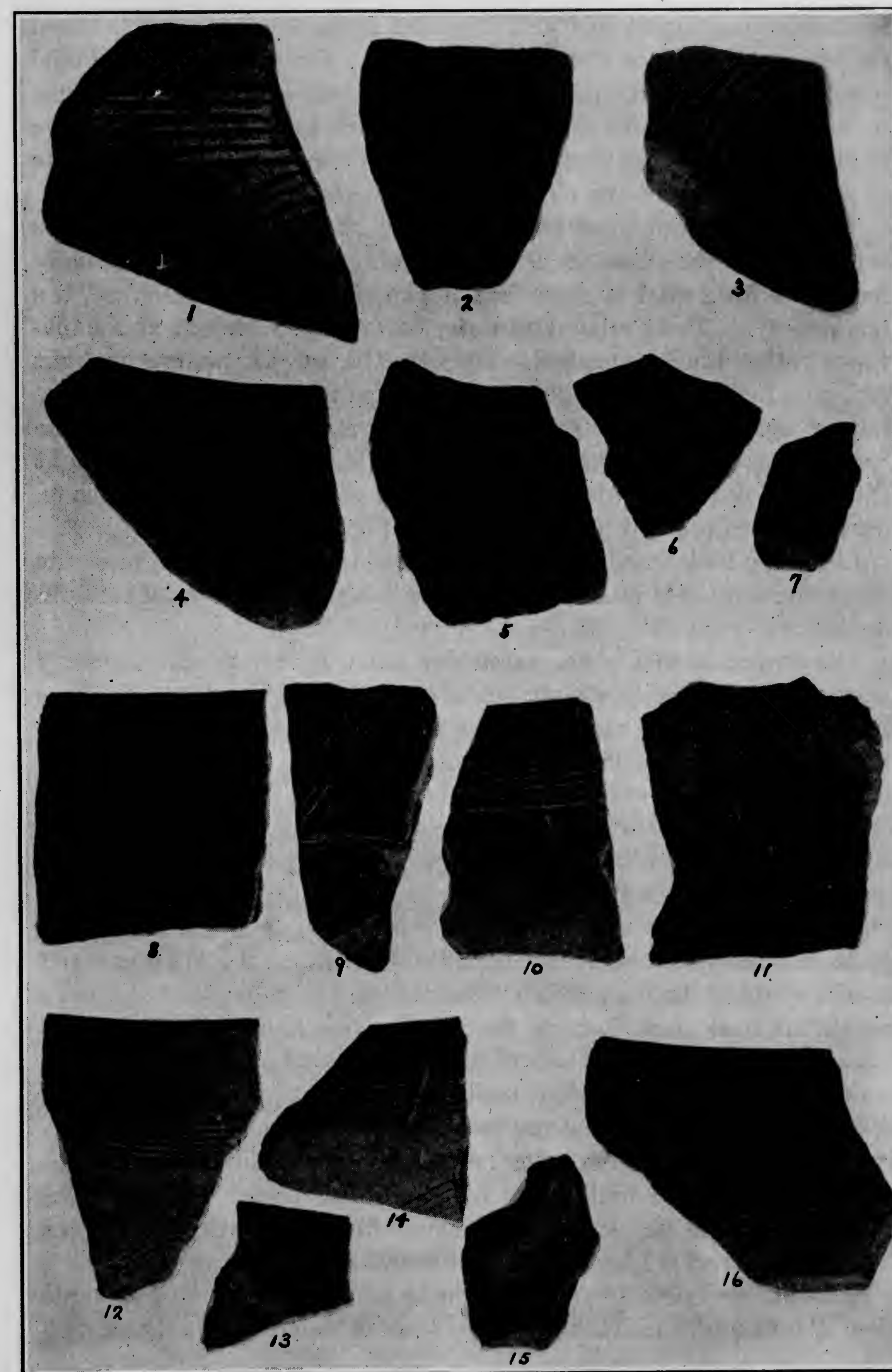
The region chosen for investigation was the east central section of the state, the former home of the Choctaw. A brief reconnoissance of this area was first made and a number of mounds and Choctaw village sites were located and later explored. Wherever possible, surface collections of potsherds, flint artifacts, etc., were made. It is to such collections of potsherds that attention is here called, for these seem to indicate that there was a definite type of historic Choctaw pottery, entirely distinct from that of any other region.

In the accompanying plate are shown examples of this type of pottery from the sites of two old Choctaw villages, Chickachae in the northeastern part of Clarke County, and Ponta (Coosa) in northern Lauderdale County. According to Prof. H. S. Halbert, who worked for many years among the Choctaw in Mississippi, Ponta was occupied as late as 1846.³ The time of the abandonment of Chickachae is not definitely known but it probably took place between 1810 and 1834, during which period the greater part of the Choctaw lands were signed away and their former owners forced to migrate west of the Mississippi River. The first reference to Ponta and Chickachae is found in the manuscript journal of Régis du Roullet, the French army officer, who in 1729 made the first official exploration of the Choctaw country.⁴ The two villages again appear on the map and in the

² *Archeological and anthropometrical work in Mississippi*. Smithsonian Misc. Coll. 78 (1). 1926.

³ *Bernard Romans' map of 1772*. Publ. Miss. Hist. Soc. 6: 415-439.

⁴ In Mississippi Department of Archives and History and in Manuscript Division of the Library of Congress.



Figs. 1-7. Potsherds from site of Chickachae, old Choctaw village in northeastern Clarke Co., Miss. Figs. 8-16. Potsherds from site of Ponta, Northern Lauderdale Co., Miss.

accompanying report of Capt. Bernard Romans, dated 1772, based on his exploration of the Choctaw country for the English colonial government during the preceding year. It was principally by means of the Romans map that Prof. Halbert, with his intimate knowledge of the geography and early history of the region, was able to locate the sites of many of the old Choctaw villages.

The pottery from these two sites, of which typical decorated pieces are shown in the plate, is of a hard uniform texture and is usually tempered with sand so fine that it can hardly be detected by the unaided eye. Both inner and outer surfaces are smooth and sometimes rather highly polished. In color the sherds range from light red and buff through gray into black, the largest proportion being buff or light gray. The color was usually produced by polishing the surface, merely intensifying the shade to which the firing had brought the clay. A few sherds, however, most of them from Chickachae, have received a slip of light brick red on both surfaces.

Little can be learned from the sherds as to the original form of the vessels except that most of them appear to have been bowls of medium depth.

The preponderance of decorated rims and the corresponding scarcity of rims among the many plain pieces suggests that the decoration was largely confined to the upper part of the vessel. As may be seen from the plate, this decoration, which is the most important and characteristic feature of the pottery, consists of straight or curved bands made of finely incised parallel lines. These bands, formed usually by five or six lines, range in width from about 5 to 10 millimeters. The uniform distance between the lines, as well as their uniform depth, shows that they were made by trailing a fine, comb-like implement across the surface of the vessel while it was still soft. Among the 118 decorated sherds of this type from Ponta, there are fewer than half a dozen in which the lines seem to have been drawn free hand. The lot of 67 similar sherds from Chickachae shows a slightly larger proportion on which the lines are somewhat irregular. The bands on the majority of sherds from Chickachae are also a little broader than those from Ponta, the average width being between 8 and 9 millimeters as compared with about 6 millimeters for the Ponta pieces, and the lines composing them are likewise somewhat deeper. With these slight variations, however, the ware from the two sites is identical.

No other well defined ceramic type is represented in the potsherds from Ponta and Chickachae. Less than 20 sherds from these two

sites bear decorations other than of the type described: these few are of cruder ware and are meagerly ornamented with irregular incised lines. There is, in addition, comparatively little undecorated ware of a cruder type; the greater part of the plain sherds, of which there are many, are of the same smooth compact ware as the decorated pieces.

The potsherds from Chickachae and Ponta represent the only adequate samples that were obtained. Very scanty collections of sherds were picked up on the sites of Yowanne in Wayne County, Okhata talaya in Newton County, and Halunlawasha in Neshoba County, and yet among the handful of sherds thus obtained one or more of the banded type was found at each of the three places.

The presence of this single type of decorated ware from such widely separated Choctaw settlements, covering the entire area known to have been occupied by that tribe, suggests very strongly that it was the prevailing type of pottery in use at some period of their history. It may safely be regarded as historic, in the sense that it is found thus far only at Choctaw sites known to have been occupied as late as the 19th century, but further than this its age cannot at present be determined.

In texture and color this Choctaw pottery is similar to a widespread type from the mounds in western and central Mississippi and in parts of Arkansas and Louisiana. It is strikingly different, however, from the prevailing type of mound pottery from eastern Mississippi. The pottery from the mounds of this section is usually rough and crumbly and contains rather coarse tempering material. The decorations most often found are produced either by "brushing" or by impressing cords or coarse fabrics on the soft surface. Sometimes there is an ornamentation consisting of carelessly incised lines or punctations, and, infrequently, of the stamped curvilinear designs so common in Georgia and Florida.

It is too early to speculate, on the basis of this ceramic distribution, as to whether this Choctaw pottery developed locally or whether it had its origin to the west. Consideration of this question, as well as that of a possible earlier occupancy of the Choctaw territory by some other tribe, must be deferred until more complete information is available. It would be very desirable, for this purpose, to have additional collections of potsherds from other known Choctaw village sites and from the little known mounds and unidentified sites of central and western Mississippi.

[March,

the other, but beyond a mild protest no action was perceptible. After a sufficient number of fish had been stowed away in the boat by "England" and the natives, the latter proceeded to do full justice to three-quarters of our elaborate lunch. Once more the sails were set and we sped homeward. Wave after wave passed over the dancing boat until finally the shore was reached. Wet, not hungry, trying to look cheerful, but nevertheless with a cart-load of fish to speak for us, we arrived at our hotel near noon. Strange as it may appear, it proved to be a rash undertaking, for some time to come, to mention "flying fish" within hearing of three certain sportsmen.

Barbados has become a prominent health resort, more particularly for fever patients from more southerly regions. For many years the island has been free from serious attacks of epidemic or endemic diseases. South of Bridgetown, a suburb, Hastings, is located, where good sea-bathing and comparatively cool air can be enjoyed. The climate is necessarily enervating, and any stimulant of such character is a welcome change. Many of the planters and merchants have traveled extensively, and their experiences in foreign countries have borne fruit in their own colony.

Once more the gauntlet of officious porters and boatmen must be run, as the southward steamer has anchored off shore. Laden with trophies from the island, with coral shells and other equally bulky souvenirs, the traveler finds himself restored to his temporary floating home, and

"The ship drove past * * *

And southward aye we fled."

Am. Nat. Vol. 16, No. 3.

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March 1882.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE AMONG THE CHOC-TAWS OF MISSISSIPPI.

BY H. S. HALBERT.

THE two thousand Choctaws still living in their ancestral homes in Mississippi, retain, in all their pristine vigor, many of the usages of their ancestors. Among these are the methods employed in conducting a courtship and the marriage ceremony.

When a young Choctaw, of Kemper or Neshoba county, sees a maiden who pleases his fancy, he watches his opportunity until he finds her alone. He then approaches within a few yards of her and gently casts a pebble towards her, so that it may fall at

higher, and within the first hour we were all comfortably drenched. This part of the programme seemed in keeping with the expedition, and we silently congratulated ourselves upon so auspicious a beginning. Before long, however, the sea continued making efforts to stow away a portion of its surplus water in our boat, and all hands were requested to "bail out." By means of hollow calabashes this feat was accomplished. After having gone out to sea about twelve miles sails were lowered and we lay tossing about and waiting for fish. All around us we could see the bright bodies of flying fish flash out from the crest of a wave, pass with great rapidity for some distance over the water, and then drop down again. Eventually a few curious individuals arrived, apparently to inspect the sides of our boat. During their examination they encountered sundry hooks, quietly opened their capacious mouths and allowed them to float in. One or two "flops" when brought on board, and they settled down, seemingly resigned, in the water at the bottom of the boat. This sport was surely growing exciting—but slowly. Thanks to the outward trip and the constant motion of our boat—thanks, too, to our elaborate breakfast, which had consisted of a glass of water—we four ancient mariners were beginning to experience a feeling which a novice on board of a ship might designate as "faint." An inexplicable want of energy, a certain absent-mindedness as to the fascinations of fishing, and a decided disinclination to attack our lunch baskets, became painfully noticeable. In order to revive our sunken spirits somewhat (we will generously accord him the benefit of a lingering doubt) this august individual ordered the bait to be brought out. It was brought out. A basket of loose workmanship was filled with fragments of flying fish, which might have been alive two weeks before; at the time, however, they were very dead. This basket was hung over the side of the boat into the water. Evidently the fish appreciated the perfume which thus was spread far and wide, for they came in large numbers within easy reach of our nets. Whether it was the overpowering joy produced by our success, or whether it was grief at the sudden ending of so many fish lives, full of youth and full of promise, we must allow posterity to decide. It is enough to say that "Nova Scotia," "Scotland" and "America" ignominiously collapsed, and "the further proceedings interested them no more." Occasionally a cold, wet fish would alight on the pale face of one or

her feet. He may have to do this two or three times before he attracts the maiden's attention. If this pebble throwing is agreeable, she soon makes it manifest; if otherwise, a scornful look and a decided "ekwah" indicate that his suit is in vain. Sometimes instead of throwing pebbles the suitor enters the woman's cabin and lays his hat or handkerchief on her bed. This action is interpreted as a desire on his part that she should be the sharer of his couch. If the man's suit is acceptable the woman permits the hat to remain; but if she is unwilling to become his bride, it is removed instantly. The rejected suitor, in either method employed, knows that it is useless to press his suit and beats as graceful a retreat as possible.

When a marriage is agreed upon, the lovers appoint a time and place for the ceremony. On the marriage day the friends and relatives of the prospective couple meet at their respective houses or villages, and thence march towards each other. When they arrive near the marriage ground—generally an intermediate space between the two villages—they halt within about a hundred yards of each other. The brothers of the woman then go across to the opposite party and bring forward the man and seat him on a blanket spread upon the marriage ground. The man's sisters then do likewise by going over and bringing forward the woman and seating her by the side of the man. Sometimes, to furnish a little merriment for the occasion, the woman is expected to break loose and run. Of course she is pursued, captured and brought back. All parties now assemble around the expectant couple. A bag of bread is brought forward by the woman's relatives and deposited near her. In like manner the man's relatives bring forward a bag of meat and deposit it near him. These bags of provisions are lingering symbols of the primitive days when the man was the hunter to provide the household with game, and the woman was to raise corn for the bread and hominy. The man's friends and relatives now begin to throw presents upon the head and shoulders of the woman. These presents are of any kind that the donors choose to give, as articles of clothing, money, trinkets, ribbons, etc. As soon as thrown they are quickly snatched off by the woman's relatives and distributed among themselves. During all this time the couple sit very quietly and demurely, not a word spoken by either. When all the presents have been thrown and distributed, the couple, now man and wife,

arise, the provisions from the bags are spread, and, just as in civilized life, the ceremony is rounded off with a festival. The festival over, the company disperse, and the gallant groom conducts his bride to his home, where they enter upon the toils and responsibilities of the future.

—:O:—

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORS: A. S. PACKARD, JR., AND E. D. COPE.

— The utterances of Professor E. DuBois Raymond, at the recent celebration of the birthday of Leibnitz, in Berlin,¹ should have a clearing effect on the intellectual atmosphere of the evolutionists. Professor Raymond exhibits in a marked degree the invaluable quality of intellectual self-control, one which is sometimes wanting to brilliant thinkers. It is perfectly natural for the pioneer, in penetrating a new and unexplored region, to advance with too great celerity, and without giving himself the requisite time to discover the obstacles that may lie in his course. Sometimes it has happened, that, bringing up at the edge of an unexpected precipice, he has made the most astounding leaps, and has been compelled to lay to and repair damages for sometime thereafter.

A good many evolutionists have been floored by a serious interruption to the continuity of their "high priori" road, and not a few of them do not yet know just what has hurt them. That such an evanescent and unsubstantial condition as consciousness should have the gravity necessary to throw a triumphant army of advance into confusion, could hardly be suspected. Does not one of the leaders say that consciousness is to the progress of evolution, what the whistle is to the engine, that makes a good deal of noise but does none of the work? And another says, "If the 'will' of man and the higher animals seems to be free in contrast with the 'fixed' will of the atoms, that is a delusion provoked by the contrast between the extremely complicated voluntary movements of the former and the extremely simple voluntary movements of the latter!" A slight difference of opinion, indeed! One authority tells us that consciousness does nothing, and the other will have it that it does everything, rising even to the autonomic dignity of a "will" for atoms! They agree in believing

¹ See translation in *Popular Science Monthly* for February, 1882.

DISCUSSION AND CORRESPONDENCE

CHOCTAW MOIETIES

Our information regarding these two ancient and long obsolete divisions of the Choctaw Indians is so scanty that any new light upon them is most welcome. In my recently published bulletin entitled "Source Material for the Social and Ceremonial Life of the Choctaw Indians," pages 76 to 79, I assembled all of the data known to me when it was compiled. Quite recently, however, Prof. A. G. Sanders, who is editing for publication material contained in the Mississippi State Department of Archives and History at Jackson, has brought to my attention a brief mention of them which throws some important additional light upon their organization and position. This is in a letter by the *ordonnateur* *Salmon*, dated Feb. 8, 1733. In reporting an estimate of Choctaw warriors furnished him by the Jesuit missionary Beaudouin, he says:

il pretend que son Calcul est juste sur le fondement que tous les Tchactas sortent de deux races principales, Sçavoir des Inoulakta qui est la plus nombreuse et la plus noble et des Eukatatlapé, qui est moins Considerable et moins distinguée. il dit, que la premiere race est partagée en sept classes differentes et la seconde en cinq ce qui forme douze partis differentes et quayant consulté des hommes de ces differentes races, chacun en particulier luy a dit a peu pres le nombre d'hommes portant armes de sa Race, et que ce n'est que par ce moyen qu'il a pu en faire le denombrement; il ajoute que chacune de ces races a un chef particulier . . .

The alleged social inferiority of the Eukatatlapé seems to be confirmed by this word itself which is used by no other writer known to me. It consists of yuka, captive, prisoner, slave, and tathlapi, five, the whole meaning apparently "the five captive, or slave groups." By other writers this is called the Imoklasha, "their own people," or "friends," or the Kashapa okla, "divided people." From the wording in another early letter it seems that it was the official Peace party among the Choctaw, the Iⁿholahta being the War party. The apparent emphasis here placed on slavery and war jars rather rudely with the seeming internal unity of the Choctaw in historic times and their reputation as lovers of peace, and it is possible that the terms employed were ceremonial and had no reference to the origin of the groups called inferior. Moreover, the Shakchi humma okla, "red crawfish people," who probably represented an incorporated tribe, belonged to the Iⁿholahta who are supposed to have been superior. The alleged inequality in numbers between the moieties may mean that in Beaudouin's time they were not altogether exogamous. The assertion that each moiety had a head chief also stands by itself.

JOHN R. SWANTON

SOME ALGONQUIAN KINSHIP TERMS¹

The terms for "sister's daughter" (male speaker), and "brother's daughter" (female speaker) among various Algonquian languages present a difficult phonetic

¹ Printed by courtesy of the Smithsonian Institution.

Cocopa

California + Mexico

alla.

S.F. Call

Sept. 15

INDIAN CHIEF SHOT IN THE HEAD. 1906

SAN BERNARDINO, Sept. 14.—Out on the desert at the little town of Manvel, where ninety Cocopah and seventy-five Piute Indians comprise the larger part of the population, a flash of the old fighting spirit of the red man has shown and the tribal relations of the two branches have been rudely shaken.

John Cocopah, chief of his tribe, was shot in the head last night by John Snyder, who enjoys the title of "Chief of the Piutes." Chief Cocopah is dangerously wounded and may die, while Chief Snyder is being chased over the desert by fifty Cocopah braves, who swear vengeance. In turn the Cocopahs are being followed by the Piute "warriors," who say they will protect Chief Snyder at the risk of their lives. The miniature warfare has awakened the "blanket" Indians as nothing has for a long time.

Dean Nicholson, a white man, endeavored to make peace between the warring tribes last night and for his pains was severely beaten. The Cocopah "medicine man," who is attending his chief, is undecided whether Chief John will recover.

BRAND-NEW SAVAGES

Strange Tales Told by Travelers in the Mexican Desert

THE COCOPAS AND THEIR QUEER WAYS

White Men's Clothes Are Rapidly Diminishing Race.

THEY PAINT AND TATTOO

Written for The Evening Star.

The Cocopas, a very queer people, living in the valley of the Colorado river—partly in Lower California and partly in Mexico—have just been brought to light by Prof. W. J. McGee, the well-known ethnologist of this city. He had just returned from an interesting visit among them when he chatted with me a day or two ago. He is the first scientific man to have studied them and to have noted their remarkable customs.

"We left Washington October 8," said Prof. McGee, "and went by rail to Phoenix, Arizona, where we outfit. With four mule wagons, three extra saddle animals and three months' provisions we proceeded down the banks of the Salt and Gila rivers to Gila Bend and then south across a desert, fifty miles of whose dry sand offered us no water. Resting at Ajo, a copper mining town of Arizona we continued southward to the ancient Papago village of Quitova, thence to the Mexican customs office at Santo Domingo. Here an officer of the Mexican treasury department, who had accompanied us from Phoenix, facilitated our crossing the frontier with our outfit.

"Crossing the Mexican boundary at Santo Domingo, we struck out as directly as might be for the Tepoka country, 150 miles below. The next water was Quitova, a Papago village thirty-five miles distant, and here we found warm mineral springs. Thirty miles further southward we found another village of the Papagos. Then we passed on to a little stamp-mill, known as Las Tattas, and from there to Cabocra, the westernmost town on the river of northern Sonora, known as Rio San Ignacio or Rio Altar. At Cabocra five years ago I had learned that the Tepoka Indians



A Cocopa Brave.

were still extant, eighty miles down on the coast of the Gulf of California, so I now pushed down into their alleged country by a four days' journey. I found remains of their huts and some accumulations of shells and from what I saw roughly estimated that the Tepokas must have been extinct or have departed ten years ago. We then returned to Santo Domingo.

Three Successive Dry Camps.

"We next struck westward along the boundary line, taking the old Yuma trail, the ancient highway of communication between Mexico and California. We were now faced by a 30-mile jaunt without a spot which offered water. A half the distance was over exceedingly heavy sand and a quarter was over volcanic flows. We had three successive dry camps, and it was noon of the fourth day before we struck water. It happened to be humid and stormy, and our blankets were wet the whole distance. Two days and another dry camp brought us to Yuma, at the affluence of the Colorado seventy miles by road to a place sometimes called Colonia Lerdo, where the Cocopa people live. This little colony belongs to the Andrade family, the present head of which is the Mexican consul to Los Angeles, Cal. He has a son, Don Eduardo, who resides in Yuma. The Andrade grant formerly included one and a half millions of acres and took in the valley of the Colorado from the boundary line to the Gulf. The residence of the family was formerly at Colonia Lerdo. I obtained from Don Eduardo the necessary permit to enter the estate and found the Cocopas on the west side of the river, their villages extending many miles to the north-west. We crossed the river eight or nine times, swimming the horses after our boat. "The Cocopas greatly surprised me. Living so near to the Gulf, I supposed, of course, that they were fishing people. I found them essentially agricultural. They were cultivating corn, beans, peas and squash; were harvesting five different kinds of grasses for their seeds. They had located their little farms according to the caprice of the floods, frequently occurring in this valley. They professed to be strongly inimical to the Mexican government and to be anxious to emigrate to the United States. An occasional Cocopa seems to have crossed to the American side and to have there received our higher rate of wages. They preferred American silver. In fact, I had to exchange my Mexican silver for ours; had to send to the frontier for this purpose.

Pick Up Hot Coals With Their Toes.

"The Cocopas are generally of fine physique. The men are tall and robust. I measured one and found him to stand six feet three. Their skins are dark. They have very large feet, notable for the fact that the middle toes are invariably the longest. I saw the big fellow whom I measured run barefooted over a patch of sharp stubble left by stalks of the cat-tail flag, which had been burnt. He was hunting wild hogs and his feet were not hurt in the

least. It was common to see the men come to our camp-fire and poke the coals with their naked toes. One fellow had thus burnt all of his toes black, although his feet were otherwise uninjured. The toes of these people are remarkable also on account of their numbness. I saw one man pick up a red hot coal with his foot to light his cigarette. Another, walking along a road, thus clutched a stick which he wanted to use for a cane. He raised it to his hand and continued on his way. I gave a child a lump of sugar; he dropped it, but the nimble toes caught it and brought it to his hand.

"I learned that these people are diminishing in numbers with unusual rapidity. I am accustomed to seeing primitive people decreasing annually, but not so fast as are they. Where there were a thousand ten years ago there are 500 today. The cause of their early extermination will be their lack for wearing white men's clothing, which is simply smothering out their lives. They make every sacrifice for the sake of this new apparel. The men now and then go to Yuma with their corn, each taking a horse loaded with a hundred pounds. One of these loads, after the three days' journey sells for but \$1.50, all spent in cheap clothing. The corn crop on each little farm is thus disposed of early each season. The family for the remainder of the year being limited to squashes and grass seeds. The valued clothing is not removed when the men work about the river and get soaked from head to foot. Pneumonia and death often result from this carelessness. The medicine men endeavor to sing, dance and charm the disease away, but in vain. "Their houses are simple little structures hardly protected from the rain. Some have roofs of earth. None are wind-proof. All have walled sides—that is, made of boughs entwined together. None of these huts has floor or furniture. Some are mere bowers built of tree branches.

The Dead Cremated in Their Houses.

"The burial customs of the Cocopas are very interesting. Upon the death of one of the tribe his kinsmen all cut their long hair to a shortness proportionate to the relationship of each to the deceased. If the dead was possessed of property it is given away to the different members of the tribe, but never to his relatives. That is a clever device to prevent a family dispute as to ownership of any of the property. Many primitive people have taken such precaution against the possible division of a house-mother-in-law taboo of certain Indian tribes. This prevents any exchange of words and any association whatever between mother-in-law and child-in-law. "That this general distribution of the property of the dead is to occur is announced by messengers sent from settlement to settlement. The house of the deceased having been deprived of all valuables the corpse is allowed to remain within while fuel is collected about the habitation and a fire is kindled beneath it. Thus, the put of each Cocopa becomes his funeral pyre. The destruction of the body is almost always complete. I saw a few remnants of bones which had not completely crumbled into ashes.

"These funeral fires occasionally wipe out a whole settlement, the wind carrying the flames from the hut of the dead to the habitations of his neighbors. When a subsided of the tribe dies all huts in the group over which he ruled must be burnt, out of respect, and all property belonging to his people must be given away.

"The principal weapon of the Cocopa is a long, wooden war club, which looks like a large potato-masher, sharpened at the small end. The heavy end is for beating the victim over the head, the sharp end for striking him. They also have a spear, combining the functions of the flag-staff and the lance. It is feathered from end to end, and, strange to say, the point is held in the hand of the bearer. A Cocopa cannot go to war unless he wear a large tag, made of shell, attached to his nose. The cartilage between the nostrils of all grown men is pierced to hold this appendage. "All of the Cocopas paint their faces and are more or less tattooed. The foreheads of the men are tattooed with circles or zigzag marks. Upon marrying, the women must be tattooed with various designs.

Their Marriage Customs.

"These people are ostensibly monogamous. Of their polygamy, in which state they formerly lived openly, there are yet traces kept in the background out of deference to the Mexican law.

"They have prescribed a strange ordeal which must be undergone by every Cocopa girl before she can be considered to be marriageable. When she is ready to take a husband a hole is dug in the ground and in it is built a fire, kept burning until the surrounding earth has been thoroughly warmed. The fire is then extinguished and the bride-elect placed in the pit. She is buried to her neck and in this condition is left standing overnight. After being dug out, the next morning, she is ready for the conjugal state.

"Each Cocopa family is bound by a strict law pertaining to property rights. Strictly domestic property belongs to the women; farmstead property to the men. For the purpose of buying some articles for my collection I visited one but while the husband happened to be away. The wife was willing to sell me her pottery, her squash vessels, her mill or the grain which she had ready for grinding in the latter. But in the absence of her husband she had no authority to sell me the grain in the granary or the granary itself.

"During my stay among them the Cocopas had a great feast, out in the extreme northwestern part of their territory, at a point seventy-five miles from Colonia Lerdo. I contemplated attending this jollification, but changed my mind, and later had reason to be thankful that I had thus reconsidered. One of the tribe committed a depredation for which three of the Mexican rural police undertook to arrest him. His companions rescued him and tore the police utterly to pieces. The Mexicans will of course punish the Cocopas for this, although the latter are many hundreds of miles distant from civilization. The penalty for their crime will probably be the further reduction of their number by from a dozen to a score of souls."

JOHN ELFRETH WATKINS, Jr.

Knew It Long Ago.

From the Chicago Times-Herald.

Alkali Ike laughed upon the variety of Chicago "prolonged life," he "Did you know, induced. "Did I! Well, in the west of out for him it just naturally the man was rably cut

Cocopa Indians

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Star Jan 1-1901

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Star Jan 5
1911

COCOPAH INDIAN FEUD.

Mar. 11/90

Mortal Strife Between the Members of Different Families.

THE CHIEF IS AFRAID OF WITCHCRAFT.

*Ordering the Death of a Medicine Man—
Relatives of the Deceased Promptly Kill
Two of the Chief's Family—More Trouble
Feared—Fighting the Apaches.*

[Special to the EXAMINER.]

YUMA (A. T.), March 10.—Indian runners bring the news of several murders along the Colorado river, in Lower California, among the Cocopah Indians.

Old Chief Colorow died three weeks ago, and the new chief, believing that the medicine man was guilty of witchcraft, caused his murder.

Thereupon the relatives of the medicine man killed two of the slayers, and now the chief, with the balance of the tribe, assert that they will kill all the medicine man's male relatives, including his sons.

WHOLESALE MURDER FEARED.

Considerable excitement prevails among the Indians, who believe that the feud will result in the death of many additional Cocopahs. The tribe lives on Mexican territory, a short distance below the international line, and they have been one of the most famous of tribes in the southern part of the country, and under old Colorow they lived very peaceably.

WAR ON PAPER.

April 4
The Cocopahs Are Not Emulating the Kilkenny Cats. *S.F. Chronicle*
Yuma, Sentinel. 1896

An associated press dispatch from this place was sent March 9th purporting to be authentic in stating that a bloody war had broken out between two factions of the Cocopah tribe. The press dispatch further stated that the trouble was caused by the election of a new chief to fill the place made vacant by the death of the old captain, Colorow. Since the dispatch referred to first appeared some San Diego correspondent has been drawing upon his imagination and continues to shed blood—Cocopah gore—in daily dispatches to the San Francisco press. The *Sentinel* thinks the time has come to stop this silly gossip and presents the following true and uncontradicted statement of facts in regard to the matter.

In the first place Colorow, the old chief of the Cocopahs, died over fifteen years ago, and not a single member of his family has been alive for the past ten years. After Colorow's death Rock-a-row was elected chief, and during his incumbency became a great friend of Jerry Shine, who kept a store on the Colorado river in the Cocopah country. Some years ago Young Joe, an Indian belonging to a family known as Ha-o-se, planned a raid to murder old Shine and rob his store. Another Indian whose name was Kenney-head threatened Young Joe with death if he carried out his plans, and after quarreling ended up by severely beating the would-be murderer.

Young Joe never forgave Kenney-head, and on various occasions denounced him as a sorcerer, but failed to injure the man until lately. Rock-a-row died early in March and Am-apie was chosen chief. The new chief was a warm friend of Young Joe, who lost no time in again accusing Kenney-head of being an evil spirit and blaming him for the sickness which then prevailed among the Cocopahs with fatal results—la grippe. The sentence of death was passed on Kenney-head, and Young Joe, with two companions, soon dispatched him. A relative of Kenney-head immediately waylaid Young Joe and another of the executioners, killing them, and came here reporting the matter to Ekla-wam, a Cocopah Indian well known in these parts and a cousin of Kenney-head. Ekla-wam wasted no time and soon reached the Cocopah country, and by sunset of the day of his arrival the third and last of Kenney-head's executioners had bitten the dust.

This is a full, authentic and complete account of the great and bloody Cocopah war. Four Indians killed according to the Indian idea of "evening up" matters. As a matter of fact the Cocopah Indians, as a rule, are honest, industrious and well disposed toward strangers, and especially white men. And although the region inhabited by them is far distant from this section and in Mexican territory, the *Sentinel* does not wish to have the people of the country believe that the Cocopahs are on the warpath when there is absolutely no truth in the rumor.

And so ends the Cocopah war (?)

THE COCOPA INDIANS.

Successful Agriculture With only a Stick to Work with.

To the Editor of THE TRANSCRIPT:

The Cocopa Indians live on the west side of the Colorado river, Sonora, Mexico, 57 miles south south west of Yuma, Arizona. I visited their camps June 2nd, 1885. They occupy lands up and down Colorado river for miles. They cultivate the lands about the villages. The first thing that meets the eye on entering their fields at this winter season is the ungathered beans, mellons and pumpkins lying permiscuously about, while many of the finest water mellons yet sound as ever, lay in piles, with only a slight covering of corn stalks or dead grass; they are not saleable at ten cents each so great is the supply on hand. This is a dry climate or mellons would not keep so long. I saw good sound ones near the end of February. Pumpkins are more abundantly piled up, as they are cut into slices and dried, mainly as food for summer. The horses and dogs eat pumpkin with as much avidity as the Indian. Numerous sacks of beans cleaned were seen in their houses. On the tops of the houses much corn was stored while a good deal remained in piles below. In the dwellings was seen sacks of every kind of seeds, fruit, and roots of indigenous plants dried for food. This supply was obtained with great labor. There was an especially good supply of grass seeds which, when parched and reduced to flour, makes bread not unlike bread prepared from yellow corn. These edible grasses are not eradicated from their fields as the weeds, but they are often planted as a crop.

Their camps presented a mixed appearance; as it was a chilly day the fires were patronized; some were roasting pumpkins or eating them, while many were scooping out the insides of water-mellons with their fingers and devouring them; others were feasting on boiled beans; many parching pans were in operation. The Cocopa Indians eat much of their food after it is parched. The females all own an earthen pan of a rather oval shape, in which is put whatever is to be parched, then hot wood coals are

placed inside and vigorously shaken too and fro until the parching is complete, when the coals are removed. This is the best method of parching any thing; the heating is gradual and regular, while if the vessel was placed over the fire it would not be so easily attended, nor likely so evenly cooked. Pumpkin and watermellon seeds were thus being parched, of which I tasted; they possessed a flavor of pea-nuts. These Indians save all the mellon, pumpkin, and squash seeds for food.

Some men were making arrows with wooden points to kill small animals with. Several females were on their knees grinding or rubbing into flour between two stones, either corn or grass seeds while others stooped by the side of wooden mortars and with long stone pestles pounded mesquit beans into flour; as the beans contained a good deal of sugar the pounded mass readily forms a compact substance without water. The females wear a small conical shaped hat which they sometimes use by putting in the pounded mesquit beans, press the mass firmly, then stick the sharp end of the hat in dirt which covers their house, when the sun bakes the bread. The Smithsonian has a loaf of bread which I saw made and baked in this manner and it is now in the hat bake-pan. Several were sitting around with their long hair all rolled up on the top of their heads, with mud plastered all over. This remains two or three days when water is liberally applied to the head to wash off the mud. This is to kill the free boarders which had become so large and burdensome that the remedy—a thick coating of mud—had to be applied.

Indians study economy sometimes, for they use as an article of food these free tenents. Under some circumstances civilized beings do the same.

Seeing a peculiar basket hanging by one of the houses I asked its use, the reply was, "it's to collect eggs in." The Cocopa Indians during May and June gather up all kinds of wild birds eggs along the Colorado river in order to have numerous feasts. They boil the eggs without caring if fresh laid or if they are

ready to hatch; the cooked young ones are discarded, but what is left in the shell is eaten with as much avidity as the fresh laid eggs. As the Indians have hens, any of the eggs that do not hatch are boiled and eaten. As usual I was looking among the people for articles to be sent to the Smithsonian; this created merriment among the females and children especially, who asked all sorts of questions as to what was wanted with their things. An elderly gentleman from San Francisco visited these Indians; he had long white hair which attracted the attention of the elderly ladies among the Cocopa Indians, who flocked around, scanned the gentleman closely, and asked to see his teeth.

The section occupied by these Indians is a dry, barren, inhospitable waste. The overflow of the Colorado river in the latter part of May and June waters a narrow strip of land along the river, but the same time depositing a thick sediment over the surface. The Indians remove out of the reach of the overflow, returning to their fields as soon as the water subsides and the soil is sufficiently dry to admit of being planted. As this is a dry, barren, hot country, not far from Yuma, where a man died, it is said, and went to the other hot world, but quickly returned to Yuma for his blankets. This being the condition of the climate and the soil sandy, plows and harrows are useless, for if the soil is turned up the scorching heat of the sun soon dries up the plants and there is no harvest.

The Indians by long practice have succeeded even in this hot land in obtaining

from the soil a good living. As soon as the land is sufficiently dry, he takes the only tool necessary, a long stick, one end wedge shape, made of hard wood; this they thrust in the ground prying it up; then scratch out about six inches of earth squatting down to place the seed below the soil in the hole. Thus everything is planted in bunches, and without any condition as to regular rows; this is a slow process when many acres are to be planted, but as there is many to do the work and time of not much value to them, they can afford to use this process; besides, no other will serve. By even this slow process of planting with this stick, by constant work the crop is planted and a large field with a varied crop all in bunches is an interesting sight. The reason why the Indians pursue this method of planting, is this:—when planted below the surface in the holes made by these sticks, the roots of the plants run under the unbroken surface which is covered with the sediment left by overflowing water, which shades the surface of the fields, preventing evaporation, the plants grow rapidly. The weeds that do not produce seeds suitable for food are exterminated; the servicable plants are allowed to remain and form part of the crop. It is surprising how prolific this soil is thus planted by a stick when shaded by the sediment left by the overflow. Some white settlers have tried the plow and general mode of planting in this soil, but they have failed. Irrigation has been a failure owing to the changable character of the river which sometimes carries away land and all on it, often what land is cultivated one year may be in the river next. Indian and white men must change with the river, and each must cultivate with a stick. E. P.

Edmund Palmer

Cocopa & remation
Am. Naturalist

GEOLOGY AND PALEONTOLOGY.

55

B.—Beneath snowy-white; nape pure white; forehead wholly white in summer; feet black or red; tarsus .60 or less; culmen, 1.25 or less.

Bill deep black; feet deep black. Wing, 9.60; tail, 6.00; depth of fork, 2.60; culmen, 1.15; depth of bill, .25; tarsus, .55; middle toe, .60.

S. PORTLANDICA.

Bill dusky reddish; feet reddish. Wing, 9.00; tail, 5.50; culmen, 1.12; tarsus, .50.

S. PIKEI.

S. longipennis agrees very closely with both *S. hirundo* and *S. macroura* in the main points of coloration, having the same decided grayish tinge to the lower parts and nape, and the forehead black. The specimen compared, however, differs from both these species in having the white terminal borders to the longer scapulars, tertials and inner primaries much less distinct; the outer surface of the primaries is more silvery, and the black of the nape appears to extend farther down, terminating at about 3.00 from the base of the culmen instead of at less than 2.50. Whether this last feature depends upon the "make" of the skin is uncertain.—ROBERT RIDGWAY.

GEOLOGY AND PALEONTOLOGY.

NEW FORMS OF ELASMOSAURIDÆ. —Professor H. G. Seeley has recently examined the structure of the reptiles found in the English formations referred by authors to the old genus *Plesiosaurus*. He finds that the modifications in the structure of the scapular arch are such as to require their reference to two families, the *Plesiosauridæ* and *Elasmosauridæ*. The former embraces only the genus *Plesiosaurus*; the latter includes *Elasmosaurus* and three new genera, namely, *Eretmosaurus*, *Colymbosaurus* and *Muraenosaurus*. The characters distinguishing these genera are principally discoverable in the scapular arch.—E. D. C.

AMERICAN TYPES IN THE CRETACEOUS OF NEW ZEALAND.—Mr. Hector, the paleontologist of New Zealand, has obtained and described the remains of numerous extinct reptiles which present various points of resemblance to those disclosed by explorations in Kansas, and described in Dr. Hayden's annual reports. Thus he finds a species of *Polycotylus* and a form which he states to be allied to *Elasmosaurus*, called *Tanivasaurus*. He adds a number

of species of Pythonomorpha, among which are a *Liodon*, with a conic muzzle, and a new genus allied to *Clidastes*. Other species are referred to the true *Plesiosaurus*.—E. D. C.

A NEW MASTODON.—The Mastodon of the Santa Fé marls turns out to be distinct from the *M. Chapmanii* of the East, and the *M. Shepardii* of California, and is allied to the *M. longirostris* of Europe. It has been named *N. productus* Cope. The presence of the genera of Mammalia characteristic of the Pliocene formations of Nebraska and Colorado refers these beds to the same horizon. A report on the paleontology of the formation is just issued by the Chief of Engineers, Washington.—E. D. C.

ANTHROPOLOGY.

CREMATION AMONG NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.¹—The object of the present note is merely to record the fact, that among the many different methods of paying the last tribute of respect to deceased members of the tribe, which are now practised by the native races of North America, cremation is not entirely omitted.

In December, 1850, while enjoying the hospitality of the detachment of the 2nd U. S. Infantry, which at that time established Fort Yuma, the military post at the junction of the Colorado and Gila Rivers in California, I availed myself of the kind offer of Mr. Jordan, one of the owners of the ferry near the post, to make with him an exploration of the river below the junction.

Starting in a small flat boat, which he generously sacrificed for the purpose, with a Yuma Indian, who had a feeble knowledge of Spanish, as guide and interpreter, we floated down with the current of the river, making, by the aid of a solar compass, a rough survey. On the afternoon of the third day we arrived at the lowest village of the Cocopa Indians, who are the next tribe south of the Yumas. Below that village we were told that the spring tides widely overflowed the banks of the river, and that if we went farther, the softness of the mud might seriously hinder our return.

The next day I learned from the guide that an old man had died in a village near the east bank of the river, and that the body was to be burned.

¹ Read at the Hartford Meeting Amer. Assoc. Adv. Sci.

Never having heard before that this custom existed in North America, we eagerly availed ourselves of the opportunity of seeing the interesting ceremony. Crossing the stream in our flat boat, we arrived, after a walk of a couple of miles over the river bottom and adjoining desert, at the late residence of the deceased.

A short distance from the collection of thatched huts which composed the village, a shallow trench had been dug in the desert, in which were laid logs of the mesquite (*Prosopis*, and *Stromboscarpus*), hard and dense wood, which makes, as all western campaigners know, a very hot fire, with little flame, or smoke. After a short time the body was brought from the village, surrounded by the family and other inhabitants, and laid on the logs in the trench. The relatives, as is usual with Indians, had their faces disfigured with black paint, and the females as is the custom with other savages made very loud exclamations of grief, mingled with what might be supposed to be funeral songs. Some smaller faggots were then placed on top, a few of the personal effects of the dead man added, and fire applied. After a time, a dense mass of dark colored smoke arose, and the burning of the body, which was much emaciated, proceeded rapidly. I began to be rather tired of the spectacle, and was about to go away, when one of the Indians, in a few words of Spanish, told me to remain, that there was yet something to be seen.

An old man then advanced from the assemblage, with a long pointed stick in his hand. Going near to the burning body he removed the eyes holding them successively on the point of the stick, in the direction of the sun, with his face turned towards that luminary, repeating at the same time some words, which I understood from our guide was a prayer for the happiness of the soul of the deceased. After this more faggots were heaped on the fire which was kept up for perhaps three or four hours longer. I did not remain, as there was nothing more of interest, but I learned on inquiry, that after the fire was burnt out, it was the custom to collect the fragments of bone which remained, and put them in a terra cotta vase, which was kept under the care of the family.

The ceremony of taking out the eyes, and offering them to the Sun, seems to indicate a feeble remnant of the widely diffused Sun worship of former times, but when introduced, or whence derived, I could not learn. The subject appears to me an important

one, and to deserve attention from those who are so situated as to procure further information.

None of the Cocopas whom I met had sufficient knowledge of Spanish to enable me to communicate easily with them, so that I learned little of their history or habits, during the two days that I remained among them. I however wrote down their numerals and a few other words, which were sufficient to confirm the information I afterwards obtained.

On a subsequent journey along the Gila to Tucson and other towns, then belonging to the Mexican state of Sonora, I passed through the villages of the Coco-maricopas who, as is well known to all of my hearers, live in a semi-civilized condition, in close bonds of union with the Pimos, on the banks of the Gila.

I was led by the similarity of language, as well as by the resemblance in name, to suspect that this tribe was related to the Cocopas of the lower Colorado. On enquiring, I was told by one of the chiefs, Francisco Duk, that they still preserved a tradition of the former connection of the two tribes. Many years ago, in search of more extensive lands, the Cocopas had separated from them, and gone westward, settling on the banks of the Colorado, below the confluence of the Gila. Visits were occasionally made to their villages by their kinsmen from the Colorado, and in fact, I had met on my journey a small party of Cocopas returning from the Maricopa villages.

The Maricopas are now completely identified in interests and habits with the Pimos, and if they practised cremation when they first entered the Gila valley, the usage has long since become obsolete.

Commercial intercourse between the Indians of these interior valleys and those of the Californian Gulf must have also taken place centuries ago, when a higher form of semi-civilization existed along the Gila. For not many days afterwards while examining the famous Casas Grandes or Casas Blancas, as they are more usually called, I found shells of the genera *Oliva* and *Conus*, which had been brought from the Gulf. Small ornaments of turquoise, similar to the variety found near Santa Fé, New Mexico, occasionally occur and are greatly prized by the Indians.

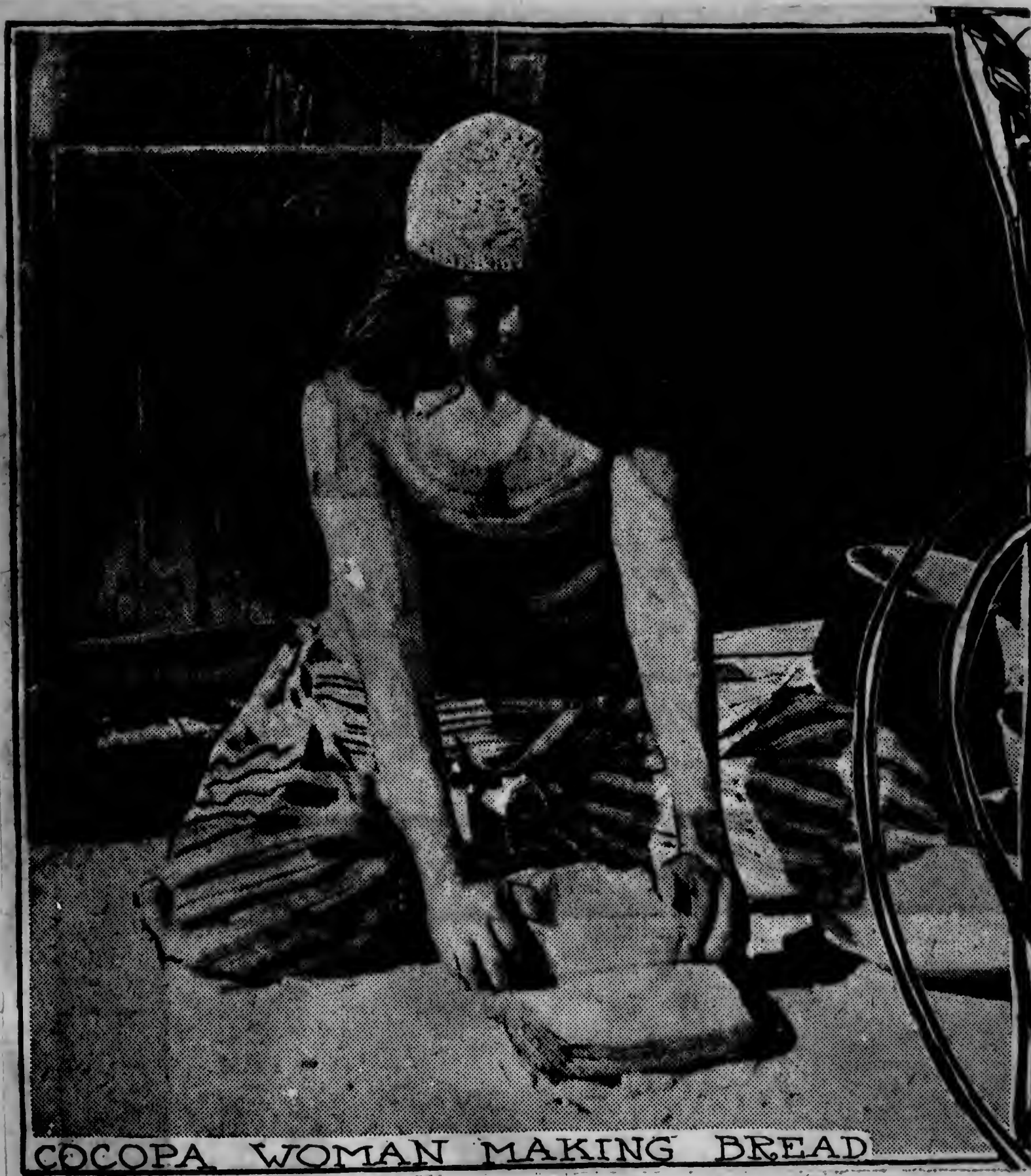
Cocopa Indians



An Old Resident's Home
At Hockanum Mass

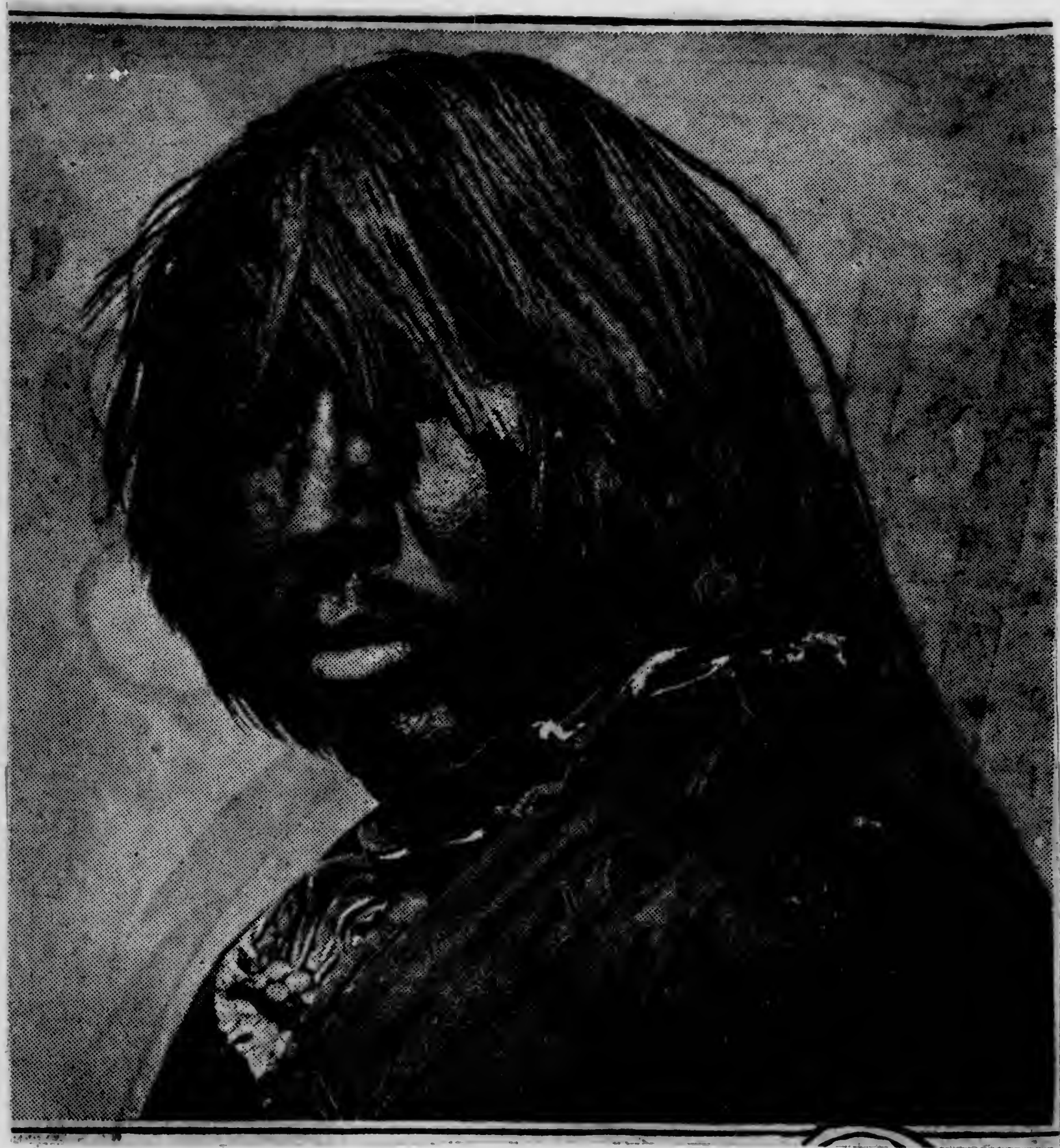
In front of the door stood a
wheelbarrow loaded with fresh
cut grass from the road side
with which the cows fed

Cocopa Indians



COCOPA WOMAN MAKING BREAD

Cocopa Indians



Cocopa Indians



PROFESSOR MCGEE WITH COCOPA MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD

Cocopa Indian



A COCOPA WITCH -
SHE IS FEARED BY
HER PEOPLE

Call San Fran
23-1892

War Threatened at Yuma.

San Diego Union.

There is a speck of war hovering on the eastern horizon of San Diego County. Some time ago, so the report goes, there was a secession in the Cocopah Indian tribe, in Lower California, which resulted in the death of the chief and the wounding of his son, Jose. The latter gathered his ad-

herents and crossed the line into the United States, settling east of Yuma. The Yumas and Mohaves have always been deadly enemies of the Pimas, Maricopas and Cocopahs, and since the advent of the latter into their territory the Yumas have been engaged in attempting to enforce their return to Mexican territory. The Cocopahs refused to go, saying they would be killed, and the announcement of their intention to go to work on the Mohawk canal is likely to produce trouble.

Cocopah Indians

RUINED BY TROUSERS.

**Last Remnant of the Cocopah Indian
Tribe of Colorado Has Gone
to Mexico.**

Reduced by disease and famine to the mere remnant of a tribe, two-score Cocopah Indians, with their squaws and 50 puny, suffering children, crossed the Mexican side of the international line below Yuma, a short time ago. With no land to call their own, the little band had practically been driven from the civilization that had ruined them.

Less is known of the Cocopahs than of any other tribe in North America. In 1689 Father Rodriguez visited them and described the men as being of extraordinary size. They have always persisted in keeping to themselves. For a long time their tribe has been growing smaller and their physical proportions have been diminishing.

The Cocopahs attribute their retrogression to the assumption of clothing. Before they learned the ways of the white man, and donned trousers and shirts, they knew no illness. Since then disease has ravaged the tribe. Last winter many of them died of pneumonia and two months ago smallpox broke out among them. Scores of the Indians have died of the disease.

For weeks an armed guard kept the Cocopahs away from Yuma, their sole source of supplies. As a result the Indians suffered from lack of food and other supplies, while they had no medicine except their own concoctions.

New Dover Ky
Apr 18-1901

INDIAN RESCUES SON FROM SURGEON

Old Chary, Chief of the Cocopos,
Grabs Boy and Rushes From
Hospital.

FRIGHTENED BY THE KNIFE.

Red Brave From Mexico Scorns
"White Medicine Man" and Es-
tablishes Sprinting Record
in Leaving Institution.

"White medicine man no good; very bad man,"

This is the explanation given by Old Chary, Chief of the Cocopos, for the spectacular escape he made with his 5-year-old son yesterday afternoon from the Emergency Hospital at the World's Fair.

Old Chary, by snatching his son from the operating table just at the point when the surgeon made his appearance with the knife and hastening away with his precious charge through the rear door of the hospital, voiced the contempt and disapproval of his people for civilized medical treatment.

He is backed up in his opinion by the sentiments expressed by the members of his tribe, who told Mr. Cushman, in charge of Cocopos, that the Indian medicine man was good enough for them.

Old Chary's boy, as the Cocopos speak of him, for the boy, they say, never had any other name, has been suffering from an abscess, which threatened fatal results unless some immediate and drastic steps were taken to check the disease.

Doctor Walbridge of the hospital was consulted, and with another physician, who had been attending the boy, advised an operation. Through the interpreter the parents were told that in order to save the boy's life he must be taken to the hospital. Explanation of the method of treatment pursued at the hospital was either misunderstood or not made clear to the Cocopos. The white man's medicine lodge, they found, was quite a departure from their own in Mexico.

They regarded the doctor's explanation of new medical treatment in the hospital with suspicion, but finally decided to take chances on Mr. Cushman's indorsement of the plan. The Cocopos have the utmost confidence in Mr. Cushman, who went to Mexico and brought them here, and at his suggestion they consented to the boy being taken to the hospital for medical assistance.

MAKES QUICK ESCAPE.

The father of the boy accompanied him to the hospital in the ambulance. Old Chary would not consent to sit in the reception-room while his son was being cared for, but insisted on following him to the operating room to watch the proceedings. The boy was laid on the operating table, while physicians and nurses bustled about in white caps and aprons making preparations for the operation.

In strange comparison to the dainty surroundings of the room was the picturesque figure of Old Chary, his long, black, coarse hair falling over his bright colored jacket of red-flowered calico. When the surgeon entered the room with the operating knife the climax was reached.

When Old Chary espied the glittering piece of steel he made a lunge for the table, caught his boy in his arms and made for the back door as fast as his feet could carry him, and that is exceedingly quick, for the Cocopos are known as the Indian sprinters.

Over cobble stone and railroad tracks, splashing through the mud and water, Old Chary went like a streak of lightning. Those who watched his progress say that he never paused after leaving the hospital until he reached the camp of Indians at the World's Fair.

When Old Chary, with the boy, reached camp and told of his narrow escape from being scalped by the white men, he received a rousing ovation from his people.

They laid the sick boy on a bed of straw in the little brush hut, and welcomed him back with singing and dancing. Last evening until a late hour they used their own methods of restoring the patient to health, by dancing about his bed and in chants and singing, imploring his safety from the evil spirits.

"The Cocopos, living an isolated life, and knowing little of the white man's ways," said Mr. Cushman, "are inclined to be suspicious. However, we are doing everything we can for the boy's recovery, and hope that we can bring him out all right."

What is worrying the Exposition officials now is the fact that should the boy die, the Cocopos will insist upon going home, for if any such misfortune should befall their people, they would suspect that the strange country was infested with evil spirits, and under no consideration could they be persuaded to stay. The Cocopos represent one of the oldest and smallest tribes of Mexican Indians, and were brought to St. Louis at considerable expense to the Exposition. The management would not now like to lose them from the big and interesting collection of Indians that make up a part of the ethnological exhibit.

1904
The only
Rubbish
found

*U. S. National Herbarium
Contributions No 1
Issued June 13 1890*

HEAD OF THE GULF OF CALIFORNIA.

Three days were spent at Lerdo, Mexico. This locality is 60 miles south-southwest from Yuma, latitude $31^{\circ} 46' 10''$, and longitude $114^{\circ} 43' 30''$.

The most interesting thing obtained here was *Ammobroma*, which for the first time has been collected in good quantity.

956. *Nasturtium palustre* D. C.

955. *Achyronichia Cooperi* T. & G. Places in river bottoms. Lerdo, Mexico.

934. *Dalea Emoryi* Gray. In the deserts of southeast California and western Arizona, and south to Los Angeles Bay. One of the two hosts of *Ammobroma*.

941. *Oenothera scapoidea* Nutt. Var. Stems 4 to 8 inches high, much branched at base, lateral leaflets very small, or none; calyx dark red within, petals less than 2 lines long, light yellow. Hemsley does not mention this plant as growing in Mexico in Biol. Cent. Amer.

933. *Franseria dumosa* Gray. Also collected here by Dr. Edward Palmer in 1885. This species is common in the desert regions of south Utah, Arizona, southeast California, and extending as far south as Los Angeles Bay, Lower California. This is one of the two species upon which *Ammobroma Sonoræ* is found, and its wide distribution leads us to expect that other stations of that parasite will yet be found.

957. *Gnaphalium Sprengelii* H. & A. Dry places in river-bottoms.

940. *Palafoxia linearis* Lag. On the dry sand-hills.

Ammobroma Sonoræ Torr. This was first discovered in 1854 by Col. A. B. Gray, in charge of a railroad exploring party, at the head of the Gulf of California. At this time a short notice of the discovery was published by Col. A. B. Gray in Memoirs of the American Academy of Science, but it was not until 1867 that a description of the genus was published by Dr. John Torrey in the Annals of Lye. Nat. Hist. N. Y. Vol. VIII, p. 51, together with a good figure. So far as we can learn the plant was not collected again until Schuchard got it in Arizona. And now Dr. Palmer collected it in large quantities at Lerdo, Mexico. Until the present season its host plant has been unknown but Dr. Palmer has carefully examined into this, and collected two common plants of this arid region upon which it grows. These are *Franseria dumosa* and *Dalea Emoryi*. Dr. Palmer wrote that the plant grows in deep sand, the deeper the sand the larger and juicier the plants. The Cocopa Indians gather them for food, which they relish under all circumstances. They eat it raw, boiled, or roasted. The plant is full of moisture, and whites and Indians alike resort to it in traveling, as a valuable substitute for water. It has a pleasant taste, much resembling the sweet

potato. The stems are $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet long and 1 to 4 inches in diameter, but almost buried, only the peculiar white tops appearing above the sand. The Cocopa Indians call it "Oyutch." Colonel Gray gave much the same report of this plant. He says the Papago Indians dry the stems and grind them with the mesquit beans, forming what they call "pinole."

937. *Aphyllon Cooperi* Gray. Parasitic on *Franseria dumosa*. The Cocopa Indians also use this plant for food. It is very bitter, but this is mostly removed by boiling. They call it "nep-cha-ga." It grows in the sand.

938. This is the same. Parasitic on *Ephedra*.

953. *Amaranthus Palmeri* Wat. Var. A peculiar caespitose form, forming great mats, some stems with slender ascending or erect stems 4 to 10 inches long. At Lerdo, Sonora, Mexico, April 24 to 26, 1889. Grows in river-bottom, in rather dry places.

958. Probably the sterile of the same. Stems much branched at base and slender, *Sagittaria variabilis* Engl. The bulbs of this plant are much used by the Cocopa Indians either raw or roasted. Lerdo, Sonora.

Ruppia maritima, Linn. Lerdo, Sonora. Hemsley says that this species had not been collected in Mexico, although it might be expected.

931. *Scirpus maritimus*, Linn. *vide* F. V. Coville.

924-931. *Uniola Palmeri* Vasey. This grass was collected 35 miles south of Lerdo and about 15 miles from the mouth of the Colorado River. It grows abundantly on the tidal lands and forms almost the principal food-plant of the Cocopa Indians. A full account of this plant, with plate, appears in the Garden and Forest for August, 1889.

948. *Panicum colonum* Linn. An annual grass of which the seeds are used for food by the Indians.

947. *Panicum capillare* Linn. var. *miliaceum*, V. A peculiar variety with a drooping panicle, of the habit of *P. miliaceum* but with smaller spikelets. This is also used as food by the Indians, who sow the seeds in the rainy season.

946. *Lolium temulentum* Linn. Introduced.

945. *Diplachne imbricata* Scrib. This extends into Arizona and southern California.

THE AMMOHOMA.

Another plant of economic value to the same Indians is the *Ammohoma sonorae*, Torrey, called by the Indians the "sand-food," because it is found growing out of the soil in very sandy places. It is really parasitic on the roots of other plants, with the fleshy roots sinking twelve to eighteen inches deep into the sand, where it draws its nourishment from the straggling root of some plant or bush that may be considerably removed from where it shows above the ground. The *Ammohoma* is about the size of another plant (*Pholisma Arcuatum*) which is found in San Diego.

The fleshy plant is watery and for this reason is especially sought for by the Indians in the desert regions, and eaten raw with avidity. Dr. Palmer describes the taste as closely resembling the heart of a cabbage plant.

The same plant is eaten by the Papago Indians in Sonora after roasting or drying in the sun. Col. A. B. Gray, the first discoverer, describes the fresh plant when cooked as "luscious, resembling the sweet potato in taste, only more delicate."

Their Marriage Customs.

"These people are ostensibly monogamous. Of their polygamy, in which state they formerly lived openly, there are yet traces, kept in the background out of deference to the Mexican law.

"They have prescribed a strange ordeal which must be undergone by every Cocopa girl before she can be considered to be marriageable. When she is ready to take a husband a hole is dug in the ground and in it is built a fire, kept burning until the surrounding earth has been thoroughly warmed. The fire is then extinguished and the bride-elect placed in the pit. She is buried to her neck and in this condition is left standing over night. After being dug out, the next morning, she is ready for the connubial state.

"Each Cocopa family is bound by a strict law pertaining to property rights. Strictly domestic property belongs to the women; farmstead property to the men. For the purpose of buying some articles for my collection, I visited one hut while the husband happened to be away. The wife was willing to sell me her pottery, her squash vessels, her mill or the grain which she had ready for grinding in the latter. But in the absence of her husband she had no authority to sell me the grain in the granary or the granary itself.

"During my stay among them, the Cocopas had a great feast, out in the extreme northwestern part of their territory, at a point seventy-five miles from Colonia Lerdo. I contemplated attending this jollification, but changed my mind, and later had reason to be thankful that I had thus reconsidered. One of the tribe committed a depredation for which three of the Mexican rural police undertook to arrest him. His companions rescued him and tore the police utterly to pieces. The Mexicans will of course punish the Cocopas for this, although the latter are many hundreds of miles distant from civilization. The penalty for their crime will probably be the further reduction of their number by from a dozen to a score of souls."

JOHN ELFRETH WATKINS, Jr.

Star Jan 5 1901

Cocopa Indians

The Dead Cremated in Their Houses.

"The burial customs of the Cocopas are very interesting. Upon the death of one of the tribe his kinsmen all cut their long hair to a shortness proportionate to the relationship of each to the deceased. If the dead was possessed of property it is given away to the different members of the tribe, but never to his relatives. That is a clever device to prevent a family dispute as to ownership of any of the property. Many primitive people have taken such precaution against the possible division of a household against itself, as for instance the mother-in-law taboo of certain Indian tribes. This prevents any exchange of words and any association whatever between mother-in-law and child-in-law.

"That this general distribution of the property of the dead is to occur is announced by messengers sent from settlement to settlement. The house of the deceased having been deprived of all valuables the corpse is allowed to remain within while fuel is collected about the habitation and a fire is kindled beneath it. Thus, the hut of each Cocopa becomes his funeral pyre. The destruction of the body is almost always complete. I saw a few heaps of earth thrown up to cover a few remnants of bones which had not completely crumbled into ashes.

"These funeral fires occasionally wipe out a whole settlement, the wind carrying the flames from the hut of the dead to the habitations of his neighbors. When a subchief of the tribe dies all huts in the group over which he ruled must be burnt, out of respect, and all property belonging to his people must be given away.

"The principal weapon of the Cocopa is a long, wooden war club, which looks like a large potato-mashes, sharpened at the small end. The heavy end is for beating the victim over the head, the sharp end for pricking him. They also have a spear, combining the functions of the flag-standard and the lance. It is feathered from end to end, and, strange to say, the point is held in the hand of the bearer. A Cocopa cannot go to war unless he wear a large tag, made of shell, attached to his nose. The cartilage between the nostrils of all grown men is pierced to hold this appendage.

"All of the Cocopas paint their faces and are more or less tattooed. The foreheads of the men are tattooed with circles or zigzag marks. Upon marrying, the women must be tattooed with various designs.

Star Jan 5-1901

Rail Road To Gold Mine Quito Tona Mesa

Railroad to Gold Mines.

The party struck out across the desert from Caborca and landed at Quito vi Quito, which is one of the oldest Indian settlements in the country, and supposed to be the last outpost settlement before one strikes the mouth of the Colorado

River where it enters the Gulf of California. What was the surprise of the party, therefore, when they found a railroad running west from this desolate Indian settlement. To be sure, it was only a narrow gauge railroad, some seventeen miles in length, but its traffic is, perhaps, the most remarkable of any railroad in the country. It was built solely to carry water to a Mexican gold mine in the hills, and incidentally to bring back the product of the stamp mill, which is located in this inaccessible and unheard of mountain eerie. The mine is known as the Picada, and lies in a region which a decade from now may witness a rush of gold-seekers almost as impetuous as that which has flowed to the Klondyke in the last two seasons. It is a region of rotten quartz ledges, bearing gold in good paying quantities, but one which has never felt the stimulus of American enterprise and capital. The washing from these mountain ledges carried down by the storm water every year has created great placer fields all along the west coast, which are worked in a primitive way by the Mexicans, and which are due in time to be much more thoroughly exploited and developed by capital from the States.

Pine Dec 30 1910

MUD VOLCANOES RAGE; INDIAN TRIBE FLEES

BRAWLEY, Cal., March 16.—Imperial Valley, once scene of raging floods from broken levees of the Colorado river, ground for the contests of settlers and claim jumpers, vale of wondrous tales of productiveness in crops and stock—a section of Southern California which always has managed to keep in the spotlight since the wonderful project of turning the Colorado's waters into the desert was conceived and carried out, less than a decade ago—now has another mild sensation.

From the five towns of the valley people each night are watching the southern skies to witness the lurid effects of light which comes from the district known as "mud volcanoes," about thirty miles below the international boundary line, south of Mexicali.

The unusual activity of the mud volcanoes began about two weeks ago and has constantly increased. The Cocopah Indians, whose pueblo, Posa Vincento, is within two miles of the volcanoes, were startled nights by rumblings in the earth. And then followed geysers of steaming mud thrown to a height of from thirty to fifty feet.

"Indian Carlos," of Chief Borego, an aged Cocopah, who says he has passed his 100th year, declares that all his life he has lived beside these mud volcanoes but never before were they so active. At his command the Indians began their weird religious dances a fortnight ago to appease the evil spirits supposed to have created the disturbance, but as the subterranean rumblings grew louder and the lurid lights played higher in the sky they dropped their ceremonies and fled to Mexicali and Calexico, where they are now encamped.

At Brawley, seventy-five miles distant from the volcano district, the smoke or steam from the place is plainly visible, while at nights the play of lights on the southern sky is brilliant and beautiful. From six distinct centers the lights rise and spread out heavenward.

Special All Of T Laundry Goods

Special Sale of A. & P Borax Laundry Soap

A & P Borax Laundry Soap, 8 cakes for... **25c**

Regular price 4c a cake.
No better soap made.

Ball Blue, 1-pound box... **9c**
Regular price 10c.

Washing Soda, a pound... **1c**
Regular price 2 to 5c.

Pearline, a package... **2c**
Regular price 3c.

1776 Washing Powder... **2c**
Regular price 3c.

IXL Laundry Starch... **3c & 7c**
Regular price 5 and 9c.

Atlantic Soap Polish... **7c**
Regular price 10c.

Fresh Eggs

The Great Atl

Cocopah Sonora Mex

Burial for Brides.

The weirdest and most unique marriage celebration in the world has just been discovered by Prof. W J McGee, the well-known ethnologist of this city, among the Cocopahs, a queer people living in Lower California, who has returned from an interesting visit among them. He is the first scientific man to have studied them and to have noted their remarkable customs.

"These people are ostensibly monogamous," said Prof. McGee. "Of their polygamy, in which state they formerly lived openly, there are yet traces, kept in the background out of deference to the Mexican law.

"They have prescribed a strange ordeal which must be undergone by every Cocopah girl before she can be considered marriageable. When she is ready to take a husband a hole is dug in the ground and in it is built a fire, kept burning until the surrounding earth has been thoroughly warmed. The fire is then extinguished, and the bride-elect placed in the pit. She is buried to her neck and in this condition is left overnight. After being dug out the next morning she is ready for the connubial state.

"Each Cocopah family is bound by a strict law pertaining to property rights. Strictly domestic property belongs to the women, farmstead property to the men. For the purpose of buying some articles for my collection I visited one hut while the husband happened to be away. The wife was willing to sell me her pottery, her squash vessels, her mill, or the grain which she had ready for grinding in the latter. But in the absence of her husband she had no authority to sell me the grain in the granary or the granary itself."

Times Apr 7-1901

1892

Plumes of the Egret
Commerce of
Cocopah Indians use them

plumes of the egret. This is a heron, about the size of a half-grown rooster, and its feathers are highly prized in New York. It is said these plumes are at their best during the breeding season, and are found between the wings and tail. They are light, extremely light, and their market value is \$28 an ounce. An entire skin fetches about \$2 50. The birds travel in great colonies, and if a man is in luck he will fall into quite a nice little sum of money.

"Do the Indians hunt these birds?"

"No. The Indians can never be made to understand business. They would rather work for 50 cents a day and their food than have \$500 in prospect. If they devoted their energies to the chase they would make money, for there is a man in Yuma who buys all the feathers and pays cash for them so there is positively no risk. I am told that their feathers are used on hats. The egret is common on the Atlantic seaboard, but the best feathers come from the Colorado's mouth."

The Cocopah Indians tie the plumes of this bird to their scalp locks and in former days they were an article of trade to other Indians.

mouth of Colorado River

A. Mexican trying to cheat
the Indians by a land
grant. (Cocopahts)

By E. Palmer -

1869-

In 1857 a man from California pos-
sessing a Mexican grant to locate in
lower California took a surveyor ^{and}
necessary hands ^{and} a quantity of in-
dian food to trade with the Coco-
pahs. He landed, traded but charged
very extravagantly for them when the
Indians became dissatisfied ^{and} want-
ed to know what he wanted. He told
them he was going to be a big man
among them; that he would own all
the land around. They told him to
go no further. His party seeing a storm
of anger brewing left him except the
Surveyor. The Yumas were invited to
join in killing claimant but on their
arrival refused cautioning the others
not to do it. As he ^{and} the surveyor
started for Yuma the Indians followed
them. The surveyor stepped out of the
road by accident ^{and} the Indians pas-
sed on not seeing him. He lay up in
the bush by day, travelled by night ^{and}
next day which was very foggy ^{and} the

Indians could not see him travel.
He wandered about trying to find the
Colorado river, but did not succeed.
For 15 days he lived on a rattle
snake ^{and} the wax off a box of mat-
ches. A steam boat passing by ^{and}
seeing a nearly stationary body lean-
ing up by a tree more dead than
alive, the officers' charity were nat-
urally aroused. ^{and} they picked up
the unfortunate man ^{and} cared for
his wants. The owner of the grant
never turning up was supposed
to be killed. The Indians had no
enmity against any one but him.

Cree

1921-29

~~earthing beneath the top soil remains which might differ in general character from those on the surface. There being no difference between remains belonging to the historic period and those superficially showing evidence of great age, it is logical to conclude that when that branch of the Polynesian race, now known as Hawaiians, left their home in the distant South Seas and migrated to these islands, they found the territory without inhabitants; and there is no reason whatever for supposing that any people culturally different from the historic Hawaiians had ever previously lived on the islands.~~

FIELD-WORK AMONG THE FOX AND PLAINS CREE INDIANS

Dr. Michelson, ethnologist of the Bureau of American Ethnology, began field-work among the Fox Indians at Tama, Iowa, about the

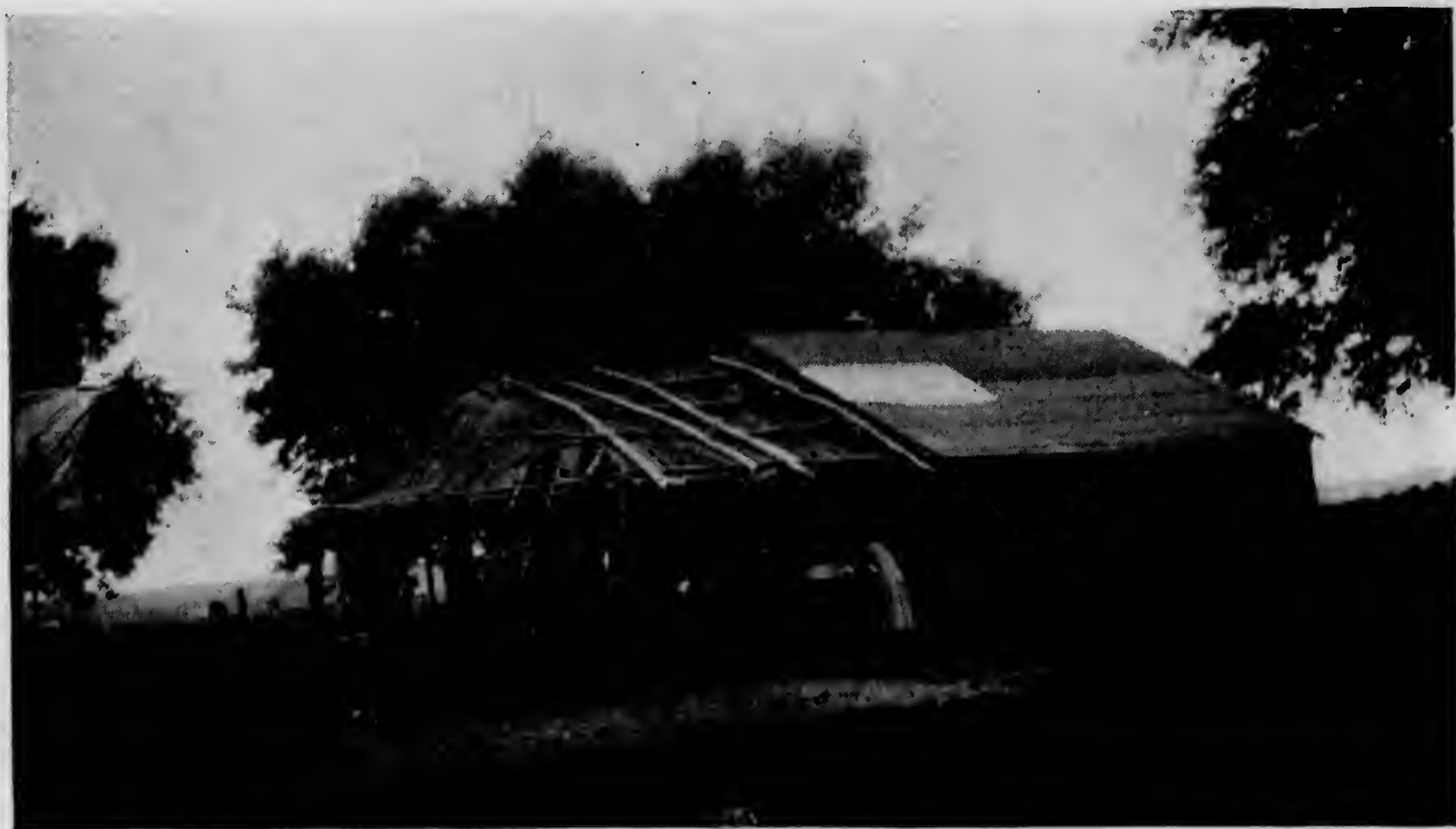


FIG. 125.—The dwelling in which the White Buffalo Dance of the Fox Indians is held. The building is the typical "bark" house used by the Fox in the summer and early fall.

middle of June. His main purpose was to restore phonetically a text containing the autobiography of an Indian woman written in the current syllabary which he had obtained in the summer of 1918, to correct the translation where there was need, to elucidate some ethnological references contained in the text, to clear up some grammatical obscurities, and to work out the verbal stems so far as was feasible in the field. All this was successfully accomplished, and Dr. Michelson left for Saskatchewan in the latter part of July for a preliminary investigation of the Plains Cree. The results of this investigation show that the Plains Cree are tall and have a cephalic index



FIG. 126.—An aged Plains Cree (File Hills Agency).



FIG. 127.—Tipi of the Plains Cree (File Hills Agency).

of about 79, and evidently are the same type as the one which formerly occupied the Mississippi Valley, thus confirming the results of Dr. Boas, announced in 1895. The general grammatical principles which have been worked out for Fox apply also to Cree. In some respects Cree is more archaic than Fox, in others less so. Ethnologically the Plains Cree are about half way between more typical Indians of the Plains, such as the Blackfeet, and the Central Algonquins. An analysis of the myths and tales which cluster around the culture hero shows that we practically have the myths and tales of the culture heroes of the Blackfeet and Ojibwa combined. All this is just what one would expect from the geographical position of the Plains Cree.

ARCHEOLOGICAL EXPLORATIONS IN TENNESSEE

Mr. W. E. Myer, of Nashville, Tenn., spent September and October, 1920, making explorations for the Bureau of American Ethnology in the Cumberland Valley around Nashville. He discovered on the H. L. Gordon farm, one mile northeast of Brentwood, in Davidson County, the remains of an ancient Indian walled town. These were situated in a woodland and had never been disturbed by the plow. Their partial exploration brought to light some new and interesting details of the life of the inhabitants. Traces of 87 house circles and faint indications of several more could be made out. This town covered 11.2 acres and was surrounded by an earthen embankment which formerly supported a palisaded wall, equipped with circular towers every 55 feet.

The ancient inhabitants, for some unknown reason, had deserted this village and the site had never afterward been occupied or disturbed. The deserted structures had gradually fallen down and the remains slowly buried under from 10 to 14 inches of earthmold. In some of these circles portions of beautiful, smooth, hard-packed, glossy-black floors were found. In the centers were the ancient fire-bowls, yet filled with the ashes of the last fires kindled in these homes before their owners left them forever. Near these fire-bowls often could be seen the metates, mullers and other household utensils, just as left the last time used. Underneath the floors were the stone slab graves of the little children, one of which is shown in figures 128 and 129.

A level open space was found near the center of the town and on the western side of this plaza was a low flat-top mound that had originally supported some important building. Adjoining this mound

on the west was an earth circle which probably outlined the ruins of the town house. At the center of this sacred structure, on the unique black glossy floor, an ancient altar (fig. 130) was found. It was still filled with the pure white ashes of what had once been the sacred fire.

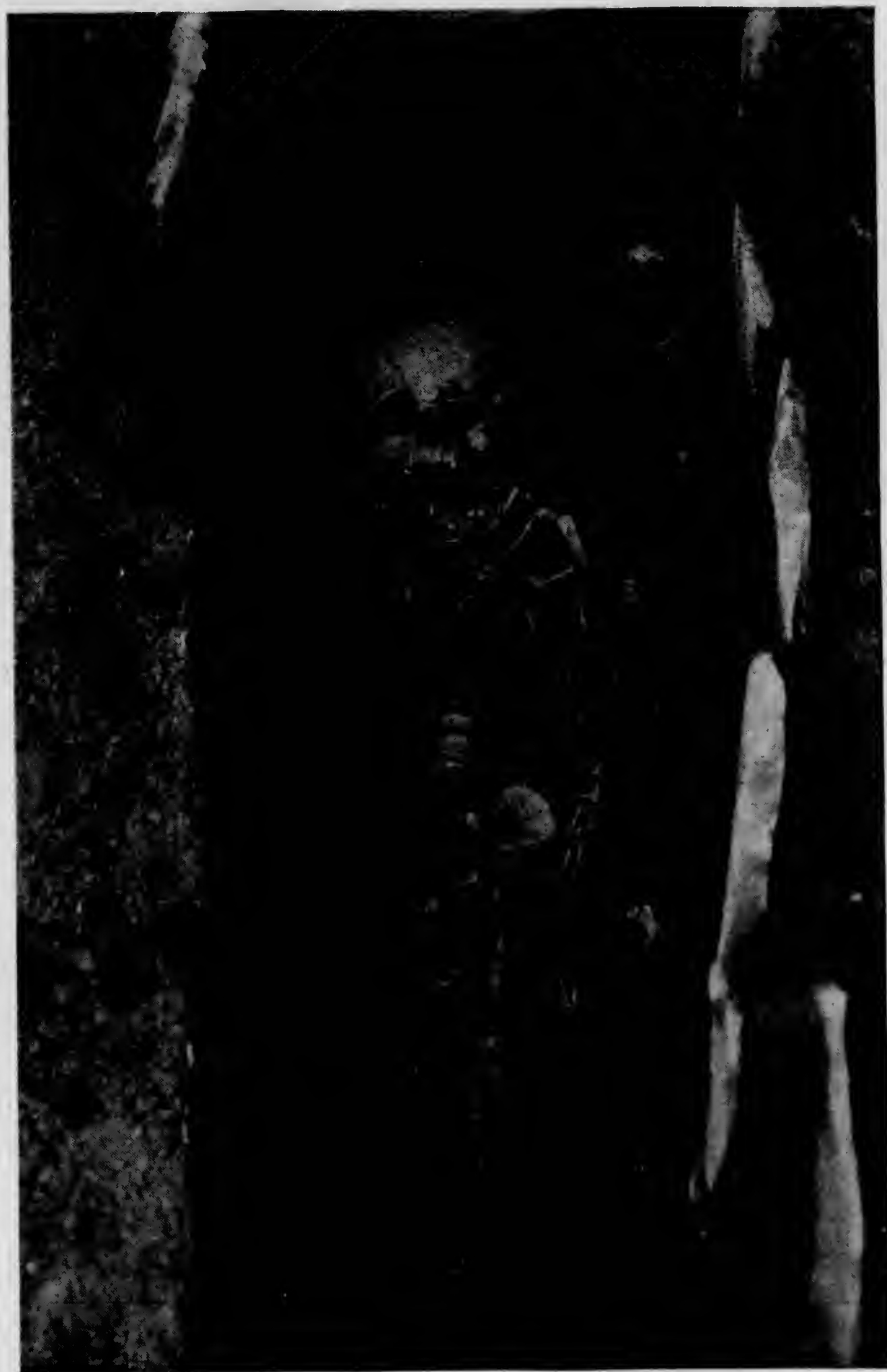


FIG. 128.—Child's grave after removal of infiltrated soil, before disturbing mortuary vessels.

This altar was carefully preserved and is now in the Bureau of Ethnology. The Gordon site is of much interest because here we have an ancient Indian village just as the original inhabitants left it.

THE FEWKES GROUP

Mr. Myer also partially explored an unnamed Indian village group at Boiling Spring Academy in Williamson County, Tenn. At the

Cree Indian Language Syllabary

Who Can Read This?

Editor Outdoor Life:—While hunting in Northern Ontario last fall, in making a portage, I found a large, fresh blaze on a tree with what our guide told us was Indian writing, but we saw no one in that section of the country who could read it. This was on the Oba River near the mouth, where it empties into Kabinagkami Lake. I am hoping that some of the readers of Outdoor Life will be able to translate it for us.

Ore. DWIGHT MISNER.

There is little doubt but that the inscription is written in the Cree syllabary, and it is possible that some reader of Outdoor Life who is familiar with this form of writing will be able to read it. In connection with the history of this language it will be interesting to quote Geo. Bird Grinnell, who has this to say:

The Cree syllabary is a written language invented eighty or ninety years ago by a Wesleyan missionary stationed in Canada. The first edition, as I believe, was published in New York in 1837. It consists of something more than forty-four characters, each one of which represents a syllable, and and hence no spelling is required. A great deal has been written about these characters, which are widely known in the North, but, perhaps, not at all in the United States. Father Lacombe of Canada wrote a prayer book in them, and so did a French priest named Father Thibault.

The system has been adapted to other native languages and books printed in these characters have appeared in the Eskimo language and certain dialects of Athapascan

tribes. Among these last Father A. G. Morice has modified them for use among the western Dene.

Much has been written about this syllabary, and one or two men have apparently tried to claim the credit which belongs to the Rev. James Evans. I think, however, there is no question as to where this credit belongs.

Mr. Evans invented these characters with the idea that Indians who could not learn English and the art of read-

ing might readily learn these signs for syllables. He whittled out his first types with his own jack knife from wood and subsequently devised molds for type made from the lead furnished him by the Hudson's Bay Company's empty tea chests. His first ink was made from the soot of the chimney; his first paper was birch bark, and he made his own printing press. Later, after the usefulness of the type had been demonstrated the Wesleyan Missionary Society furnished him type, paper and a press, and contributed money toward the erection of a printing house. So far as printing goes the syllabary seems to have been used altogether for religious purposes. On the other hand, the Crees write letters in this syllabary, and also write public notices in the same way. GEO. BIRD GRINNELL.

N. Y.

6'c66/LC
6P∞LP9C
6PL²
4LSFVS
SS03637
V9v76203
663
6VL4LL74
DLPAUC
9067PPS6
56'LDLL9A
-DLVS
VL3LU
LPPV

Outdoor Life, p.150, Feb. 1925

Reminiscent Swampy Crees *Another Tale from*

Robert

In the Wardroom Mess of the Survey Ship "Acadia" the hydrographers were once more gathered after the evening meal. The good ship was somewhat off its beaten track, having come round from the "home port" of Halifax to spend a month working on the swiftly-flowing Saguenay.

A day's sounding and charting, sweeping the channel ranges, was over, the supper board was cleared, and pipes and fags were glowing. Collins was asked to again take the yarnster's chair and entertain his messmates with further tales of experiences on charting the shores of the Hudson Bay, and of his friends amongst the Swampy Crees.

Scene: The Wardroom of a Survey Ship, at anchor in Ha Ha Bay of the Saguenay.

Time: A June evening of the present year. The dying breeze idly drifting down from the surrounding hills carries the chill of Old Winter's lingering snow banks, that still lay hidden in the woods of Northern Quebec. But in cabin and wardroom all is warmth and good fellowship.

Cast: Collins, once again tale-bearer for the "watch below." Others are the rest of the "Wardroom gang."

THAT picture of the stately, dignified Indian in his native haunts, which we saw tonight, is to my mind a bit off colour, far-fetched. At any rate it is not the redman of my acquaintance, which I must confess is not so varied or wide but mainly confined to some odd years of wandering about the mud flats and hinterland hunted over by that scattered tribe, the Swampy Crees. I attempted some time ago to tell of a few of their characteristics—the finer side of their childlike natures, their astonishing stamina and endurance in the face of trial and hardship. Time did not permit of branching out onto other interesting side trails,—tales of "debt," the old factors' and traders' bugbear, the Indian's solution of high finance in times of stress and ill luck on the trapping grounds.

Nor of hunting episodes. I did not have the time to dwell fully on our favorite character among this tribe—the Utchekat, William, head hunter of the Nelson.

No doubt there are outstanding figures among the northern Indians of the type depicted in the movies and the moving picture directors' wish is father to the thought. For that matter, so is the wish of the public. To them the copper-skinned son of the plains and forest is still the picturesque brave of legend and romance, clad in buckskin and eagle feathers, and they have nurtured since childhood the story book picture of what the Indian must be and woe be to the artist who depicts them otherwise.

As I said, the picture was good, and interesting—as a picture, as a

enshrouded squaws and bearded Hudson Bay barterers of fur, recalled to me the James Bay and Nelson river countries, from tidewater on the Harrikanaw to Southampton island in the Arctic, Rupert House to Chesterfield Inlet, the last vanishing frontier of the Canadian northland, habitat of beaver, moose, fox and polar bear, hunting grounds of the scattered Swampy Crees, isolated Chippewyan, and blubber-eating Eskimo, a land, for two centuries under the sole dominant sway of the Scotch traders, re-awakened by the march of progress—twin ribbons of steel, flotillas of freight-laden craft from southern ports, the ubiquitous aeroplane, heralding the birth of industry. The native Cree, now more than ever, becomes a hewer of wood and drawer of water, a sophisticated retainer of the miner, lumberman and engineer.

But, thanks to art and imaginative minds, and to the natural clinging aversion of city-bred folk to believe the real instead of the fanciful, and the in-born tendency to still think of the distant spaces beyond the height of land as the "changeless" North, the movie fan continues to carry away with him the story book picture of the aboriginal redskin.

The traders, "barterers of fur," with a lifetime spent in intimate acquaintanceship with the native, have their own expressed opinions of the cinema's "silent, dignified brave," quite at variance with that of the casual tourist, traveller or chance sojourner amongst the natives of the Northland wilds. Long since they removed the rose coloured glasses and at times, in trading store and messroom, I have listened

piece of photographic art—and the scenes, green woods and shimmering, sunlit streams, the time-worn trading store, shuffling, shy-eyed shawl-

to diatribes fervently voiced in single-meaning words. I remember chatting with the factor at Rupert House, the oldest of the Great Company's strongholds in America, and under discussion was the ever-pressing subject of "debt." There came a low tap at the door and through the glass panels I could see the brown, beardless face of a Cree. The factor did not trouble to raise his head but merely called out "Come!"

The native stepped inside, removed his hat and waited in silence for perhaps a minute. Then the factor glanced up, turned halfway round in his chair, and coolly surveyed the other. Finally he spoke.

"Well, Sam, what is it today—a silk dress or a bicycle?"

Samuel smiled his appreciation of the jest, just as though he understood the terms. Factor George might just as well have said "harem skirt" or "aeroplane." The Indian moved from one moccasined foot to the other, took off and put on his mitts, while his shifting gaze betrayed the nervous embarrassment of the native when in the presence of his white master.

"Sugar," he said, as the factor reached across the desk and secured a writing pad.

"Yes, how much? Two beaver?"

"Uh. Socks—one beaver."

"Yes," repeated the factor, taking down the order, "What else, Sam?"

"Shot gun," was Sam's next request.

"A shot gun!" exclaimed the other, in surprise. "Haven't you a shot gun?"

"Uh, no good! All winter under the snow." We learnt, on later enquiry, that, like many of his kind, Samuel, with the coming of winter, had stood the gun against a tree and made no effort to recover it until the spring-time melting of the snow. Factor George sighed, resignedly.

"All right, I'll give you one. But you'll have to pay for it out of your voyaging debt. You understand?"

"Uh," agreed the Indian. The

Suggestions for Curbing Canada's Wolves

C. E. Gillham

IT IS a far cry from Arizona to Canada. Still were an observation made of the inhabitants of those respective regions one might find little difference in their make-up. Genus homo runs fairly true to form everywhere, their general likes and dislikes are about the same. In a like manner we find little difference between the timber wolves of Canada, and their cousins, the lobos, of the Southwest. All belong to the canine family and have decided dog-like habits. Things that interest our lobo, will prove attractive to the wolf of Canada. Trapping methods that are successful in this region will be equally practical in Canada.

I spent the greater portion of my time since April 1, 1923, in the service of the U. S. Bureau of Biological Survey. Most of my time I devoted to the trapping of wolves. In 1926 I was detailed in Illinois for a period of fourteen months to organize a force of wolf trappers there. I found that methods used with success in Arizona were equally effective on wolves 1800 miles removed from there. Snow trapping and wet weather proved a greater problem, but the wolf instinct remained the same. They "bit" on the same old chestnuts we employed on their Arizona relatives.

During the early period of the U. S. Government's work on wolves, we had conditions quite similar to those in Canada today. Our big game did not suffer the losses felt in Canada, but our cattle and sheep were slaughtered by the hundreds. Today the wolves within the borders of our state can be counted upon one hand. The timber wolf has been practically exterminated within the period of but a few years. I firmly believe that with similar methods of control, Canada can make the occurrence of a wolf a rare thing within ten years time.

Naturally the U. S. Government does not favor the bounty system. It has proven a failure in nearly all states that have heretofore tried it. Chances of graft by bounty hunters and officials themselves were too easy to be passed up. The bounty system died a dismal death and thousands of dollars were paid for dog ears, manufactured scalps and the like. Many coyote and wolf hides had bounty collected on them several times. Individual counties sometimes paid bounties and it was no uncommon thing for a wolf hide to make the rounds of several county seats before being punched

full of holes, and sold to a fur buyer.

It is not my intention to discuss the merits of bounty system vs. paid hunters. Both have their good talking points. I think bounty can be paid and the animals exterminated by that method. It calls for careful handling however to avoid the raising of wolves, buying of pelts from other districts, and general darned cussedness of a few individuals. It is my plan to outline methods of control I have found to be most successful with me in the taking of wolves. With the infestation of wolves Canada is reputed as having, it seems to me the trapper would have little trouble in making a killing at forty dollars per head. Even fifteen dollars would be good wages in a well stocked district. Pups should be classed as wolves and an amount paid for them equal to the bounty paid on adult animals.

Most fur trappers rely upon meat for bait in the taking of carnivorous animals. This practice is probably well and good on anything except wolves. Possibly in extreme weather meat bait is practical in wolf trapping; however, a trapper is really working under the most adverse conditions in selecting winter months for this work. During the open months of warm weather, especially the whelping months, wolves can most easily be taken. For this reason trappers should get as much bounty for pups as for adult wolves. They should be encouraged to trap at this time, though the fur be of no market value. The trapper can be a year round worker in a bounty paying country and probably make more money during his summer operations, than in the winter trapping of small fur.

There is no mysterious fetish connected with wolf trapping. The public conception that one must be closely allied with Houdini, Sir Conan Doyle and Daniel Boone to catch wolves, is all bosh. Man has a brain with the power of reasoning far superior to that of an animal. He has the benefit of the experience of others. The poor wolf really has no chance against him when he makes an honest effort to exterminate him.

The methods of trapping I am about to describe work very well on wolves, coyotes and foxes. They all belong to

the dog family, and have traits quite similar to those of the domestic canine. It is due to this dog-like instinct that most wolves are caught. If you will notice a dog you will find that he is constantly on the lookout for any place where another dog has urinated. He will hunt clumps of weeds or grass, a small bush, posts, old bone piles, or any other place a dog has been before him. His nose is very keen and ever alert for this particular scent. The wolf (especially the male) does quite the same as a dog in this respect. He will turn out of his way to investigate any place another wolf or dog has been before him. I like to take a dog with me on the trap line, he will find places for me to set that possibly I will not find. Any little clump of weeds or bush that he is interested in, will in all probability be a good location for a trap.

The best bait to use that I have found in wolf trapping, is dog urine. Most trappers refer to it simply as scent bait. I know of nothing equal to it in luring wolves to the trap. To procure this scent is not a difficult matter. Tie the dog close to his bed in the evening, with a rope say two feet in length. In the morning take him out on leash. With a tin cup or some container it is very easy to collect the bait. Place the scent in a clean bottle and try to get a surplus ahead so that in winter months it will not be necessary to keep your dog tied. A female or young dog is easiest to train for a bait dog. Do not keep the dog tied all the time. When he gives up the bait, release him. He will soon learn to do this to gain his freedom.

Some trappers have wolves in captivity, they keep them in pens with tin bottoms and drains. They use this wolf scent instead of that of the dog, but personally I have never been able to see any difference in results with the different scents. Either works equally well. Some trappers use the droppings of the wolf or dog mixed in with the scent. Also the anal glands and the oviduct canals of female wolves are put in with the scent and allowed to rot. This additional stuff does give the bait more body, prevents rapid evaporation and will be winded further by the wolf. I think such an addition to the bait is beneficial, but not entirely necessary to make it good.

Many fur buying houses sell a commercial wolf bait. It will no doubt catch some wolves. One objection to

(Continued on page 714)

Sketches of the Crees

the Wardroom Mess

James

matter of payment seemed a trivial consideration so long as he got the new gun.

"Well, what else? Powder?"

"No. Shot."

"Yes, anything else?"

"No."

"Very well. It's enough for you, Sam."

The factor handed a slip of paper across the desk to the storekeeper.

"Give him these, Mac," he said, and Mac, with Sam shuffling along behind, opened the rear door and passed into the store.

"Sixty-five dollars worth," announced the factor as he closed the book. "And that fellow can't pay for a cent of it. I told him that I would have to take it out of his voyaging debt—the wages that he will earn in the summer time, packing our freight to the inland posts."

"You mean that it is too late in the season for him to get fur enough to pay for that debt?"

"No, it is not too late yet. Plenty of fur can be taken—this is the best time for otter, right from now on. But Sam is not a good enough trapper."

"There you have an example of the detestable debt system of trading that we are tied down to, hand and foot," continued the fur company's representative at Rupert House. "I get heartily disgusted with it at times!"

The factor was getting warmed up to his subject.

"The poor, ill-treated savage of the story books, in this section of the country at least is an extinct species. Why, these fellows practically own this post—get whatever they ask for, and never pay for the half of it! Only last week, this same Sammy came in and got over eighty dollars worth of rations and finery for his squaws, and here he is back again for more. They all want 'debt,' and want it all the time. Even when one of them gets a good catch of fur that would enable him to pay off

his fall hunting debt and perhaps have something over as well, does he do it? He must trade all of his fur for a further outfit and completely ignores what he already owes the company. He'll lie around until all of that is used up, and then, after several months of loafing, he begins to think seriously of going off to hunt again. In he comes for another debt!

"Ill-treated Indians, rot, pure rot!" The factor's tone betokened his feelings of disgust at the world's opinion of the trader's treatment of the native. With a gesture of impatience he continued:

"Why, these dirty loafers live like princes; they are often far better off than we ourselves. And some of these bucks like nothing better than to be able to cheat a white man in a deal. You have heard it said that the trader does not give the Indian the face value of his money. They say that to a native a dollar is worth only fifty cents. As you know, we still use here, as a medium of exchange, the old 'made beaver,' or just 'beaver,' a purely nominal term. The ancient brass tokens, or coins, themselves are now but rarely used, except with the Inlanders, most of whom are still as primitive in their bartering as in the earliest days. Very few have been educated to dollars and cents.

"Well, to tell the truth, the 'beaver' is worth neither a dollar nor yet fifty cents. The value of the 'beaver'—you hear it more commonly called a 'skin'—differs at different posts, and can be arrived at only by reckoning the cost of upkeep of a post and the profits it turns in. I figured out the whole thing for this place last fall and the average value I found to be about sixty-eight cents. You see, it is only a trade value.



Two little swampy Crees

"Now, if an Indian takes out, say eight hundred dollars debt, and brings in only four hundred dollars fur, according to our present tariff we are losers to the extent of four hundred dollars. In reality, we break about even."

"Are there any Indians here who ever pay off what they owe the company?" I asked. I had in mind our friend Utchekat, and the exemplary Wasteeseccoots of the Nelson River country.

"Not many. Of course, there are a few. Some of the best trappers take out only a few hundred dollars debt at a time and bring in, perhaps, a thousand dollars worth of fur. We have a few here who very seldom have anything carried against them from one year to the next. But, such are very few."

"Is it not the custom to clear them all free of debt at the beginning of each year—to wipe the slate clean, and fit them out afresh?"

"Well, not exactly that. We keep an account of what each hunter owes us—some of them are down as low as four thousand dollars. But we don't carry it on our books. It would have to be shown as an asset, when we are darn certain that it is a dead loss.

"I've argued with these fellows, time and again, trying to show them how much better off they would be if they paid off their debt when they could, instead of asking for new ones. One chap, a good trapper, too, took two hundred dollars debt last fall. He returned at Christmas time with four hundred dollars worth of fur. I looked



Clay banks of the Nelson

the lot over and told him it was worth that. That was good value, too, according to our revised tariff here, which gives the Indian about double what he used to get a few years ago.

"Now, Ottereyes," I said to him, "here is what I advise you to do. You got two hundred dollars debt in the fall and have four hundred dollars fur. That pays off your debt and leaves you two hundred dollars to the good. Instead of taking out a debt now, use that two hundred for an outfit, and then whatever you bring in in the spring will be clear profit."

"Of course, I had to put it into simpler terms than that, talking 'beavers' instead of 'dollars.' But that was the substance of it. He listened patiently, and apparently got the idea through his head.

"Now, Ottereyes," I said, "come into the store and get what you want."

"He started off on a long list of stuff, till soon the two hundred was spent, and I turned to fix up the next chap. When I was finished with him I found Old Ottereyes waiting for me in the office here.

"What is it, boy?" I enquired. "Something you forgot?"

"Uh. Want debt now."

"Wouldn't that floor you? You can't make these fellows see an inch in front of their noses."

The factor crossed the room and dropped several sticks into the big barrel stove; then he returned to his chair and relit his pipe.

"You know," he continued, "the Swampy Crees here have a superstition, handed down from father to son, from the time when the company first began giving debt, to this effect: That if a hunter goes away from the store without taking any debt with him he

is certain to have ill-luck in his hunting. And, believe you me, not one of them ever dares to try to break the spell.

"We were in hopes when the 'Opposition' settled here that they would stick to straight barter with the Indians, and then we could begin to abolish debt. But no such luck! Amongst a few of the company's methods which they adopted they included that particular one, and now, more than ever, we are forced to retain it.

"But straight barter would certainly be the most business-like and most profitable for us."

Factor George's illuminating yarns recalled to me an oft-repeated tale which I had first heard at Fort Albany across the bay. There lived the good old Archdeacon of Moosonee, true friend of Indian and white. One Sunday, before a group of the local Crees, he preached on the subject of thrift and the saving of money.

"See how the white men do," he said. "They don't spend all they earn."



A isolated trading post

They put some away in the bank for a rainy day. Then, when they have become too old to work—as some day you will become too old to trap—they have something to lean upon. That is the way you ought to do."

The next morning old man Caverhill—he was in charge of Fort Albany then—had scarcely been seated in his chair when in came old Solomon, chief of the Albany Crees. Unfortunately, the factor had not been at the Archdeacon's service the day before.

"What do you want, Solomon?" he asked of the chief.

"One hundred dollars—cash," was the astounding answer.

An Indian seldom asked for cash in those days. In fact, there was very little of it seen about a post. Certainly, to Caverhill's knowledge, one had never asked for such a large amount as that.

"Cash!" exclaimed the old man, sitting bolt upright in his chair. "One hundred cash! What for? I'll have to know what you want that for."

"Uh, cash," repeated the stolid-faced hunter. "Put in bank for rainy day."

Caverhill collapsed!

"Trucking with natives is the same the world over," remarked Snape, then in charge of Moose Factory, as we two sat at the long dining table in the "Big House," whilst from outside came the roar of the spring freshet hurling the winter's mantle of ice downward to the sea.

"I have friends in various parts who are trading for different outfits, and they are nearly all slaves to the 'debt' system. Last year I was out on a furlough, and, arriving home in London, found that a brother of mine, who had been trading in Sierre Leone, had also come back, just previous to my arrival. The malaria had fixed him.

"I'll long remember his greeting as

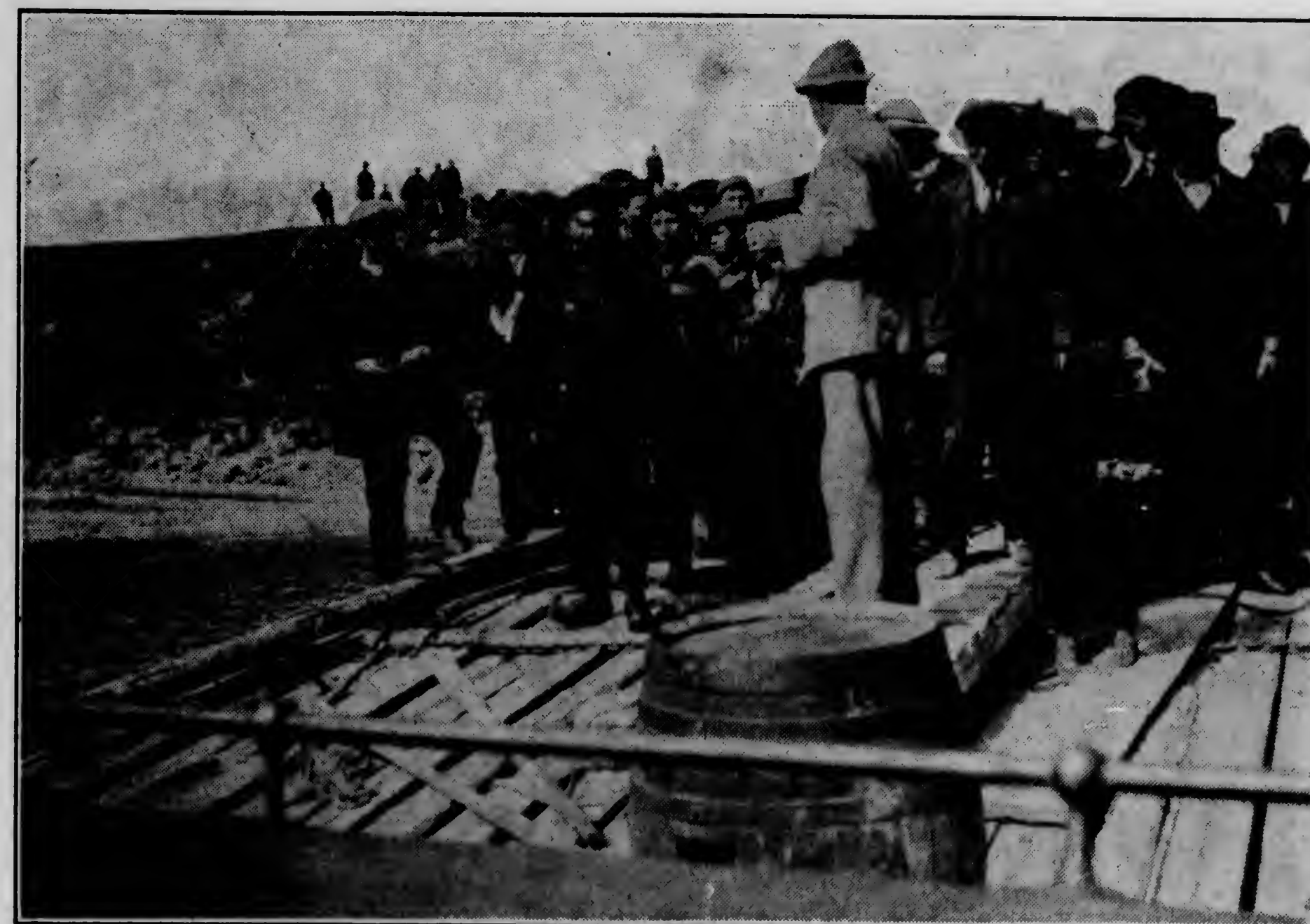
he burst into the room, a few minutes after I had entered the house.

"Hullo!" he cried, "You back, too? Well, well, another bloody Empire-builder, what! How much debt have you with you?"

On occasions when we found it necessary to employ native labour, as guides, hunters or canoe men, we almost invariably dealt through the officers of a neighboring trading post. We had our indebtedness charged to an account with the company, which in turn paid the Indians in goods. Cash was not familiar to them and we seldom had the articles to spare which the Crees usually demanded of us in payment. If provisions filled their requirements, well and good. But nine times out of ten they would ask for blankets, ammunition, shawls, etc., and these had to be obtained from the traders. It also served our purpose in other ways to have a stern, hard-fisted company factor select for us guides and canoe men, for some were not reliable and might take advantage of the stranger, deserting him on the river when sudden mood or fanciful excuse, bred of some trivial grievance, was sufficient reason for the redskin to turn about and take the trail back home.

On one rare occasion a buck asked for cash. He with a companion had performed some light service for us, to the value of a dollar. A one dollar bill was handed to him and it was intimidated by signs that half the amount was to be turned over to his mate. Ere we could prevent it, he tore the bill in two, pocketed one half, and passed the other piece to his companion.

It is a far cry from the mouth of the Rupert to the Nelson River country



On the little wharf at York Factory



Husky Dogs tethered to the "horse lines"

but the one as much as the other is a part of the land of the Swampy Crees. On the Nelson's banks we first became acquainted with the head of the house of Utchekat. William had his home there, a substantial frame building, and until we erected our own winter shack it was the only dwelling on the site of Port Nelson. We landed from our schooner one summer's day and visited him. It was a Sunday morning and this exemplary Cree was discovered in the act of administering the weekly scrubbing to his young offspring. Squaw's work it was, but to this outstanding specimen of a one-time noble aboriginal race of men this domestic duty was not "infra dig."

Though we were total strangers to him and had dropped out of the blue, unannounced and unbidden, he smiled a dignified greeting and murmured the time-worn customary greeting, "Whatchee!" Then got on about his ablutionary tasks. These finished, he

gathered his family about him for service. We sat about on the floor while he read unintelligible passages from a Cree bible and brought the service to a close with a prayer. What refreshment he had he proffered us—a "dip in" with a tin mug from the family teapail. Beyond the first words of greeting and response, no further conversation took place, and the Utchekat family gave us no further attention nor, outwardly at least, showed interest or curiosity in our mission or ourselves. Later we were to learn, through similar experiences in this great lone land, that this was quite characteristic of the tribe. Our sudden, unexpected "barging in," in a land where the stranger's approach might be looked upon as an advent of portentousness, even concern, was—to our surprise, nay, more, it touched our sense of self-importance—not hailed as any great event in the life of a Swampy Cree. We were travellers on their homeland trails who had stopped at William's tent, that was all. Without question, and certainly not just because we were "whitemen," we had been offered the hospitality of hearth, table and bed. We had been accepted. So far as our business was concerned it was no affair of Utchekat's until such time as we were pleased to state it. That was the native custom.

Later that same year, in February, on an eight hundred mile long snow trail terminating at the end of steel near Winnipeg, six of us, sailors all and novices at northern winter travelling, found refuge at times, with our guides and Indians, in other trailside homes of William's more inland tribesmen. If not outwardly enthusiastic, the welcomes were assuredly sincere, and the cramped and limited shelters of rude log cabins or cone-shaped winter tepees were ours without ques-

(Continued on page 717)



Ringneck (Semipalmated Plover) and Whiterumped Sandpipers

Checking *the Rapidly Decreasing* Shorebird Census Along Nova Scotia's Beaches

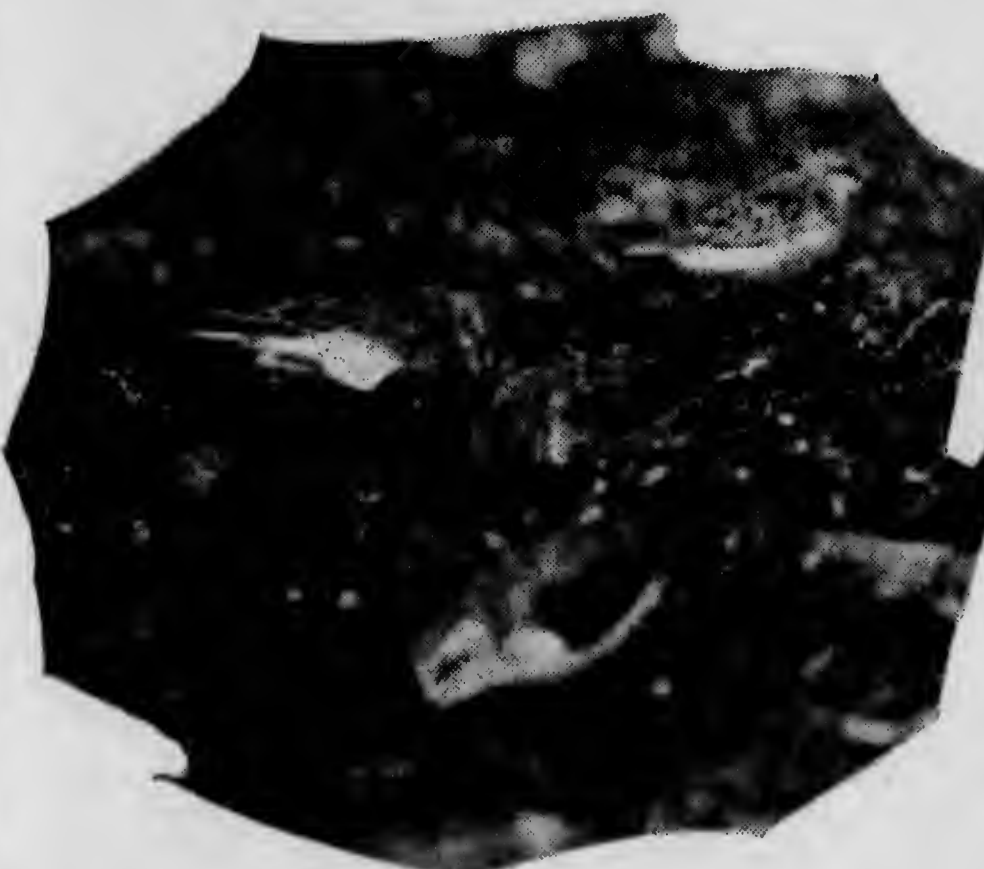
At Close Quarters With the Mighty Migration for Ten Years

Bonnycastle Dale

HALF A SCORE of years ago one of my editors approached me in Ontario with the proposal that I take my men and expedition and outfit and go to the Maritimes and study there and send them a share of the work along the Natural history sportsmen's line. Since then, in storm and shine, summer and winter, we have patrolled the beaches of these long, narrow, eastern provinces, worked along the wild animal trails, fished the rivers, hunted and pictured the big game animals and more especially have we taken a census of the shorebird migration.

When we arrived here in August, 1919, we found the big plover and the curlew about as follows: There was at least one large flock of Hudsonian Curlew, the greatest shorebird left us now (the Long-billed was almost extinct even then). But there were some 175 of these birds, as big as barnyard fowl, with an extent of 17 inches, along one sandy beach. I saw at once that unless they were intensively protected they would soon be slaughtered as we could sit down and call these big foolish curlew and they would come right over our heads within close gunshot, answering back with sweet, loud swelling calls: The Willet we found well distributed, a 16-inch extent bird, and as they nest in the hay fields and the fishermen's boys with the old shotgun cannot often get within range, there is, even as I write this in 1928 a fair chance that they may not be exterminated. Then there were the magnificent rufous breasted Hudsonian Godwits, a 15-inch extent shore bird, a big fat, fully de-

veloped bird. They, alas, were almost done when we got here in 1922 and the three we saw lost two in the next mile. The Marbled Godwit we did not see here but there were then large numbers of Greater Yellowlegs, that big wader with the stilt-like legs. We saw them everywhere and in fair to large flocks; also the Lesser Yellowlegs, they too were to some extent, holding their own. The exquisitely marked Black-bellied Plover were in many large flocks in many places and it did look then as if they might survive. The Golden Plover were doomed even then, although we used to see as many as a dozen in a year. Both these silly birds are annually killed off by any of the illegal shooters who parade these many wild beaches unhindered. The Jacksnipe especially were then in fair numbers. Luckily they do not always live along beaches but are found in



Whiterumps and Turnstones on Nova Scotia's beaches

hummocky, drowned lands and savannahs and swamps far back but still most generally along the ocean shores, or along some river that pours into it. They were so excellently clothed with protective colours that we did not fear the unlawful shooting as much as we would in shore beach walking migrants. These "jacks," once they are alarmed, cower down and in their shades of brown resemble the clumps of mud made by the tidal runs. In fact you can stare at one for many minutes and just as long as he seems to know you are on the watch just so long will he remain still. The Woodcock do not use the beaches proper, nor did we find them much below the estuaries of the rivers, so we may rest assured they cannot be swiftly exterminated.

The Turnstones, the Piping, the Semipalmated Plovers, the Spotted, the Sanderling, the Red-backed, the Least, Baird's, the Whiterumped, the Pectoral, the Purple Sandpipers, the Knots, the Dowitchers, are now decreased badly. All go into the pots of the hunters under the name of "peeps," and with them go the last few remaining of the big, rare plovers and curlews, all un-named, unhonoured and most certainly unsung, as very very few of their destroyers know any save local names for them, rarely their proper names.

These mighty beaches extend from the Valley of Annapolis, all along the "South Shore" and away up into Halifax County and smaller ones along Cape Breton. A huge territory to patrol and a territory on which the larger wildfowl of Canada (Eastern)

Checking the Shorebird Census

(Continued from page 699)

seen a flock cut in half by striking a set of wires, bounding back in great numbers, wingless, body wounded, headless in cases, handfuls of them dead on the grass. As to why they migrate, we think the theory of the recession of the Glacial Icecap and the birds following it up to the now lonely Arctic latitudes is most worthy of belief. There seems to be little doubt that before the Glacial Period these now migrating hosts nested then in what we now call Canada. Then the ice advanced, pushed them south for ages (it may have been a million years) now it has receded and they have followed on. It may be right when you students say that the love of the birthplace attracts the migrating hosts back. Yes! but they must have followed the ice northwards as it melted, for it once covered all that is now Canada and the most of the part now called U.S.A. We do not yet know the northern confines of the nesting grounds, for the "farthest North Captains" enter in their logs, "Geese still going north." Many must cross into Asia.

We did work hard in our stories in Canada's newspapers and magazines for five years to get the Golden Plover, and the Black-bellied put on the protected list but what was the use? The first are almost extinct and the few remaining Black-bellied plover are shot at by gunners along many a lonely beach every year. Poor things, they still flock, what is left of them, and readily come within thirty yards of plover decoys. The migration starts northward in South America in January. (They leave here in July to September and follow summer down to Patagonia and then the cold weather drives them north again in January and February.) Most of them linger until May in South or Central America and then hasten as far north as they can go. The others take a dilatory daily progression right up from Chile to Hudson Bay. You might say the return southbound migration from the Arctic starts just as soon as the young can fly. The geese have been seen walking seaward with their goslings behind them along the south of James Bay. Mostly all the birds we study migrate at night, leaving just at dusk before a nor'west wind. Alas! if it gets too heavy all the smaller ones perish as the sea captains bear witness. Ducks and geese fly until about dark then they usually rest for the night. We think that it is all governed by the amounts of food obtainable. If they are well fed, all but the larger species of them migrate at night, doing from 30 to 40 miles an hour, so far as observed, then when the next good feeding ground is reached many flocks rest for many days. When we get further along in the bird-banding game we can learn more about this flight work. I see Wetmore makes the same remark that we did years ago. "The migration looks like a gigantic game of leap-frog," the later flocks overlapping the first-comers. We have for years seen many flocks of shorebirds launch out every night in August, September and October too, up to the middle of the month, so that at last the

List of the larger so-called "Shorebirds"

As first seen or estimated before 1922.	As recorded in 1922.	As recorded in 1928.
Hudsonian Curlew, big flocks	175	16
Willet. Fair distribution	Fair distribution.	Fair distribution.
Hudsonian Godwits	3	0
Marbled Godwits	0	0
Greater Yellowlegs, Great distribution	76	75
Lesser Yellowlegs, Great distribution	19	2
Golden Plover, about a dozen seen	14	6
Black-bellied Plover, big flocks	6,222?—actually about 1,000 birds as some flocks were re-counted and added to total.	250
Dowitcher	943	295 Dowitcher.
Least, Spotted, White-rumped, Semipalmated, Sandpipers	Big flocks.	It is a fair statement to say that all the smaller shorebirds are represented by about a fifth of the numbers there were in 1922 or to get to figures some 44,000 in 1928 against 200,000 in 1922.
Piping Plovers, Semipalmated Plover	Huge flocks numbered or estimated on our records.	
Sanderlings, Knots	Huge flocks numbered or estimated on our records.	
Pectoral Sandpipers	Many birds. All totalled some 200,000.	

beaches of Nova Scotia would be cleared of all the migration save the injured, the aged and the dying. The hawks and the black-backed gulls soon clear these off. We have taken the poor perishing things from in under frozen herbage, sealed to the spot by the blades of coarse grass frozen to their feathers, even then they were pugnacious towards us. Alas! they had never met a friend in all their wanderings.

I hear the Department at Ottawa had men out along the North Shore of the St. Lawrence observing this summer, if they compare with our notes they can learn how many go through the gauntlet of dangers safely as far as the south end of Nova Scotia. I know how lonely and how isolated some of these mighty beaches are but none are so lonely that we do not hear the reports of guns as early as August yearly. I wonder if the birds which go south about Newfound-

land are any better off, as geese being unprotected all the year long there offer a chance for the shore-shooter?

The game laws in Nova Scotia are remarkable. Ducks cannot be killed until Oct. 15th. By that time all the black ducks, the only ones that breed in numbers in Nova Scotia have left the upper rivers and are on the sea-shores, so none of the sportsmen can take a shot at any duck. At the same time in Cape Breton one can kill geese before he can kill ducks. We are old-time duck hunters across the continent and when I tell you we never taste a wild duck here you will see that the laws have been constructed in favour of one class of men, the poor man as usual getting no show. All the harbours here are frozen up long before the duckshooting law expires, so every man who wants a duck must perforce be a lawbreaker. Duck shooting should open on or about September 15th.

Reminiscent Sketches of the Swampy Creees

(Continued from page 697)

tion. One howling night the six of us and our seven Indians, after a torturing day on the snowshoes breaking a virgin trail for the struggling, harness-galled dogs, stumbled onto a tiny shack at dusk, fifty miles west of Oxford Lake. In the lee of the cabin we boiled the kettles and hurriedly consumed our bacon and bannock. Dogs were tethered to the surrounding trees to crunch their ration of frozen fish and snarl defiance at the prowling, scraggy, mongrel brutes belonging to the owner of the camp as the latter circled about the new arrivals, fangs bared, or hungrily licking slavering jaws, watching for an opportunity to

rush in and snap up a morsel of fish from under the forepaw of some unwary or unsuspecting member of our husky teams. Our scant and unappetizing supper over, the guides intimated that the courtesy of the trail made us welcome to the warmth and shelter of the Indian's cabin for as many of us as could find sleeping space. Gratefully we entered, with blankets and dunnage bags. The head of the house, with squaw and children—how many of the latter there were we never fathomed—were found huddled into the one and only bunk, the sole piece of furniture on the premises. It was a bitter night, forty to fifty below, and the crude clay fireplace emitted a flickering light, but little heat. In one dim corner what looked like a bundle of discarded rags stirred at our entrance and from it protruded a skinny arm, and a

wrinkled piece of parchment pierced by a pair of jet black eyes resolved itself into the face of an aged squaw, the old grandmother of the house.

The usual greetings were exchanged and without further ado we proceeded to turn in for the night. Crowded? Well, rather! Some stood that others might squat atop their bags and strip from blistered and tortured feet the damp moccasins and duffle and hang them on the peeled poles overhead to dry as best they could before the morning. Then we rolled up in bags and blankets and laid ourselves down, side by side. By nudging one's neighbor over an inch or two and holding one's breath, the last man was just able to squeeze into his "wee sma' corner" and stretch out for the night.

There had been some quiet, stealthy manoeuvring on our part to obtain berths on the "guest side" of the house, that most remote from "Grannie's" corner. It was like a game of musical chairs and when the music ceased and but one vacant six by two space remained, Allan Moss, one of the Newfoundland seamen, found himself on the end of the line, and had to squeeze in beside the old lady.

A drowsiness, engendered by the long day's tramping in the bitter cold, and considerably abetted by the lack of ventilation in the overcrowded shack, quickly brought on slumber. But not for long! Hardly had aching limbs been stretched on the hard clay floor when we were rudely awakened. A match had flared in the corner where stood the family bunk and the Indian host lighted a sputtering candle. Those of us who had actually fallen asleep fervently cursed the shortness of the night. Was it really next morning and time to turn out again? Consulting watches, we found we had slept but a quarter of an hour, and then one drew attention to the old Cree in the bunk who was extracting a bible from a chink in the log wall. Without any introductory preamble he proceeded to read the evening scriptures and followed it up with prayers. The other occupants of the bed disentangled themselves from the huddled heap and with him rose onto their knees. In "Grannie's" corner the old hag shed part of her ragged coverings, elbowing the disgusted Moss aside, and crawled slowly to her feet. We lay as we had fallen, and did our bit of praying, too, but to no avail. For, with one concerted action, our Indian guides and dog drivers, good converts all, forced their way to the surface from between our pain-wracked bodies, and joined in the evening devotions. With indignation, unrighteous, maybe, and, happily, tempered with admiration for the devout response which these uncultured dark-skinned wanderers of the woods made to the teaching of self-sacrificing missionaries, we remained silent and listened to the guttural intonation of the native prayer. Then, service over and the sputtering light blown out, we squeezed and nudged and wedged ourselves back into our respective allotted spaces and without further disturbance slept loggily through until the early call of morn.

We found it ever thus on a north-land trail—the quiet, unostentatious hospitality of the Swampy Cree. A frozen whitefish might be the only

family dish; at times there were nothing more than the entrails of a deer, a little tea and flour. Were moose or caribou meat, a brace of rabbits or a succulent beaver tail on the menu, the repast would be likened onto a feast. But, whatever the fare, scant or bountiful, there was always a share for the newcomer, an extra handful of tea thrown into the family pail that simmered in the ashes, and a side or corner of the tepee vacated and offered to the transient guest. And never with an apology. The Indian partook of the good things on the table of our shack at such times as he was invited. Partook gratefully and expressed his joy in ways more eloquent than mere words could have told. Once entertained they trumped up all manner of excuses to repeat the call and waited patiently until the bread and jam and tea appeared. They expected it, even as we found throughout the breadth and length of their domain they treated the stranger within their gate; in times of privation or of bountiful harvest, a share of their substance, without reservation, was proffered free to all.

And, even when at times the dish we were silently bidden to share was nothing more appetizing than offal (our sailor lads persisted in calling caribou entrails "awful," which they were), stewed and plentifully sprinkled with salt, the only seasoning known to the natives, we valiantly forced ourselves to withhold our repugnance, and though at times I have had to make a hasty exit from some such hospitable board and fight off an attack of nausea behind a friendly sheltering tree, we partook of the offering in the spirit in which it was made.

I am reminded of an occasion when one December day a member of our party espied an Indian family travelling up river past our shack, bound with their dog team for the midwinter trading and Christmas festivities at York Factory. He waylaid them to beg permission to accompany them to the post. The Indian was an old friend of ours, the one-armed Noah Thomas. With his squaw, a half-grown boy and a papoose, he stopped long enough to accept of our more bounteous table and to receive a side of bacon in token of good will and payment for taking our sailor under his wing. Then they went on up river.

That evening when camp was made and the fire lighted, the squaw prepared the infant for the night. It is the custom in a climate of such severity to swathe the year-old tots in a layer of tender, sun-dried moss, gathered in the autumn from the muskegs. Before the warmth of the fire Noah's squaw removed the child's outer wraps until only the moss remained. From a bag she drew a fresh supply, kneaded and smoothed it into a comfortable pad—with our companion seated close by toasting himself by the fire and interestedly observing the novel, primitive toilet. Soiled portions of the mossy swathing were thrown away, but what was only damp and considered worthy of salvage was carefully spread out in the family frying pan, dried and warmed over the fire, and put back on the infant.

Amusedly, the sailor looked on and

smiled his approbation. "I must make a mental note of this," thought he. "There is plenty of moss in Newfoundland. Besides, this is the first evidence I've seen of these people practising economy and conservation."

But his approval quickly turned to horror and dismay when, the child, once more comfortably dressed and protected from the frost, was gently laid aside on the green bough and the squaw turned to the preparation of the supper. She reached out for the pan, banged it once over a stick of firewood, and, replacing it on the fire, tossed into the same dish the evening's meal of bacon.

As he remarked so often on later occasions, when our own cook would be preparing a similar dish, that even considering that the "canned willie" and plum and apple jam (concoctions of an effete southern civilization) to which we for months had grown accustomed, may have sated our palates and caused us to spurn the simpler fare of greasy, half-cooked bacon, still the culinary habits of Mrs. Noah were "a bit too thick" for him and he made his excuses and went to bed hungry.

Hearken to another sample of native Cree hospitality, the subject matter of which might be turned to good account in the making of a movie romance of the "wide open spaces." On a tributary of the Moose river, in the late fall of the year, one of us, on exploration bent, was overtaken by the sudden shutting down of night. A storm was brewing, the sailor's weary feet had covered many a mile of uncleared, windfall-cluttered trails, the packstraps had galled his shoulders. Just at dusk he sighted wood-fire smoke rising from a clump of spruce. "Camp ho!" he cried. "A shelter for the night!"

He took a fresh hitch on the pack, straightened his aching shoulders, and lengthened out his stride. The trail opened up and in a little clearing he came upon a lonely, smoke-stained tent. Hailing it as a refuge from the impending spell of dirty weather, he approached and lifted the flap. There was only one occupant, and to his dismay, it was a squaw, young and comely, and in his own words, "deuced easy to look upon." The interior of the tepee was most inviting, a cheery fire ablaze on a sand pile in the middle of the floor, fresh green spruce boughs carpeting the remainder. "What was most surprising," he remarked, "the little Indian princess actually appeared to be clean!"

But, on enquiry, he discovered that she was quite alone, and might be so for quite some time. Her father was absent on a journey to the trading post. He would not return that night. "I felt I couldn't stop there," he told us. "She seemed too darn respectable, and I didn't think of her as only a squaw."

Disheartened at the prospect of a night under the trees, drenched and chilled and sleepless, he muttered some apologies as he backed towards the doorway. Then she smiled a welcome, and from a pot by the fire ladled out a portion of tempting, steaming rabbit stew. "That I could not resist," he said. "I at least might eat before I beat it."

Reminiscent Sketches of the Swampy Crees [726]

(Continued from Page 719)

ice behind which he apparently had taken refuge. I halted again and whistled as before. Up came his head. "Bang!" I had shot him.

As I said, we had heard much of William Utchekat's prowess as a hunter, of big game and small, as a trapper of great repute, and as a runner and traveller of almost unbelievable endurance. He held the unique record of having shot and killed more Polar bears on the Hudson Bay coast between the Churchill and the Nelson than any other hunter in that section. During a period of twenty-five years he had accounted for sixty of these animals, an average of two and a half bears a year—if one can be said to have killed half a bear. Some of those which William only "half killed" made very ugly customers to deal with, when one considers that for years the hunter had only the old style muzzle-loading trade rifle with which to pursue his calling.

William was a crank on rifles. His shack housed a veritable arsenal of small arms. I had attempted to strike up a trade with him offering him a gun for some furs to which I had taken a fancy. He was going off at the time to hunt caribou for us and asked to be permitted to take the gun along and try it out. If satisfied with its performance he would gladly pay my price. None of us had ever gotten any satisfaction out of the arm. No matter how one juggled with the sights it always seemed to fire a foot high. With the loan of the rifle I gave Utchekat a box of shells and told him to give the gun a fair trial.

In five days he was back. He brought one small caribou and a Polar bear skin, all the game he had seen. And his ammunition pouch was empty!

When three days out he had bagged the caribou—six shots at very close range. Returning down the coast, he had espied the Polar out on the mud flats grubbing for food. The bear, at the first crack of the rifle, instead of making for the water, bolted for the woods. Like a scared rabbit he galloped past within fifty yards of the Indian who for a moment thought himself about to be attacked. Even at that short range the soft nose slugs flew harmlessly over the animal's back and he got inside the tree line.

"Gun dam' bad!" exclaimed William, in disgust. He dropped his pack on the beach and took up the chase. The Indian was no slouch on his feet and the Polar never got out of sight or range, with William stopping occasionally to blaze away, and then plunging on through the soft muskegs on the white bear's trail. At each miss he grew more disgusted with the gun, but more than ever determined to get that bear. He stopped and threw away his coat, for running in the woods was warm work. Then he threw away his vest and sweater, and each time that he halted to refill the magazine he cursed the gun anew.

When the barrel of the rifle had become too hot for comfort he ceased

Eagerly he devoured the meal, in silence, except when he insisted upon her accepting biscuit and bacon from his pack and the contents of his tea and sugar bags. Then, with a sigh that with some would have spelt contentment, but with our mate was only a regret, he rose painfully to his feet, picked up the heavy pack and started for the outside, his every movement unconsciously betraying the fatigue of mind and body.

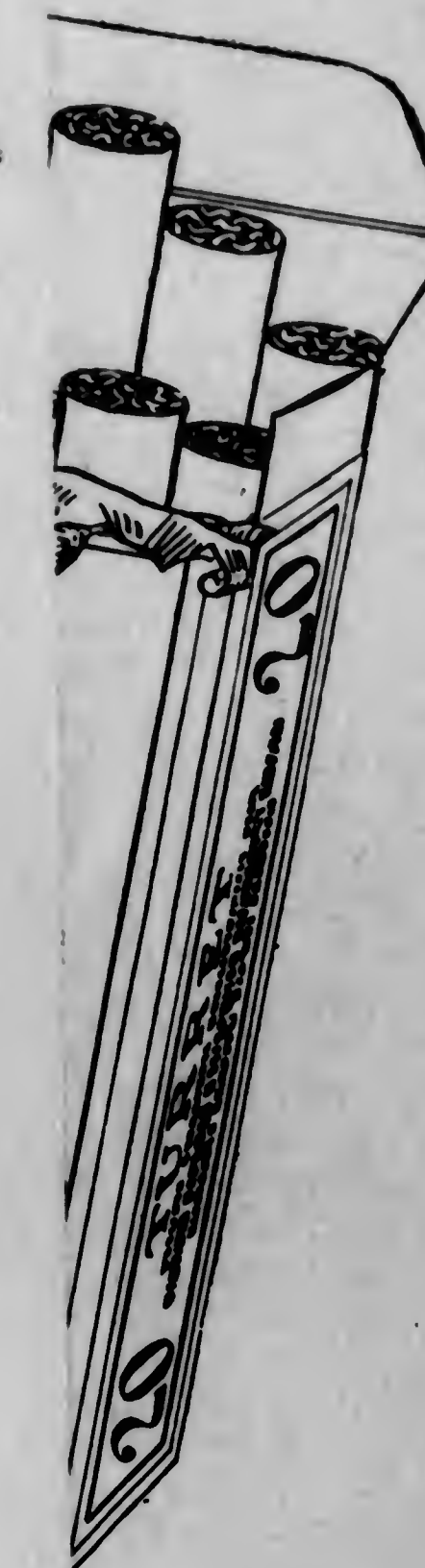
The tent flap was about to fall back into place behind him and shut out the warmth and radiance of the fire, when she spoke. "No," called the youthful hostess, clearly. "No tempting siren, mind you," he told us. "To me it was like an angel's voice out of the night."

"No. No go. Much tired. Too much rain. If my father here, he say 'sleep.' My father not here, but this my father's tepee. So, sleep here." And she pointed to the far side of the tent from where she knelt by the fire, and our weary comrade, versed in the free camaraderie of the wilds, relieved and satisfied that by remaining as he had thus been graciously bidden to do he would be breaking faith with no one, sighed once more, this time contentedly, shot a glance of gratitude across the crackling embers, and dropped his pack upon the inviting boughs.

"This girl," said the mission priest at Moose River Post, "is a blood relation of a famous hunter on the Nelson. No doubt you'll run across him there when you journey up that way."

And that takes us back to this great river of the north. At York Factory, the old Hudson Bay post on the Hayes, just south of the Nelson, an old half-breed retainer, George Gibeault, or "Geordie," as he was more commonly called, who was also a relative, a brother-in-law, of the full-blooded hunter, Utchekat, spun for us many a tale of the prowess of the champion hunter and trapper of the Nelson; stories of endurance in the face of hardship, hand to hand encounters with Polars, the running down on the broad Gargantuan hunting snowshoes of the Swampy Cree of moose hampered by the deep snow, and of pursuing Arctic foxes until the animals paused from sheer exhaustion and fell before a charge of goose shot. I was not a little proud when one day I managed to duplicate this latter feat, bagging a white fox on the shore of the river. I had glimpsed him trotting upriver past our shack, after he had successfully negotiated the barrage of traps and deadfalls we had stretched for several miles along the coast. I hurriedly took down a shot gun and followed in pursuit. After a time, winded, I paused for breath, and the fox, a few hundred yards ahead, did likewise. When I started ahead he broke into an easy trot, keeping his distance, just out of range. Forced to halt again, I whistled, as to a dog, and he stopped, turned enquiringly, and settled on his haunches. He sat thus until I had cut the intervening distance in half; then taking fright, went on, and disappeared behind a hummock of ice. He did not reappear and I worked my way ahead more cautiously until well within gunshot range of the particular heap of heaved-up tidal

(Continued on Page 726)



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Conservation Progresses in Quebec

Quebec Association for Protection of Fish and Game Holds
One of Largest Sportsmen's Dinners in Canada
in Honor of Hon. J. E. Perrault.

A REAL encouragement to conservationists throughout the Dominion of Canada and an event which greatly stimulated public interest in the perpetuation of sport in the outdoors was the outstanding success of a banquet of the Quebec Association for the Protection of Fish and Game in Montreal on December 8. The dinner, which was given in honor of Hon. J. E. Perrault, minister of Colonization, Mines and Fisheries for the Province of Quebec, was one of the largest sportsmen's gatherings ever held in Canada. Over five hundred hunters and fishermen, all keen conservationists, from all sections of the province sat down together at a gathering which at least showed the provincial government, the great number and influence of the men interested in the saving of fish and game.

The education of the public as to the importance of fish and game and outdoor recreation as a national asset, morally and financially, and the necessity for conserving them was very strongly stressed by Mr. Perrault in a lengthy address, which was heard with the keenest interest by his audience. He also outlined protective methods which the government intended to pursue, particularly in stricter enforcement of the game laws and the extension of game refuges and fish hatcheries and invited the co-operation of the sportsmen in educating the public in these matters.

Mr. Perrault said that the Government of today is more than ever determined to insure the permanence of the fish and game, and to that end co-operation was necessary from all sides. He talked of the hunting and fishing game reserves which he intends to create north of Montreal, of the project for hatchery improvements, questioned whether the time had not come when hunters in the Laurentide National Park should change their rifles for kodaks, spoke of the creation of a fur animal experimental farm, and ended with a declaration of merciless warfare against poachers who dynamite the lakes.

The minister spoke to an appreciative audience which filled the Windsor Hall, and embraced leaders in all walks of life from all parts of the province and from beyond the provincial borders. John S. Hall, president of the association, had at his right hand Hon. Narcisse Perdeau, Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, the mention of whose name by Mr. Perrault brought such applause as to oblige His Honor to rise to acknowledge it. Others at the head table were Sir Charles Gordon, W. D. Robb, Grant Hall, Rt. Rev. Dr. J. C. Farthing, Bishop of Montreal; Rev. Canon Sylvestre, J. B. Harkin, Senator J. P. B. Casgrain, Senator Donat Raymond, Senator W. L. McDougall, Senator Smeaton White, J. O. Tetreault, honorary presi-

dent; J. W. McConnell, W. A. Berthiaume, W. C. Hodgson, Aime Geoffrion, K.C., W. H. Coverdale, Dr. C. F. Martin, Hon. Frank Carrel, Hon. Athanase David, Hon. Honore Mercier, Hon. John Hall Kelly, Gordon W. McDougall, K.C., Hon. A. Leduc, Hon. J. H. Dillon, Col. D. B. Papineau, Henri Kieffer and J. A. Belisle.

Beyond a few remarks by the chairman, the only speaker was Hon. Mr. Perrault, hence formal proceedings were over early in the evening, and the balance of the time was given up to entertainment, much of it in the hands of Chas. Marchand, "the Bytown troubadour"; Hickey's Melodeonists, Eric Reddy, the raconteur, and moving pictures of hunting and fishing scenes.

The banquet amply testified to the great interest which is taken in the conservation of fish and game, said the minister, and he was delighted with the prospects when he saw so many prominent citizens present to manifest their desire that yet more efforts should be put forth to conserve and protect a great national asset.

The problem of conservation existed in every country, presenting itself in different ways, but all over the world interest is keen, more study is being given to the matter and more strict and more arbitrary legislation has been imposed, said the minister.

"Fortunately, in the Province of Quebec," Hon. Mr. Perrault said, "the problem which faces our generation is merely that of conservation and protection—whilst our fish and game is not what it used to be because certain species have entirely disappeared, while many of our rivers and lakes have lost the value which the presence of salmon, trout and bass once gave them, it is none the less true that we are yet very fortunate. We still have a great wealth of fish and game and we may well be satisfied to live in a country where such a healthy and agreeable sport as fishing and hunting is not an empty word. But as neither our forests, nor our rivers, nor our lakes are inexhaustible, we must not think only selfishly of our own pleasure, but must equally think of the pleasure and the needs of those who are to come after us.

"In what situation do we find ourselves? We live in a province which is developing with remarkable rapidity, and we sincerely rejoice in this. We constantly open new territories to the activity of our settlers, of our farmers, of our manufacturers, of our capitalists and of our traders. Out of the heart of the forest, beyond the Laurentian Mountains, a country has sprung up in fifteen years which is now inhabited by a hard-working and contented population of over 20,000 souls scattered among 23 healthy agricultural parishes; I mean the Abitibi. In less than three years two twin towns, Rouyn and Noranda, inhabited by a popula-

tion of 5,000 souls have similarly sprung up from the heart of a distant forest. The same thing has happened in the Lake St. John and Chicoutimi districts, the Gatineau, the North Shore and on the South Shore down to the Gaspé Peninsula. Our immense industrial development has everywhere driven back the frontiers of our forests.

"This achievement is the sign of progress, of a progress of which we have reason to be proud and from which the entire country is benefiting. But the price of this progress which we have at heart is the migration of game towards more distant, and often less favorable, territories, or perhaps its more or less complete extermination. Certainly, we regret the disappearance of the moose from the immense forests of the northwest of Quebec, where he reigned as monarch for centuries, but on the other hand, we welcome also the birth and development of towns, of villages, of parishes and of mining camps, where are being worked out the destinies of our province and of our country.

"The opening of new fields to the activity of a people vibrating with action is not the only obstacle to the conservation of wild life. Good roads, so necessary to a well-ordered economic life, lead above all to centres which only yesterday appeared to be forever inaccessible. In the few hours of rapid, easy and often agreeable travel, fishermen and hunters are able to obtain all the satisfaction of their favorite sport. The sportsman no longer needs to be armed with courage and patience to face the great difficulties and fatigue required to reach his ardently desired fishing and hunting territory.

"And now that travelling is so easy and agreeable, the number of people who look to hunting and fishing for the rest, the amusement and the relaxation they require is considerably increased. Consider now the facility of travel and the increased taste for sports more particularly those of fishing and hunting; consider also the remarkable increase in private wealth and in the leisure that this wealth provides to individuals; consider also the uninterrupted flow of tourists who are attracted to our province each year, and you will see immediately the dangers which threaten our fish and game.

"The number of Americans who occupy part of their leisure every year in fishing or hunting is estimated at 10,000,000. This is approximately 12 per cent. of the population of the United States. If the same proportion existed in the Province of Quebec there would be 300,000 persons who, at a certain period of their holidays, would have no other occupation than to amuse themselves by depopulating our forests, our rivers and our lakes within the limits permitted by the law.

"Should not this cause us to reflect?

firing and grimly settled down to run the bear to earth. He did it, too! Not until the beast turned and faced him did he fire again. Then, within five yards of his quarry, the Indian pumped as many shots through head and body and ended the long, hot chase.

"One bear, thirty-seven shots," said William, as he tossed the skin at our feet, and handed me back the much abused rifle.

"Gun no good. No wantem."

One year, late in the fall, William was hunting on the coast near Owl River, fifty miles south of the Churchill. For some days there had been little doing and so when he came across the tracks on the beach of three white bears he decided that their skins would be worth going after. The trail led inland and was not more than two days old. The Indian's keen eyes read the signs of the wild which told him the bears were starving. That meant a dangerous hunt for one man but the Cree had taken such chances before. Although already the owner of several magazine rifles, William still at times had, not exactly a preference, but rather a sentimental fondness for the old single barrel muzzle loader. On this occasion he was carrying this arm and, with it, a small bag of food and his blankets on his back, he took up the trail of three.

One day's tramp brought him through the woods that fringed the coast and onto the open muskeg plain of the interior. Scattered clumps of sickly-looking juniper and stunted spruce were spread about on the barrens and the intervening stretches were dotted with small ice-covered ponds. It was near the end of the second day when he espied the bears—the three of them sporting in the centre of one of the tiny lakes on which they had broken all of the thin ice sheeting.

No sooner had he emerged from behind a grove of junipers than the animals' sharp eyes spotted the Indian. They started through the water towards him, one well in advance of his mates.

"I must get them one at a time," thought William, "and each with a single shot. If they come along one well behind the other I can do it, for that will give me time to reload. If they come in a bunch I'm done for."

There was not a tree for miles around that would bear the hunter's weight. Thus William explained how he had laid out his plan of campaign.

As bear Number One scrambled forth from the water he emitted a roar of delight, here was food for himself and his mates. The Indian looked to the priming of his gun and waited coolly. He could not afford to take chances on a long shot. He must let them come on to within easy and certain range. With much satisfaction he saw that it was the dog who led the three, for, well versed in the nature of the beasts, he had hoped that the mother would be the last. Growling, snarling, his eyes flashing in anticipation of the feast, with the water slaver from his jaws, the bear galloped up to within three yards of the hunter. Then William took careful aim and fired. The shot went true, but he did not wait to see, but turned like a flash and ran away for all



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that he was worth, reloading as he went. As he had hoped, the mother bear and the third one, a large cub, stopped for a moment to sniff at the fallen one. That permitted the Indian a space of time in which to halt and carefully prime his gun. Then he was ready for Number Two.

He turned about to see, with great dismay, the two come on together, the cub a yard ahead of its mother, which was now enraged at the death of her mate. How could he get the one and hope to escape from the other? Would the old one stop again if he managed to kill her cub, or would she come right on for him? William had little time in which to worry over his chances of escape and for a moment he thought of trying a long range shot. He raised his gun to the shoulder. But no, that was too risky; close range was the surest and he would take a chance on the last of the brutes. He ripped open his vest and disengaged one arm—his coat, with pack and blankets had been dropped when he first sighted the animals—cleared the deck for action, so to speak. Then the two were almost upon him. Carefully, as before, he fired, and the cub dropped in its tracks. The Indian needed not to look back to know that the old she bear was right on his heels. Her roar of rage and the crashing of the bracken warned him of his peril. It was difficult to reload, for he did not dare to slacken for a moment and he was now running at the top of his speed. Quickly the bear gained upon him and the sudden snarl at his very heels warned him of her leap. He sprang aside, just in time, and the clumsy brute—for your Polar is very slow in turning—plunged on for several yards before she could check her way and come about. This gave William the opportunity he had prayed for. He paused just a second to tear the vest off his arm and fling it behind him, then he raced on as before. It was his last hope of escape.

The Polar, furious at missing her prey, stopped at the bait thrown back to her. She paused only long enough to slap one huge paw viciously upon the garment and with an upward fling of her head ripped it to pieces; then she plunged on in pursuit. But that pause was enough for the hunter. He halted, rammed his load home, and flung the rod from him. With shaking fingers he pressed the primer down, and William was ready for Number Three.

Scarcely had he turned about when she was upon him, open-mouthed and fearful to look upon.

"No time for aim—no time raise gun," said the old hunter, as he told the story. "Just push muzzle into her mouth, pull trigger and jump aside."

Here he showed me the second finger of his right hand, gnarled and distorted. "Gun no on shoulder," he explained. "Kick bad, break finger. Bear just slap gun once and break it. Then roll over and lie dead."

"Gun over there," he added, and pointed to the corner of his shack where an old muzzle-loader lay, the barrel rounded out like the frame of a snowshoe, and, as I examined the wreck, I fully realized that only the saving grace of a split second had

saved the tough old Cree from sure destruction.

His winter trapping grounds were some sixty miles north of the Nelson, on the Owl river, up Churchill way. Most of the York Factory tribe trekked southward or inland to their fur trails, choosing the lines of least resistance up the tributary streams. They left the post in the autumn, journeying by canoe. To the majority, ease of travel was more attractive than success along the trap lines. They were satisfied to bring back just enough fur to warrant the issue of another "debt" and, though game was less plentiful in their chosen territory, they would take a long chance on starvation, rather than explore more virgin trails.

Not so with the Utchekat. He went north, to the borders of the less thickly populated Chippewyan country, bag and baggage, family and dogs, tramping the frozen muskies or on snowshoes through the woods. When traveling *en famille*, William spared his dogs, set his own pace to suit the weakest member of the party. On these occasions time and distance were not the main considerations. But, if alone and unencumbered, some specific objective ahead, a run on the shoes of fifty to sixty miles was common practice in his trade, nor seemed to tax his remarkable staying powers. By so doing, making the extra striving, spurning the canoe and choosing instead the more trying trail of snow, he reached hunting grounds where caribou were plentiful, food for dogs and family was assured, and the fur-bearing animals comparatively unmolested. He was unhampered by competition. In consequence, to the gratification of the traders and the enrichment of the Utchekat family, William would return each season from Owl river with the biggest catch of the tribe and was almost independent of the white traders' bounty and the detestable system of "debt."

I have told how he arrived at our place one winter's day, mid-afternoon, when the early setting northern sun was sinking behind the western spruces. Come all the way since the morning fire from that sixty-mile distant Owl river camp, carrying nothing but the snowshoes hanging on his back. And, after a mug of scalding tea and a raisin-studded bannock, jogged on to his own cold, lonely house, a mile farther up the river. And how, resting there only overnight, he had, hours before daybreak, taken up the back trail and rejoined his family before the second nightfall. One hundred and twenty miles in the two days, through bush and across barrens, only, to the best of our knowledge, to procure some little household gadget, left behind when the family first hiked north.

His long, narrow trippers' snowshoes, the juniper frames fashioned by himself with the aid of no other tools than an awl and the native crooked knife, and the mesh of caribou thongs netted by his nimble-fingered squaw, annihilated distance. He dropped in, again, some weeks later, this time accompanied by his twelve year son, Peter. He had again made the same little jaunt from the Owl, but this trip had brought dogs and toboggan along. As before, he was heading for his "house."

"When are you going to get us some more meat, William?" we asked, as he picked up his mittens and prepared to leave.

"Me go deer tomorrow," he answered.

"Where are you going to get them?" I asked. "Owl river?"

"No, not go back Owl river tomorrow. This time no plenty deer at Owl river. Go back there, me, this time," and he swung his mittened hand away from the Nelson, back in the direction of the frozen muskies. I had long wanted to get away after the caribou with this celebrated hunter of the district. Here seemed to be my longed-for opportunity. It was bitter cold, I knew it. Late December, and our thermometer registering fifty below. But shack life had grown monotonous, we needed fresh venison, and my Winchester had long been idle.

"I want to go after deer with you, William," I finally said, and eagerly awaited his answer. The Cree looked around at the faces of our little assemblage, to see if my statement were to be taken in good faith. He appeared to doubt my earnestness.

"I mean it. I'll go tomorrow with you. Are you going far? How many miles?"

"Neestanoo,—twenty," was the answer.

"Twenty? That's easy! Ten miles there, and ten miles back."

"No, twenty miles deer, twenty miles home. Go deer tomorrow, come back next day,—one camp."

The hunter watched me with twinkling eyes as I let the significance of his answer sink home. Forty miles in two days, and the days were short at that season—sunrise at nine, sunset at four! That would be fair travelling for a greenhorn on the shoes, especially so with a night out at forty degrees below. If I only had a decent pair of Cree snowshoes, instead of the broad packers we wore for travelling along the shore. William likened them to shovels; he said they were fine for clearing the snow out of an open camp. Still I was anxious to go.

"You better take me along. You'll get paid for the trip and all the meat we bring back."

"Uh, huh! All right! You come morning."

He drew out his big trade gold watch and pointed to the hour.

"All right, William, I'll be at your shack at six in the morning. Are you off now? Very well. Good bye."

It was five o'clock by the old "buzzer" on the cook's shelf when I turned out of my blankets. B-r-r-r! The shack was cold! Every nail head in the rafters showed white with the night's accumulated frost. The water in the wash bucket was a solid frozen mass. So was that in the kettle. I put a lighted match to the kindling in the big barrel stove and, pulling on some clothes, went outside for a snow bath. It was yet pitch dark and starry overhead. "Number nine" was coming up the river, its distant roar awakening the stillness of the wintry morn. This we had grown to call the bay ice, which on each incoming tide crashed and tore its way upstream, making a roar for all the world like the rumbling of a

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heavy freight train tearing along over a resonant roadbed. The frosty air quickly drove me in again and a stiff rub with a coarse towel hardened by its laundering in ice water soon restored warmth and circulation.

A pot of tea and some bacon and bannock sufficed to warm the inner man and I gathered my dunnage together for the trip. It was a simple outfit—an eiderdown quilt crammed into its bag, two extra pairs of socks and duffle, a little tea and sugar tied up in cotton handkerchiefs, in real Cree fashion, half a dozen frozen bannocks, some cooked venison, a mug and a spoon. I filled the pockets of my sheepskin coat with cartridges and, slinging the bag on my back picked up snowshoes and rifle and took the river trail for William's.

Within a quarter mile of his house the tinkling of bells and the howling of the wolf dogs warned me that the Indian's preparations were also under way. Arrived upon the ground I found him harnessing the last stubborn huskie to the long toboggan, bare except for its canvas wrapper and the bags of William and his son. Only then did I learn that the latter was to accompany us. My dunnage and rifle were quickly lashed to the sled. This is always a hurried task as the rawhide thongs, kinked and stubborn with the frost, bite and burn into numbed fingers and one cannot long leave his hands exposed. We three hastily repaired to the house and swallowed a last mouthful of strong tea, then, pulling down our caps and slipping our hands into the deerskin mitts, we left the warmth of the shack.

Peter struck out ahead on the hard wood trail that led into the spruce bush behind the clearing. A few well delivered kicks aroused the half-stupid huskies, the toboggan with a jerk creaked free from its frost anchorage, and, with William and me swinging into line behind, the dogs took up the trail.

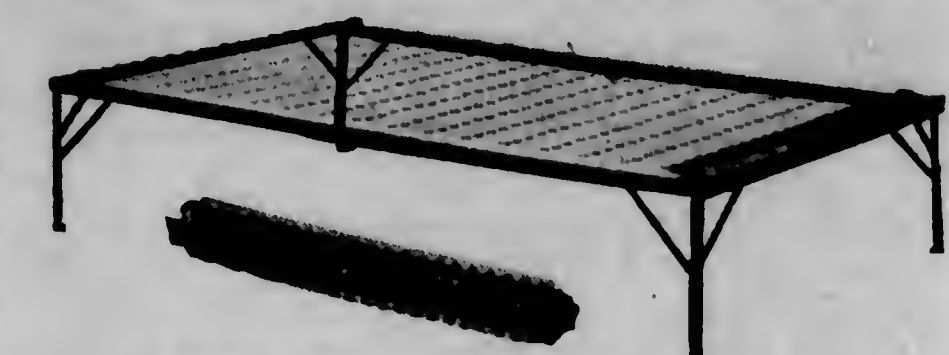
For two miles at a dog trot, snowshoes under our arms, we followed the well-beaten roadlike surface. When the top crust grew weaker and the runner's feet broke through Peter stopped to don his shoes. We did likewise, then, falling into the long snowshoer's stride, the tramp commenced in earnest.

The woods became more open, the stunted growth of spruce and juniper grouping into clumps. We were entering upon the frozen muskies. As we proceeded farther north, the clumps became more isolated, resembling islands on a lake. In the deeper snow my broad shoes overlapped the toboggan trail and at times I travelled with one foot in the rut, the other on the bank, an ordeal that soon became most fatiguing. William and Peter wore the long narrow trapper's shoe, which fitted exactly to the trail, and the older Cree, aware of the difficulties I was experiencing, broadened his stride and made tramping in his wake much easier for me.

At nine o'clock we "boiled the kettle." A little fire was built and a few boughs spread to stand upon. A mug of tea and a bannock was the fare. Peter complained of the cold on his arms and body, and the old man fasten-



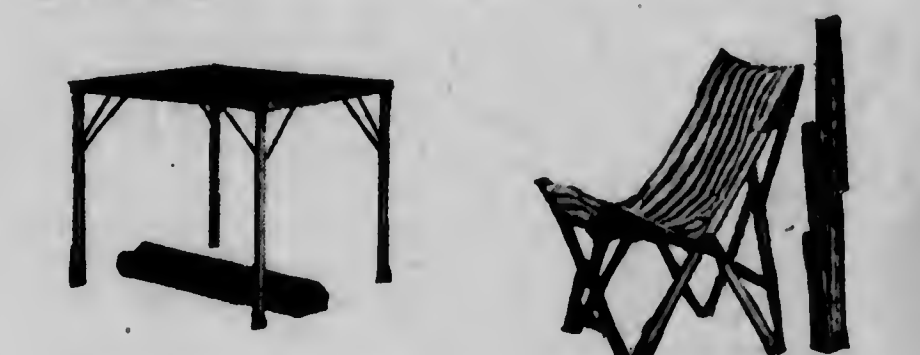
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ed a blanket into the form of a capote, cloak and hood, and fitted it about the lad—he was really but a youngster. From time to time the father had asked me if I were tired or cold. My violent efforts along the way to keep swinging one "snow shovel" ahead of the other had kept me sufficiently warm. I had my suspicions, though, that had the two Indians been alone, there would have been no fire built at that stage of the trip.

Little time was spent in filling our pipes, when the journey was resumed. The only indications of a trail that I now could see were an occasional broken twig or a lopped sapling, but they seemed sufficient landmarks for our guide. He never erred, and seldom hesitated.

Until noon the grind was kept up, when another halt, this time for lunch, was called. William informed me that a ten mile treeless plain was ahead of us and he chose this spot to stop, as there was no wood farther on until that night's camp should be reached. A more pretentious fire was kindled this time and some of my cooked venison was added to the meal. Peter still complained of the cold and of pains in his body and spent the few minutes that we rested, crouching over the blaze. I pitied the lad with all my heart and yet I knew that such hardships were more common than not, in the daily round of the Indian's life.

Lashing grub bag and kettle onto the sled, the dogs were once more roused. Their last meal had been that of the previous evening. Feed them once a day,—that was the custom—after the day's work was done.

In a quarter of an hour we came to the edge of the scrubby timber and the barren plain stretched away ahead of us. Far to the northward I could just make out the tree line, our destination, as William pointed out to me. The whole section of the country between the Nelson and the Churchill, bordering on the sea coast, one hundred and forty miles in extent, is but a succession of such bleak, wind-swept areas as I now looked forth upon, comprising alternate strips of timber and plain, the latter sometimes thirty miles in breadth, treeless and shelterless. It is these treacherous blizzard-swept muskies that make the York to Churchill winter trail one of the toughest and most dangerous in the country. It might be noted here that it was William the Utchekat who established the record time on this same trail, which by actual measurement from post to post is one hundred and eighty two miles. He covered it in four and a half days.

No marks, whatever, indicative of a road, were visible on the hard beaten snow. The old Cree now took the lead and, tightening up his sash, struck out ahead at a much faster pace. I realized that speed was urgent for, in midwinter time in the North, darkness creeps upon the traveller unawares. The dogs with the light toboggan had little difficulty in keeping on the heels of the master trail-finder, who often (Oh, so often!) broke into a long, swinging trot. Young Peter, now apparently in better spirits, ran alongside of the sled, hurling his hatchet at the leading huskie, time and again just missing the startled brute. I soon fell

far behind. With my large, clumsy shoes it was a hopeless task to keep the pace set by the Indian. He, from time to time, slackened up a little evidently to encourage me. For him it was a mere pleasure jaunt—he, who for a mere trinket would travel that same distance and farther without even turning a hair.

The distance between the toboggan and myself gradually lengthened. Occasionally William would look back, but as long as my person was visible above the horizon he kept on.

It was just dusk when the Indians reached the woods, and men and dogs disappeared within its borders. When I finally arrived at the timber line I had little difficulty in picking up the trail, for in the shelter of the bush the snow was soft and deep again. A few minutes later I stumbled on the party, engaged in making camp. Spruce boughs were lopped off and spread on a cleared space,—they comprised the carpet and couch. To windward a low shelter of felled trees was built and similar windbreaks were laid across the end. In front, forming the fourth side of the little quadrangle, a long fire was built, and the "brush" camp was complete. I helped as best I could to gather firewood, but was handicapped by not possessing an axe. As soon as the fire was well lit I crept within the radius of its warmth, and, stretching out on the boughs, exposed my stiffening limbs to the heat of the welcome blaze.

After considerable quantities of firewood had been piled close by, William and Peter, with the team, mysteriously disappeared, leaving me alone, sole occupant of the little camp. But presently my ear caught the tinkle of a bell, a sharp yelp or two, and an occasional muffled word. In ten minutes the Indian returned within the glare of the fire, the dogs behind straining with a heavy load. I painfully rose to my feet and inspected the toboggan. It was heaped up with venison! So! This was the deer hunt in which to participate I had tramped those twenty miserable miles! It had never dawned on me before that William might be going for only a load of cached meat, the result of his last hunting expedition. What a disappointment! Still my chagrin was not so great as it would have been had I been still fresh and keen after the sport. The chase would need to be exceptionally exciting that would have lured me from the fire. I was quite content with its warmth and companionship and the contemplation of the dreaded return "mush" on the morrow.

The dogs were tied up and each given a huge chunk of the coarser portion of the deer. Then William prepared our supper. I was too stiff and tired to do anything but stretch out on the spruce "feathers" and watch the operation. He chopped up part of the flanks of one of the deer, broke up the ribs with his hatchet, and, putting them into the pail, with some snow, set it on the fire. Twenty minutes of stewing on that blazing pile was enough, when he passed me the lid of the pail, heaped up with the steaming meat. A piece of bannock that had thawed out in front of the fire and was nicely browned, and a mug of strong tea, with no sugar, accompanied the

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venison. Then we fairly gorged ourselves. I have yet to have set before me a dish that will be more tasty than those stewed venison ribs. With the smattering of Cree I owned, I did my best to tell William that I had never eaten anything to equal it. He only grunted and grinned.

The supper was over. The pipes were filled. But there was little solace in the soothing weed for me that evening. A quart of liniment and a trained masseur would have brought more relief and contentment. Slumber for me that night was fitful. Aching limbs, and the mercury at thirty-eight degrees below precluded peaceful rest. Each time I woke William was either crouched over the fire, or back of the camp replenishing the stock of firewood. It was an unusual thing, I thought, to keep the fire going all night. But I pondered but little on the subject, and towards morning exhaustion overcame the cold and I slept.

At half-past four it seemed to me that I had fallen to sleep only a few minutes before I was aroused by the sound of the old Cree's axe biting into the iron-like, frozen spruce. It was rising time! But not until the crackling fire had begun to scatter the sparks across my couch, did I gather courage enough to crawl out of the quilt, and face the penetrating frosty air of the early morning.

Getting onto my feet was a most painful exertion, the over-worked muscles and cold-tautened cords bitterly complaining. But, once erect and close to the blaze, the warmth had an easing effect, and cramped limbs soon became more supple. A huddled heap of blanket and rabbitskin showed where Peter still slumbered. William was cutting up more meat for the breakfast pot. This done, he tucked the coverings about the lad and sat down to watch the simmering pail. Then I learned the reason for the all night fire.

"Peter sick, all night. No sleep me, too cold. Sit up me, all night, watch fire."

Peter had taken ill shortly after I turned in, and the father, wrapping him up in the lad's blanket, had put over him, as well, his own rabbitskin quilt. That left no covering for himself, so, to keep from freezing to death, he had spent the long, cold night moving about the camp, and tending to the fire. How such a twelve hours' vigil, in the cold and dark, a day's work already to his credit, would have told on a white man!

"Are you sleepy or tired, William?"

"No, no sleepy me," was the quiet answer. His lean, brown face broke into a smile that as much as said that what he had done was nothing unusual for a Swampy Cree. If the thought of the day's grind back to the river, after a night devoid of rest, at all troubled him, the stoical Indian features betrayed it not.

When breakfast was ready Peter was roused and he seemed to be much better. After the meal, which was a repetition of the evening one, the huskies were dragged to their harness and the back trail to the Nelson taken up. Peter led while William drove the team, assisting the struggling dogs through the deeper places by the aid of a "gee

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pole," with which he pushed on the rear of the load. Naturally, our progress across the plain was not so speedy as on the previous day. There was close on four hundred pounds of meat on the sled and the dogs were taxed to their utmost. Progress, though slower, was, however, steadier, and we stopped only once to boil the kettle. That was within a quarter of a mile of the stop where we had lunched the noon before. After my stiffened sinews had been well limbered up, I managed to hold my own, keeping close on the heels of William's shoes. About five o'clock, an hour after dark, we came onto the hard surface of the wood trail.

Off came the shoes, and Peter started forward on the run. With a yelp, the leading huskie sprang to his feet, his team mates following and the whole party, men and dogs, struck out with lightened spirits and an added vim. We covered the last two miles to the

river bank as we had travelled it the day before,—on the run. Breaking out of the woods into a little clearing, the dark silhouette of Utchekat's cabin loomed before us. A minute later we were at the door.

"I'm going home to eat and go to bed," I said to William, as he turned loose the lashings of the load. "Bring the meat to the camp in the morning."

"All right. Good bye!" he answered and gave me another of those fathomless smiles—it took the place of a white man's laugh, but not at my discomfort. I paid little heed to it, but gathered my bag and rifle from the toboggan. There were exactly the same number of shells in the magazine as when, confidently expectant and eager for the chase, I had started out the morning before. Slinging the outfit, with my "snow shovel" shoes, onto my back, I trudged the short distance down the shore to home.

Letters to the Editor

Suggests a Buck Law

Editor Rod and Gun.

In the interests of our Northern Country and in justice to those sportsmen who will not shoot a female deer, I am enclosing you an article written by Mr. George Shiras and published in the National Geographic Magazine of August, 1921.

Having hunted deer for many years and being familiar with their habits and intensely interested in their preservation I make this appeal to the huntsmen of Ontario on their behalf.

Those of us who know the deer will not dispute the fact that they are becoming more scarce every year, and the slaughter of "does" is in my humble judgment, the main cause of their depletion.

I have reason to believe that our present Government will likely take this matter up before long, but in the event that they do not pass this law before our hunting season opens on November 5th, I make this appeal to all huntsmen in Ontario:

Protect our does.

Refuse positively to allow one to be shot in your camp.

This will do more for your territory than anything else can do, and will tend to preserve the hunting of deer for many future days.

A. F. Zimmerman.

Hamilton, Ont.

The article referred to follows:

PARAGRAPH REGARDING THE "KILLING OF DOES"—Page 146

"Ten Does will have 1,510 descendants in 10 years.

The white-tail is the one big-game animal whose perpetuation means more to the sportsmen of the entire country than any other animal.

The first and foremost necessity is

a buck law to protect the females and fawns in every State containing any antlered animal. Just let it be understood that when a buck is shot the number for the following year is lessened by only one, whereas he who kills a young doe destroys, by a single shot, potentially 151 bucks and 151 does. For it has been shown, upon a strictly scientific basis and by accurate mathematical calculation, that a doe and her descendants in a period of ten years, not counting out the natural casualties, will produce a total of 302 deer, and by the death of this ancestral mother the link is broken, with the irrevocable loss stated.

The same proportion holds true with a larger number, for ten does and their descendants will produce 1,510 bucks and 1,510 does, showing that when the female is protected more deer can be killed each year, besides leaving an increased number in the woods.

Such a result is not, after all, mysterious, if we keep in mind the methods of reproduction applicable to domestic animals; for if a farmer had as many bulls as cows, as many roosters as hens, and killed them indiscriminately of sex, he would, of course, be classed as demerited.

Just because our wild animals bear their young in remote thickets, we seem to think their maintenance is based upon a different method, and go on killing the females year in and out under the blind assumption that it can make no particular difference in the future supply, whereas, it represents the difference between extinction and perpetuation."

The Deer Season

Editor Rod and Gun.

I would like a little space in your valuable paper to express my views on the season for shooting deer.

Creek

1852-1924

REPORT
OF
THE SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR,

IN RELATION

To a liquidated balance due the Creek Indians for losses during the last war with Great Britain.

JUNE 19, 1852.

Laid upon the table, and ordered to be printed.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
June 18, 1852.

SIR: I have the honor to communicate to the Senate herewith, a letter from the Commissioner of Indian Affairs dated the 17th instant, enclosing explanations in regard to the item of \$110,417 90, which was embraced in the estimates from this department, for "liquidated balance found due the Creek Indians for losses sustained during the last war with Great Britain."

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

ALEX. H. H. STUART.

Secretary.

Hon. WILLIAM R. KING,

President of the Senate, pro tempore.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
OFFICE INDIAN AFFAIRS,
June 17, 1852.

SIR: The last annual estimates of the department embraced an item of \$110,417 90 for payment of balance of a liquidated claim for losses suffered in 1813-'14 by the friendly Creek Indians, who acted as the allies of the United States during the difficulties with a portion of that tribe known as the "Red Stick War."

From the proceedings in Congress upon this claim, further information in relation to it seems to be important, in order that its merits and the obligations of the government in respect to it may be clearly understood. I therefore submit a full and lucid statement on the subject furnished me by the agent for the Creeks, and respectfully suggest its transmission for the information of Congress.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

L. LEA, *Commissioner.*

Hon. A. H. H. STUART,

Secretary of the Interior.

Claims of certain Creek Indians for spoliations and losses during the hostilities with a portion of that tribe in 1813 and 1814, commonly known as the "red-stick war."

These claims, though of long standing, are shown by the published records of the government and by unquestionable facts, to be valid and just. They rest upon explicit promises, and upon the strongest principles of right and justice. A portion of them have long since been paid, and the balance remain as unliquidated and valid demands against the government. They have never been abandoned, but, on the contrary, have been repeatedly urged and their payment insisted on by the Indians. The Executive Department of the government recognizes their justice; and their non-payment is only to be accounted for by the fact that they have never, until recently, been properly explained and submitted to Congress. This was done for the first time in the report of the head of the Indian bureau to the Senate committee on Indian affairs, dated May 10, 1850. (See annual report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs for 1851, page 311.) That report, though conclusive as to the justice of the claims and the obligation to pay them, does not, however, fully set forth their merits and the facts and circumstances upon which they rest.

The sanguinary hostilities with a portion of the Creek Indians in the years 1813 and 1814, and the causes which led thereto, form a part of the published history of the country. (See Pickett's History of Alabama, vol. ii. chap. 31, and American State Papers on Indian Affairs, vol. i. pages 836 to 860.) Considering the provocations and the influences operating upon the Indians, it is only remarkable that the whole tribe did not combine and engage in hostilities against the United States. But fortunately for the government, then engaged in a war with a foreign power, and for the people in that section of the country, a large portion maintained their allegiance to the United States and remained friendly. They did all in their power to restrain and control their disaffected brethren, and when this could not be done, they joined the forces of the United States and fought gallantly against their own people, and were greatly instrumental in subduing and bringing them to terms. In consequence of the course which they thus pursued, they were greatly harassed and injured by the hostile Indians. Their houses, fences and crops were burnt and destroyed, and their cattle and other stock killed and driven off. Whole towns and settlements were swept off and destroyed by their infuriated brethren; while they also suffered injury to some extent by portions of their property being taken for the use of the troops. Notwithstanding all this they preserved their good faith, fully participated in all the dangers and sacrifices of the war, and freely shed their blood in battle along with their white brethren. For the losses which they sustained by the depredations and spoliations committed upon their property by the hostile Indians, they were promised indemnity by the authorities of the government.

The Secretary of War, in a letter of March 17, 1814, to General Pinckney, commanding the troops operating against the hostile Creeks, instructing him in relation to the terms upon which peace would be granted to them, prescribed among other things that they should be required to relinquish to the United States as much of their portion of the Creek territory

as would be an equivalent for the expenses of the war, &c. In further instructions of the 20th of the same month to same officer, he stated: "That the proposed treaty with the Creeks should take a form altogether military, and be in the nature of a capitulation; in which case the whole authority of making and concluding the terms will rest with you exclusively. In this transaction, should it take place, Colonel Hawkins, as agent, may be usefully employed."

Accordingly, General Pinckney employed Colonel Hawkins, the government agent for the Creeks, to make known to them the terms upon which peace would be granted; among which was, that "the United States will retain so much of the conquered territory as may appear to the government thereof to be a just indemnity for the expenses of the war, and as a restitution for the injuries sustained by its citizens, and the friendly Creek Indians." He was instructed to "communicate these terms to the friendly Indians, and enjoin them, in the prosecution of the war against such as may continue hostile, to abstain carefully from injuring those who may be returning with the intention of making their submission. You may likewise inform them that the United States will not forget their fidelity, but in the arrangement which may be made of the lands to be retained as indemnity, their claim will be respected; and such of their chiefs as have distinguished themselves by their exertions and valor in the common cause will also receive a remuneration in the ceded lands, in such manner as the government may direct." Colonel Hawkins, in a report to the Secretary of War of August 1, 1815, states: "That as soon as the terms of peace were offered, as expressed in the letter referred to, [General Pinckney's letter to him, above quoted,] I took measures to explain them literally to the friendly Indians, and through them and the prisoners in our possession to the hostiles, who had fled or were flying to Pensacola."

The United States thus clearly and unequivocally, through its authorized officers, promised the friendly Creek Indians:

- 1st. That their losses should be included as a part of the indemnity for which lands would be taken from the hostile Indians; and,
- 2d. That in selecting or taking those lands, the territorial claims, or rights of the friendly Indians, should be respected.

In the mean time General Jackson succeeded General Pinckney in command, and was instructed to consummate the arrangements committed to that officer.

The war ended with the treaty or capitulation of Fort Jackson, of August 9, 1814, the terms of which were dictated by General Jackson, and which both the friendly and hostile Indians were required to sign.

Though acting under the instructions given to General Pinckney, a copy of which had been furnished him by the War Department, General Jackson, from supposed want of authority, did not make any provision in the above instrument for the losses sustained by the friendly Indians; nor did he respect their territorial rights. Besides taking all or nearly all of the lands of the hostile Indians, amounting to from seven to nine millions of acres, he included also about eight millions of the territory of the friendly Indians, for which they have never received any compensation whatever.

As to the extent of territory taken from the friendly Indians, and the injustice thereby done to them, (see report of Colonel Hawkins to the Secretary of War, of August 18, 1815; State Papers, Indian Affairs, vol. ii. page 493.

They remonstrated against the arrangement thus required of them, and urged the recognition of the promises made by General Pinckney; but, as stated, General Jackson refused to do this in the treaty or capitulation, claiming that these promises should constitute part and parcel of the treaty. The friendly Indians finally consented to sign it, only on condition that an authenticated copy of General Pinckney's letter containing the promises, should be sent on therewith to the President of the United States, saying, "We rely on the justice of the United States to cause justice to be done to us." General Jackson complied with that condition as follows:

"The following is a transcript of a letter from General Thomas Pinckney to Colonel Benjamin Hawkins which, pursuant to the requisition of the chiefs and warriors of the Creek nation, I direct to be sent to the President of the United States, duly certified, upon the suggestion to the said chiefs that my powers do not extend to embrace, by treaty or capitulation, the promises contained therein.

"ANDREW JACKSON,
"Major General Commanding."

The treaty or capitulation was ratified February 16, 1815, and on the 12th July following, the Secretary of War wrote to the agent for the Creeks, Col. Hawkins, as follows:

"I am directed by the President to request that you will report to this department, as soon as practicable, your opinions on the following points:

"1. As to the nature and extent of the indemnity which the friendly chiefs claim, in consequence of the letter addressed by General Pinckney on the 23d April, 1814.

"2. How far the government ought, from motives of justice or policy, to yield to their claims.

"3. Whether indemnity ought to be made to them by restoring a part of the ceded land, or by an additional annuity, or by giving them a certain fixed sum in money or goods.

"4. Whether these compensations (of whatever nature they may be) should be confined entirely to the friendly chiefs."

Colonel Hawkins reported August 18th, that he had no data upon which to calculate as to the extent of the claims for the individual losses; part of the vouchers having been taken by General Jackson's secretary, and the remainder had been "given to the assistant agent at Coweta." In regard to the claim on account of the lands of the friendly Indians, included in the cession exacted by the treaty, he expressed the opinion that "at the time of drawing the lines for the treaty, sixty thousand dollars would have been received as an equivalent." He further stated that justice was on the side of the Indians; that policy required "a strict fulfillment of the expectations of the chiefs;" and he gave his opinion as to the manner in which the claims should be adjusted and settled. On the 9th of the same month, the Secretary of War instructed him that it was the wish of the President that he should proceed to the liquidation of the claims of the friendly Indians, on the principles of General Pinckney's letter and his own. On the 1st of April, 1816, Colonel Hawkins accordingly transmitted a report "on the claims of the friendly Indians, for losses sustained by them in their civil war, agreeably to the terms of peace offered by Major General Pinckney, 23d April, 1814, and the preliminaries of the treaty of Fort Jackson, of

August following." He stated that from the peculiar situation of affairs, the report was imperfect; and could not be otherwise till all the hunters came in. The aggregate of the claims presented, up to that time, was \$108,415 12½. The amount favorably reported upon was \$78,360 75. He estimated that the whole amount of the just claims would not exceed one hundred thousand dollars. Upon this partial and incomplete report, Congress, on the 3d March, 1817, appropriated eighty-five thousand dollars to be paid to the friendly Creek Indians, whose property was destroyed by the hostile Creek Indians in the late war, in fair and just proportion to the losses which they have severally sustained from said Indians. Colonel Hawkins having died, David B. Mitchell was appointed in his place.

In the Secretary of War's instructions to him of March 20, 1817, respecting the payment of this money, he was told that it would be proper to pay the claimants mentioned in Col. Hawkins' estimate, "only a portion of their claims at present, as it is probable there may be other claimants entitled to the benefits of the law who are not mentioned in the list furnished by Col. Hawkins, therefore a final distribution of the money should not take place until the whole amount of claims are ascertained." Accordingly, Mr. Mitchell proceeded to complete the investigation of the claims, and paid over the amount appropriated by Congress to the several claimants *pro rata*, according to his instructions. He made a detailed report, showing the names of the claimants, the amount of their claims as ascertained and liquidated, and what was paid thereon. From this report it appears that the amount received by each claimant was only about two-fifths of that ascertained to be due to him. A concise statement was also furnished by Agent Mitchell, showing the general result of the investigation and payment, as follows:

Amounts liquidated for upper towns at Fort	
Hawkins, in July, 1817-----	\$77,572 50
Deduct this amount, paid at the same time-----	31,029 00
	<hr/> \$46,543 50
Amounts liquidated for Lower towns, at Fort	
Hawkins, in July, 1817-----	29,775 00
Deduct this amount, paid at the same time-----	11,910 00
	<hr/> 17,865 00
Miscellaneous claims liquidated at Fort Hawkins,	
in July, 1817-----	27,157 00
Deduct this amount, paid at the same time-----	10,862 00
	<hr/> 16,295 00
Amount liquidated at the agency, 1818-----	
Deduct this amount, paid to these claims-----	49,524 00
	<hr/> 19,809 60
	<hr/> 29,714 40
Whole balance due-----	<hr/> 110,417 90

After a careful investigation, as shown by the report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs before referred to, the executive branch of the government has acknowledged the justice of these claims, and, in its estimates, asked an appropriation of the above amount to enable it to meet the continued and pressing demands of the Indians for their payment. Every con-

sideration of equity, justice and good faith, requires that the appropriation be made without further delay. The facts and circumstances upon which the claims rest, as shown by the documents on file in the Indian Department and in the published archives of Congress, may be briefly summed up as follows:

1. The Creek Indians who remained friendly, and acted as the allies of the United States in the contest referred to, were promised restitution or indemnity for the losses they sustained by the destruction of their property by the hostile Indians.

2. This indemnity was to be, and was secured by the quantity of lands taken by the government from the hostile Creeks.

3. Though General Jackson refused to incorporate the above promise in the treaty or capitulation, the Indians considered it part and parcel thereof, and agreed to sign that instrument only on condition of the letter of General Pinckney, containing the promise, being sent on with the treaty to the President, which General Jackson had done.

4. The President becoming satisfied of the obligation of the government to pay these claims, caused the agent, Colonel Hawkins, to be instructed by the Secretary of War to investigate and liquidate them.

5. On a partial and incomplete report of said agent, Congress appropriated the sum of eighty-five thousand dollars in part payment of the claims, which the Secretary of War directed to be paid *pro rata* to the claimants.

6. The former agent having died, his successor, in accordance with instructions from the War Department, completed the investigation and liquidation of all the claims, and paid the eighty-five thousand dollars accordingly.

7. The final report of that agent shows that that sum fell short of the whole amount of the claims as ascertained and liquidated, \$110,417 90. Aside from their manifest justice and equity, additional obligations upon the government to pay these claims without further delay, are found in the following facts:

1. Contrary to the clear and definite understanding with the friendly Indians, about eight millions of acres of their territory, besides what was taken from the hostile Indians, was wrested from them by the treaty of Fort Jackson, without any compensation whatever.

2. In the treaty with the Creeks of January, 1821, the United States required them to agree to pay two hundred and fifty thousand dollars out of the consideration allowed them for the lands thereby ceded, on account of the claims of the citizens of Georgia for depredations and injuries committed by the Creeks prior to the act of 1802 regulating trade and intercourse with the Indian tribes, after which time, by that law, all such claims were payable out of the Indian annuities.

3. In February, 1825, the government induced a portion of the Creek Indians, headed by General William McIntosh, to enter into a treaty, which was unsatisfactory to the majority of the tribe. Serious difficulties ensued; McIntosh was killed, and loss and injury sustained by his followers. The United States was compelled to abrogate the treaty, and in consideration of the losses sustained by the McIntosh party in consequence of their having been instrumental in making it, the United States agreed to pay the sum of one hundred thousand dollars.

The government having acknowledged the obligation to pay those who thus suffered, and having compelled the Creeks to make good all the de-

predations and injuries committed by them on white persons, there would seem to be an obligation of the strongest character to pay these claims for losses suffered in consequence of the claimants having preserved their faith with the government, and acted as its allies in the serious and bloody contest with their brethren in 1813-14.

PHILIP H. RAIFORD,
U. S. Agent for the Creek Indians.

WASHINGTON CITY, June 15, 1852.

LETTER
FROM THE
ACTING SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR,
TRANSMITTING

Copy of a communication from the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, relative to a survey of the line dividing the Creek ceded lands from the Creek reservation, and recommending legislation to authorize negotiations with the Creek Indians for the cession of a portion of their reservation occupied by friendly Indians.

DECEMBER 18, 1872.—Ordered to be printed, to accompany bill S. 1274.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
Washington, D. C., December 17, 1872.

SIR: I have the honor to transmit herewith a copy of a communication, dated the 7th instant, from the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, inviting the attention of this Department to a recent survey of the line dividing the Creek ceded lands, upon which the Sac and Fox and the Seminole Indians have reservations, from the Creek reservation, as provided for by the eighth article of the treaty with the Creeks of 14th June, 1866, (Stats., vol. 14, p. 785.)

An examination of the field-notes and plats of said survey, which has been approved, discloses the fact that the line above referred to divides the reservations of the Seminoles and the Sacs and Foxes, leaving extensive improvements east of said line, and, consequently, within the Creek country.

In view of the facts stated, it is recommended that legislation be had authorizing negotiations with the Creek Indians for the purchase of that portion of the reservations of the Seminoles and Sacs and Foxes thrown, by the survey, into the Creek reserve.

I have therefore prepared, and herewith transmit, a draught of an act to authorize the Secretary of the Interior to negotiate with the Creek Indians for the cession of a portion of their reservation occupied by friendly Indians, and respectfully commend it to the favorable consideration of Congress, to the end that the Government may be enabled to execute the existing treaty stipulations with the Indians interested.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

B. R. COWEN,
Acting Secretary.

The CHAIRMAN

Committee on Indian Affairs, United States Senate.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
OFFICE OF INDIAN AFFAIRS,
Washington, D. C., December 7, 1872.

SIR: I have the honor to invite the attention of the Department to the following, viz:

By the third article of the treaty concluded with the Creek Indians June 14, 1866, (U. S. Stats. at Large, vol. 14, p. 785,) said Indians cede to the United States for the settlement of friendly Indians and freed-men the west half of their entire domain, to be divided by a line running north and south.

In consideration of the cession made by the third article of the treaty concluded with the Seminole Indians March 21, 1866, (U. S. Stats. at Large, vol. 14, p. 755,) the United States, by said article, granted to said Indians, out of the Creek ceded lands, a reservation containing 200,000 acres.

In consideration of the improvements upon the reservation of the Sacs and Foxes of the Mississippi tribe of Indians, ceded by the first article of the treaty concluded with said Indians February 18, 1867, (U. S. Stats. at Large, vol. 15, p. 495,) the United States, by the sixth article of said treaty, granted to these Indians a reservation out of the Creek ceded lands, containing about 750 square miles.

The Seminoles and the Sacs and Foxes have settled upon their respective reservations and have made improvement thereon, not expecting to be disturbed by the survey of the line dividing the Creek ceded lands from the Creek reservation, as provided for by the eighth article of the Creek treaty of 1866, hereinbefore referred to. However, the survey has subsequently been completed, and approved by the honorable Secretary of the Interior, under date of the 5th of February last. Upon an examination of the plats and field-notes of said survey, it is found that the dividing line cuts through a portion of the reservations above referred to for the use of the Seminole and Sac and Fox Indians, leaving extensive improvements east of said line, and consequently within the Creek country.

In view of the foregoing I respectfully recommend that the matter be laid before Congress, with the request for legislation authorizing the Department to negotiate with the Creek Indians for the purchase of the lands thus thrown into the Creek reserve, to the end that the tribes who have settled down in good faith, and entered into agricultural pursuits, may not be deprived of the fruits of their industry through no fault of theirs, and, further, that the Government may be enabled thereby to carry out existing treaty-stipulations with the Indians interested.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

F. A. WALKER,
Commissioner.

The Hon. SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR.

Sept. 19, 1924

SCIENCE NEWS

THE BOILING-POINT OF CARBON

Science Service

THE boiling-point of carbon is estimated at about 8,700 degrees Fahrenheit in a recent report to the French Academy of Sciences. This extreme temperature is considerably higher than figures hitherto accepted, and is the result of determinations of the vapor pressure of carbon at various stages of white heat.

Nobody has ever seen liquid carbon. When the substance is heated intensely, it sublimates out in the form of soot long before it could melt. If it were humanly possible to imprison a mass of carbon in a closed space at ultra-white heat, no doubt a fluid state would result. However, if the recent estimate is correct, there is little chance of melting carbon, as our powerful tool the direct-current electric arc itself does not exceed 6,500 degrees Fahrenheit even at the crater of the positive carbon.

Some scientists have claimed that carbon does not vaporize at all. In other words, the black smut on the glass of an old carbon incandescent lamp was supposed to be merely dust blown out from the white hot filament. The new experiments now show that this smut is finely crystalline, and resembles the filament no more than snow resembles the ocean, its original source. Thus the carbon must have evaporated and been redeposited.

There may be a planet somewhere in the universe where water has the same aversion to the liquid state which carbon has on earth. In a world whose atmosphere is rare enough to exert a pressure of only one ounce per square inch instead of fifteen pounds, liquid water is out of the question. There might be snow, hail, ice, or even steam, depending on the weather—but never a liquid.

THE BOUNDARY LINES OF THE CREEK CONFEDERATION

Science Service

THE Bureau of American Ethnology has set for itself the task of digging up the far flung boundaries of a vanished nation—one of the most mysterious in history. This is the Creek Confederation which, in the opinion of Dr. J. Walter Fewkes, director, once embraced the territory of Florida, Georgia, Mississippi, Alabama, Arkansas, Louisiana, and possibly East Texas.

Dr. Fewkes plans to follow the trail of the ill-fated Spanish explorer, De Soto, discoverer of the Mississippi. Records left by followers of De Soto who finally escaped from the deadly tangles of the southern swamps tell of a large number of palisaded towns inhabited by a tribe with a high degree of culture. There is a possibility, Dr. Fewkes believes, that most of the trail led through the territory of the confederation.

They were mound builders and sun worshippers. Some of their pottery which has been taken from the mounds indicates an artistic and cultural development higher than any other in North America previous to the coming of the white men. Little is known of the political system

which bound the great confederation of allied tribes. Equally mysterious is their origin and their final fate. There is every indication that the confederation was in its last stages when it came under the observation of De Soto and his men.

The carvings left by the various tribes indicate a possible relationship with the Aztecs and some scholars of pre-Columbian history have jumped to the conclusion that they were a closely related people. Dr. Fewkes states that this is questionable. Even should it prove to be the case, it is doubtful whether they had attained the same degree of culture as their Mexican brethren who had the advantage of contact with the Mayas. There is evidence, however, that they were a superior people to the Six Nations. They were aggressive and warlike, as De Soto found to his sorrow.

Discoveries nearly every year indicate that the territory of the confederation was very extensive. Recent excavations in central Tennessee have brought to light the palisaded towns and sun palaces of either the same or a very similar people, constructed with a remarkable degree of engineering accuracy.

Dr. Fewkes plans to organize expeditions to dig at selected points along the supposed boundaries of the state in an effort to bear out his theory. He himself intends to return soon to the western coast of Florida where he will conduct further excavations. Gerard Fewkes, a special collaborator of the bureau, is now excavating near the site of Wilson Dam in northern Alabama. Other workers will be given directions in the near future. There is thus a possibility of unraveling one of the most mysterious chapters in American history.

THE ABSOLUTE ZERO

Science Service

Is 459 degrees below zero Fahrenheit the bottom of the thermometer scale? This question has been raised by recent calculations of Drs. Bennewitz and Simon, physicists in the University of Berlin. The peculiar habits of hydrogen at very low temperatures lead to the belief here that the substance may have a little energy left even when reduced to the so-called "absolute zero," which is 459 degrees below zero Fahrenheit. The remarkably low melting-point of hydrogen, 434 degrees below zero Fahrenheit, points to this conclusion. If such energy exists, there may be heat, and so the logical possibility of a still lower temperature.

Refractory gases like hydrogen and helium contract on cooling at a rate that would make them reach a volume of zero at 459 degrees below zero Fahrenheit, provided they did not liquefy on the way down. Thus the absolute zero has been thought by some to be the point where all heat energy and motion disappear. This view receives some support in the remarkable experiments of the noted low-temperature investigator, Kamerlingh Onnes, of Leyden, Holland. After prolonged efforts, Onnes has come within about one degree of the absolute zero, but seems to be close to a positive limit. However, no

Crow

1916-33



GAME BAG AND GUN



Forest & Stream - 1913 - June 26, 1909.

A Crow Victory.

THERE has recently come into our hands a letter which possesses so much interest as a reminder of old times in the West, that it seems worth reprinting for present day readers, less perhaps for those resident in the East, than for those who live in the prosperous and growing State of Montana.

The letter was written by a young man, who was accompanying an exploring expedition as naturalist, to his younger brothers just out of college back in the East. While lacking in detail, it yet paints a picture of incidents that in those days happened in the West not very uncommonly. The Charley Reynolds spoken of in the letter is that celebrated scout and gentleman—sometimes known as Lonesome Charley—who for some years was chief of scouts at Ft. Lincoln, Neb., and who less than a year after the date of this letter was killed by the Sioux and Cheyennes on the banks of the Little Big Horn River, when Custer's command was wiped out of existence, and Reno's suffered so severely.

At the time this letter was written Camp Baker and Fort Lewis were military posts, each garrisoned by a single company of soldiers. They are now, the one a flourishing town on Big Trout Creek, a fork of the Judith River; and the other a military reservation about forty miles east of Helena, Montana.

The letter, dated at Camp Baker, Aug. 1, 1875, reads as follows:

"While you have been slaying the woodcock right and left, and now while you are loading cartridges for the rail, I have not been idle. I have had my first regular grouse shooting. The young sharp-tailed grouse are about as large as banties, the young sage grouse as large as common hens and the young blue or dusky grouse about the size of partridges. All of them are delicious eating, and I have done what I could to keep the camp supplied with them. I suppose that in all I have killed between 75 and 100 of them, and of these not six have been shot on the ground. Of course I have missed a great deal, but on the whole, with a properly loaded gun, I think I can stop them three times out of five. I have not taken many birds as yet, owing to lack of time. I have, however, managed to take two specimens of the rare *Neocorys spragueii* and two or three of *Ægialitis asiaticus* var. *montanus*, Coues. Almost all my grouse have been killed with cartridges loaded for small birds, and I can assure you it seems somewhat absurd to see a full grown sage grouse at twenty-five yards fall to a half ounce of dust. I killed my first dusky a week or so ago. Have only got three or four skins.

"The day before we got to Camp Lewis a small party of Sioux came to that post in the evening before sunset and tried to run off the herd. Now, it so happened that there were camped near Lewis about 250 lodges of the Mountain Crows, a tribe friendly to the whites and bitterly hostile to the Sioux. As soon as they saw the hostiles they started after them.

The Sioux ran, and at dark the trail was lost, and about three-quarters of the Crows—300 in number—returned to camp. The other one hundred camped on a mountain side and sent out scouts on the highest hills to watch for the enemy. Next morning the scouts reported that the Sioux, thinking all the Crows had gone back, were returning to make another attempt on the post, and before long the main body of the Crows could see the enemy coming directly toward them. The unlucky Sioux came right up to where the Crows were ambushed and the latter fired and killed five, and then charging, killed two more before they could get into the timber. The Crows lost one man, but he was a great chief; in fact, one of their principal war chiefs. He was named Long Horse. A Sioux shot him in the side just below the ribs, the ball passing just in front of the spine and coming out at the other side. Long Horse fell, but managed to raise up again and to shoot dead the Indian that had wounded him; then he died.

"We had been about an hour in camp and Charley Reynolds and I were taking a bath in Trout Creek near the post, when we heard several shots and whoops, and as three men had been killed a few days before within a quarter of a mile where we were swimming, we crawled up the bank and looked about. We saw four Indians riding down the bluffs singing and yelping and occasionally firing a shot. Three of them were nicely dressed and had war bonnets trimmed with the tail feathers of the golden eagle; the fourth was naked and carried in one hand a pole, at the end of which dangled a bunch of long black hair. We had heard about the chase after the Sioux and saw that this must be the Crow party returning. We hurried into our clothes and soon saw the women and children coming out to meet the party. Pretty soon the procession came down the hill all dressed out in the finest war costume. They were all in black paint, and some of them had splendid bonnets reaching from their head away down to their horses' flanks. Some of them had only shirts on and their naked legs looked rather absurdly. Every now and then a warrior would pass holding a scalp on a pole and around him would be ten or a dozen others shouting and singing and firing shots in the air. The same demonstrations of triumph were indulged in when one of the captured ponies was driven by, or when one of the captured guns was held up to view. One old fellow had saved the whole head of his Sioux and had spread it out and dried it so that it was as big as a dinner plate. As he rode along he slowly twirled his pole so that the long black waving hair and the bright red fleshy side alternately appeared and disappeared.

"After all the warriors had passed and quiet had settled down on the camp, we heard from up the valley sounds of mourning, and soon saw a boy about fifteen years old leading a mule on which was the body of Long Horse wrapped in a green blanket. Behind him rode a squaw, and behind her a buck, and they alternately sang

dirges as they moved slowly along. When they reached the trading post both dismounted, and walking up to a wagon standing near, each laid one finger on the wheel, and drawing out their butcher knives, chopped them off and then remounting rode off. As they went off the squaw gashed her head with her knife again and again. Later in the day another relative chopped off two fingers at the trading post."

Am. Anthropologist
Vol. 35, No. 1, March 1933.

P. 207

A CROW INDIAN MEDICINE

The Crow Indians constantly refer to a root, isé, used for incense and as a cure for various ailments (see, e.g., R. H. Lowie, The Tobacco Society of the Crow Indians, AMNH-AP 21: 141, 1920). Some interpreters refer to it as "bear-root." Specimens of the root have been collected and deposited in the American Museum of Natural History and the Museum of Anthropology of the University of California, but did not prove sufficient for identification. Accordingly, I asked my interpreter to collect complete specimens of the plant at the proper season. Through the kindness of Dr. Frank Thone of Science Service, one of these was examined at the National Herbarium in Washington, D.C. and identified as *Leptotaenia multifida* Nutt., a member of the Carrot family.

ROBERT H. LOWIE

DISCUSSION AND CORRESPONDENCE

PROVERBIAL EXPRESSIONS AMONG THE CROW INDIANS

THE dearth, if not complete lack, of proverbs as a distinct literary category among the American Indians has been repeatedly stressed. This, however, does not imply a complete absence of proverbial sayings. As Professor Boas has pointed out in his *Primitive Art*, such traditional phrasings are found on the Northwest coast, though their number and significance in aboriginal life do not remotely approach those characteristic of, say, African Negroes.

Some fifteen years ago I recorded two comparable sayings among the Crow Indians, which, however, I never published. During a visit in the summer of 1931 I corroborated the earlier information and secured some additional statements. It seems to be not altogether unusual for a Crow to refer to some well-known traditional or mythological episode and to make a personal application. So far I have been able to record four expressions of this type, all obviously conforming to the same pattern. The first two are those recorded in identical form on an earlier field trip.

(a)

a · c dut'u · 'rək' hira' k'ara''k'uci · 'riky.

His scalp when they had taken then he ran, that he is like.

(Free translation: He is like the man who did not run away until after he had been scalped.)

This is, of course, applied to any one who is belated in his undertakings. It is said that the Crow once scalped an enemy and, on looking back after a while, saw him scurrying off.

(b)

ak'birikyuxci' dahi''kyuci'riky.

The helper poor he is like.

(He is like the poor helper.)

This is applied to one who proffers his assistance but turns out to be a bungler. I could get no light on the origin of this saying.

(c)

apa · 'ri du'tsi'k'uci'riky.

Porcupine-taker he is like.

(He is like the one who wanted to catch the porcupine.)

This applies to persons who persist in a hopeless enterprise. The reference is to an incident in the Old-Woman's-Grandchild myth, one of the most popular of Crow hero tales: a girl is lured up a tree in pursuit of a porcupine, whose master (the Sun) causes the tree to grow miraculously until it reaches the sky.

(d)

basa 'dək bire · 'citu 'k 'uci 'riky.

The turtle into the water thrown he is like

(He is like the turtle that was thrown into the water, i.e., while pretending to be afraid of it.)

This is applied to a person feigning not to like what he really craves.

This suggests that the Crow may have some knowledge of the fairly wide-spread story of Turtle's Warparty, though I never recorded it among them.

In this context may be quoted two phrases used in order to characterize an impossibility:

(a)

isa · cpi 'te tsi · 'sua ha 'tskitu · 'rək or kuruxa 'ruorək.

Cottontails their tails when they are long or when they are dragged.

(When cottontails have long tails; or drag their tails on the ground.)

(b)

ba 'tsiə a · 'pə de · 'əxdək'.

Pine leaves when they are yellow.

(When pine needles turn yellow.)

ROBERT H. LOWIE

NOTE FROM NEW GUINEA

Aliatua, Wiwiak District, New Guinea.

April 21, 1932.

We are just completing a culture of a mountain group here in the lower Torres Chelles. They have no name and we haven't decided what to call them yet. They are a very revealing people in spots, providing a final basic concept from which all the mother's brothers' curses and father's sisters' curses, etc. derive, and having articulate the attitude towards incest which Reo outlined as fundamental in his Encyclopedia article. They have taken the therapeutic measures which we recommended for Dobu and Manus—having a devil in addition to the neighbor sorcerer, and having got their dead out of the village and localized. But in other ways they are annoying: they have bits and snatches of all the rag tag and bob tail of magical and ghostly belief from the Pacific, they are somewhat like the Plains in their receptivity to strange ideas. A picture of a local native reading the Index to the Golden Bough just to see if they had missed anything, would be appropriate. They are very difficult to work, living all over the place with half a dozen garden houses, and never staying put for a week at a time. Of course this offered a new challenge in method which was interesting. The difficulties incident upon being two days over impossible mountains have been time consuming and we are going to do a coastal people next.

Sincerely yours,

MARGARET MEAD

and much new material has been gathered, which is appreciated by all students of the American Indian.

FATHER BERARD, O.F.M.

Old Man Coyote (Crow). FRANK B. LINDERMAN. (254 pp. New York: John Day Co., 1931.)

The author's *American*, a biography of the Crow chief Plenty-coups, has been reviewed in this journal (A.A., 34: 532, 1932). The present volume is a collection of tales, by no means all of which centre about the titular hero; and like its predecessor it contains material of some utility to the ethnographer.

Under his first caption, "The Bird Country," Mr. Linderman offers two quite distinct stories told by one of his informants, Cold-wind. The one explains how Old Man Coyote made the body of the pin-tail grouse from the muscle of a bull, used hairy caterpillars for its toes, the claw of a wolf for a nose, etc., and then ordered the bird to dance in the spring-time (p. 21 ff.). This has a closely similar counterpart in a section of an unpublished creation myth which I secured from Yellow-brow in 1931. The other story (p. 22 ff.) is similar to one of my printed tales (Lowie, *Myths and Traditions of the Crow Indians*, A P A M N H, 25:158 ff., 1918): a young faster declines blessings offered by the meadow-lark and other birds until the Seven Cranes promise to take him to the bird country. A significant resemblance is the lifting of the sky by means of a pipe.

The Dwarfs' Ward (Lowie, op. cit., 165, 169) appears in fundamentally similar form (Linderman, 35 ff.). There is the loss of a child strapped to a travois; his adoption by benevolent Dwarfs; the localization in Pryor Canyon; the boy's aiding the eagle in his feud with the dragon that devours his young, the monster being killed with hot rocks. The Dwarf's command that passers-by should pile up stones and shoot arrows into the rock likewise recurs. On the other hand, the tale of the Two-faced People (52 ff.) with their slave Magpie Feather who overcome and kill one group of Indians after another in gambling until conquered by a boy hero aided by Old-Man Coyote is new to me.

The Trickster tales are all true to type. As in previous Crow collections, Old-Man-Coyote is sometimes coupled with a real coyote or kit-fox (called One-Man by Mr. Linderman, Cirapé by my informants) who often gets the better of him,—stealing his roast ducks when he is caught by creaking trees (p. 81 ff.; cf. Lowie, 25), or the meat of buffalo killed in a race down a cliff (p. 91 ff., cf. Lowie, 19). The episode of the hoodwinked birds is reported (p. 99; cf. Lowie, 33). A widespread motif I cannot find in my own cycle is the duped Old Man Coyote's diving for his deceivers reflection (p. 105). "One-Man" also fools Old-Man-Coyote by making away with one paunch after another when sent for water, on the plea that some being in the water always snatches the vessel from him (p. 133). Old Man Coyote's marriage to Whirlwind-woman and his escape with the aid of rodents is common to the two collections (p. 197; Lowie, 32).

Two romantic stories (p. 139, p. 169) start with a haughty beauty who spurns all lovers, being bent on marrying a particular man. These tales correspond to my

Worms-in-his-face and Corn-Silk tales (Lowie, 119, 107). Mr. Linderman's version of the former, like mine, introduces small animal helpers to aid the heroine, the magic flight, escape to a boulder, and ultimate destruction of the wicked husband by a boy hero who keeps a mountain-lion and a bear for dogs. He and his seven brothers adopt the girl as their sister; they are attacked by an ogre woman, but the boy conquers her, and after a characteristic debate as to what they shall turn into (Linderman, 165; Lowie, 126) the brothers ascend to form the Dipper. In the other tale, the Buffalo-wife's rival is Elk-woman instead of Corn-woman (as in my version), but the testing of the buffalo-cow's husband, the race with her mother, and the winning of all buffalo by the hero are common to both variants.

Mr. Linderman's equivalent of Lodge-boy and Thrown-away—his rendering "Lodge-lining and Spring-boy" comes closer to the Crow names—is fairly orthodox in form (p. 110 ff.; cf. Lowie, 74 ff.). The same applies to his version of the Old-Woman's Grandson myth (p. 208; Lowie, 52-74), the most popular of Crow hero stories. The porcupine decoy and the Sun's taboo against shooting at meadow-larks and digging a many-stemmed big root parallel celestial episodes in my versions. The determination of the unseen child's sex by the old woman; the transformation of her red corn into black-birds, her clandestine feeding of a dragon husband, are also significant resemblances. The boy's exploits include overcoming of a bear, the pot-tilter, a sucking-monster, and the snakes. In the last-mentioned episode the snakes begin the story-telling contest,—one of the two alternatives represented in my six versions (three unprinted). Most interesting is the recording of the calf-foetus incident, which obviously is a very distinctive Crow-Hidatsa feature, though less elaborately found among the Arikara. Thereby hangs a rationalization which is thus given by the informant Plain-feather:

Never does he [Morning-Star=Old Woman's Grandson] show himself during certain moons; never until the Buffalo-calves are born on the plains does the Morning-star shine in the sky (p. 254).

This is identical with the statement of one of my narrators (Lowie, 74).

Mr. Linderman's renderings are too free to assist in a study of style; but, as the foregoing comments indicate, his variants give the general reader a conception of Crow plots and help the specialist in ascertaining tribal norms and individual deviations from it.

ROBERT H. LOWIE

Southern Paiute, a Shoshonean Language. Texts of the Kaibab Paiutes and Uintah Utes. Southern Paiute Dictionary. EDWARD SAPIR, (Proceedings of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, vol. 65, no's 1, 2, and 3.) 730 pp. 1930-1931.

At last, after many years, we have Sapir's Shoshonean material at hand. It will naturally enough supersede previous papers on Shoshonean linguistics. And when we have more material as good in both quality and quantity as we have in this volume it will be possible to know exactly what the American stocks are. The only adverse criticism I can make is one of form. Had there been more references by page

~~for a minute, looked around, waved a last
farewell to his tribe and leaped with his lover.
The angry water closed over the two.~~

~~The song commemorating the two determined
lovers, is the composition of Thurlow Lieur-
ance, who has spent a great part of his life
with the various Indian tribes in an effort to
preserve their legends and lore in music.—
Gecile Pepion in *Chomawa American*.~~

Chief Plenty Coos Gives Land to the Government

For many years it has been the dream of
Plenty Coos, chief of the Crow Tribe and Rank-
ing Chief of all Chiefs of the Tribes of the
United States to present to the Government
and "All people, both red and white," a me-
morial to the Crow Nation, which would live
forever.

Thus, he conceived the plan of presenting
40 acres of land as the Nation's Park, to be
maintained by the proceeds from a 160-acre
tract of land which is the balance of the 200
acres which comprises his old home, "on which
the snow of many winters have fallen."

The ceremonial of giving was held Tuesday,
August 8, 1928, at his home near Pryor, Mon-
tana, with his sacred mountains making a
picturesque background, and the serenity and
peace of the great out of doors pervading
everything.

General Harbord received the gift in the
name of the Government of the United States.
At this time he was also adopted into the tribe,
the Crows using their ancient and impressive
ceremony of adoption. Chief Plenty Coos, be-
stowing upon him the name, "Da Askosh
Putsich," which translated means "War Eagle,"
thus designating the general as a great war-
rior. He also presented him with a war-bon-
net and an auto-graphic portrait of himself
in war costumes.

General Harbord's gift to the renowned chief
was a beautiful American flag, a blanket, an
autographed photograph of himself taken in
uniform.

With much solemnity the old chieftain made
his presentation speech which was interpreted
by the Rev. John Frost:

"Many snows have fallen marking the years
I have lived at peace with my white neighbors.

"No red man has ever been shown so many
honors as have I. My people—the Crow
Nation—have not always been treated fairly.

Dec. 15, 1928

They hold no hate. Today, I who have been
called Chief of Chiefs, among the red men
present to all the children of our Great White
Father, this land where the snows of many
winters have fallen on my tepee.

"This park is not to be a memorial to me,
but to the Crow Nation. It is given as a token
of my friendship for all the people, both red
and white.

"The Great Spirit is good to all people, but
it seems he loves his white children most. He
has never shown my people how to do many
wonderful things his white children are doing.
He did give us patience and love of home and
children.

"Our old men have long pondered this matter
in their councils and we have now come to be-
lieve it is because we are late in finding the
true God.

"Today, one of our noblest red men, has been
chosen to represent this nation as subchief of
our Great White Father. We are proud of him.

"As the snows and moons of the coming ages
pass you will hear of many others of my race
holding places of high honor and trust.

"My people have ever been fighting men and
I believe the warriors rank highest among all
the professions. He fights for his women, his
children, and his home. Therefore, Chief War
Eagle, my heart goes out to you because you,
too, are a great warrior, who has done great
service for our country.

"On behalf of my people, I invite you into
the Crow Tribe—the highest honor within my
power.

"As as the snows of coming winters go by,
I hope you will keep in mind the needs of my
people in their struggle to be better Ameri-
cans.

"May the Great Spirit permit your moccasins
to make tracks in many snows is my prayer.
I have spoken."

Following this was General Harbord's speech
interpreted in the Crow language by the Rev.
John Frost, in which he touched upon many
things, foremost being the gift of the Great
Chief, the friendliness which has always ex-
isted between the Crow Nation and the white
people, and the changes which have taken place
within the last fifty years.

In conclusion, he added that the new gravel
highway extending from Billings to the Mon-
tana-Wyoming State line, a distance of 110
miles, was to be named "The Plenty Coos
Trail."—American Indian Journal, Billings,
Montana.

Q-b-saroka

The Redman - Oct. 1916.

Crow Indians Prove Worth as Stock Raisers:



ATO SELLS, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, has recently returned from Chicago, where he supervised the sale of thirty-four carloads out of a shipment of fifty-one cars of Indian cattle from the Crow Reservation, Montana, seventeen carloads having been sold at Omaha the day before. The Commissioner spent most of a day on horseback riding among the cattle in the pens of the stock yards discussing the cattle and prices with his commission man and the buyers.

Commissioner Sells is not only a lawyer and banker, but is also a real-thing farmer and stockman. He knows the business from every angle. In a conversation today with the newspaper men Commissioner Sells said:

"Two years ago last June, with funds derived from the sale of part of their lands, we purchased for the Crow Indians seven thousand two-year old heifers, two thousand yearling steers and three hundred and fifty bulls. Since then these cattle have been handled under my direction and the immediate supervision of Reservation Superintendent Estep and Superintendent of Livestock Willcutt, assisted by Indian stockmen and lineriders.

Two hundred and fifty-six head have heretofore been sold, but this sale was the first big shipment, when fifty-one carloads of Crow Indian cattle reached Omaha and Chicago stockyards and sold for \$97,993.42. All of these steers were range-raised and grass-fed; not a pound of corn or feed other than grass and hay ever having been fed to any of them. Including the increase of the herd, the profit of the Crow Indians on the original purchase in twenty-seven months, after paying all expenses, had been three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The first year after the purchase of these cattle, the Indians cut and stacked five thousand tons of hay to winter their herd, and last winter cut and stacked nearly seven thousand tons. The winter loss during each of these two years has been about two per cent, which is considerably less than the loss usually sustained by white cattlemen during the winters of the Northwest.

Heretofore, our conduct of the stock business among the Indians has consisted largely of upbreeding and the development of herds. Everywhere the Indians have taken great interest in their stock, both as to tribal herds and those individually owned, and the increase in number and value has been such as to insure a business man's profit. We have sold wool and mutton and some horses, but we are only now commencing to widely and substantially realize on their cattle.

These sales from the Crow Reservation are the beginning of large

sales from this and other reservations. It is the demonstration of the wisdom of the policy of utilizing the grazing lands of the reservations for the benefit of the Indians and positive indication of the responsive disposition of the Indians when given opportunity with sympathetic encouragement to do things for themselves.

About three and a half years ago I inaugurated, and have since aggressively pursued, a policy of farm and stock raising betterment among the Indians, the immediate purpose being to make them producers rather than altogether consumers. Shortly after becoming Commissioner of Indian Affairs I discovered that the agricultural and grazing lands on Indian reservations were not being utilized as they should have been; that the large part of their grazing lands were leased to white men for a minimum rental, and likewise much of the agricultural land; that the Indians were not making proper industrial progress and that their income from leased lands was much less than should have been derived either when rented or cultivated by themselves; all of which meant lack of progress and large appropriations by Congress, neither of which were in any sense satisfactory, and all demanding radical change. To remedy this condition, the Indian Office has made a vigorous and unceasing campaign with gratifying results. For example, three years ago one reservation in the Northwest had twenty-one hundred acres under plow; last year there was in cultivation by Indians on this reservation fifteen thousand acres. The advancement is not so great everywhere as there, but it is exemplary of the progress being made by the Indians as farmers on practically all of the reservations.

It cannot be expected that all Indians shall advance from plainsmen to intensive farmers in one generation, but that they are now making tremendous progress is apparent throughout the entire country, many of them being among the best and most prosperous farmers in the vicinity of their residence, frequently comparing favorably with their white neighbors. As stockmen they have been even more successful. The Indian is a natural herdsman. He loves horses and readily adapts himself to raising cattle and sheep. During the last three years the Indian Bureau has purchased with funds of the Indians (not a dollar of the amount invested being gratuity) more than two million dollars worth of cattle, horses and sheep for tribal herds and individual Indians, most of the purchases being for upbreeding stock and young stuff-heifers for breeding purposes; at the same time an industrious effort has been made to dispose of inferior male animals. Accompanying these activities there has been a corresponding reduction in the leased acreage. The carrying capacity for reservation pastures has been re-estimated, rentals increased to a fair price and round-ups and counts

carefully made to determine where lessees failed to pay for full number of stock grazed under their permits. For example, on the San Carlos Reservation in Arizona, charges to grazing permittees were advanced so that the Indians on this reservation now receive twenty-five thousand dollars annually more than at any time theretofore, and on this same reservation cattlemen have been required to pay thirty-four thousand dollars excess grazing fees. The new leases cover the count upon which this excess payment was made. Long-time sheep leases on a reservation in the Northwest which recently expired have been made to new lessees on a competitive basis for thirty-six thousand dollars annually, which previously paid sixteen thousand dollars; all of which charges and collections are entirely reasonable and fair "as between man and man" and should be equally just as between white men and Indians. While the protection of our wards is a first consideration, we have not been unmindful of the interests of the stockmen in matters of fencing, water supply, and leases sufficiently long to realize on their improvements and investment.

The result is that on several of the big Indian reservations there is now for the first time an income sufficient to relieve the Government of every dollar of administrative expense.

Pony stallions are no longer used, and the horse stock is being so rapidly improved that on many reservations the Indian-owned horses are marketed for prices almost, if not quite, equal to those raised by white ranchmen. The southwestern Indians, notably the Navajos of New Mexico and Arizona, are among the best sheep raisers in the United States. The Navajos own more than two million sheep and they are now being upbred so rapidly that buyers are eager to purchase their wool at the same price paid to white sheep men. Two years ago we purchased, with reimbursable funds, a band of sheep for the Jicarilla Indians and last year their net profit from wool alone was thirty-six hundred dollars.

Last week Frank Reed, a Crow Indian, sold a range-raised and grass-fed steer for ten and one-half dollars per hundred. This is said to be the highest price ever paid for a grass-fed steer on the Chicago market.

These conditions and achievements now exist in varying degree on all Indian reservations and among numerous individual Indians.

There is every probability that the Indian will soon become the cattle king of America, a great factor in the world's wool market and a large producer of horses.

If the Indians continue to progress as rapidly for the next ten years as they have for the past three years, they will be practically self-supporting, with corresponding reduction in appropriations."

Probably the largest collection of elk teeth in the world is in the possession of John D. Losekamp of Billings, Montana. This is no particular credit to Mr. Losekamp from a sportsman's standpoint, as the value placed upon such teeth has been the have extracted the following from a letter lately written us on the subject.

"Few people know that an ordinary elk tooth is worth from 40 to 50 cents for the ivory alone, as the fineness of an elk tooth is exceptionally remarkable. One of these teeth will stand the most delicate cutting, to a thinness of tissue paper and not break, and at the same time polish to a fineness which no other ivory in the world equals possessing 62% phosphate of lime.

"My early idea was to purchase only in large quantities. As soon as the Indians (who in those days needed money) found out that a trade with me could only be made by selling an entire dress (dresses having from 300 to 600 teeth on each) I got them to come to my way of trading, and in a short while I got hold of many dresses. Many amusing swaps were experienced, for an Indian changes his mind while the money is being counted. Many times I would have a trusted employe go out and get the gold (all Indians in those days being goldbugs) which was placed in my one hand, and when price was agreed upon I would take the dress in one hand and pass the money over with the other, which clinched the trade. Then the buck would stand by the trade, even if the squaw wailed and kicked. Squaws at all times were averse to selling their garments, beautifully ornamented as they often were, to the paleface. After the trade, Mr. Buck usually had to square himself with Mrs. Injun by buying all kinds of trifles, including blankets, etc., with the promise that as soon as the spirits would permit him he would trade for and get her another dress. And, sure enough, in a few days you would see Mrs. Squaw with even a better dress, which she would with glee show me. It was then that Mr. Buck would bemoan the great cost the "swap" with me had cost him, as he had to give some half-dozen cayuses, with other trinkets, to get the new elk tooth dress.

"And thus the swapping continued until

cause of thousands of magnificent bull elk losing their lives.

But the manner in which Mr. Losekamp obtained these teeth and an account of his trafficking with the Indians to secure them may be interesting to our readers, so we these elk tooth dresses dwindled down to less than fifty which the Crow tribe had several years ago. Since that time the teeth have been taken off by ones and twos, so that to-day many Indians come to me and buy teeth, to put with bone teeth (which many are making) and putting the two together. The innocent tourist takes his choice and pays his money. As often as not a bone tooth is selected for the real stuff.

"As early as 1885 dozens of dresses were bought from the Indians by English and French cattlemen who then lived in these regions, and who would annually on their visits home take with them these dresses filled with teeth.

"The largest dress which I purchased contained 1280 teeth, and was owned by the wife of "Plenty Cones" (lots of scalps), chief of the Crow tribe. For years my eye had rested on this valuable dress (which had fully 1000 large, fine, bull teeth). One day a trade was suggested by Mr. Plenty Cones, who became enamored of a beaver coat which I had for my personal use. He started the preliminaries of the trade by sitting in the back part of my store for hours each day, smoking pipes and cigarettes. After five days we agreed upon terms, which were that I should give him the coat and \$60 for the dress. With my former experiences at trading in mind, I got the money ready and paid the \$60, taking the dress away into hiding, as the squaw was 'red-eyed' about it. For two days she moped around, wailing, to the disgust of Mr. Plenty Cones, who was obliged to mortgage all his outfit and buy for her silk dresses, blankets, silk bandannas, beads, paints and everything her cravings asked for. He also promised her equally as good a dress—which she got in a short while, and which she delights to show me from year to year for the past twenty years (and which is not for sale)—since which time poor Plenty Cones has been 'broke'—and ever thus the ways of Mr. Injun."

Dakota

1921-26

SOME COSMOGONIC IDEAS OF THE DAKOTA

It appears that the Dakota conception of the earth and the known and unknown regions about it was somewhat as follows: The known and visible world lay all about us in every direction in four quarters, to the north, the east, the south, and the west.

In the region of the north, very far away, lay the country of the Buffalo. It was believed that there the buffalo were a nation, just as there were nations of human beings here in this region of the unknown world. It was believed that many of the buffalo nation migrated southward in winter time from that faraway unknown region of the North, across this immediate known region of human nations, toward the equally remote and mysterious region at the South, and that in summer time they returned thence again to their own homeland in the North.

It was believed that the far-away unknown region of the South was the dwelling place of light. It was said that there lay a great

570 cont. [.]

circular area, red in color. This area was called the Red Circle. It was said that from the Red Circle light streamed toward the North in a yellow band which was called the Yellow Road. Crossing the Yellow Road at right angles from the region of the East to the region of the West there lay extended a great mystic or symbolic serpent marked with bands of black and yellow. This was called the Black and Yellow Road.

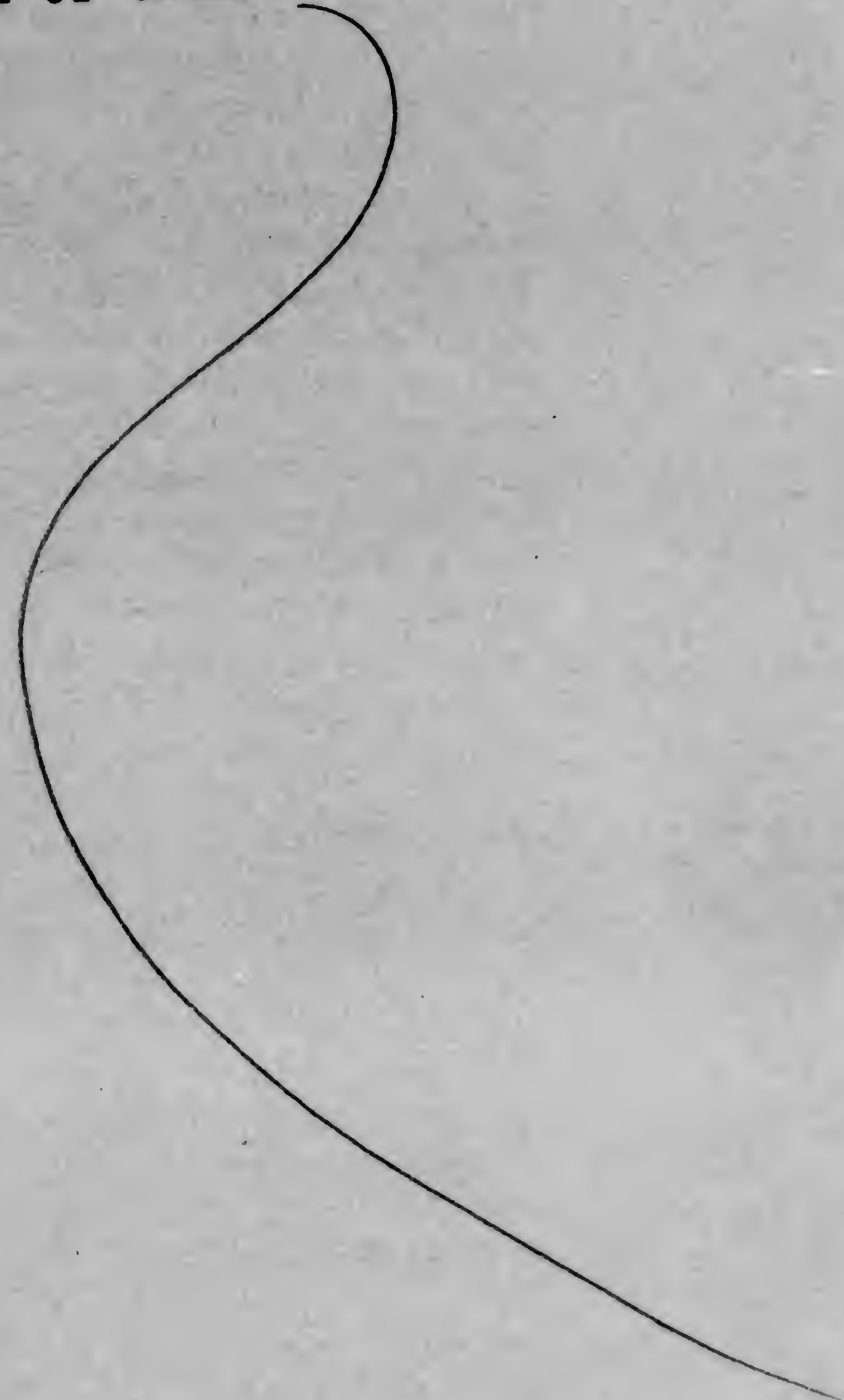
At the ultimate region of the West was the dwelling of the mysterious Thunderers. This was argued from the meteorological fact that the storms and electrical disturbances uniformly sweep across the earth from east to west in the country known to the Dakota.

At the ultimate region of the East was the realm of Evil Powers. Somewhere in the eastern region, surrounded by ocean, was an island. On this island there dwelt, besides other gods, the four gods of horses, one white, one black, one yellow, and one red.

Thus the four quarters were the dwelling

570 cont. 2)

places of different mysterious powers or gods. That is why offerings of smoke were made toward the four quarters. It was in recognition of these several mysterious powers, and in propitiation of them.



AMERICAN
ANTHROPOLOGICAL
ARCHIVES

A certain man who had dreamed of the Red Circle always wore a small red circle or hoop attached to his belt as an emblem of his mystic dream. In his dream he had a vision of a mystic buffalo from the mysterious Buffalo Land of the North headed southward, traveling on the Yellow Road toward the Red Circle, the area of light.

Mystic dreams or visions were a common source of origin of personal names. Thus, the man who had had this vision of the buffalo gave to the infant son of his sister the name *Canhdeška-wanyag-mani* in allusion to the vision which he had. This compound is made up of three words: *canhdeška* meaning hoop or circle (here alluding to the Red Circle, the area of light); *wanyag*, the act of seeing; and *mani*, the act of walking. The translation of the name might be "Seeing-walking-toward-the-circle." Of course this combination of words has no sense or meaning apart from a knowledge of the dream to which it alludes, and of the popular beliefs and the psychologic setting of the dream. Because of his dream, when he was called upon to give a name to his infant nephew, he gave the name *Canhdeška-wanyag-mani*.

The man who dreamed of the buffalo thus believed himself to be mystically affiliated with the buffalo, that he was in some mystic way, himself a buffalo. For that reason he wore the emblem of the red circle and other insignia pertaining to the buffalo. The emblem consisted of a small wooden disk painted red. To this disk was attached a down feather dyed red. Also attached all round the edge of the disk were the burrs of wild licorice (*Glycyrrhiza lepidota*). Wild licorice burrs are emblematic of the buffalo because they are considered to be an essential part of the buffalo world. They abounded in the grazing grounds of the buffalo and consequently the curly hair on the forehead of a buffalo was often matted with these burrs.

The significance of the parts of this emblematic object was this. The small red disk signified the Red Circle, the area of light in the region of the South, which was the destination of the mysterious winter migration of the buffalo. The down feather dyed red signified the shafts of light issuing from the Area of Light. The licorice burrs signified the buffalo, which in some mysterious way was drawn on its annual migration toward that mystic Red Circle.

Because the licorice burrs were so connected with the buffalo they were regarded with reverence by those who had been favored by buffalo dreams or visions, and were never treated by them with indifference. When, in walking, a man who had had a buffalo vision

found that licorice burrs had attached themselves to his clothing, he did not carelessly throw them away, but treated them with respect, saved them, and carefully put them away. Whenever he attended any public social or official function, he took some of these burrs and attached them in the hair over his forehead, thus attesting his mystic connection with the genius of the Buffalo as manifested to him by the dream which once had been granted to him.

MELVIN R. GILMORE

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF AN HIDATSA SHRINE AND THE
BELIEFS RESPECTING IT

In December, 1908, there appeared in the Memoirs of the American Anthropological Association, Volume II, Pt. 4, an account of an Hidatsa shrine which had been acquired by the Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation. At the time the account was published I was unable to form a judgment concerning the statements made, for at that time I had neither seen the shrine nor been in the country of the Hidatsa tribe, which is North Dakota. But since that time I have spent seven years in North Dakota and have become familiar with the native flora of all that region. I have also had opportunity now to examine the shrine since I have been on the staff of The Museum of the American Indian for the past three years.

From these circumstances, I have had opportunity to discover several errors in the published account, which ought to be corrected; "better late than never." Certain plants pertaining to the shrine are erroneously identified. It is obvious that if a plant is mentioned in any ceremonial or other ethnological connection, the correct identification should be made, otherwise serious misinterpretation will be made of the aboriginal philosophic thought connected with the use.

On page 281 of this Memoir, near the bottom of the page, a plant is mentioned by the popular name, "pennyroyal," and it is there said to be an aquatic plant. The fact is that the plant, dried specimens of which are found in the shrine, is not pennyroyal (*Agastache anethiodora* (Nutt.) Britton); and neither *Agastache* nor *Hedeoma* is an aquatic plant. The plant found in the shrine (*Agastache anethiodora*) has its habitat in damp, partly wooded ravines. Throughout the paper, wherever the plant is mentioned by the common name, "pennyroyal", this correction should be made, or it should be read with the understanding that it is really *Agastache* and not *Hedeoma*. Such mention will be found near the top and also near the bottom of

page 282, at the bottom of page 283, near the bottom of page 290, near the top of page 293, near the top and near the middle of page 294, in paragraph 3 on page 296, in paragraph 4 on page 297, and in paragraph 2 and paragraph 4 on page 299.

On page 284, paragraph 3, we read "Series 1 is a bag containing a bearskin with a bunch of wild turnips." Now the article to which this statement refers is a bunch of dried tipsin roots (*Psoralea esculenta*), which is not a turnip, not even a member of the Crucifer Family, but is a member of the Bean Family which has a food storage root that is edible and palatable, and was indeed one of the most important of native prairie foods, often mentioned by the early Missouri River travelers, and called *pomme blanche* or *pomme de prairie* by the French voyageurs. This same article, tipsin, is again mentioned on page 301 in line 10 and miscalled "wild turnip." In both these citations "wild turnip" should be cancelled and "tipsin" written in, with the identification by the scientific name *Psoralea esculenta*.

On page 285 there is a description of the relic pipe of the shrine. There it is stated that the pipe "is made from the central portion of a hickory log." The fact is that no hickory trees grow in the Hidatsa country nor within several hundred miles distance from it. The wood of this pipe looks like ash, which is in fact the species of wood always used for making pipestems by the Hidatsa and all other tribes in that region.

On page 308, line 21, it is stated: "The man went outdoors and pulled sage . . .". The plant to which this statement refers is not sage (*Salvia* sp.), nor any relation to it, but wild-sage, so called, (*Artemisia gnaphaloides*), which is a member of the Compositae, no relation to *Salvia*. On page 309, line 15, the same plant is again mentioned by the misnomer "sage," again on page 316, line 4.

On page 314, line 11, a plant is mentioned as "black medicine." The plant intended is the western red baneberry (*Actaea arguta* Nutt.).

A footnote on page 283 says "In one myth the wren appears as a thunderbird." My own information is not that the wren is itself one of The Thunderers, Thunderbirds, but that it is a servant or messenger of The Thunderers.

MELVIN R. GILMORE

FINAL NOTES ON THE CENTRAL ALGONQUIAN DREAM DANCE

Owing to the recent tragic death of Mr. Alanson Skinner I feel a certain delicacy in answering his new strictures (AMERICAN ANTHRO-

THE WHIRLWIND AND THE ELK IN MYTHOLOGY OF THE DAKOTA

By Clark Wissler.

Jour. Am. Folk-Lore XVIII, Oct.-Dec. 257-268, 1905.

NATIVE LIFE

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of
Friends of Our Native
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1921

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NO. 1

TABLE OF CONTENTS

History of the Society of Friends of Our Native Wild Life....	2
A Native American Dinner	3
On Killing Animals (H. G. Wells)	4
Dangers Attending the Overthrow of the Balance of Nature (Lankester)	4
Protection of Native Plants	5
Folklore Concerning Meadowlark (Melvin Randolph Gilmore)	6
Who Owns the Mountains (Van Dyke)	6
The Chickadee (Melvin Randolph Gilmore)	7
Immigration of Bird Species (Melvin Randolph Gilmore)	7

HISTORY OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS OF OUR NATIVE WILD LIFE : : :

A number of persons of Bismarck, North Dakota, together with Mr. Vernon Bailey, of the United States Biological Survey, had been considering the project of an organization which should bring together those interested in the things of the great outdoors, for exchange of ideas, and for aggregation of strength towards the accomplishment of desired purposes. So on the evening of November 24, 1919, the following seven persons met in the office of the Oscar H. Will Seed Company and organized a society with the purposes before mentioned. The original seven were George F. Will, Russell Reid, Edwin Carlson, Hugo Carlson, Lester Vetter, Cecil Burton, and Melvin R. Gilmore.

Folklore Concerning the Meadowlark

The meadowlark is a great favorite with the people of the Dakota nation. An old man of that nation was asked if his people ever used the meadowlark for food. He said they did not. When it was said that white men sometimes eat them, he said he knew that. Then, when asked why Dakotas would not eat the meadowlark, he said, "We think too much of them. They are our friends." They call the meadowlark "the bird of promise," and "the bird of many gifts," for they say it promises good things to its friends, the Dakotas. They apply words of the Dakota language to the songs of the bird. They say it calls to the people with promises and words of counsel and advice on all manner of subjects, and with words of encouragement and good cheer. One of the things which it used to sing out to the people was "Koda, pte kizhozho," i. e., "Friends, I whistle for the buffalo," that is to say, it would whistle to call the buffalo in order that its friends, the Dakotas, might supply their needs of meat and clothing.

The white people speak of the United States government as "Uncle Sam," but the people of the Dakota nation call the government "Tunkashila," which means "Grandfather." In the summer of 1908, while the United States was at war with Germany, many of the Dakotas said they heard "the bird of promise" singing "Tunkashila ohiyelo!" "Ohiyelo" means "will be victorious" or "will have victory"; so the meadowlark, "the bird of promise," was singing to them "the United States will have the victory!"

—Melvin Randolph Gilmore, July 22, 1921.

And hold of deepest worth,
Light of the sapphire skies,
Peace of the silent hills,
Shelter of the forest, comfort of the grass,
Shadows of the clouds that swiftly pass,
Music of the birds, murmur of little rills,
And after showers,
The smell of flowers,
And of the good brown earth—
And best of all along the way,
Friendship and mirth.

—Henry Van Dyke.

THE CHICKADEE

The Chickadee is a very popular bird among all the Indian tribes where it is known. They all have many stories and sayings about it. They say of it, that, though small, it is a very wise bird. It is like the wise men, the doctors and teachers among the people, who are learned in mysteries and the wonderful things of nature, who keep a calendar of the cycle of the days, months and seasons through the year by cutting marks upon a piece of wood which they have prepared for that purpose.

This wise little bird is said also to keep account of the months. It is said that "in the beginning" the task of keeping account of the months was assigned to the chickadee. But instead of making notches in a piece of wood as the wise men do, this wise bird's method is to make notches in its tongue; thus in September its tongue is single-pointed, in October it has two points, in November three, and so on until in February it is said that its tongue has six points. Then in March its tongue is again single-pointed and the count is begun again. So, it is said, the chickadee has been keeping the count of the months since the long ago, in the dim past, when the task was assigned to it in the time of beginnings, in the time when the evil powers and monsters struggled mightily to overcome the good, and to destroy mankind by sending fierce storms and heavy snowfalls and shuddering cold winds upon the face of the earth. It was thus the evil powers sought to discourage and to overcome mankind.

And so it is said that at one time the evil powers supposed that by stress of a long siege of cold and storms they had reduced mankind to famine. At this time they chose to send the chickadee as a messenger to find out the conditions and to bring back word to them.

Now when the chickadee came on his mission and appeared at the dwellings of men he was invited to enter. He was courteously given a place by the fireside to rest and warm himself. Then food was brought to him. After he had eaten and refreshed himself he was anointed with fat, which was a symbol of plenty; then he was painted with red paint, which was for a symbol of the power and mystery of life. After these ceremonies and marks of respect his hosts quietly composed themselves to give attention to whatever their visitor should have to say as to the purpose of his visit. When he had stated his mission his hosts held counsel and formulated a reply for the messenger to take back to those who had sent him. He was bidden to say to them that mankind was still living and hopeful, and they ever would be; that they could not be daunted by discouragement, nor defeated by storms and stress, nor vanquished by hunger, nor overcome by any hardships; and that there never would be a time when there should not be men upon the earth. So this is the message which the chickadee brought to the evil powers which had sought to overcome mankind.

—Melvin Randolph Gilmore.

extended in the prairie states since groves have been planted in the country, and parks and parkways in towns have been planted to trees.

In the spring of 1921 a pair of Scissor-tailed Fly-catchers nested at Lincoln, Nebraska. This bird, sometimes called "Texan Bird-of-Paradise," ranges from southern Texas to southern Kansas, and has hitherto been unknown farther north than that.

A very common bird of the valleys of the Ohio, Mississippi and lower Missouri is the Dickcissel, or Black-throated Bunting. It has not been known in the valley of the Upper Missouri River as a regular resident, although common in the valley of the James River at least as far north as the upper Pipestem and James Rivers. In the summer of 1920 Mr. Roy M. Langdon reported having seen one individual of this species in the Missouri "bottom" south of Bismarck. Now, in the summer of 1921, the Dickcissel has appeared in considerable numbers in the valley of Apple Creek, east of Bismarck, and in the valley of Burnt Creek north of Bismarck. Hence it would seem that the Dickcissel is now extending his range, moving in and settling in territory new to his species.

Eskimo

1889-31

World's Work - July 1928.
The Medical Boat on the Yukon

A Modern "Medicine Man" Visits the Alaskan Natives

JOHN W. CHAPMAN

OF CHRIST CHURCH MISSION, ANVIK, ALASKA

Each month the WORLD'S WORK receives innumerable letters from readers in distant parts of the world. One may be from a naval officer on the Yangtze; another may be from a consul in South America; a third from an American business man in the Philippines, etc. Unvariably these letters tell of the work of the world in a spot remote from America. In that informal way we received this brief article from a Protestant Episcopal clergyman in Alaska, and we are glad to print it, not only because it is readable but also because it tells what Uncle Sam does for native populations under his control. Is this imperialism?

SINCE OUR country became nursing-father to Alaska, sixty-one years ago, the Federal Government has been kind to the foundling. The list of major benefits conferred includes such items as the following:

By the establishment of executive and judicial systems, protection has been assured to life and to property.

By the Coast and Geodetic Survey, navigation has been safeguarded.

By the Geological Survey, the interests of prospectors have been served, as well as those of all explorers and travelers. Recommendations have led to the intelligent development of the mineral resources of the country, and to the favorable location of routes of travel and transportation.

A network of wireless, cable, and telegraph systems has been established.

The seal herd, which was in danger of extinction, has been protected and converted into a permanent source of revenue. The unlimited killing of fur-bearing animals has been restricted by game laws, notwithstanding the indecent operations of

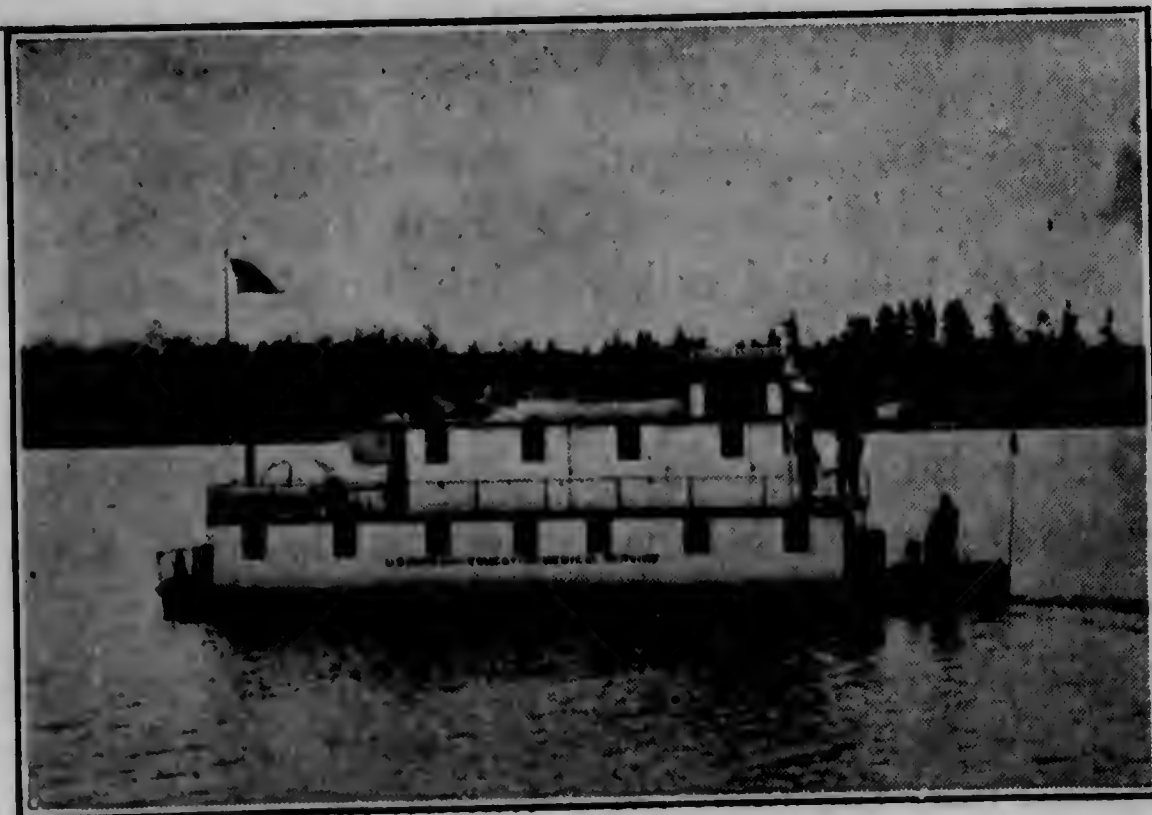
indiscriminate killers and users of poisoned bait.

The persecuted salmon has found a champion. The people of the interior rejoice over the removal of the Yukon canneries, which were a menace to the livelihoods of those dwelling inland along the river. The annual export of canned salmon is now valued at approximately \$50,000,000.

The introduction of the domestic reindeer has passed the experimental stage, and the export of reindeer meat is increasing annually.

A railroad makes the interior of the territory accessible at all seasons and facilitates the transportation of the mails. The Road Commission has furnished us with important highways and has staked out trails in remote districts.

This list might be considerably extended by reference to the work of the Biological Survey, the Department of Agriculture, and other agencies; but our immediate concern is with the medical work that is being done in the interest of the natives of





AN INDIAN MEDICINE MAN AND HIS ASSISTANTS

Before the arrival of Uncle Sam's floating clinic the native medicine men by their primitive methods promoted rather than retarded the spread of disease.

the Yukon Valley by the United States Bureau of Education, with the support of the Governor of Alaska.

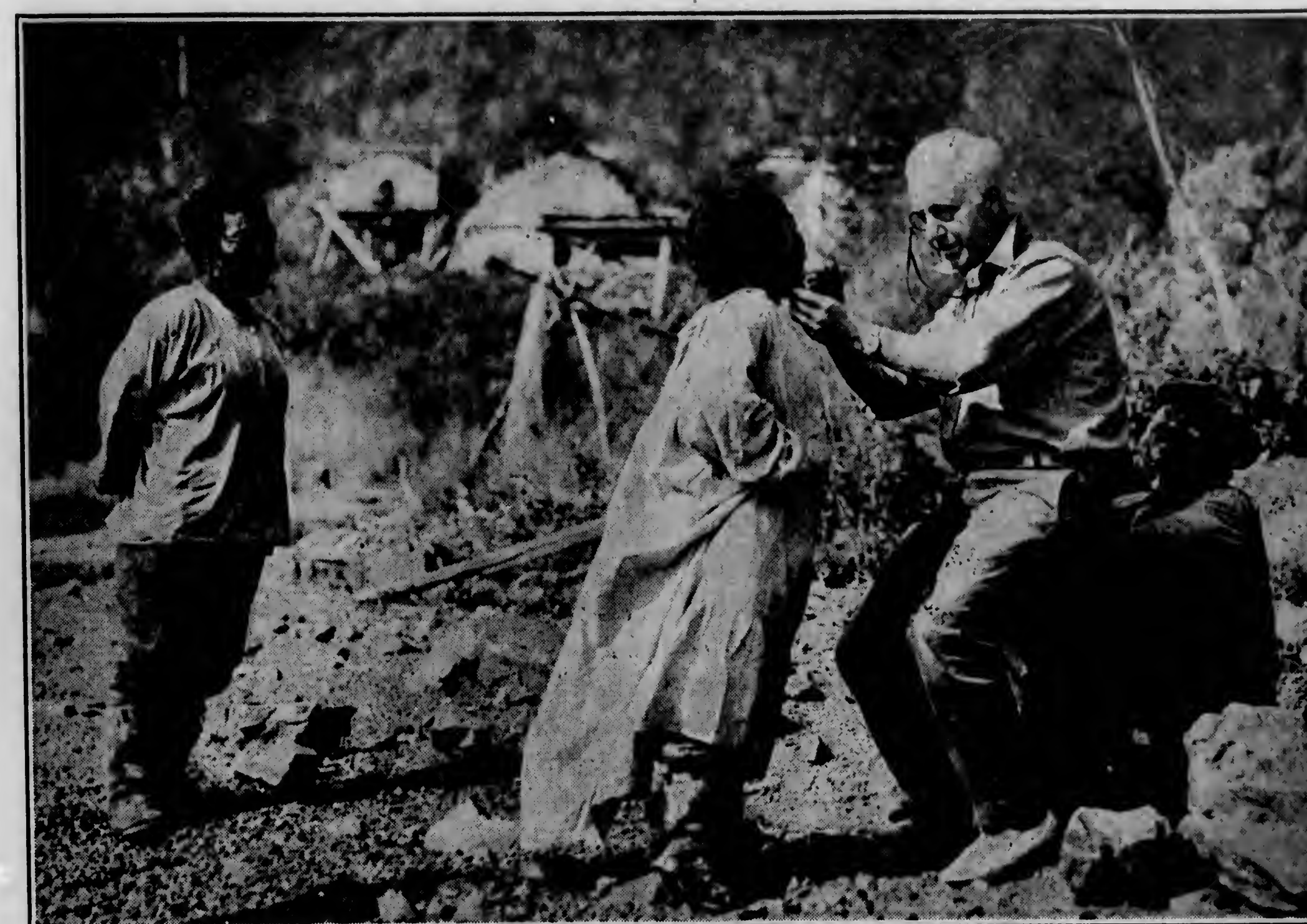
A glance at the map shows the extent of the field covered by the work. The Yukon is a mighty stream, navigable for two thousand miles. The distance from the Bering Sea to the Canadian border is about twelve hundred miles. No Alaskan town in the Yukon Valley proper has five hundred inhabitants. Certainly not more than four or five have as many as three hundred. Fort Yukon, a thousand miles from the sea, has a resident physician and a well-equipped hospital, operating under the auspices of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

Tanana, more than two hundred miles farther down the river, is on the site of an abandoned military post, Fort Gibbon. The barracks and other buildings have been taken over by the Bureau of Education, and one of these buildings has been converted into a hospital, with a physician in charge. This is a new enterprise; the equipment is incomplete and the help in-

adequate to serve so favorable a location. Tanana is situated at the junction of the Yukon and its largest tributary; and within a radius of one hundred and fifty miles there are probably a greater number of people—especially natives—than in any other section of the Yukon Valley proper, with the possible exception of the Eskimos of the Delta.

These two physicians, one at Fort Yukon and one at Tanana, are the only resident physicians on the banks of the stream that bisects the entire territory of Alaska, through which it winds for approximately eleven hundred miles—two hundred miles more than from New York to Chicago. From Tanana to the sea, approximately eight hundred miles, there is no physician. At Nulato, two hundred miles below Tanana, the Bureau of Education has a small hospital where good work has been done in the past. A nurse is stationed there and a physician will doubtless be sent when arrangements can be made.

Here and there a trained nurse may be found, either serving one of the half-dozen



AN EXAMPLE OF UNCLE SAM'S WORK IN ALASKA

Dr. Welch examines a native child, while a relative assists by turning himself into a chair for the physician. Along the Yukon and its tributaries are about 4,000 natives who have never had medical attention.

or more places where there are government schools or church missions, or living in a town as a permanent resident. A nurse serves the Roman Catholic Mission at Holy Cross, where there is an infirmary that is a credit to the station. There is also a nurse at Anvik.

All along the Yukon are scattered fishing camps, wood choppers' camps, and small communities. Some are close together; others are a hundred miles or more apart. In summer, the natives living on the smaller tributaries come down to the Yukon for the annual catch of salmon. It is now evident, perhaps, why the Bureau of Education, which has always taken a lively interest in the welfare of the natives, and to whom we owe the introduction of the reindeer, should have conceived the idea of operating a medical service boat.

There are very few of us who are able to realize from personal observation and experience the difference between the opportunities for organized medical service at the present time and those of the period before the discovery of the Klondike. Not

long ago, during an epidemic of influenza at Fort Yukon, a doctor and a nurse dropped down out of the sky. They had been summoned from a distant station by wireless a few hours before.

Nearly twenty-five years ago, diphtheria appeared in the Yukon Valley. In those days there were no airplanes and no means, such as now exist, for spreading information and establishing a quarantine. A woman suffering from a sore throat was brought to Anvik in a small boat by her husband. Within a few days deaths began. Natives who had been exposed took the infection to other villages. In all, there were more than a score of deaths. Not one of the patients saw a physician, either then or during a great epidemic of influenza that took place in 1900, or in a similar epidemic that visited the lower Yukon last year.

In the recent instance, the epidemic came at the time when, owing to the spring thaw and the breaking of the ice in the rivers, the condition of the trails was such that no communication between the re-

mote villages and the wireless stations was possible. It was ended before the rivers were open. There were nineteen deaths at Anvik and ten in the neighboring Shageluk region. The isolated communities on the lower reaches of the Yukon and Kuskokwim rivers also suffered, to what extent no one knew until the boats began to run. At Anvik and Shageluk we might have had help, had it not been for the break-down of the motor-generator of an amateur radio station, which had kept us in communication with the world at large until within about a month before the epidemic. We were as effectually cut off as we had been before men had begun to fly and to send signals through the air.

Steam, gasoline, aeronautics, wireless communication—what inspiration for new enterprises there is, in the light of past success! Many years ago, during the era of steam, a boy was brought to us suffering from a gun-shot wound. He had been hunting geese, and a charge of shot had passed through the arm, just below the shoulder, taking with it about an inch of bone. We dressed the wound as well as we could, put the ends of the bone together after we had picked out the splinters, and sent him to the military post at St. Michael, some five hundred miles distant. Fortunately for him, a steamboat came down the river just as we had finished dressing the wound and putting the arm in splints. He recovered the use of his arm and is still hunting geese.

A few years later, the Bureau of Education hospital was opened at Nulato, two hundred miles up the Yukon from us. How near it seemed; for meantime gasoline had become king. We took several patients there. One was a sawmill accident. His arm was amputated and his life was saved. Another was a white man who had been hunting with a companion and who had received a wound similar to that of the goose hunter, except that it was worse. When we dispatched him in the launch, I expected never again to see him alive, but he also reached Nulato in time, and later in the summer he was dismissed with a fair prospect of having a useful arm.

These illustrations may help those who

have never attempted to visualize existence without a doctor to understand our feelings when we heard that the Bureau of Education was about to place a medical boat upon the Yukon. We wondered what it would be like. There were rumors of a doctor and a nurse and a hospital ward, with accommodations for several patients. These, the sufferers who could not be treated locally, were to be taken to Tanana, where the old barracks had been made over into a hospital and where there was to be an industrial school and a sanitarium for the reception of tuberculous patients. It was a rosy prospect, for the tuberculous are always with us.

Finally, the *Martha Angeline* arrived. The doctor was there, and two nurses instead of one; but the boat was not so impressive as we had expected that it would be. It was well manned and well kept; but the hospital ward was mostly filled with the boat's stores, for lack of room to dispose of them elsewhere. It was reassuring to learn that all the developments that we had hoped for were in contemplation, and that efforts were being made to obtain adequate appropriations. Meantime, the *Martha Angeline* must demonstrate her usefulness and prepare the way for a more imposing successor. This she has nobly done during the first season—1927—although the program was cut short by a tragic accident.

Dr. J. W. Houston, whose reputation for successful hospital work at Juneau led to his being detailed for this particular work, had served upon the boat until he fell overboard and was drowned. In less than two months he had treated 1,400 patients and performed 155 surgical operations, mostly for the removal of adenoids and infected tonsils. Seventy-four camps and towns had been visited. The voyage began at Nenana on the Tanana River, included the lower reaches of the Tanana and the Yukon from the town of Tanana down to and including the Delta, and was to have been extended, on the return from the Delta, to cover the distance from Tanana to the Canadian line. Several major operations were awaiting the return of the boat to Tanana. Up to the time of

the accident, every sufferer along a thousand miles of waterway had been afforded the opportunity of being advised and helped by a splendidly competent physician and surgeon, who was accompanied by two qualified nurses.

If the question is asked whether the natives, for whose benefit, primarily, this enterprise has been undertaken, appreciate the opportunity that it affords them, the answer may be given unhesitatingly in the affirmative. We shall probably never know all their mental reactions, and it is certain that the ideas in which their ancestors were bred still influence them more than their friends like to admit. But it is also certain that these ideas have been greatly modified during the last two or three decades.

Their traditional methods of treating disease are known to us in part. In the early days of my acquaintance with them, I witnessed the treatment of a sick man, probably in an advanced stage of tuberculosis. He was brought into the communal house and placed in the middle of the floor. The room was a large one; the walls and the rather lofty ceiling logs were blackened with the soot of innumerable fires. The entire community was present; the men lying upon the wide shelf of thick planks that extended around the walls of the room about three and a half feet above the floor, or sitting upon it with their knees drawn up to their chins under their parkas; the women and children, dirty, unkempt, huddled together on the floor underneath this shelf. It was a strange scene. There were no high lights except those thrown by a pair of smoking oil lamps upon the pallid features of the patient and the naked form of the medicine man. This man, with his arms and his head enveloped in a squirrel-skin parka, began stamping around the room, keeping up a strange, chattering cry and a continual vibration of the parka.

I understood afterward that it was his intention to catch the evil spirit that was tormenting the man, get it into the parka, and expel it from the room. Evidently he did his best. As he went from place to place

he was encouraged by the cries of the crowd. His own exertions increased. At one time it appeared that he would be successful. The excitement became intense. His own contortions and muscular efforts were extraordinary. I wondered at his endurance. Finally he seemed to give up, withdrew his head, reeking with perspiration, from the parka, and said "*Vivän takwällal* [No use!]"

However, the people were not satisfied, and he was encouraged to undertake it again. This time the result seemed to be more in accordance with their wishes. The spirit was caught; but just how it was disposed of, I do not know. Neither do I now remember how long the patient survived the infernal din and the smoke and dust that accompanied the performance. These communal houses, or *Kashimes*, are breeding places of consumption.

A generation has passed since this "treatment" was undertaken. Meanwhile, institutions have been greatly modified. It may be that such rites are still secretly practiced. The traditions in which one grows up are hard to overcome. But one thing is certain: breaches of the old discipline are more and more frequent and of increasing significance.

Nothing is of greater importance in the eyes of the native than a successful catch of salmon. Formerly it would have been impossible to have secured the transportation of a dead body across the river at the beginning of the annual salmon run, for fear of offending, or frightening, the fish. This year it was done—notwithstanding an ineffectual protest on the part of some of the more conservative—in order to secure decent burial with Christian rites. Advice was given, but no kind of compulsion was undertaken. It must have been gratifying to those who took the risk, that two days later began the greatest run of salmon that has been known in recent years.

The minds of the present generation are therefore prepared for different methods in medical practice; and happily the results of the first trips of the medical boat were such as to inspire confidence.



Traders at a Tea Party

Scenes and life at the ancient northern stronghold of the H.B.C. are recalled to Allison, as his ship bears him once more towards the unexplored regions of sub-Arctic Canada. Memories of wolf dogs and months-old mail; strange forest-hidden characters, and unforgettable hours at trailside fires or with the fur traders of the outposts; trials of ice-ridden seas, and wintry tempests on the land; redskin warriors and history-book pioneers; all return at his call to aid in the building of his story.

Scene: The wardroom of a Survey Ship northward bound up the Labrador coast for a season's charting of Hudson Bay waters.

Time: July the 1st, and evening; blanketing fog and Arctic blasts bespeak the approach to the ice fields.

Cast: Hydrographer Allison of the Surveying Fleet, as yarnster of the evening, with his tale of the James Bay frontier.

Other characters are the rest of the Wardroom Mess.

THE PACKET! They're coming!" The cry burst upon us with the opening of the door, borne upon the wings of a sudden inrush of frost-laden air. It echoed about the little office and penetrated beyond into the trading store, where a clerk attending to the wants of a brown-skinned beardless buck and his shuffle-footed squaw, responded as to a clarion call to arms. He dropped the bale of goods, hurdled the counter, and joined the eager exit from the place.

Down between the billowy, heaped-up drifts that flanked the pathway between the store and fur depot, we hastened on the moccasin heels of him who had so rudely heralded the joyous event.

"There they are!" he triumphantly cried. "The packet! Look!" and, drawing me a few yards closer to the bank of the frost-stilled river, he pointed downstream and across the bay to the tiny speck darkening the otherwise unbroken expanse of the frozen, wind-swept sea.

Such a tiny speck to cause such a great commotion! Ay, but it was the long yearned for spark that set into flaming enthusiasm the banked-up fires of emotion that had smoldered throughout the long, weary winter months.

Where I stood, adding my share of pent-up feelings, was the first post of the great company, historic Rupert's House—pioneer fort of the "H.B.C." Surrounding us were the great silent woods, half-buried in their mantle of snow, with the low noonday sun looking down upon the oft-repeated scene; the newly-fallen snowflakes caught and returned its feeble rays in a myriad of tiny, sparkling flashes from house-top and native tepee. The spear-pointed spruces twinkled like Christmas trees.

"They'll be here by supper time," said Factor Alan Nicholson, decisively. At a more leisurely pace he had followed us to the bank. "Come back to the fire. The cold's too bitter to stand out. Ye've waited these months for the mail—you can wait a few hours longer."

Evening came—following the longest afternoon of the year. "You'll excuse us, won't you? 'Til we've read our

mail? This is our big day—the winter's event. You see, we've waited months—or is it years?—for the mail."

Waiting months for the mail packet! That is the striking note at Rupert's House, the two hundred and sixty years' old trading post in the Frozen North. Waiting, in common with its companion posts about the shores of James Bay—waiting, as is the Bay itself, the country's vanishing last frontier.

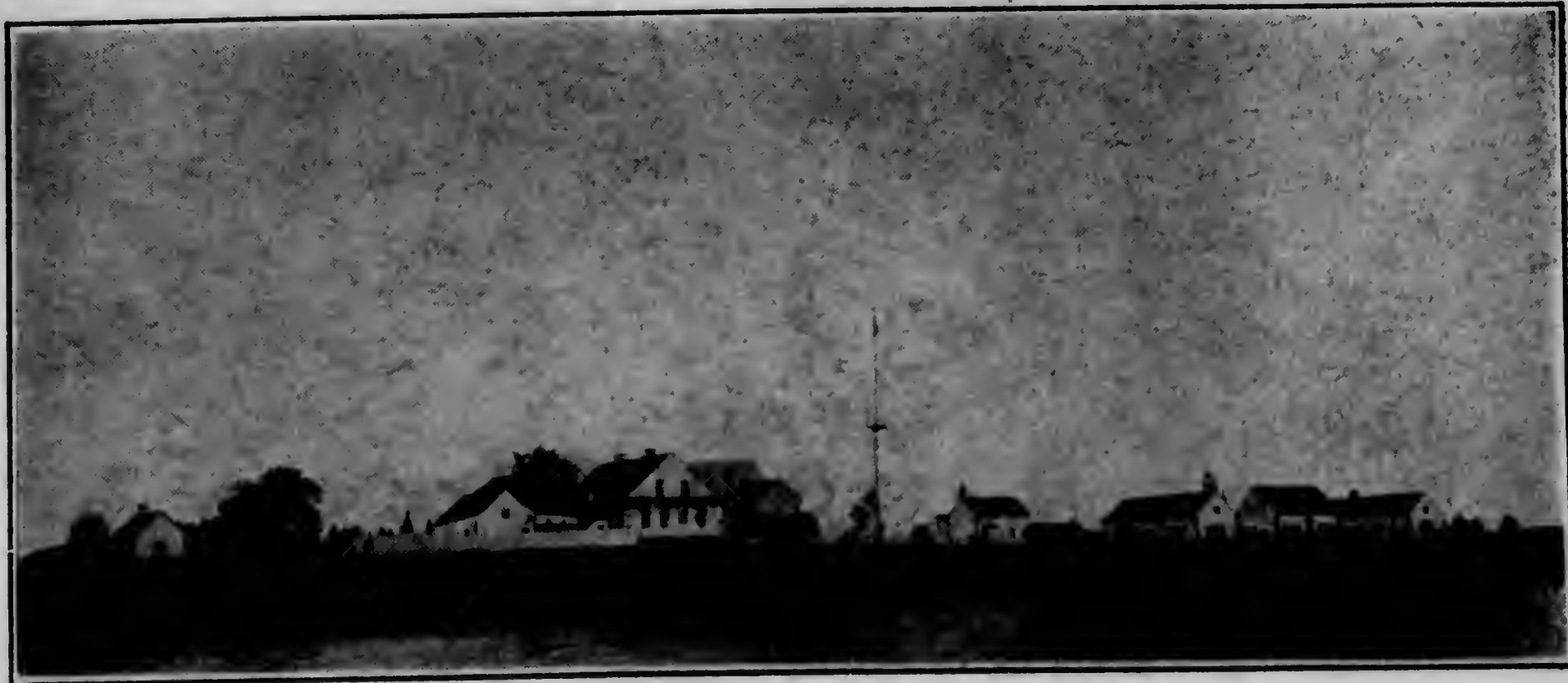
There are several ways of reaching this old outpost of barter in Prince Rupert's Land; in summer by canoe and back-breaking portages across the height of land from the various "trans-continental crossings," the "end of steel," "the line," as railhead is variously called; by native coast boat, small, cranky sailing barges built by half-breed company carpenters at Moose Factory—slow, ponderous craft that wander from island to island and up and down the east shore between the trading posts, distributing the year's allotment of trade goods and supplies that have been landed by the annual steamer at some central depot farther north. In winter you must go by dog team, down the Abittibi from the "line", to Moose, and thence

Rod & Gun in Canada—June 1929.

Rupert's Land The Vanishing

A Tale From the

Robert



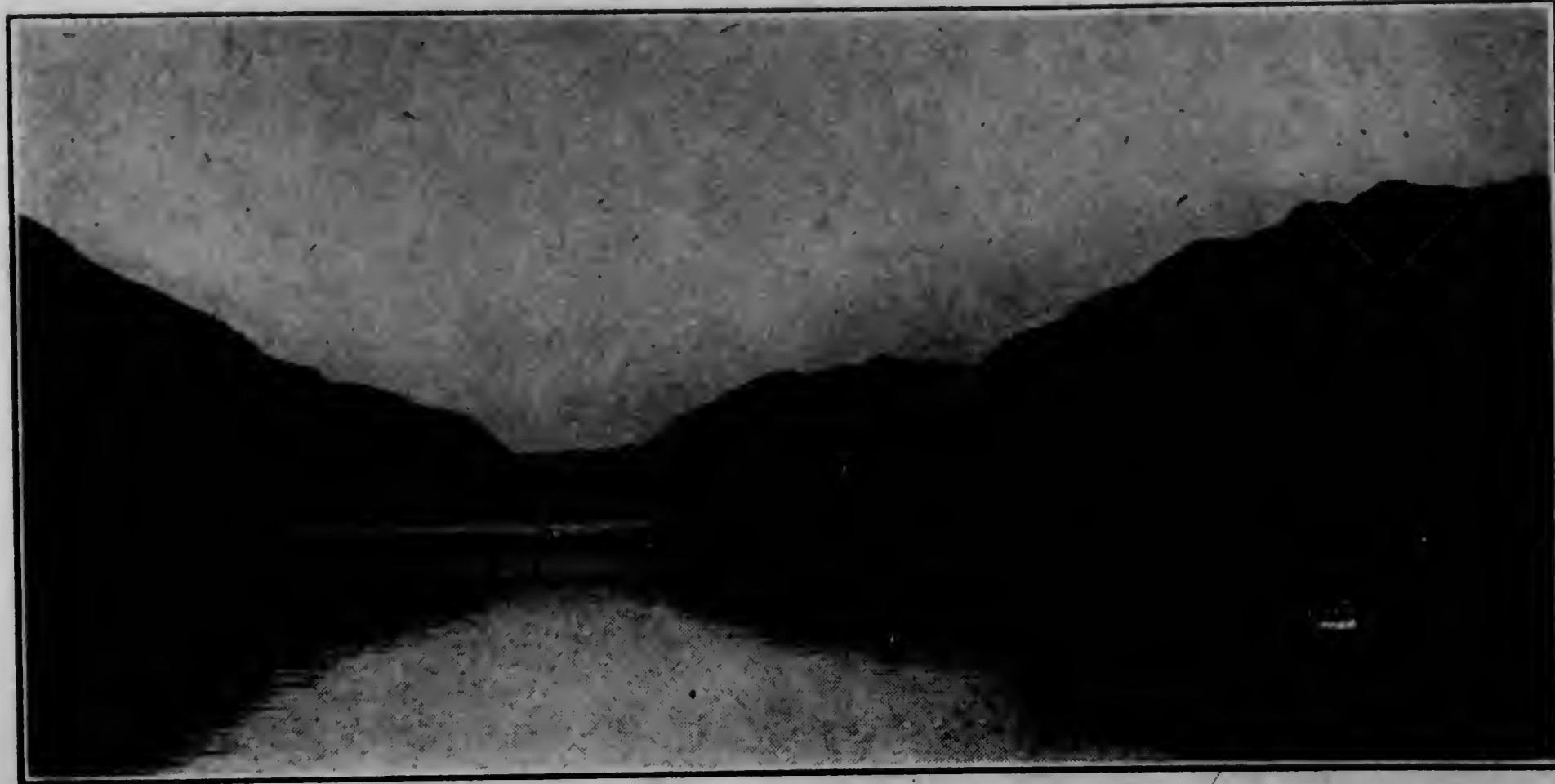
Hudson Bay Company Post of Moose Factory

caught almost 200 salmon (198) between May 26 and Sept. first. Another successful rod, Mr. S. Overton's, took 90 salmon between the 22nd of May and July the 24th. Mainly in Fishel's, Crabbes and North Branch Rivers. In Harry's River, that noted stream, Mr. E. F. Reinhart took 18 salmon between July 16th and 24th, several of which weighed 25 pounds and over.

Your old fly book will hold all the needed ones, as the regular flies, the Black Dose and the Jock Scott and Silver Doctor, Dusty Miller, etc., are of course good here, but the fishermen advise the larger hooks early in the season, from 4 up, and the smaller ones, say 7 to tens, for the later low waters. At some places you can buy flies made for that especial river.

There is but the one license in Newfoundland for all season, ten dollars and fifty cents, and for the short season 1 to 4 days, two dollars a day. All rivers are open to all men. I know that for some favourite pools the salmon fishermen write down the pools on slips and draw for them from a hat for the next day's fishing, but that is only for a few most used pools. In fact you will often be the only rod in a log-camp or tent set along some lonely river, just you and the guide. They are all great river men these, using river boats that are counterparts of the dories we Nova Scotia men use for shore fishing. This trip can be done for from five to ten to fifteen (the last figure is fairly high) dollars per day per man, depending how long you keep guides and how often you move.

There are no passports required. On the return trip tickets the regular war tax is still charged, (about \$1 to \$3) in fact the U. S. still does this.



Grey River, Newfoundland

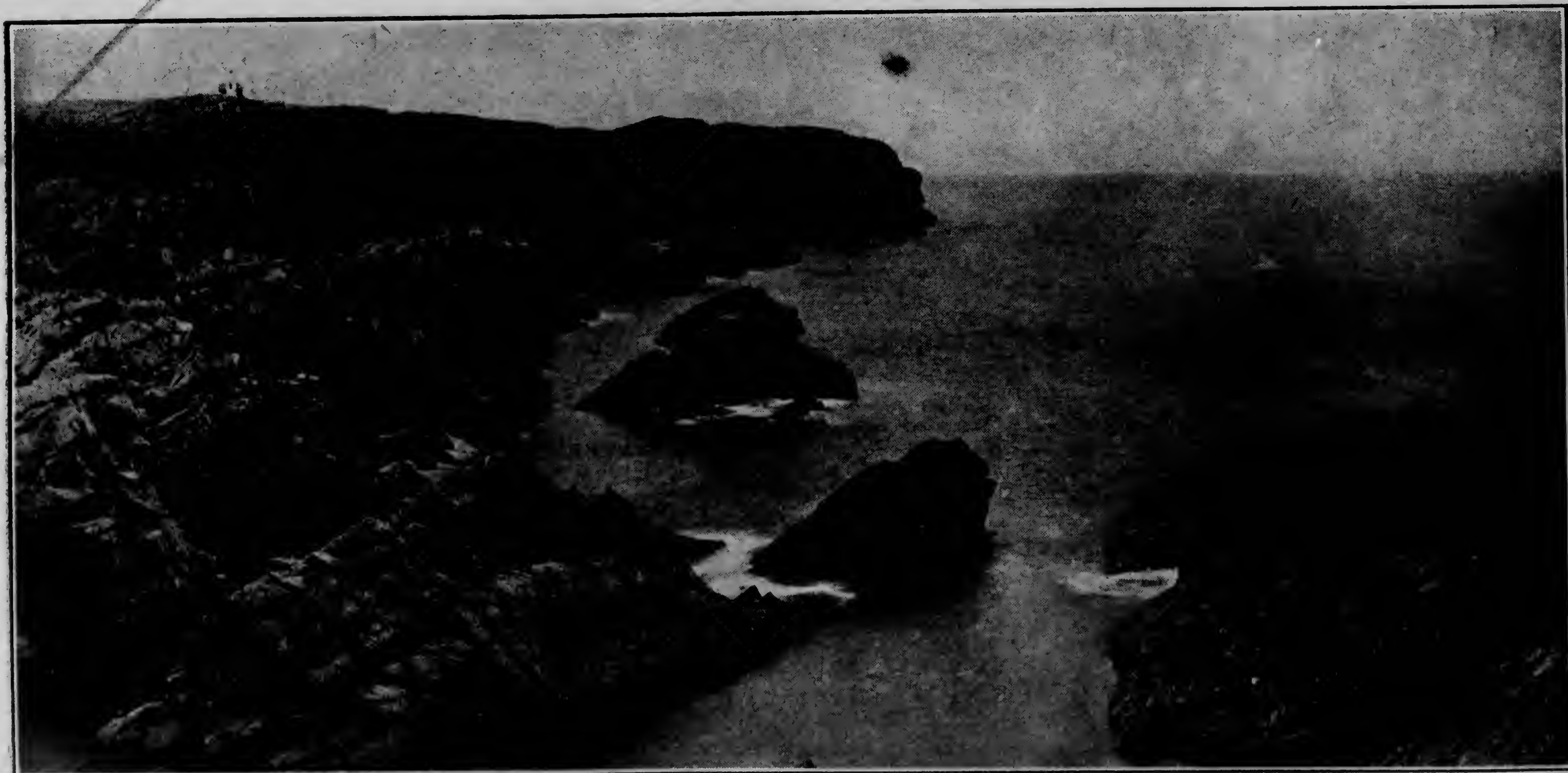
I have not heard of a single case of hay fever in Newfoundland. In fact the printed matter tells you forcibly that there is not any. Here you will be among a truly British people in the oldest Colony of our race. Scattered over the vast barrens and forested parts and along the rivers and bays are a scant quarter of a million people, forty thousand of which live in historic old St. John's. If you have any desire to see the Labrador shore a regular steamer, "Kyle," leaves here (St. John's) this year on June 10th and fortnightly thereafter, always as far north as Hopedale, but on two trips she will go right north to Nain—and you can always coast about the island (Newfoundland) in the faithful "Glencoe" and several others.

There is no change of coinage, ours goes at par, as does English and the U. S. You cannot get there too early to cast a fly as the season opens January 15th and closes September 15th. And your sportsmanship will decide just

exactly how many fish you take per day and per season.

If you camp use a sewn-in floor. I use three thicknesses of curtains for all new camping grounds. Copper wire, with cheesecloth on it is grand for the windows, and mosquito net over all will keep out the flies. "Not de ones dat bite wid de feet," as our guides say. I have not yet conquered the "no-s ee-ums," or tiny semi-invisible sandflies, met all over America. A fire outside the door is good, dope is good, lemon rubbed on is good. I hate the headnets, I have used them on N. S. rivers. Luckily the season of this pest is short. The good old mosquitoes with their radio warning are the least of our worries.

Now get your (Halifax) tourist folders and figure out a trip down here by the sea. I will be somewhere between St. John and St. John's so we will all get some fish. If you are too early at Margaree River, Cape Breton, going, try it coming back.



Cape Bonavista, Newfoundland

Land— Last Frontier

Wardroom Mess

James

across the frozen bay. This is the route of the mail packet. By such a route I first visited Rupert's House, travelling, not exactly with the packetmen, but in their wake, following, overtaking them, being overtaken in turn, arriving finally at the journey's end, almost on their tail.

"Ye think ye've had a hard trip," remarked Joe Bridgar, hoary-headed boat-builder, who, expecting nothing in the "packet", was not interested in the opening of the mail bags, the contents of which were being impatiently sorted on the factor's office floor.

"Well," replied one of our little party, a sailor, as were we all, "we were eighteen days on snowshoes gettin' down this far."

"I wants no more o' the likes o' he!" exclaimed another. His memories of a recent snow trail were still vivid, as witnessed by the tender care with which he gently shifted one frost-bitten foot to rest more comfortably across its fellow. "The lads down home, Newf'land way, are used to the bush a bit, but 'til us signed for dis trip down nort', ain't done travellin' o' dis kind for a long, long spell. Yes,

sir! From now on de sea is good enough for we."

We echoed his sentiments. That is, all but the Rupert man. "Well, maybe," was his only concession to our tale of woe. He drew silently on a dead pipe, then spoke at further length. "You would not do, then, for the packet trips," advised the boat-builder. "What you saw was only a wee bit of their jaunts—from the settlements to here. That's the way all the mail for the whole James Bay District comes. Slow and sure—if not today, perhaps tomorrow—Indians and dogs—good going, or bad—His Majesty's mail for the Bay.

"Oh, it comes all right," he continued. "After the factor and the office have done their bit of waiting. No aeroplane mail or railroad here. Don't think we'll ever have them. All this we hear of the North coming into its own—the northward march of development, passes a long way from our door. We're like the hub of a wheel here, with the country's development and settlement travelling around its rim."

The eyes of the world are on the "changeless North." That once popular, time-worn phrase is today slip-

ping unnoticed back into the limbo of forgotten things. The North is rapidly changing—changing by virtue of the insatiable appetite of man for new territories to conquer, by his pursuit of the long hidden, northland wealth of forest, mountain and sea. That region between restless railheads and the top of the world is experiencing the inevitable invasion that is made possible by the relentless penetration of railroad steel, while into the farther North, the land of lost expeditions and mysterious disappearances, the space-devouring planes go forth, heralds of newer and greater exploitation. Where the dog teams crawled for months, the birdman flits over lake and forest, measuring time by the watch, calling to his mates to follow.

Then what of the James Bay region, and old Bridgar's remarks—"no aeroplane mail or railroads here. Don't think we'll ever have them"? He answered that briefly, when he succinctly put it "travelling around its rim." The settlement, development, and subsequent further exploitation of the country have followed a circuitous route. Controlled primarily by geographical conditions, this process of penetration into the land of unestimable possibilities started in early colonial days from the eastern seaboard provinces, went west to Upper Canada then onward, northwesterly to the prairie lands; still northward into the Peace River country. For a time there it paused, took breath. Today, with a renewed impetus, it has once more gotten under way, again altering its course—almost turning about upon its own trail—and is heading in from the west to the Arctic regions and the shores of Hudson's Bay. The circle will be complete when the restless seekers of Nature's long-concealed resources turn



National costume of the North



Native decoys



Trading Vessels in the ice of James Bay

southward—homeward bound, as it were—through the unexplored heart of Ungava and the hinterland of Quebec.

And the pivoting point Bridgar's "hub of the wheel," by which this migration, in its several chronological stages, advanced from east to north, by way of the west, is the James Bay country and Rupert's House, the centuries-old starting point of the great company, the "H.B.C."

By a unique cycle of a nation's history of development, the original virginal domain of Prince Rupert, though being gradually circumscribed, rests thus far comparatively unmolested by the march of colonization. And, perhaps it has been providentially written, that where the Hudson's Bay Company "Kings" first set foot and raised their standard, shall be the last of the country's unfathomed "far beyonds."

"Some few years ago," said another of the company officials at Rupert, "we thought this old country here was bidding fair to become the metropolis

of the North. What with incorporated steamship lines, and railways coming in from all sides, there seemed no end of promises. The Clergue people started from Montreal with their North railway—then dashed up here with a shipload of spades and pickaxes to break ground for the line. The Ontario people took the hint and began to push their line beyond the "Transcontinental." Parties of all sorts and manners flocked in—by the Albany and the Moose, and down the Nottaway, and around by the Straits.

"Why, that first summer, when the government crowd came in with a big schooner, and the first gasoline boat we ever saw, to sound for harbours and make charts of the bay, dozens of others flocked on their trail. The chattering did a lot of good work and for several years later, found some good places around Rupert bay here where harbours could be made. But none across the way, at the mouth of the Moose—too shallow.

"Bird men came, too. No, not flyers—they were chaps from Pittsburgh, collecting birds, and reptiles. A Mr. Todd was one of them.

"No, the only airmen we got wind of were those Americans in the balloon who were blown away from some place in the States, and landed in the bush over near Moose.

"There were other parties looking for fish—Melville and his crowd went away up the East Main. Prospectors? Surely. Gangs of them! Mr. Flaherty was the best of them. Great chap! Put the Belcher islands on the map, and bought up all the old man's negatives. Whenever you see a picture of an Indian head, or a husky dog, hanging in a hotel lobby, ten to one it's a print off one of Factor Nicholson's negatives.

"Never saw so many ships down this way in all my life. When I went out to Charlton island at ship time—out beyond the bay here, to our main depot—one man who came on the 'Bonaventure,' with promoters, and sports, and prospectors, said that down south anyone with a good dollar could get a charter to build a railway. I didn't believe him—quite.

"Then the war, and other things, came, and they all quit. Mostly all—the only ones who have kept at it are the government with the Hudson Bay line, 'way north, to Churchill, a thousand miles from here. And the Ontario people with theirs. They're moving down slowly—not rushing—to the bay. They don't want a harbour at tidewater—they're harnessing the waterpower as they go, and

(Continued on page 44)



Left: A northern belle and her chaperone. Centre: Trader at the mouth of the Rupert River. Right: The mother of the tribe.

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Rupert's Land

(Continued from page 12.)

gathering the nutriment of the country along the way, the pulpwood, minerals, and a bit of farm land.

"Yes, sir—those were years of hustle and bustle here. I tell you we had plenty to do then besides trucking with the natives. It seemed as though all the ruddy Empire-builders in the world were at last concentrating on this last bit of God's country. I thought to see old Radisson and Groseilliers rise from their graves and sail back here to see what was to become of their ancient stamping ground.

"But I needn't," he added—rather wistfully, we thought. "We're side-tracked. Guess this will always be Prince Rupert's Land. We got mail and news, and saw people, and papers, those years."

It was through the inpecuniosity of Charles II. that birth was given to two monopolies, only one of which has survived the attacks of rival competition. Chartered rights have been surrendered, and still the Hudson's Bay Company, in this particular region of James Bay and the Ungava shore, retains a monopoly, of fact, if not of law. In this remote territory it is still supreme, wielding a fragment of that mighty influence that played so striking a part in shaping the destinies of the Northland. The Government treaty agent, the "missioner," the commandant of police, all hold minor rank in the eyes of trapper, Indian, or half-breed. Their liege lord is the factor of the company.

Radisson and Groseilliers are but two of the many illustrious names associated with the making of early Canadian history. But to the men of the "H.B.C." they carry weight, for they were its pioneers. They were brothers-in-law and life partners. They had long been familiar with the Canada of the French and the great lands beyond the lakes and north to the inland sea, and the visions of wealth to be made in that region had fired them with ambition to establish there a far-flung chain of fur-trading posts. But their efforts to interest the merchants of Quebec and New England were unsuccessful. Equally unproductive was a journey to France, and it was only after a visit to England that, in court circles there, they found the one man who was willing to back their ambitious plans with capital and a royal consent. The dashing Prince Rupert became their sponsor.

With hearts aglow with enthusiasm for their "great ideas," the two adventurous spirits sailed north in the little "Nonsuch," pierced the northern ice barrage, and made their way down to the foot of James Bay, to the mouth of the Rupert river, and two hundred and sixty years ago erected the first "fort" of the Company. They were the "trail breakers" for the honourable company of gentlemen adventurers trading into Hudson Bay.

"We still call them 'forts,'" said Factor Nicholson, with a smile. "No doubt to outsiders the name is quite misleading. Even in Radisson's day they were not much as fortifications, and in the various wars they were us-

ually handed over to the enemy on demand. We were never left much in the way of a description of the Fort Rupert that our first-comers erected here, beyond that it was of the type common to later establishments. There was a heavy stockade, and corner bastions. They brought out four small cannon one trip. They were all right for a salute, or to intimidate the Indians. But they couldn't hold off the bold coureurs de bois under those old fire-eaters, Chevalier de Troyes and D'Iberville.

"They marched a wild-looking crowd of men—more Indian than French, I think—all the way from King Louis' settlements in old French Canada. Great rivalry in those days! The Frenchmen had at last sensed the value of the trade up here. Of course, England didn't let it rest there, though the Quebec traders had the pickings of this country for seven years before an expedition came over and drove them out.

"Next spring, and the Frenchmen were back again and chased our men off to their old hiding places in the woods. That riled the Britishers to the point of sending two ships through the ice, and the company came into its own once more—for a short while, for that Ryswick treaty turned all the posts over to the French Canadians for sixteen years, when the treaty of Utrecht finally put an end to the hostilities.

"From that day to this we've been unmolested, and our tattered old H.B.C. flag has flown over this much-contested fort ever since.

"In recent years, or since some twenty years back—what are two decades in an institution's unrivalled history of two and half centuries?" asked Alan Nicholson. He nodded toward the far corner of the gun room, the common messing quarters of the staff, where the latest raw Highland recruit was immersed in the contents of a month-old Century magazine. "Why, that laddie over there is only twenty years old!"

"I should think it's plenty of time for competitors to make some inroads into your trade," I ventured to interrupt.

"Inroads! No, young man. These keen-witted French neighbors of ours have throughout these twenty years attempted to break the allegiance of the natives to the company. They haven't done it—not in any appreciable measure—in this district. It was my forefathers who first bartered 'skin for skin' with the aborigines here—with the forefathers of my Indians. They're still loyal, and we're still canny. Call us close-dealing Scotchmen, if it pleases you. We have to be, for, though ye may not believe it, the Indian is a hard man in a trade.

"There's rivalry, yes. Bound to be all of that. Rivalry of race, of blood. But, competition, no. Why, man, we've got back of us two centuries of trucking with Nasopies and Swampy Crees! And the company still retains the lion's share!"

I believed it. Knowing Alan Nicholson and others, compatriots of his scattered about the region at other isolated outposts, I fully believed it. Descendants of pioneers, of traders of the old regime of monopoly days,

candles, or something else is caused to dart into the air how many a man could hit in a short time.
M. M. St. Cyr, and L.P. Chamberland, Grand' Mete, P. Q.

Reply—Another case of where it all depends upon the man. A professional exhibition shot could probably hit five or six, or possibly even more before they struck the ground. It would depend largely upon the angle of flight, how high the candles are thrown, how they spread after being thrown etc. With an open bored repeating shofgun a man accustomed to this work could hit them very rapidly, almost as fast as he could fire the gun, provided the candles would spread out in the air so that they were spaced about right for accurate aiming. It is easier to hit the same object a number of times than to hit an equal number of different objects irregularly spaced, in the same interval, as less time is lost in taking aim for each shot.

The average shot would probably not be able to hit over two to four candles before they strike the ground.

There is one thing in favor of making a large number of hits on candles, on account of their shape they could be thrown very high even with a moderate initial velocity and that would keep them in the air longer than you could keep up some other objects.

Editor.

The .22 Long Rifle on Woodchucks.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition Dept.:

Dear Sir:—

In different issues of "Rod and Gun" I have noticed articles stating that the .22 rifle was inadequate in power for game such as woodchucks. Last season I went in for woodchuck shooting and the majority were killed between 50 and 85 yards. I first used solid point bullets and received the same surprise that A. R. Mendizabel mentions in his article "The model 24 auto as a varmint gun".

In every case those chucks managed to make their dens. In one case I shot one through the neck, and leaving him where he was you can imagine my chagrin to find that same chuck living the next week.

After switching to hollow points I was able to count a dead chuck to almost every hit. Since the coming of non-corrosive ammunition I think the .22 rifle deserves all the popularity it gets.

I have tried the .32 rim fire but did not get results as to fine accuracy that were obtained with the .22. Next year I will try the .25 r.f. and the .22 W.R.F.

H. R. Curry,

Peterborough, Ont.

Reply—Glad to have your letter. We have all had experiences much like those you mention. A man will have a run of clean kills and then again even with a high power cartridge and with a bullet that is known to be deadly, cripples will occur that are annoying. A chuck is not the only animal hard to kill instantly. Ever try shooting ordinary rats with only the head sticking out of the hole? A good many will get back in a foot to a yard even when shot through the center of the forehead.

Editor.

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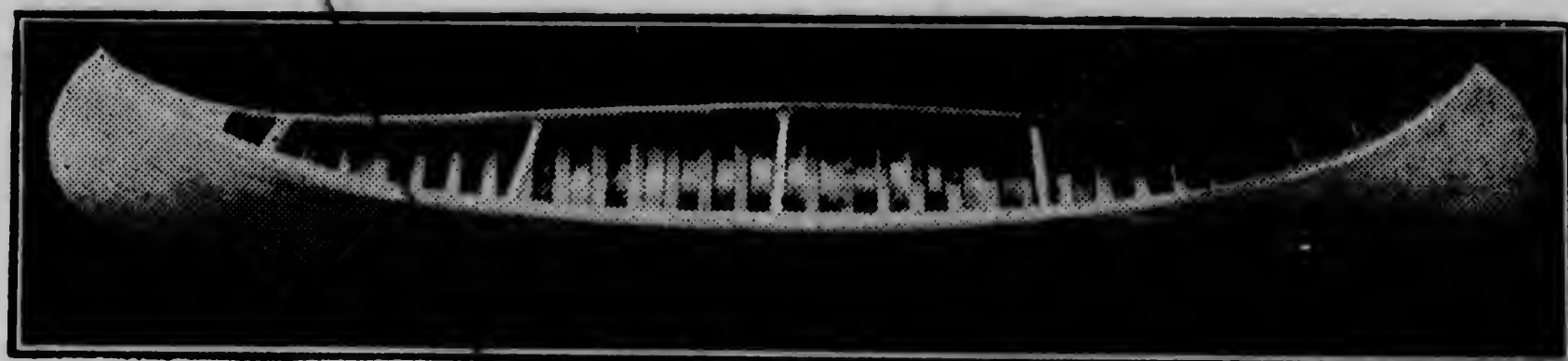
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they exhibited in carriage and manners the traditional glories and powers of the chief factors in the days of invested rights. Austere and haughty lords were those old black-bearded barterers of fur, governing with a hand of iron the thousands of wild children of the forest who hunted within their particular domain. Under their jurisdiction, too, fell the Scotch and French halfbreed progeny that grew up in the country. Some cause for pride had these "Company men", for oftentimes the Scottish lad, a year or two after leaving the Old Country, would become ruler over a territory larger than his native Scotland, with undisputed sway over the lives and destinies of the half-savage tribes who trapped fur for their lord and master.

When I first visited Rupert's House, and subsequently saw winter, spring and autumn pass there in all the characteristic phases of those seasons in the Northland, Alan Nicholson was completing his fortieth year as Factor. He combined scholarly pastimes and a taste for higher literature with a rare understanding and masterly control of the natives under his influence. The visitor quickly, almost unconsciously, fell under the spell of the old Scotch hospitality that was so generously cast about, and the simple, yet full, life at this remote and somewhat desolate outpost of civilization, as exemplified in that of the factor, draws those who have once met and lived with him and his kind back again through the gateways of the North. Well had he earned

ed the distinction—"last of the Hudson Bay kings."

Of the old "fort" nothing now remains but a row of hollows on the bank, lined with crumbled brick—the sites of Radisson's buildings. Rupert House is characteristic of many of the smaller posts about the bay. Inside the bounds marked by the faint and fast-disappearing lines of the old stockades, the buildings stand, some dozen in number, closely grouped together. Approaching upstream from the bay, the mission chapel is the first object to catch the traveller's eye. There is the house of the factor and of his clerks; the store wherein is kept the gaudy trade goods—not so gaudy, all of it, for your Indian of today demands the best in merchandise, the finest in clothing, blankets and shawls, latest models in fire-arms, a remarkable "finickiness" in his taste in foods, and demands it whether or not he has the ready wherewithal with which to pay—and the depot which each year holds a prince's ransom in furry pelts.

Scattered about are the humbler dwellings of the halfbreed retainers. Smoke wreaths curl from every chimney. Lounging about the buildings or on the bank—never hurrying—one sees halfbreeds in semi-European garb, or a group of Indians in black or dirty white capotes; every one is smoking. The pointed poles of the native trappers' wigwams and teepees rise from their smoke-stained canvas; over all is the tapering flag-staff.

Around the great silent woods stand, shrouded in their winter white or

fringed with spear-pointed spruce tops, and close by the chapel a rude cross or wooden railing blown over by the tempest, discoloured by rain and snow-drift, peeps pitifully forth from the deep mantle of snow, marking the lonely resting places of the dead.

Wild, in the sense of its surroundings, desolate and remote, is this isolated trading post, yet it is difficult to describe the feelings with which one beholds it across the ice-bound bay or silent river as the dog team winds slowly amid the snow. Coming in from the wintry blast and the wilderness, that to the traveller seems to stretch in endless miles between what one's guides are wont to describe as the "here" and the "over yonder", exposed to the wrath of a northern storm and the bitter cold, footsore or frozen, we looked upon the snow-enveloped humble wooden dwellings as palaces of rest and contentment.

I doubt if it be possible to know more acute comfort on arrival, for its measure is exactly the measure of that other extremity of discomfort which excessive cold and hardship have carried with them. Nor does that feeling of home and contentment lose ought for want of a welcome at the threshold of this lonely stopping-place. Nothing is held too good for the transient visitor or wayfarer seeking a roof; the best bed and the best table are his. If he has arrived with the mail packet, he then has brought the long-awaited letters and messages from far distant friends; if he comes from the "outside", he carries with him his news of almost-forgotten worlds. Mail

and the Nemiskau will be settled as they come along."

That same spring, while the snow still permitted one to travel with dogs and toboggan, some of us joined a foraging party from the post and went inland two days' journey on the Nemiskau trail. We were to meet some of the company hunters who had been sent forth a fortnight previous in search of caribou or moose. For weeks at Rupert House the company's hospitality had been stretched almost to the breaking point, and, though the old Scotch gentleman never by sign nor word let it be purposely known that his post's resources, in the way of good things to eat, were rapidly reaching their limit, we were observant enough to see that the strain of setting before us sufficient of both substance and variety to satisfy the inner man was taxing his ingenuity beyond what any host should be called upon to bear. Salt goose—there was that in plenty. The fall goose hunt at Rupert is one of the events of the year, when hundreds of these birds are shot and preserved for the long winter months. When lard is plentiful, the geese are roasted and put up in tins and the melted lard poured over the birds, and in this way they are preserved indefinitely. After such treatment when placed on the table, perhaps many, many months later, the flesh is found to be like that of freshly-roasted fowl. But there were none this spring, and salt goose, far less palatable, with an occasional dish of smoked or frozen whitefish formed the bulwarks of each meal.

We knew that only some twenty or thirty miles to the northward of Mount Sherrick up the coast the Indians were getting caribou, but, contrary to past custom, none of the fresh meat was reaching the little trading post.

One of the clerks remarking on this, said "This strange. We can't understand it. One would almost be minded to think that a free trader had settled on the coast last fall and had the Indians placing their meat down at his house. We would have heard about him, though."

"That did happen once, some years ago. A party arrived with a schooner late in the fall, well stocked with trade goods, and settled halfway between here and Eastmain. And the natives—you know, most of them are really like improvident children—disregarded the fact that throughout the years before, the company had been their liege lord, had sustained them and carried them through the lean years, and heaped their tents with truck in the seasons of plenty, turned to the newcomers with the latter's dazzling offers. They studiously avoided this place."

"It had always been their custom, when within travelling distance of this post, to bring in an occasional caribou; on rare occasions it was a Polar bear that had wandered leagues and leagues south from his own hunting grounds, perhaps on an ice field drifting for weeks with the southern current. Some years, up that way, and every year down south of here and up Nemiskau way, they brought us moose. Sometimes more than we could use—those seasons when the moose trekked north from the Bell and Nottaway country."

"Yes, hardly a fortnight would go by without a sled-load of fresh meat finding its way to our storehouse, and part of a hunter's debt would be cancelled. But that winter I speak of, the independent trader paid lavishly, even for a haunch of venison, and when the Indians killed they responded to the nearest market and the highest bid."

"Then our 'claim-jumping' rivals were driven out the next spring, and the natives came back to us, expecting the same treatment in this store. They didn't get it. To some of the worst offenders, those whom the 'old man' had carried over the bad years, he wouldn't advance a penny of debt, and to the others only what was necessary to keep their squaws and youngsters from actual starvation. I tell you those bucks paid well for breaking away from here—they had to hustle for a whole year and we had a bountiful catch of fur that next winter."

So we went out to intercept the hunting party, and met George Elson. I had first heard of him at the little Michipicoten reserve on the north shore of Lake Superior. Elson was born there. My next knowledge of him was when he came out of the "Labrador Wilds,"—out of the pages of the book by that very name—Elson, the sole survivor of the unfortunate Hubbard exploration trip. George Elson was Hubbard's guide. Now he was in charge of the sub-post at Lake Nemiskau, for Revillon Freres. I encountered him again at Rupert—the first time he was down for the mail packet, the second trip for a wife.

Elson and two packetmen were camped for the noonday meal; our hunters had stopped alongside of them, and traded them part of their kill. The Rupert's House man whom we were accompanying drew our attention to the packetmen's fire. "Look! Watch those fellows finish off that moose meat."

The older of Elson's two Indians had come back to his fire, carrying a frying pan, a number one, the largest size sold by the traders. He had it heaped full of red, frozen moose steaks—fully fifteen pounds.

"That is only a light meal for the two of them," added our companion. "Watch them. You seemed incredulous when Routledge told the other day of some of the gastronomic feats of these fellows. I'll be surprised if what they have in that pan will satisfy the two of them."

A few handfuls of snow were added to the dish to keep the meat from burning, and the pan was set on the fire. Not long did it remain there. When the red, juicy meat had turned to a brown, the Indian removed the pan and set it on the boughs between his companion and himself. The latter produced a frozen piece of bannock, and—with the tea pail placed within easy reach, the two commenced their meal. After five minutes of gorging—one would hate to call it "eating"—nothing remained in the pan but the gravy, which was quickly hardening in the frosty winter air.

Then the packetmen, with Elson, gathered their belongings and lashed them on the sled, hauled the drowsy dogs onto their feet, bade us good-bye, and went on down the trail.

"That is what they called a snack—"

just a hurried repast. They wish to make the post tonight, if possible, and hadn't time to eat their fill.

"Wait 'til you see them at a real feast at the post in springtime. If some of them should be lucky enough to bring in a deer, or a moose, when the winter's trapping is over, you'll see some eating. They'll fill themselves full like our husky dogs, 'til they can only grunt and smoke. Some of them won't even be able to smoke—only grunt."

It was several weeks later at Rupert House. Daily on the lookout for any form of excitement that would help to pass away the weary hours of waiting for a tardy summer, we were one day bidden to look upon a scene of feasting such as had been thus described. In the first week of May a party of Coast Crees from the Eastmain river country arrived at the post. On the way two moose had been shot, and men, squaws and dogs had strained at the komatik traces, rather than leave behind any part of the kill. They crossed the Rupert river just before the break-up.

Camped on the outskirts of the fort were two other families, who had arrived a few days earlier, and close to their tents the newcomers pitched their own ragged and smoke-stained canvas.

"What cheer!" greeted the factor, when the leader of the little band entered the store.

"Whatchee! Whatchee!" responded the Indian, grasping the other's hand.

"Bring your fur into the office, boy. Let's have a look at it," and the factor led the way towards the door. Reports of Benjamin Wapatche's most successful season on his traplines had preceded him to the post.

The Indian, though, appeared to have other business on hand, to which the disposal of his catch was of secondary importance.

"No, not now," he answered. "Fur can wait. Plenty moosemeat, me and Jimmie Wastigan—plenty eat tonight. fur by an' by. Want some peemee—grease—now."

"All right, boy. Come around in a few days when you're able to walk."

Alan Nicholson had not bartered for fur with these grown-up children of the Ungava wilderness for the past forty years without becoming familiar with their improvident habits. Full well he knew that so long as a pound of that moosemeat remained uneaten, there would be no trading done.

Benjamin, with his little pail of lard, returned to the tribal fire.

Then the feasting commenced. The leg bones of the moose were first hung up from the tepee poles. A white hunter would naturally have flung these to his dogs; but the Indian will give no part of an animal, fish, or bird to a dog, if he can possibly make use of it himself. It is not always meanness—certainly not thrift—that prompts them to act thus. It is mainly superstition; they believe that it would bring bad luck to their hunting, and that sometime, in consequence, the hunter would himself go hungry. So the dogs are thrown upon their own resources, made to forage for them-

(Continued on page 57.)

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GRIZZLIES

If you intend hunting bear this fall try

JACK BOWMAN

Three Valley, British Columbia

Rupert's Land

(Continued from page 48)

selves, and, in consequence, it is little wonder that the half-starved brutes become thieves.

One large fire was kept alight, and on this each family placed stew-kettle and pan, crammed full of tempting venison cuts. Steadily, for half an hour, all members of the party ate. Then, the first round over, they sat back, filled pipes,—men, women and half-grown boys alike—and the whole company stretched out on the blankets.

Presuming that this much-advertised gastronomic rite was over, we were about to go our way, disgusted at the sight—certainly not amazed at what appeared to be simply a spectacle of a form of native indulgence—when someone laughingly remarked, "Well, that's round number one. There they go again."

The short rest was over, and the Indians arose and refilled pans and kettles. The "stuffing" recommenced.

For a day and a half this gorging continued, and the one thing that finally terminated the feast, was not the exhaustion of the guests, but of the host's larder. A day later, one of the children, a lad of ten summers, died in great agony. The only apparent cause to which the "missioner" could attribute the illness was "over-stuffing."

Two full-grown moose had stocked the festive board, and the gathered company, men, squaws and children, numbered only nineteen. The factor estimated that there were over a thousand pounds of meat in the two carcasses, clear of the coarser portions that were now drying in the smoke of the wigwam peaks. Thus, in less than two days, each member of the band had over fifty pounds of fresh moose meat placed to the credit of his gastronomic powers. This accomplishment may seem incredible to many—we were eye witnesses of the scene. The factor assured us that it was not an uncommon feat among his trappers.

I was curious to know, had the supply been several times as great, how long the feasters, if put to an endurance test, could maintain the pace. Our Rupert friends claimed that there would be no question of "endurance"; they would simply "eat as long as there was a pound of meat in sight." They were quite sincere about it, too.

Considering the nourishment and sustenance derived from fifty pounds of fresh meat, it was only to be expected that not a member of the party came near the store to trade for four days after the feast. There was no need in that time to invest in more provisions, and other requirements could wait. Most of the Indians were quite unable to do more than crawl forth from their tents.

When once more hunger did replace the state of stupor, the trappers brought their piles of furs to the factor's office. Then, the trading over, they returned to their tents, reconciled to the summer's menu of traders' pork.

(Continued in next issue)



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ALASKA CALLED

Star
Feb. 14,
1929

PREHISTORIC GATE

Mummies and Other Discoveries Indicate Road From Asia.

By the Associated Press.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., February 14.—The discovery in Alaska of buried prehistoric villages, which yielded hundreds of archeological relics new to science, was described here last night by Edward Moffatt Weyer, anthropologist and archeologist for the Stoll-MacCracken Arctic expedition, which set out from New York last Spring on the schooner Morrissey.

Mr. Weyer, who talked before the Yale Anthropology Club and who is studying for his doctor's degree at Yale, described Alaska as the probable gateway through which passed the early Asiatic immigrants, and where the first scene of human history in America took place.

Immigrants From Asia.

"The American continents are younger with regard to human occupation than the Eastern Hemisphere," Mr. Weyer told his audience. "The very first immigrants to them, the forerunners of the American Indians, doubtless came from Asia. Thus Alaska, which lies much closer to Asia than any other part of America, probably was the gateway through which passed these early Asiatic immigrants. The northwestern corner of North America, therefore, can be regarded as the first scene of human history in America.

No aborigines of Arctic America, so far as is known, ever used a written language. Consequently the mute relics of material culture are the only source of historical information here. Nevertheless, the buried prehistoric villages of Alaska yield secrets to the archeologist."

For one month Mr. Weyer and two companions were encamped on an ancient village site on the Alaska Peninsula. During 11 day of this period, with provisions for only 4 days, the group was in forced isolation by reason of stormy weather, and used for food clams dug from the mud flats.

Remarkably Preserved Bodies.

On the almost inaccessible summit of a precipitous island in the Aleutian chain, the expedition discovered a grave

The Navy has its headquarters in the Department, estate of the late John Swain's Mate John Bowen, who served in the Navy from 1928, and who was an outstanding worker in the society. This announcement was made yesterday and morning service recalled Bowen to organize the society and the needy.

Born in Boston in 1865, Bowen enlisted in the Navy June 1898, and died last June. He was buried in Los Angeles. His will was recently probated.

containing mummies of unknown age. By reason of their careful preparation for burial, the bodies remained in a remarkable state of preservation. This grave afforded the first comprehensive information concerning this type of burial in the Aleutian Islands before the introduction of higher civilization.

Later, for six weeks, Mr. Weyer pursued his investigation in the region of Bering Strait, the neck of water 50 miles wide separating Asia and Alaska. Part of this time he passed on the Diomed Islands, where dwell the most primitive Eskimos in this section of the Arctic. In connection with his motion pictures, which are the only ones ever taken on these islands, he related many interesting customs which these Eskimos practice.

ANTHROPOLOGY

Domestic Occupations of the Eskimos

"A Classic of Science"

**Eskimo Life Was Described Almost a Half Century Ago
By Dr. Franz Boas, Retiring President of the A. A. A. S.**

THE CENTRAL ESKIMO. By Dr. Franz Boas. In *Sixth Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology to the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, 1884-85.* Washington, Government Printing Office, 1888.

IT IS winter and the natives are established in their warm snow houses. At this time of the year it is necessary to make use of the short daylight and twilight for hunting. Long before the day begins to dawn the Eskimo prepares for hunting. He rouses his housemates; his wife supplies the lamp with a new wick and fresh blubber and the dim light which has been kept burning during the night quickly brightens up and warms the hut. While the woman is busy preparing breakfast the man fits up his sledge for hunting. He takes the snow block which closes the entrance of the dwelling room during the night out of the doorway and passes through the low passages. Within the passage the dogs are sleeping, tired by the fatigues of the day before. Though their long, heavy hair protects them from the severe cold of the Arctic winter, they like to seek shelter from the piercing winds in the entrance of the hut.

The sledge is iced, the harnesses are taken out of the storeroom by the door, and the dogs are harnessed to the sledge. Breakfast is now ready and after having taken a hearty meal of seal soup and frozen and cooked seal meat the hunter lashes the spear that stands outside of the hut upon the sledge, hangs the harpoon line, some toggles, and his knife over the antlers, and starts for the hunting ground. Here he waits patiently for the blowing seal, sometimes until late in the evening.

Meanwhile the women, who stay at home, are engaged in their domestic occupations, mending boots and making new clothing, or they visit one another, taking some work with them, or pass their time with games or in playing with the children. While sitting at their

sewing and at the same time watching their lamps and cooking the meat, they incessantly hum their favorite tunes. About noon they cook their dinner and usually prepare at the same time the meal for the returning hunters. As soon as the first sledge is heard approaching, the pots, which have been pushed back during the afternoon, are placed over the fire, and when the hungry men enter the hut their dinner is ready. While hunting they usually open the seals caught early in the morning, to take out a piece of the flesh or liver, which they eat raw, for lunch. The cut is then temporarily fastened until the final dressing of the animal at home.

In the western regions particularly the hunters frequently visit the depots of venison made in the fall, and the return is always followed by a great feast.

A Religious Custom . . .

After the hunters reach home they first unharness their dogs and unstring the traces, which are carefully arranged, coiled up, and put away in the storeroom. Then the sledge is unloaded and the spoils are dragged through the entrance into the hut. A religious custom commands the women to leave off working, and not until the seal is cut up are they allowed to resume their sewing and the preparing of skins. This custom is founded on the tradition that all kinds of sea animals have risen from the fingers of their supreme goddess, who must be propitiated after being offended by the murder of her offspring. The spear is stuck into the snow at the entrance of the house, the sledge is turned upside down, and the ice coating is removed from the runners. Then it is leaned against the wall of the house, and at last the hunter is ready to enter. He strips off his deerskin jacket and slips into his sealskin coat. The former is carefully cleaned of the adhering ice and snow with the snowbeater and put into the storeroom outside the house.

This done, the men are ready for their

dinner, of which the women do not partake. In winter the staple food of the Eskimo is boiled seal and walrus meat, though in some parts of the western districts it is musk ox and venison, a rich and nourishing soup being obtained by cooking the meat. The natives are particularly fond of seal and walrus soup, which is made by mixing and boiling water, blood, and blubber with large pieces of meat.

The food is not always salted, but sometimes melted sea water ice, which contains a sufficient quantity of salt, is used for cooking. Liver is generally eaten raw and is considered a tidbit. I have seen the intestines eaten only when there was no meat.

Forks are used to take the meat out of the kettle and the soup is generally poured out into a large cup. Before the introduction of European manufactures these vessels and dishes generally consisted of whalebone. One of these has been described by Parry. It was circular in form, one piece of whalebone being bent into the proper shape for the sides and another flat piece of the same material sewed to it for a bottom, so closely as to make it perfectly watertight. A ladle or spoon is sometimes used in drinking it, but usually the cup is passed around, each taking a sip in turn. In the same way large pieces of meat are passed round, each taking as large a mouthful as possible and then cutting off the bit close to the lips. They all smack their lips in eating. The Eskimo drink a great deal of water, which is generally kept in vessels standing near the lamps. When the men have finished their meal the women take

Lava, Granite and Quartz

form as series covering the modes of rock formation from fusion to simple crystallization, described by

SORBY

IN THE NEXT CLASSIC OF SCIENCE

MEDICINE

Injury to Head at Birth May Cause Mental Disorder

Brain Hemorrhage in Newly-Born Child Results in Ills Ranging in Severity from Backwardness to Imbecility

INJURIES to the heads of babies at birth may cause mental disorders ranging in severity from backwardness to epilepsy and imbecility, Dr. Leon S. Gordon of George Washington University School of Medicine stated in a report to the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

Chief of the birth injuries to babies is hemorrhage into the brain, Dr. Gordon said. When this condition is very severe, the child cannot survive. When it is very mild, the child may recover and be perfectly normal. In between these two extremes, Dr. Gordon finds all degrees of hemorrhage reflected in all degrees of mental disorder.

Of infants suffering from the latter types of hemorrhage Dr. Gordon says they are a "group in which mental subnormality or neuropathology is manifest sufficient to create candidates for homes for imbeciles and idiots, the epileptic colony, or the neurological institutions as the probable result of birth injury upon the central nervous system."

In a series of 180 postmortem examinations of babies born dead or dying soon after birth there was hemorrhage into the cranium in more than four out of five, Dr. Gordon reported that he found in his studies. Of 1,000 consecutive babies born alive, one out of ten showed blood in the cerebro spinal fluid, indicating an injury in the central nervous system.

Dr. Gordon called attention to the work of Dr. Aaron Capper of Philadelphia, who followed through 437 live-born, immature or underdeveloped babies that weighed at birth under five and one-half pounds. He found that only 55 per cent. were alive at the end of the first year and only 52 per cent. at the end of the fourteenth year.

"These children showed a multitude of deviations from the normal in psychic and mental progress," Dr. Gordon summarized Dr. Capper's findings.

"There was marked tardiness in holding up the head, and attempts to sit up. In the second year there were late attempts at walking or active speaking.

Many of the children did not progress normally in school with the rest of their mature fellow children; others were sent to schools for mentally inferior children.

"In brief, the immature infant will become the backward school child, is the potential future psychopathic or neuropathic patient, and even the potential inmate of the homes for imbeciles or idiots," Dr. Gordon declared.

Science News Letter, January 16, 1932

ECOLOGY

Cypresses Change Shape According to Water Depth

POND CYPRESSES, endlessly fascinating to all travellers in the South because of the great buttresses that brace their trunks and curious "knees" that hump themselves up on their roots, have yielded some of their secrets to Prof. Herman Kurz, botanist of the Florida State College for Women. In a report to the Ecological Society of America, he showed how these strange

trees respond to changes in their habitat.

Shallow water with a miry substratum favors the formation of cypress knees, Prof. Kurz said. Trees in deeper water are devoid of knees. Frequently the knees form a symmetrical circle around the base of the tree.

The buttresses around the trunk are also influenced by the depth of water in which the tree grows. Relatively constant deep water results in bottle-formed buttresses. Shallow water produces inverted saucer-shaped buttresses, and fluctuating water levels result in the formation of cone-shaped ones.

Science News Letter, January 16, 1932

ECOLOGY

Young Pond Cypresses Drown When Submerged

DROWNING a pond cypress would seem, at first blush, about as easy as drowning a catfish. Yet it can be done. In a report to the Ecological Society of America, Delzie Demaree of Little Rock, Ark., told about his experiments with seeds and young seedlings of this water-loving tree, which he performed in the St. Francis River, Arkansas, and Reel Foot Lake, Tennessee.

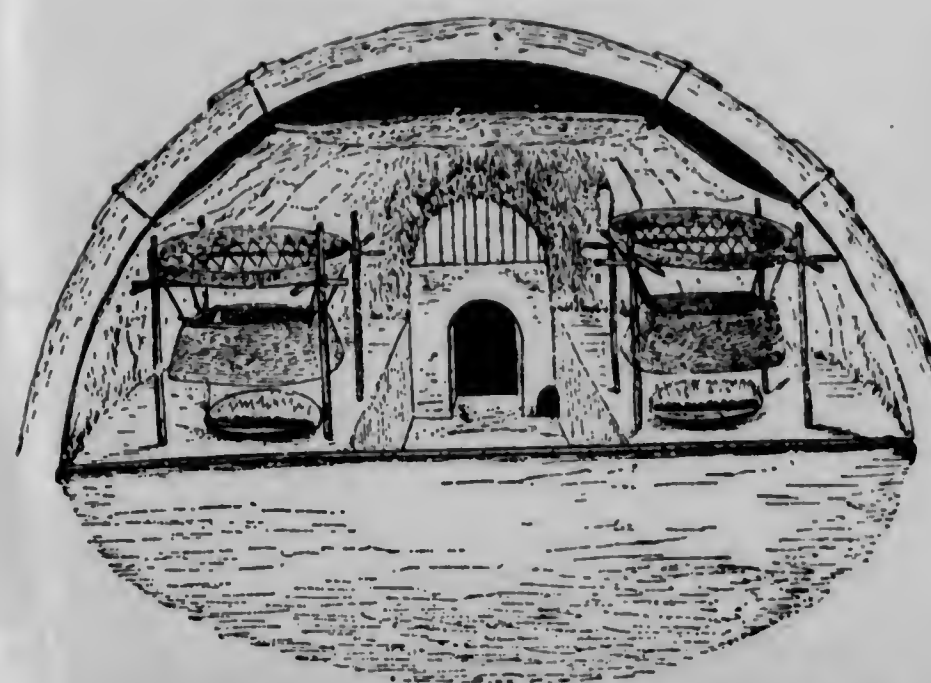
Seeds planted under water, he reported, never sprouted. Seedlings just emerged from the seed-coat never produced a leaf when submerged in water, regardless of the depth. Seedlings, regardless of age, died when submerged, the time depending on the temperature and the muddiness of the water.

Science News Letter, January 16, 1932



BOTANICAL BOTTLES

Pond cypresses have curiously shaped trunks as is shown in the above picture taken by Prof. Herman Kurz, botanist of the Florida State College for Women, when the lake in which these strange trees stood was drained.



INTERIOR OF A SNOW HOUSE

A bed on a snowbank, lamps and a supply of meat are the Eskimos' chief furniture.

their share, and then all attack the frozen meat which is kept in the storerooms. The women are allowed to participate in this part of the meal. An enormous quantity of meat is devoured every night, and sometimes they only suspend eating when they go to bed, keeping a piece of meat within reach in case they awake.

After dinner the seals, which have been placed behind the lamps to thaw, are thrown upon the floor, cut up, and the spare meat and skins are taken into the storerooms. If a scarcity of food prevails in the village and a hunter has caught a few seals, every inhabitant of the settlement receives a piece of meat and blubber, which he takes to his hut, and the successful hunter invites all hands to a feast.

The dogs are fed every second day after dinner. For this purpose two men go to a place at a short distance from the hut, taking the frozen food with them, which they split with a hatchet or the point of the spear. While one is breaking the solid mass the other keeps the dogs off by means of the whip, but as soon as the food is ready they make a rush at it, and in less than half a minute have swallowed their meal. No dog of a strange team is allowed to steal anything, but is kept at a distance by the dogs themselves and by the whip. If the dogs are very hungry they are harnessed to the sledge in order to prevent an attack before the men are ready. They are unharnessed after the food is prepared, the weakest first, in order to give him the best chance of picking out some good pieces. Sometimes they are fed in the house; in such a case, the food being first prepared, they are led into the hut singly; thus each receives his share.

All the work being finished, boots and stockings are changed, as they must be dried and mended. The men visit one another and spend the night in

talking, singing, gambling, and telling stories. The events of the day are talked over, success in hunting is compared, the hunting tools requiring mending are set in order, and the lines are dried and softened. Some busy themselves in cutting new ivory implements and seal lines or in carving. They never spend the nights quite alone, but meet for social entertainment. During these visits the host places a large lump of frozen meat and a knife on the side bench behind the lamp and every one is welcome to help himself to as much as he likes.

The first comers sit down on the ledge, while those entering later stand or squat in the passage. When any one addresses the whole assembly he always turns his face to the wall and avoids facing the listeners. Most of the men take off their outer jacket in the house and they sit chatting until very late. Even the young children do not go to bed early.

The women sit on the bed in front of their lamps, with their legs under them, working continually on their own clothing or on that of the men, drying the wet footgear and mittens, and softening the leather by chewing and rubbing. If a bitch has a litter of pups it is their

business to look after them, to keep them warm, and to feed them regularly. Generally the pups are put into a small harness and are allowed to crawl about the side of the bed, where they are tied to the wall by a trace. Young children are always carried in their mothers' hoods, but when about a year and a half old they are allowed to play on the bed, and are only carried by their mothers when they get too mischievous. When the mother is engaged in any hard work they are carried by the young girls. They are weaned when about two years old, but women suckle them occasionally until they are three or four years of age. During this time they are frequently fed from their mothers' mouths. When about twelve years old they begin to help their parents, the girls sewing and preparing skins, the boys accompanying their fathers in hunting expeditions. The parents are very fond of their children and treat them kindly. They are never beaten and rarely scolded, and in turn they are very dutiful, obeying the wishes of their parents and taking care of them in their old age.

Science News Letter, January 16, 1932

OCEANOGRAPHY

Submerged Beach Proves to Be Island Once 30 Times Larger

OCEANOGRAPHER'S nets, torn on sea beaches now submerged more than a mile and a half, have yielded scientists new knowledge about the Bermudas, popular resort islands, revealing that these islands, which are now smaller than Manhattan, were once nearly thirty times their present size. This evidence of the past extent of the Bermudas was obtained by Dr. William Beebe, of the New York Zoological Society, working near the scene of his 1930 quarter-mile descent below the surface of the water in a hollow steel sphere.

"The sea floor at 1,000 to 1,500 fathoms is usually comparatively smooth and flat," Dr. Beebe says in a report of his work to *Science*. "But my nets and dredges have encountered obstacles at every trawl, obstacles similar in hardness and in the bits of broken rock which came up, to the water- and air-worn reef-rocks in shallow water near the shore.

"Four-foot iron dredges were used this year with unexpected results. About two hauls were made with each dredge before it was lost, and at each successful haul the dredge was bent almost double. One-half square-inch mesh netting was used on the dredge, which allowed most of the ooze to slip through. What remained was of great interest since it consisted almost entirely of water-worn pebbles, shells and bits of coral."

The submerged beaches enable Dr. Beebe to estimate that the Bermudas once had a land area of at least 576 square miles, a much larger figure than that of 230 square miles, the area geologists assign the islands for glacial periods when the oceans were lower because their water was in the form of ice around the north and south polar regions. He believes the land itself might also have changed some in altitude, but not more than 150 feet.

Science News Letter, January 16, 1932

ASTRONOMY

American Astronomer Given Medal of British Society

THE HIGHEST honor of the Royal Astronomical Society, its Gold Medal, has been awarded an American, Dr. Robert Grant Aitken, director of the Lick Observatory of the University of California, it was announced at London. Dr. Aitken becomes the nineteenth American to receive this medal, which has been given annually by the British society since 1824.

Dr. Aitken is considered a leading authority on double stars, shown by the telescope to consist of two or more bodies revolving around each other. He has been director of the Lick Observatory since the retirement of Dr. William Wallace Campbell in 1930. Dr. Aitken is a native Californian, and was graduated from Williams College in 1887. His connection with the Lick Observatory dates from 1895.

The first American to receive the Gold Medal of the Royal Society was George P. Bond, second director of the Harvard College Observatory, to whom it was given in 1863. Six of the past eighteen American recipients are living. They are: Dr. George Ellery Hale, honorary director of the Mount Wilson Observatory; Dr. William Wallace Campbell, director emeritus of the Lick Observatory; Dr. Ernest W. Brown, of Yale University; Dr. Walter S. Adams, director of the Mount Wilson Observatory; Dr. Henry Norris Russell, professor of anatomy at Princeton University, and Dr. Frank Schlesinger, director of the Yale University Observatory. The recipient last year was Dr. Willem de Sitter, of the University of Holland.

Science News Letter, January 16, 1932

PSYCHOLOGY

Schooling Fails to Remove Public's Belief in Magic

"THE SCHOOL has done very little in eradicating magical beliefs from the minds of the common people," Dr. A. O. Bowden, president of the New Mexico State Teachers College, said in a report to the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

Dr. Bowden found no relation to exist between the amount of schooling a person had had and the extent of his belief in magic and superstition.

A six-year investigation made by Dr. Bowden indicates that 86 persons out of

every hundred believe that beautiful pictures, fine music, and fine home surroundings will in some mysterious way make people moral and virtuous. Sixty-five per cent. believe fish to be a better brain food than bacon. And 92 per cent. believe that the great majority of the American people, by reason of an innate ability to tell right from wrong, will naturally take the right side of any big public question in the state or nation when allowed to vote on it.

The average belief in the fallacies used by Dr. Bowden in his test was 49½ per cent. among the population in general. Among teachers it was 46½ per cent. There is evidently a difference of only 3 per cent. between the superstition of teachers and of those whom they have taught.

Science News Letter, January 16, 1932

ZOOLOGY

Cockroaches Evolved From Voracious Termites

EVIDENCE that roaches, among whose numbers are some of our worst house pests, evolved from termites, which sometimes literally eat our houses from under our feet, has been found in a species of wild roach living in the Appalachians and in certain localities in the Pacific Coast area. This has been reported to the American Association for the Advancement of Science by Dr. L. R. Cleveland, Elizabeth P. Sanders and S. R. Hall, of Harvard University Medical School.

The evidence was quite literally found in the roaches, for it consists of certain one-celled animals, or protozoa, hitherto known only from the digestive tracts of termites. These protozoa serve their termite hosts by digesting the wood which is their exclusive diet. Without their internal equipment of protozoa the termites would starve, as Dr. Cleveland demonstrated several years ago, when he shared the Association's annual thousand-dollar prize for a paper on his discovery.

Like the termites, these woodland roaches are wood-eaters, and their internal protozoa apparently do their digesting for them.

The possibility that these roaches swapped internal inhabitants with the termites in comparatively recent times is barred by their distribution, Dr. Cleveland reported. These particular roaches have not been neighbors with the termites that carry similar protozoa since the days of the dinosaurs.

Science News Letter, January 16, 1932

IN SCIENCE

NUTRITION

Jobless Nutritionists Teach Nutrition to Needy

UNABLE to find jobs themselves, a number of young trained home economics workers have volunteered their services as nutritionists to the American Red Cross at Washington. They are ready to teach others, reduced like themselves to straitened circumstances, how to spend more wisely their food money, how to reduce other household expenses and how to prepare budgets which will safeguard their health. In return the local Red Cross chapter meets the living expenses of these volunteer nutritionists and pays transportation to and from their homes.

One such volunteer is already at work at Marion, Ohio. She is teaching classes in schools, mothers' clubs and elsewhere, the inexpensive nourishing foods that may be substituted for the more expensive ones in their daily diet, the foods that can be safely omitted altogether, and the methods of cooking the cheaper foods that will make them more palatable and nutritious. Another nutritionist will soon be on her way to Lewiston, Maine, to do work there.

Science News Letter, January 16, 1932

ENGINEERING

Pipe Lines in Gas Fields May Carry Solid Products

EVEN an exhaustion of natural gas fields would not necessarily cause the junking of the thousands of miles of pipe lines recently built to carry gas to industrial centers, Prof. J. H. Pound of the Rice Institute, believes.

As long as the nation continues to develop, the expansion of the pipe line method of transporting oil, gasoline, natural gas and possibly other materials seems unavoidable, Prof. Pound stated in a report to the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

"Solid fuels in suspension may some day be a promising pipe line load, and so may certain chemicals or even some foods," he said.

Science News Letter, January 16, 1932

FOLK-LORE SCRAP-BOOK.

NOTES ON ESKIMO CUSTOMS. — A number of interesting letters from Alaska, written on the cruise of the U. S. revenue cutter *Rush*, by Mr. Wardman, appeared in the "Pittsburgh Dispatch" of 1879. They contain some notes on Eskimo customs and lore. All hunters have their favorite charms to bring them good luck. It will not do to cut up a white whale with an axe. Wood must not be chopped when seals are near at hand. On such occasions firewood must be cut with a knife. A hunter's wife must not taste meat of a moose he has killed himself when it is fresh, but after three days she may have some of it. In some cases, for weeks after a woman has become a mother, she will not be permitted to eat flesh of any kind, else her husband would have bad luck. After a white whale has been caught, numerous ceremonies are performed by the successful hunter. The last of these is the trimming of a narrow strip from the edge of each fin, from the tail, and from the upper lip, before the animal is hauled out of the water. These scraps are carried away by the successful hunter, sacred to his own uses. After the hunter has performed his ceremonies he walks away, leaving those who choose to cut off what they want. During the night there is a great feast, the kettles being kept boiling till morning.

The Eskimo shaman is not born to his profession, as among the Tlingit of southern Alaska. He is the creature of accident or of revelation. He has a dream sometimes, which being verified he goes off alone into some remote place, where he fasts for several days, after which he comes out and announces himself a shaman. Now he is ready to heal the sick, to regulate the weather, and to supply game in seasons when it runs scarce. His manner of curing disease is by incantation no vile drugs being administered. The cure, if effected, is due to his miraculous influence with invisible spirits. If he fail and the patient die, he persuades the mourning relatives into the belief that some other shaman or some old woman bewitched the deceased, and then death is the lot of the offending party who came in between the doctor and the dead.

There is an instance reported here (at St. Michael's) of a shaman against whom some prejudice was created in this manner on the Kuskokwim. He was hunted from village to village, finding no resting-place anywhere, so far as heard from, till he passed up northward beyond St. Michael's.

Some of these shamans believe in themselves, but as a rule they know they are humbugs. There was one at the mission up the Yukon, who, during a scarcity of deer, proposed to go up to the moon and get a supply. It should be known that, according to Eskimo accounts, all game comes out of the moon, the origin of which orb and others is thus accounted for: In the beginning there was plenty of land, water, and sky, but no sun, moon, and stars. An Eskimo, who noticed that the sky came down to the ground in a certain locality, went forward and made holes in it with his paddle. One stroke formed a rent which the sun shines through; another tore away the curtain from before the moon; and smaller stabs with the paddle made

holes which now appear as stars. (This account is somewhat remarkable, as it is known that the Alaskan, as well as other Eskimo, consider sun and moon as sister and brother. The moon being merely a hole through which the light shines from a land where the supply of game is inexhaustible, all a shaman has to do for his tribe is to go up and throw some down through the hole. There is no doubt in the minds of some that they can do this. A shaman at the mission, who volunteered to go up to the moon after game, fastened a rope around his body beneath his arms and about his neck. Then he went down under the floor of the dancing house. He left one end of the line in the hands of some men above, with instructions for them to pull as soon as he got out of sight. They obeyed, and pulled vigorously until they became tired. (It appeared that in this case the enterprising shaman was strangled, but the performance is of great interest, being known by fuller descriptions from the Central Eskimo and from Greenland.)

In order to have influence among the people, it is necessary that the shaman should be possessed of mysterious powers. One of them would present his hands to be bound together with leather thongs behind his back, and would pull the lashings through his body, and show the wrists still fastened in front. But it was indispensable that this miracle should be performed beneath his skin robe. Some of them eat fire; and one shaman at Pastolik, between the mouth of the Yukon and St. Michael's, permitted himself to be burned alive to satisfy his people that he was not a swindler. He had an immense pyre of logs arranged near the dancing house, in which all of the people were assembled, and at a given signal he took a position in the centre, and the torch was applied. He stood there calm as a martyr, with a wooden mask upon his face, and gazed upon the people as they retired into the dancing house "to make medicine" for him.

In half an hour they came out and saw nothing but the mask in the centre, the logs around it being all on fire. The next time they went out all was burnt down to cinders, and they again returned to the singing house. Presently a slight noise was heard on the roof, followed immediately by the descent of the shaman, mask and all, among them. The effect was wonderful, but one of the shaman's confederates later on explained to a white man that there had been a hole under the logs of the pyre through which the shaman crawled out, and that the mask seen in the fire was on a pole, not on the shaman's face.

When the Eskimo dies, he goes to that land which the wild geese seek in the winter. It is a long way off, and the entrance to it is a narrow pass, which may be traversed only when the snow is melted out of it. Some men — the bad ones — have greater trouble than others in making the journey, being obliged to go through a long, dark passage, probably underground. Once in the promised land, they will find clear skies, warm weather, and an inexhaustible supply of game.

The origin of man and animals, according to the account of the Tennesseanai Indians, is as follows: Man and all animals were created by the eagle and the bluejay jointly. After man was nearly finished, the jay proposed to give him wings, but to this the eagle objected, saying that he had

already been made too powerful, and to permit him to fly would be to make him altogether dangerous. Some controversy occurred on this, but the eagle would not give way. That dispute explains why the eagle keeps as far from man as possible, while the jay goes into the camps with impunity, and takes whatever he wants, if he can find it.

REMEDY FOR THE INFLUENZA. — A correspondent of the New York "Tribune," January, 1890, favors that journal with a cure for the prevalent influenza: "Coming to the influenza, he believes there is nothing so good for it as a black catskin poultice laid on the breast. 'The cat,' says our valued correspondent, 'should be very black. See that she is killed in the dark of the moon on a cloudy night, as the fur contains more electricity then. Make an ordinary bread poultice and put it on the hide side. A little Spanish-fly will improve it. Apply hot. The electricity, which is life, will pass into the body, driving the good influence of the poultice before it. A little old whiskey taken internally will do no harm. Be sure that the cat is very black and the night very dark.'"

A CORRESPONDENT sends the following, without naming the journal from which the dispatch is taken: —

"New Orleans, August 13. — A big voodoo festival was given last evening at the west end of the Lake Pontchartrain suburbs of New Orleans by an assemblage of mixed white and colored. Dr. Alexander, the colored voodoo doctor, presided. The police showed no disposition to interfere. A decided sensation has been caused here by the discovery that voodooism, or rather belief in the power of the voodoo doctors, is increasing, and is accepted not only by the negroes, but by the whites. A raid on Dr. Alexander's establishment discovered a large number of women there, most of them whites, who visited him because they believed his incantations improved their health. Surprise was increased to horror when it was found these, almost completely disrobed (for a voodoo seance requires the 'patient' to dance without clothing around the fire or snake which represents the devil), were of respectable middle-class families. Since then the voodoo belief seems to have spread, and a number of meetings have been reported, that last night being the largest yet."

It would seem that there should be little difficulty in obtaining authentic accounts of proceedings so well known to the police as these are said to be.

MEETING OF THE PHILADELPHIA CHAPTER OF THE AMERICAN FOLK-LORE SOCIETY. — A stated meeting of the Philadelphia chapter of the American Folk-Lore Society was held on Wednesday evening, January 8, at the parlors of the First Unitarian Church, Chestnut Street, above Twenty-first.

Dr. Carl Lumholtz, the distinguished Australian explorer, delivered an extemporaneous address on the customs and superstitions of the aborigines of Australia, in which he described them as living in temporary huts made of palm leaves, which are constructed from day to day, as occasion requires. They do not like to leave the camp at night. An Australian is gay and happy all day, but when the sun goes down he becomes restless and low-spirited. He is afraid of being killed and eaten by some predatory tribe,

Society of American Foresters.—Will meet on Friday and Saturday, December 27 and 28. President, Filibert Roth. Secretary, E. R. Hodson, U. S. Forest Service, Washington, D. C.

School Garden Association of America.—Will meet on dates to be announced. President, J. H. Francis. Acting Secretary, V. E. Kilpatrick, 124 West 30th St., New York, N. Y.

The officers for the Baltimore meeting are:

President—John Merle Coulter, University of Chicago, Chicago, Ill.

Vice-Presidents—A (Mathematics and Astronomy): George D. Birkhoff, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass. B (Physics): Gordon F. Hull, Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H. C (Chemistry): Alexander Smith, Columbia University, New York. D (Engineering): Ira N. Hollis, Worcester Polytechnic Institute, Worcester, Mass. E (Geology and Geography): David White, U. S. Geological Survey, Washington, D. C. F (Zoology): William Patten, Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H. G (Botany): A. F. Blakeslee, Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y. H (Anthropology and Psychology): Aleš Hrdlička, U. S. National Museum, Washington, D. C. I (Social and Economic Science): John Barrett, Pan American Union, Washington, D. C. K (Physiology and Experimental Medicine): Frederic S. Lee, Columbia University, New York. L (Education): Stuart A. Curtis, Department of Educational Research, Detroit, Mich. M (Agriculture): Henry P. Armsby, State College, Pa.

Permanent Secretary—L. O. Howard, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C.

General Secretary—O. E. Jennings, Carnegie Museum, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Secretary of the Council—(No election).

Secretaries of the Sections—A (Mathematics and Astronomy): Forest R. Moulton, University of Chicago, Chicago, Ill. B (Physics): George W. Stewart, State University of Iowa, Iowa City, Iowa. C (Chemistry): Arthur A. Blanchard, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cambridge, Mass. D (Engi-

neering): F. L. Bishop, University of Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh, Pa. E (Geology and Geography): Rollin T. Chamberlin, University of Chicago, Chicago, Ill. F (Zoology): W. C. Allee, Lake Forest College, Lake Forest, Ill., in absence of Herbert V. Neal. G (Botany): Mel T. Cook, Agricultural Experiment Station, New Brunswick, N. J. H (Anthropology and Psychology): E. K. Strong, Jr., 1821 Adams Mill Road, Washington, D. C. I (Social and Economic Science): Seymour C. Loomis, 82 Church Street, New Haven, Conn. K (Physiology and Experimental Medicine): A. J. Goldfarb, College of the City of New York, New York, N. Y. L (Education): Bird T. Baldwin, Walter Reed General Hospital, Washington, D. C. M (Agriculture): Edwin W. Allen, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

Treasurer—R. S. Woodward, Carnegie Institution of Washington, Washington, D. C.

Assistant Secretary—F. S. Hazard, Office of the A. A. A. S., Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C.

SCIENTIFIC EVENTS

A JOURNEY ROUND THE ARCTIC COAST OF ALASKA

A LETTER written by Archdeacon Stuck, at Fort Yukon, Alaska, in June of this year, describing a journey made by him last winter round the whole Arctic coast of Alaska, is abstracted in the *British Geographical Journal*. The journey, which naturally involved no small amount of hardship, afforded an unrivalled opportunity for gaining acquaintance with the Eskimo throughout the great stretch of country traversed, as well as for a comparative study of the work carried on among them by the various Christian organizations busy in that remote region. These Eskimo, the writer says, are "surely of all primitive peoples the one that has the greatest claim to the generous consideration of civilized mankind. Where else shall a people be found so brave, so hardy, so industrious, so kindly, and withal so cheerful and content, inhabiting such utterly naked country lashed by such constant ferocity of weather?" Everywhere he received from them

to be announced. President, H. A. Bumstead. Secretary, Dayton C. Miller, Case School of Applied Science, Cleveland, Ohio.

Optical Society of America.—Will meet on Friday, December 27. President, F. E. Wright. Secretary, P. G. Nutting, Westinghouse Research Laboratory, East Pittsburgh, Pa.

Society for Promotion of Engineering Education.—Will meet on date to be announced. President, John F. Hayford. Secretary, F. L. Bishop, University of Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Geological Society of America.—Will meet on Friday and Saturday, December 27 and 28. Joint meeting with Association of American Geographers, afternoon of December 28; joint meeting with Section E, A. A. A. S., on night of December 28. President, Whitman Cross. Secretary, E. O. Hovey, American Museum of Natural History, New York, N. Y.

Association of American Geographers.—Will meet on Friday and Saturday, December 27 and 28. Joint meeting with the Geological Society of America on the afternoon of December 28. President, Nevin M. Fenneman, 3755 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Secretary, O. L. Fassig (absent).

Paleontological Society of America.—Will meet on Saturday, December 28. President, F. H. Knowlton. Secretary, R. S. Basler, U. S. National Museum, Washington, D. C.

American Society of Naturalists.—Will meet Saturday morning, December 28. Annual dinner, Saturday night. Secretary, Bradley M. Davis, Statistical Division, U. S. Food Administration, Washington, D. C.

American Society of Zoologists.—Will meet on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, December 26 to 28. Joint session with American Society of Naturalists Saturday morning, December 28. President, George Lefevre. Acting Secretary, W. C. Allee, Lake Forest College, Lake Forest, Ill.

American Association of Economic Entomologists.—Will meet Thursday and Friday, December 26 and 27. President, E. D. Ball. Secretary, Albert F. Burgess, Gipsy Moth Laboratory, Melrose Highlands, Mass.

Botanical Society of America.—Will meet on Thursday to Saturday, December 26 to 28. Joint sessions with Section G, A. A. A. S., and American Phytopathological Society on Thursday afternoon, December 26. Joint sessions with American Phytopathological Society on Friday and Saturday, December 27 and 28. Joint session with Ecological Society of America on Saturday morning, December 28. President, William Trelease. Secretary, J. R. Schramm, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

American Phytopathological Society.—Will meet from Monday to Saturday, December 23 to 28. Joint meetings with Botanical Society of America on Friday and Saturday, December 27 and 28. Tenth anniversary dinner, 6:30 P.M., Wednesday, December 25. President, Mel. T. Cook. Secretary, C. L. Shear, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

Ecological Society of America.—Joint session with Botanical Society of America on Saturday morning, December 28. Dates of other sessions to be announced. President, Henry C. Cowles. Secretary, Forrest Shreve, Desert Laboratory, Tucson, Arizona.

American Anthropological Association.—Will hold joint meetings with Section H, A. A. A. S., and American Folk-Lore Society on Friday and Saturday, December 27 and 28. President, A. L. Kroeber. Acting Secretary, Bruce W. Merwin, University of Pennsylvania Museum, Philadelphia, Pa.

American Folk-Lore Society.—Will hold joint session with American Anthropological Association on Friday, December 27. President, C. Marius Barbeau. Secretary, Charles Peabody, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

American Metric Association.—Will meet on Friday and Saturday, December 27 to 28. The session of Saturday will be held at the Bureau of Standards, Washington. President, George F. Kunz. Secretary, Howard Richards, Jr., 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

American Society for Horticultural Science.—Will meet on Friday and Saturday, December 27 and 28. President, C. A. McCue. Secretary, C. P. Close, College Park, Md.

the greatest possible help and kindness, and brought away the warmest feeling of admiration and friendship. The start was made on the west coast first made known to the world by Cook and Kotzebue, Beechey, Collinson and Bedford Pim, and here it was possible to find some habitation, usually an underground igloo, on every night but one of the journey. Storms were encountered, but there were commonly fair winds and there were no special hardships, traveling being far more rapid than is usual in the interior. At Point Barrow a halt of two weeks gave opportunity for the study of the largest Eskimo village in Alaska. In spite of the advancing season the difficulties increased with the resumption of travel, March being the month in which the severest weather is to be expected here. Throughout the 250 miles to Flaxman Island the party saw only one human being and were housed only twice. "It is," says the writer, "the barrenest, most desolate, most forsaken coast I have ever seen in my life: flat as this paper on which I write, the frozen land merging indistinguishably into the frozen sea; nothing but a stick of driftwood here and there, half buried in the indented snow, gives evidence of the shore." The fortnight's travel along this stretch was a constant struggle against a bitter northeast wind with the thermometer 20° to 30° below zero Fahrenheit, and at night, warmed only by the "primus" oil cooking stove, the air within their little snow house was as low as from 48° to 51° below zero. The almost ceaseless wind was a torment, and the faces of all were continually frozen. There are Eskimo on the rivers away from the coast, but it was impossible to visit them. East of Point Barrow all the dog-feed had to be hauled on the sledge, and—for the first time since the archdeacon had driven dogs—they occasionally went hungry when there was no driftwood to cook with. The heaviest task however came on the journey inland to Fort Yukon. Beyond the mountains the winter's snow lay unbroken, and for eight days a trail down the Collen River had to be beaten ahead of the dogs. At the confluence of the Collen with the Porcupine Stefánsson and his party were met with, es-

corted on the way to Fort Yukon by Dr. Burke, of the hospital there. Stefánsson had lain ill all the winter at Herschel Island, and would never have recovered had he not finally resolved to be hauled 400 miles to the nearest doctor.

A PROPOSED BRITISH INSTITUTE OF INDUSTRIAL ART

WE learn from the *London Times* that the British Board of Trade in conjunction with the Board of Education and with the advice of representative members of the Royal Society of Arts, the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society, the Art Workers' Guild, the Design and Industries Association, and various persons and organizations connected with manufacture and commerce, have framed a scheme for the establishment of a British Institute of Industrial Art, with the object of raising and maintaining the standard of design and workmanship of works and industrial art produced by British designers, craftsmen and manufacturers, and of stimulating the demand for such works as reach a high standard of excellence.

The institute will be incorporated under the joint auspices of the Board of Trade as the department dealing with industry and the Board of Education as the authority controlling the Victoria and Albert Museum, and the methods by which it is proposed to achieve its objects include:

- (a) A permanent exhibition in London of modern British works selected as reaching a high standard of artistic craftsmanship and manufacture.
- (b) A selling agency attached to this exhibition.
- (c) A purchase fund for securing for the state selected works of outstanding merit exhibited at the institute.
- (d) The establishment of machinery for bringing designers and art workers into closer touch with manufacturers, distributors and others.
- (e) The organization of provincial and traveling exhibition of a similar character, either directly or in cooperation with other organizations.

It is not at present intended that the exhibition of the institute shall be actually opened

Every Day Life in Eskimo Land

By EMILE LAVOIE, C.E.

THE latest anthropological studies dealing with the habitat of the early human race have determined that the Eskimo is undoubtedly of Asiatic origin and likely one of the first inhabitants of North America.

At what period he crossed Behring Strait, or when his sampans were driven by stormy weather from Mandchouria to the Aleoutian Islands, it is hard to say, as no tradition of the Eskimo migration remains.

Owing to his quiet disposition and his lymphatic character, he was easily driven north by more war-like tribes who, centuries after him, followed in his wake, and slowly but persistently drove him to the Arctic regions, where he fully adapted himself to the severe conditions of living.

Physically, the Eskimo is more like the Japanese than the Chinese. His medium height, yellow skin, prominent cheek-bones, oblique eyes, diminutive hands and feet, his gait, and good-natured air, all proclaim his Mongolian ancestry and his close relationship to the Jap.

His race inhabits Greenland, Labrador, the Arctic Ocean's littoral from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and some of the large islands to the north as far as latitude 78. The author has come in close contact with the aborigenes of Labrador, Hudson Bay, Baffin and North Somerset islands. Little mention will be made of the Labrador natives, as they have been evangelized for a number of years by the Moravian Brothers. They are nearly all Lutherans, under the spiritual direction of a bishop and of several missionaries. Their intellectual and moral status is higher than that of their pagan brothers. Notwithstanding the fact that the Moravian Brothers have simultaneously promoted evangelism and

A first hand Study of the Habits, Customs and Beliefs of our Northern Neighbors

• •

commerce, they have founded schools where the Eskimo has acquired an elementary education.

Quite different from the Indian tribes inhabiting Canada, all speaking different dialects, the Eskimo language is practically the same from the mouth

lies through etiquette, and if, after our conception of sexual relationship, he is what can be claimed to be immoral, on the other hand, he is very honest and trustworthy. As to his treacherousness, the author, who has been in charge of explorations, his only helpers being Eskimos, can otherwise verify. During one of these he was three months absent and at a distance of 300 miles from the ship, surveying unmapped territory that had never been trodden by the natives. On his sleighs were articles for which the Eskimo would give a fortune in furs to possess, such as rifles, guns, knives, files, etc. It never occurred

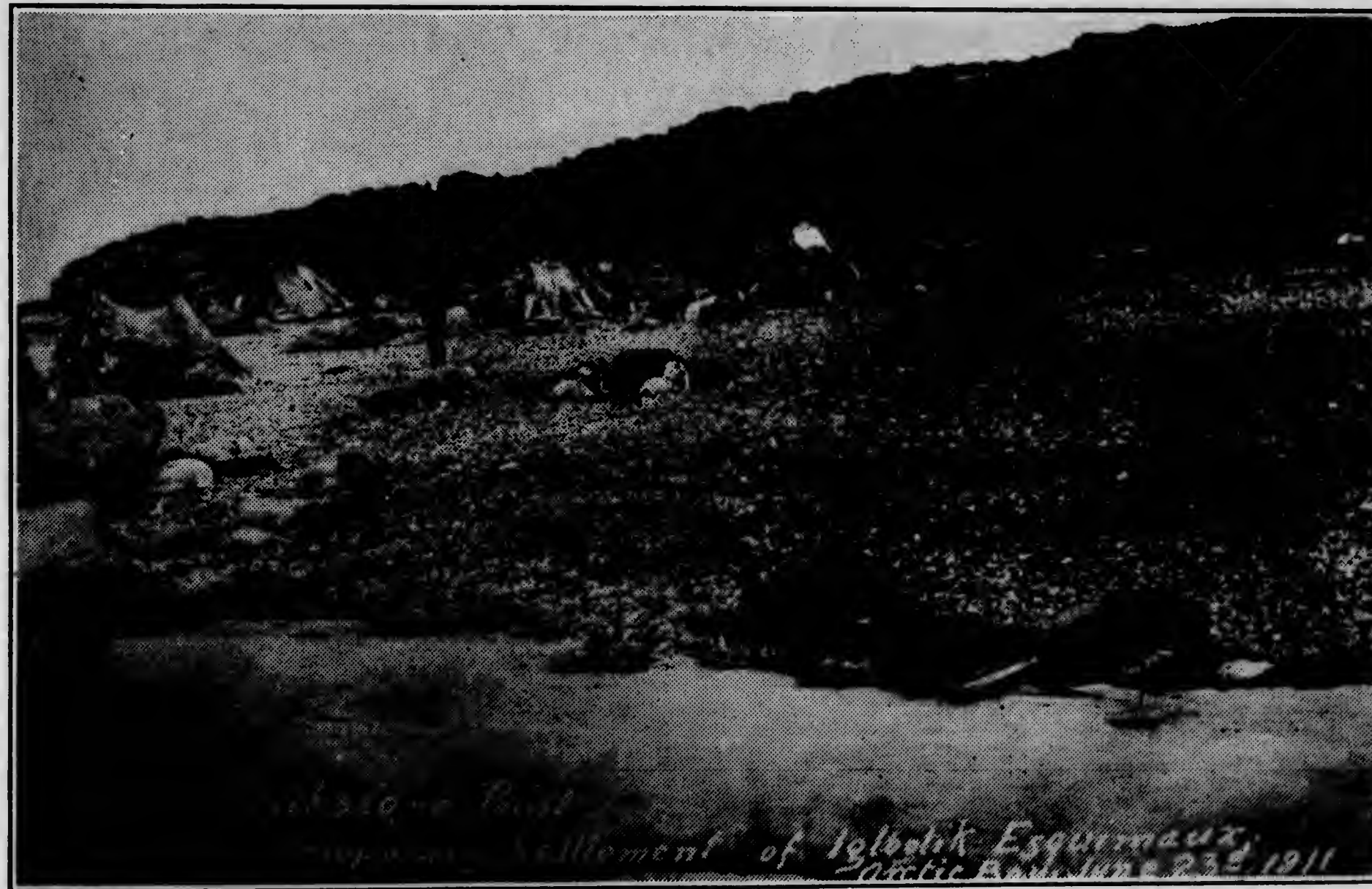
to me that my life was not secure or that it had entered their minds how easily they could have murdered me, stolen my goods, and not return to our starting-point. They could have avoided being ever overtaken. On the contrary, in the course of my travels they always treated me white and tried by all means to facilitate my work from the mouth of Prince Regent Inlet to that of Fury and Hecla Strait.

Such a wide difference in the morals of tribes of

the same race has certainly causes, and these I attribute to the following reasons:—

The Eskimo inhabiting the extreme north of the North-West Territories bounded by Alaska, the Arctic Ocean and the west coast of Hudson Bay has been from time immemorial in warfare with the Indian tribes south of him. Between the two races in the barren land stands an undefined frontier, a "no man's land," where the vendetta reigns supreme. If an Eskimo meets there an Indian, neither will hesitate an instant; kill the foe.

The first white men who came in contact with the Eskimo in these regions were accompanied by Indians,



POINT OULOUSIGNE, TEMPORARY SETTLEMENT
OF IGLOOLIK ESQUIMAUX

of the Mackenzie to Greenland, and strangers from these far-off points understand each other when they meet. The language may be guttural, but not unpleasant to the ear, as it eliminates harsh consonants. It lends itself to all phases of human thought, even the abstract.

Some authors claim that the Eskimo is not only very dirty, immoral, treacherous and false, but that he is also a liar.

If this can be laid against the native of the mainland skirting the Arctic Ocean, it certainly does not apply to the inhabitant of the Arctic archipelago and of Greenland. The islander, if necessarily and unavoidably dirty,

his irreducible enemies. Logically, he concluded that if the white man was the Indians' friend he was the Eskimo's enemy, and, occasion arising, he would have no hesitation in killing either. What has also likely prejudiced the Eskimo against the white man is the refusal of that special hospitality the first night a stranger sleeps in their village. The most important man of the tribe offers his hut to rest in and his wife to sleep with. A refusal is the worst insult to your host, as you refuse his friendship and show spite, unconcern and contempt for his companion. Hospitality with the Eskimo is sacred, and this is the summum of it, although intercourse with the woman is not necessary. This is likely what caused the murder and martyrdom of Father Rouvier and his companion, the two Oblate missionaries killed in the frozen north. The un-Christianized native must have seen scorn where virtue was, and logically, but wrongly, concluded that they had no use for men with whom they would not mix.

The Eskimos of Baffin, Somerset North and Ellesmere Islands have never met with the redskin, yet their traditions relate wars with them in the ages past.

The islander first met the white man in the eighteenth century, and he has

since been in contact with him through the Scotch whalers who sail the northern seas. Their first meeting was friendly, and barter started at once. Even if the native had the worst of it, yet he was neither persecuted nor killed, and henceforth he considered the white man as his friend.

It must not be forgotten that the territory inhabited by the Eskimo is barren, except for the mosses, lichens and flowers which grow in the valleys and in the lowlands. Not a tree, not a shrub to build a house, to heat it, to make a frame for his cayak, his summer tent, his spears, arrows, etc. All the raw material had to be had where he lived, and he showed a great ingenuity in his mode of using the material at hand: whalebones, ivory, silex, soapstone and furs of the animals. The white man, therefore, was a God-send, for from him he got planks for his sleighs, steel rods for his spears, rifles, guns, powder, lead and large snow-knives. It is easily seen that his condition is much improved.

The native of Somerset North is now the only one who leads the primitive life of his forbears.

An instance of how easily the Eskimo will adapt himself to Arctic conditions and from a certain state of civilization return to the stone-age if

necessity arises is shown here. Quite a few years ago an Eskimo and his family drifted on an ice-pan. All was lost, even the dogs. He landed at last on Salisbury Island, in the north of Hudson Bay. There he lived ten years, cut off from everything. Through his adaptability to the climatic conditions, he resumed primitive life. His family increased, but after ten years he felt lonesome for his kin. He therefore built an umiak⁽¹⁾ and in the summer headed toward Hudson Strait, taking along all his belongings. At first, when meeting men of his race, he was thought to be a spirit, as everyone was under the impression that the goddess "Sedna" had taken him into her mansion.

Their tradition relates that at one time the "Innuits"⁽²⁾ inhabited the shores of a large river which was lined with trees and abounded in fish and where the sun remained above the horizon even in winter. He was driven away from its shores by men who threw thunderbolts at him. Continually hunted down, he moved to the tundras of the sub-Arctic and then to the polar regions.

Scattered on such an unlimited territory, it is not to be wondered at that his race formed itself into so very many small nomadic tribes, suspicious of one another, and ready to kill his kin when famine stared at him. These tribes differentiate from one another by the cut of their dress. In the larger villages one will see women wearing three or four entirely different garments, for, as a rule, they pride in their tribal origin.

The language is practically the same. A few years ago a tribe was discovered on Victoria Island. It thought itself the only inhabitants of the whole world. For ages it had never met any other aborigine, as far back as could be remembered. Yet on meeting natives

(1) A large boat made of sealskins, generally used by the women, as the men prefer the cayak.

(2) Name by which the Eskimos designate themselves, meaning the people, the chosen race.



ESKIMAUX AT DOUGLAS HARBOUR
(Photo from S.S. "Diana" Expedition)

from the mainland they entered into immediate conversation.

Their beliefs, religious ceremonies, or rather their shamanistic seances, are everywhere the same.

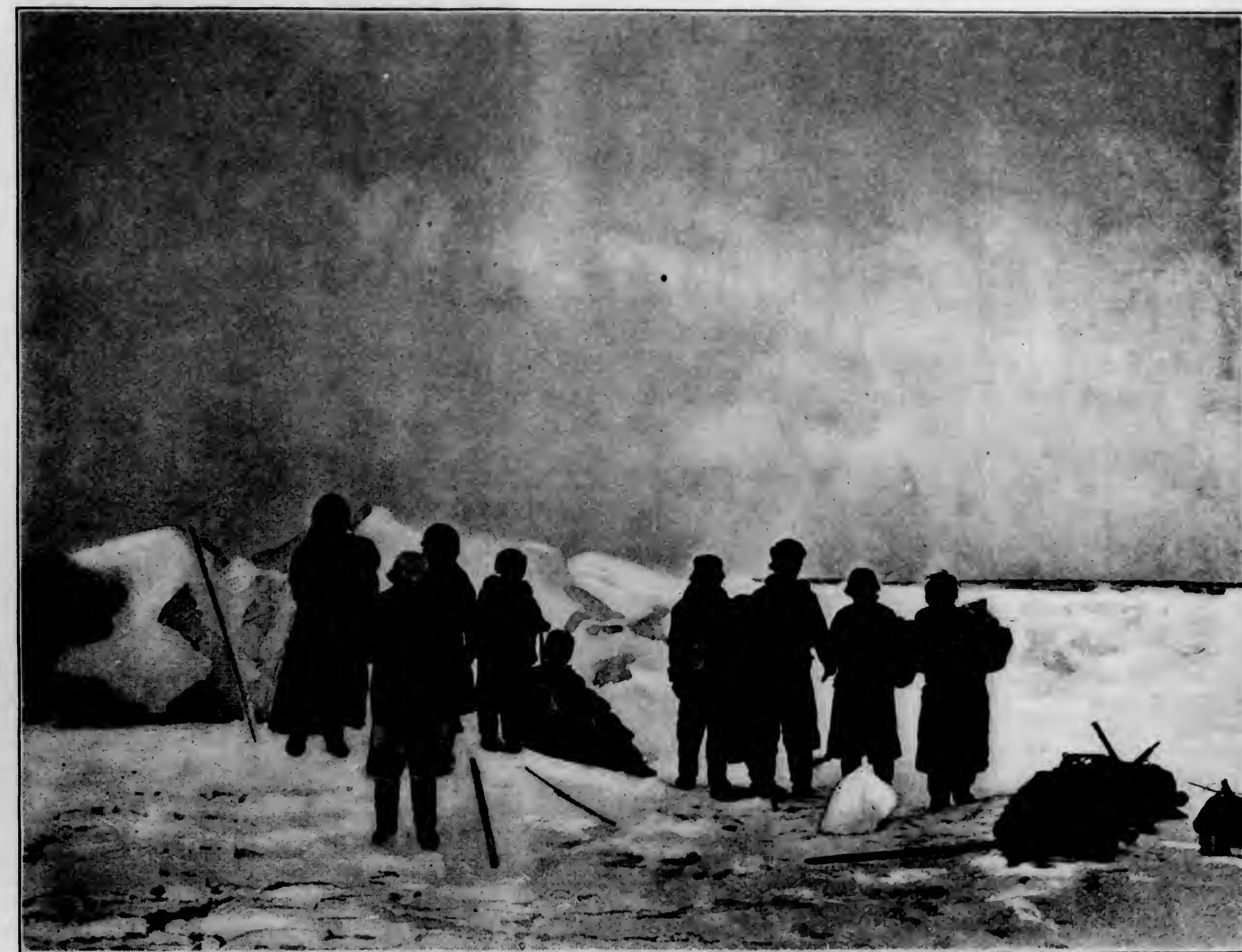
The Innuits, meaning "The People," makes his living out of hunting and fishing. From these two sources he draws, not only his food and his dresses, but also his fuel, taken from the fat of the seal, of the walrus and of the narwhal.

During winter he lives in a snow hut called igloo and in summer under a skin tent designated as a toopie.

Winter is the hardest season for the Eskimo. Hunting is then uncertain and the polar night is a drawback. The wild animals keep hidden, and it is dangerous to venture too far on the

ice-fields, as a gale, with a wind raging at from 50 to 110 miles an hour, may start at any moment. Woe then to the hunter caught in such a gale. Never will he return to tell the sad story. If he has not been provident enough in the fall to establish caches of salmon and barren-ground caribou meat, famine is likely to knock at his door and may reign supreme at his hearth. Life then slowly ebbs out of the aged and the feeble. If the weather keeps bad, the survivors, to turn away death and to save their very lives and that of the tribe, will be forced to feed off the dead bodies of their brothers. Abominable necessity of which the Eskimo speaks very reluctantly when questioned concerning it.

As mentioned before, the Eskimo spends the winter in a snow hut or igloo, for the construction of which he shows remarkable ingenuity. With a long knife he tries the compactness of the snow-drifts. These must be hard, well packed and deep enough to suit his purpose. He then opens an oblong hole with a straight wall along its longest area. Off this wall he cuts his blocks, 6 inches thick by 24 inches long by 18 inches high. As a rule, one man cuts the blocks and the other builds the hut. An elliptical curve the dimension of the proposed igloo is



ESKIMAUX FROM BIG ISLAND
(Photo from S.S. "Diana" Expedition)

traced on the ground, and the first row of the blocks is disposed around this line. The foundation is now set, and the other blocks are then diagonally shaped in such a way that the subsequent rows develop in a decreasing spiral till the apex of the dome is reached. A keystone of irregular shape is then used to complete the whole structure. A snow ventilator is then adjusted to the roof.

Once completed, the igloo has the appearance of a depressed arch. It is very firm and solid, as it will support the weight of two or three men. The average dimensions of these huts for an ordinary family is 12 feet by 9. The door is very low, and one has to get down on all fours to creep in. The masonry completed, the women use powdered snow to caulk the joints. An elevated snow-platform of about 2 feet occupies half the space at the back of the house. On it are disposed the furs and bedding. It is the family parlour, and there everybody squats and rests. Lateral platforms are also built on which are set the stone lamps and kettles and part of the eatables. If the igloo is of a permanent nature, care must be taken to prevent drippings from the melting snow after it is heated. This is overcome by building an inner wall of tanned sealskins, leaving an air-space

of 4 or 5 inches between it and the snow blocks.

A well-built house will last practically all winter with an average temperature of 40 to 44 degrees Fahrenheit.

To prepare the family's sleeping quarters, several layers of tanned caribou skins, with the hair on, are then disposed on the snow platform. The lamp is then set in place. If it is a large dwelling, two are used. They are set on the lateral platforms and rest on whalebones sunk in the snow. They are carved out of soapstone. Of a triangular shape, they are long and narrow. The surface is hewn to form an oil reservoir. The wick, made of dried mosses and rabbit dung, is placed on the concave side of the lamp and trimmed with a small bone or the thumb-nail to give it the required shape. It is then soaked with oil and lit with touchwood set on fire with a flint and steel. At first the flame is very low, but it increases gradually as the stone warms up. It then requires a great deal of manipulation to keep it even and bright and to prevent smoking. To keep the oil level with the wick, pieces of seal blubber are cut in narrow strips and hung above the lamp. The heat softens them and they drip slowly into the reservoir.

(Turn to page 228)

An example
of the result of
some one's
carelessness



Fire sweeping
through the
light timber in
central British
Columbia

Photo reproduced
from "Maclean's"
Magazine

A National Forest Vision

By DR. CLIFTON D. HOWE

Dean, Faculty of Forestry, University of Toronto

CANADA is what she is to-day because of the struggles and sacrifices of our forefathers, and she will be to-morrow what the young men of to-day make her. Young men are inclined to forget that the process of action-making is a continuous one. We hear a good deal nowadays about the wonderful future that lies before Canada. No doubt she has wonderful potentialities. Few countries in the world are so wonderfully endowed by nature with agricultural soils, forests, mines, fisheries, game, water powers and inland water transportation possibilities. Without conscious planning for their maintenance, however, the prosperity that flows from the exploitation of the natural resources is temporary and relatively short-lived. I could cite for illustration several countries in the Eastern Hemisphere and I could mention some countries in the Western Hemisphere, including Canada, that have begun to travel down the same road. Canada is rich and prosperous to-day, very largely through exploitation of the free gifts of nature. Canada will be rich and prosperous to-morrow only if she places her restorable natural resources on a self-sustaining

Conscious Planning of Maintenance Measures are an Immediate Essential

FROM an address delivered
before The Young Men's
Canadian Club of Montreal

basis, and she will do this only through the conscious planning and the sustained effort of her young men.

It is self-evident that the treatment of our natural resources in such a manner that their re-creative power is not destroyed, so that they will yield periodic crops for all time, leads to a permanent population continuously employed. It is just as self-evident, on the other hand, that the exploiting of the free gifts of nature in such a manner that their productive capacity is destroyed or greatly reduced brings about in any community only relatively temporary employment, a shifting population, and leaves behind it extensive areas of waste land or at

least land of very low productivity. And this waste land remains idle for a generation, perhaps for a hundred years, as a charge upon the community. In a highly industrialized country, no community can remain prosperous if it has to carry extensive areas of idle lands or lands of low productive capacity.

Thus far I have used the term natural resources in a general sense, meaning the soil, agricultural and forestal, water powers, mines, fish and game. With the exception of the mines, they are all restorable through the intelligent direction of man, that is, they can be made continuously productive. As to their actual treatment, I shall use the forest as an illustration because I know more about it, and because it is really the subject of this article.

In school, you were probably taught that our forests were almost illimitable and certainly inexhaustible. Such statements were largely based on ignorance of facts. Forests have never been inexhaustible, but they are always potentially inexhaustible, that is, if they receive the proper kind of treatment. We know a great many things about our forest resources that

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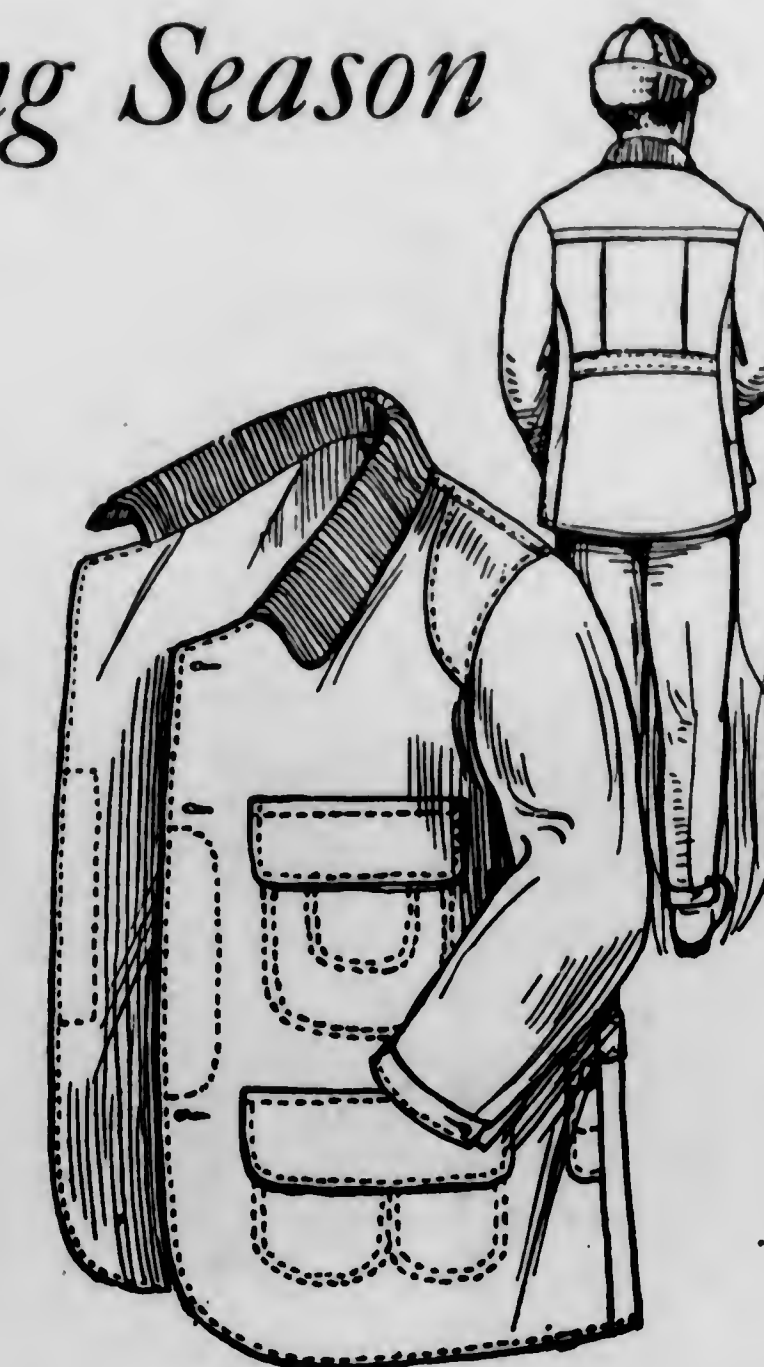
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Every Day Life in Eskimo Land

(Continued from page 201)

The Eskimo always sleeps with his head towards the door; the lamp being set on the lateral platforms, it is then easy for his wife to keep the home-fire burning all night, as this essentially feminine occupation is "taboo" to the male, and it is only in cases of dire necessity that he will look after it.

Above the lamp, close to the flame, is suspended a soapstone kettle of about one gallon content. In it is melted the snow or ice used for drinking. In summer the meat is cooked in it, but in winter meat and fish are always eaten raw. The small quantity of water thus obtained is never used for ablutions, and the Eskimo therefore never washes during the winter. Someone will ask why does he not use snow to rub his face and hands? I would answer, how would you like to rub those parts of your anatomy with frozen sand? The snow is so brittle, harsh and hard that it just feels that way, and two or three applications would rub the skin off. The remedy would be worse than the cure, as the author has himself experienced. The salubrity of the climate makes this obligation dispensable, and personal cleanliness is therefore sentimental more than a necessity.

The Eskimo diet is not varied: three times a day, fish and meat or meat and fish. No cereals, no flour, no fruits, no sugar. If necessity arises, he will eat at once enough to keep him going for three or four days.

Once his igloo is finished, he builds a long tunnel at its entrance about 4 feet high, where in stormy weather the dogs seek shelter. Against one wood, jointed, assembled and tied with lashings made of walrus' skins. The crossbars are also tied to the runners, and are longer, to give a hold to the side of the igloo a semi-circular, unroofed rampart is built. Inside is stored all the spare clothing, meat, lashings and harness, as the dogs devour absolutely everything that comes within their reach. The cometics (1) when not in use are set high on snow blocks to save the lashings from the devouring teeth of the animals. No nails or screws are used in the manufacture of the sleighs.

The Eskimo race is the only one that practises true communism. In this respect it could give lessons to the Soviets of Russia. Even its women are in a sense common property if it is for the good of the tribe at large. With him it is not a Utopia, but a

(1) Sleighs.
(Turn to page 229)

A National Forest Vision

(Continued from Page 204)

our own forests were drawn upon to contribute their quota. It was because of these experiences that Great Britain in 1920 in spite of her great load of public debt appropriated \$15,000,000 for the first ten-year period of forest reconstruction through planting and is planting at the rate of about 10,000 acres per year. She will never again be caught in a position where the lack of forest supplies may determine the outcome of a war. If happily the war never comes she will have a profitable investment.

It was because of the war experiences in relation to supplies of wood that the Imperial Forestry Conference was formed, one of whose primary objects is to bring about a stock-taking of the forest resources throughout the Empire.

We might modify the thought of the old writer referred to above by saying that the second line of defence of a country in time of war is entrenched in the soil and it expresses itself in terms of food and wood. The second line of defence in time of peace, or in other words the basis of industrial development and nation building, is also entrenched in the soil and it expresses itself in the same terms: food and wood. The first line of defence of a country in both peace and war lies in the character of its people.

The products of the farm stand first and the products of the forest stand second in the contribution to Canada's annual creation of wealth. We are proud of the agricultural development in this country. We are proud of the phenomenal development of the pulp and paper industry and the allied development of water powers in the past few years. We would be in a very poor position industrially and financially were it not for this development. During the past year Canada has outstripped the United States in the production of pulp and paper. Plans are on foot for greatly increased production during the next few years.

Keep Wooden Star Bright

The pulp and paper star is in ascendancy in eastern Canada and it will be for a number of years to come, but we must not forget that it is a wooden star and will therefore eventually grow dim and decay unless there is conscious planning and sustained effort to keep it bright, so that it may continue to shed its effulgent and golden light upon the stockholders and the workmen in the forest and in the mill.

We are proud of these developments, proud of the business ability

and human energy behind them, but when we come to our treatment of the forest on which all this creation of wealth depends, when we realize the extent of the destruction of its recuperative powers by repeated forest fires, when we realize that the cutting methods employed are such that the regeneration of the most valuable species is entirely inadequate to meet future needs, we cannot say that we are proud; in fact, we must bow our heads in shame. Why can't we have the same enthusiasm for forest cropping that we have for wheat cropping? The value of the forest crops is nearly equal to that of the wheat crop. The one is just as important as the other in the welfare of the country and there is just as much romance in forest cropping as in wheat cropping, indeed more, for when you have once established a forest on a proper basis and cared for it in a proper manner, it goes on forever. And this is the thought, the vision, I wish to leave with you. The vision of a Canada with her forests so treated that they will produce for all time adequate and continuous supplies of raw materials from the most valuable and profitable trees, such as pine and spruce, for her wood consuming industries, with her river valleys whose soil is non-agricultural, dotted with mills and developed waterpowers and with their consequent busy, contented and prosperous population; a Canada with her railways and waterways crowded with manufactured forest products on their way to the markets of the world: a Canada with the accompanying benefits of the forests fully developed, a summer refuge and recreation ground for the teeming millions in the great cities to the southward, with her fish and game and fur-bearing animals conserved and protected. In a word, Canada reaching the full realization of her wonderful economic possibilities.

Visionary? Yes. Let me say, however, that imagination is as necessary for the protection and upbuilding of the Empire as battleships. A people without a vision, without conscious striving towards an ideal to be realized in the future, is lost. By aiding in the education of public opinion, by placing men of vision and high ideals to represent you in the parliaments of the country, you can bring about continuous forest production and the consequent permanency of our wood using industries. You can make your country great in prosperity as well as great in spirit. By so doing you would maintain your country's first line of defence for peace and prosperity: character and constructive citizenship; you would maintain her second line of defence: her wooden walls. By so

doing you would come back to the standards of your forefathers, the founders of this country, who made great effort, endured great hardships, made great sacrifices that their children might have a better country in which to live, who regarded citizenship as a trusteeship for coming generations.



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(Continued from Page 228)

mode of government born of the severe conditions of his strenuous and precarious existence in a God-forsaken country. In time of famine, if a hunter kills an animal it is common property.

The Eskimo woman is a good and devoted mother. Much could be said of the gross immorality of which she is accused. Common civility will lead her to do acts which our morals condemn, but nevertheless she is shy, demure and never lewd. Her aim in life is to bear sons to her husband.

In a country where not a tree nor a shrub grows, the reader will wonder how the Eskimo will build his cometic, his kayaks⁽²⁾ and the frame for his summer tent.

The cometic is a narrow sleigh from 10 to 18 feet long. For its construction, until a few years ago, he used whalebone and ivory, shaped and laced together till the required length was reached. This mode of construction has been done away with now that he gets pieces of board or planks, for which he pays a thousand times their value, from the navigators sailing the northern seas. The runners are formed of different pieces of strings tying on the load. The runners are shod with flat pieces of ivory, held on with wooden pegs. To eliminate the heavy drag over rough snow, this shoeing is coated with several layers of a paste made of peat and water. It is only used in very cold weather. As soon as applied on the cold ivory it freezes and is bonded to it. To complete the surfacing, water is then vaporized with the mouth over it, and repeated till a shining, uniform and glossy coat covers the whole. This icing process must be repeated every morning. Friction is thus partly eliminated and the hauling improved 50 per cent.

The harnessing of the dogs is quite original. In a wooded country, they are all harnessed one in front of the other along a single trace, otherwise they would get entangled amongst the trees. In the treeless regions of the Arctic there is no such danger. Therefore every dog has an individual trace tied to the harness on his back. Each trace is from 10 to 30 feet long, and disposed in such a way that the leader is a few feet ahead of the next dogs coming in pairs, and all separated from one another. The traces are long for several reasons, but principally to allow the team to spread fan-

⁽²⁾ A low-decked canoe, for one person only, made of tanned sealskin.

(Turn to Page 230)

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(Continued from page 229)

like and to prevent continuous snarling, biting and fighting. In case of these is renewed every spring and consists in the exchange of wives for three weeks, with mutual consent, of course. Two things must be considered in this act: to wipe off the shortcoming relating to the taboos and to promote child-birth.

Notwithstanding his apparent immorality, the Eskimo is neither lewd nor immodest, for his senses are submitted to a severe régime of continence. In his ways and habits he is even a prude. Month after month the author lived among them, a stray sheep in a strange flock, alone of his kind, dressed, fed and housed as they were, each night sharing the family bed. Not once did he notice improper actions.

The children are well looked after and are suckled till they reach the age of four or five years, as the essentially carnivorous diet of the Eskimo would ruin his digestive organs. He just grows. He is never reprimanded nor smacked. The grandmother looks after his education by relating bedtime stories of folklore.

The old people are respected, looked after and their advice sought, but woe to the childless. In case of famine

they will be abandoned to a lingering death, but only in the face of dire necessity. Stoically they will sacrifice themselves to save the adults and the children, the hope of the race.

When the angel of death has reaped the soul of one of these poor pagans, the whole village raises an unearthly yell, the dogs howling and the women rending the air with shrill lamentations. Man's civilized blood curdles and a cold wave follows the spine, chills race over the epiderm. The lamentations are followed by a guttural, dismal and dreary chant. He need not be moved too deeply, as this is for the gallery. The sepulture is done immediately after this ceremony, as the house in which a death has occurred must be abandoned and demolished. Therefore, in winter time the moribund is dragged outside for the passing of the soul. If death has occurred within the hut, the body is not removed through the door, but a hole is made through the back wall for its exit. The body is dragged to the place of burial and covered with stones in the summer and blocks of ice in the winter to protect the carcass from wolves and foxes, which manage to devour it in either case. Near the corpse are placed the different articles used by the deceased during

his life, to ensure a safe voyage through the spirit-world. The dresses worn by the dead person are abandoned.

Lastly, the Eskimo is trustworthy, logical, good and hospitable. He has an equanimity of character which is wonderful and keeps his nerve against all odds. He never rages nor fumes. He is not rash in his actions, he is persevering and stoical. He shows no surprise when shown some of our marvellous mechanical inventions, but just a sophisticated mien and a philosophical impassibility. Is he not an "Innuït," the people? Why should he worry?

When his time is not taken up by work, he loves to play. He is jocular, sprightly, humorous and very witty. His pastimes are quite primitive, but he delights in musical and singing tournaments, in which not only his primitive life is depicted but also some of the most subtle sentiments of the soul.

All the Eskimos of North Baffin, Somerset and Igloolik Islands, with whom the author has lived, are pagans. Those of Cumberland Gulf are Anglicans and those of Labrador are Lutherans. The Oblate Fathers, who

(Turn to page 231)



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(Continued from Page 230)

have done so much amongst the North-West Indian tribes, have also come in accident or surprise, the unharnessing is done in a twinkling. Each trace ends with an ivory eye, and is not tied directly to the sleigh but threaded through a strong skin-cord tied to the cometic with a slip knot.

When travelling on the ice-fields, if a polar bear is sighted, in a trice the knot holding the traces is loosened, the dogs are free and quickly bring the bear to bay. The hunter then approaches to within 40 or 50 feet of the animal and puts a bullet through him. If he has no gun, he attacks him with his spear, a dangerous game which will last over an hour before bruin lies dead at last.

Barren-ground caribou, seal, fox and other animal hunting will likely be developed in a later article, for the Eskimo shows great skill and a thorough knowledge of wild life to ensnare and kill his prey.

Only a few traits of the Innuït's moral principles will be touched on here. On some I shall lightly dwell, as I have often wondered if the white man's contact has not spread what at first may have been but an unusual custom which shocks our conception of sexual relationship. Let the man

who has not sinned throw the first stone.

As a general rule, the Eskimo is very honest. Around the ship at Arctic Bay were tools of all descriptions lying around which to him represented values untold and riches never dreamed of. In and out of our cabins he would come and go, with things scattered about. Never did we miss an article after his passage. The white sailor was not so honest. He would pick them up, take them to the natives and exchange them for knickknacks.

He is a liar, some will say. Yes, but after the fashion of the Oriental, through politeness. When questioned, he generally answers in a way that he surmises will please his inquisitor, and sometimes he falls short of the mark or exceeds it.

Concerning sexual morality, his ideals are at a divergence with ours. The marriage ties are very loose and divorce very easy and open to everyone, man or woman, for the most futile reasons. If the husband does not agree with his wife through incompatibility of character, through sterility, laziness, etc., he enters into a bargain with one of his neighbours who he thinks is in the same soup as himself. Wives are then exchanged,

the children following the mother, and the exchanging will continue till perfect bliss and happiness reigns supreme in the snow house. The newly-formed couples continue friendly, visit and help one another. This does not mean that love, affection and sacrifice are unknown virtues to the Eskimo's heart. Not in the least; being logical, he follows the line of least resistance.

Although the woman's lot is a hard one, she is not a slave and she is well treated by her husband. Christianity will easily divest her of some abnormal practices called forth by their superstitions.

The religious beliefs of the Eskimo are vague. He believes firmly in a good and in a bad god, or, rather, goddess. Sedna, the goddess, inhabits the abysmal depths of the ocean in a large stone mansion, where every good Innuït will go after his death. To obtain the goodwill of his god, he will perform a series of propitiatory acts and observe numerous taboos. Open confession to the shaman is made at least once a year, following a seance of sorcery. Inspired by his guiding "tonwak" ⁽¹⁾, the "angay-cook" ⁽²⁾ predicts the future, propi-

⁽¹⁾ Guiding spirit. ⁽²⁾ Sorcerer.

(Turn to Page 232)



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(Continued from Page 231)

tiates the divinity and imposes the penances to be performed. One of contact with those of the Mackenzie, of the Interior and of Hudson Bay, and through the barren lands they carry high the light of the Gospel to the poorest of the poor, under the leadership of Bishop Turquetil, who left his sunny France to devote his life to their welfare and gave his youth for the good of these disinherited brothers of ours.

The Danish Government, which rules over Greenland, has made a success of that glacial colony, and has civilized the Eskimos of that region to such an extent that they have their own parliament, ministers, doctors and agents of their race to preside over their destiny. Their increase in population is quite remarkable, whilst the Canadian-born are on the decline. The same satisfactory results could be obtained if our Government would apply to our Eskimos the co-operative régime enforced by Denmark for their welfare and safeguard.

It would be a loss to the country if that race was to disappear, and the economical development of our northern regions handicapped and rendered impossible. The Eskimo is part of the landscape, and has so fully resolved life in the Arctic that he could not be replaced. If practical means are not adopted for the propagation of the race, he will slowly disappear. There are tribes at the present time where the male element predominates to the extent of ten and twenty per cent over the female element. This state of affairs causes brawls and murders for the possession of a companion. Let the Eskimo be assured of an abundance of food and not face continuous famine, and the barbarous custom of choking the baby girls before the age of eight days will be abandoned. Now, only those who are engaged to be married in that very short lapse of time are allowed to survive. Of course, Christian education will eventually stop this practice, but there is no denying that Parliament could help in this by adopting a mode of government adapted to these people. It must not be forgotten that there is but one inhabitant to every four hundred square miles.

That the Eskimo race be preserved from total extinction is the wish of everyone who has come in contact with it. Owing to his adaptability to all conditions, the time would come when he could furnish his own agents, leaders and priests, and this specially educated class be the leaders of their brothers through life.



Each komatik was drawn by a team of big, husky Eskimo dogs, ideal for harness work and for hauling a sledge over snowy trails



HE first komatik weighed her brake-spike and skimmed out on her course while three sister craft heaved and tossed and strained at their moorings. As she rounded the first bend The Musher, who commanded the fleet, stood on the afterbeam and threw up his hand. This was my signal and I loosed a snub rope, whereupon the second komatik headed out into the wake of the first.

A heap of camp supplies and equipment stowed amidships and lashed with a pair of snowshoes on top made up the cargo, while I manned the handle bars. It was a serious position for me, for the komatik was a strange craft and the course unfamiliar. Dead ahead the surface was choppy with small drifts which tossed the craft uncomfortably about, and when we tacked to starboard she rolled dangerously. Once out on a tangent, however, she settled to an even runner and, full trace ahead, began to overhaul the craft in front. Hard astern followed the third komatik, manned by The Artist, while the fourth, with The Lady as pilot, brought up the rear.

We were just starting on a journey—a cruise of the great, white,

Am. Forests - March 1930.

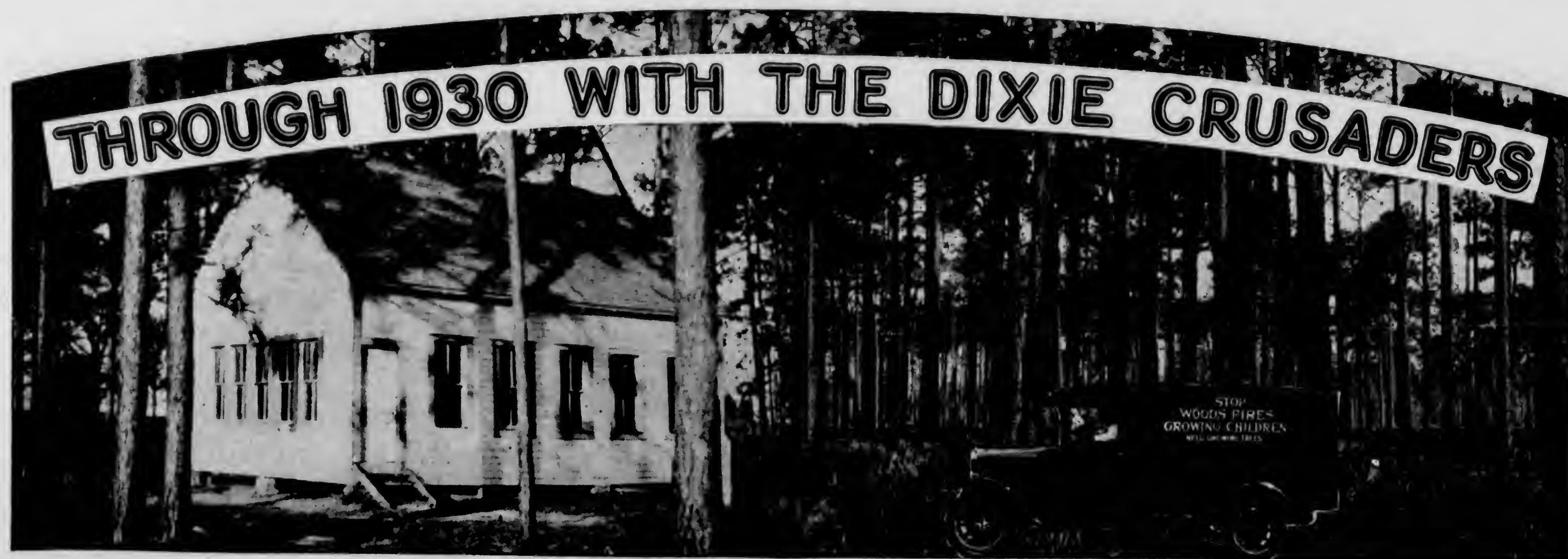
The Cruise of the Komatiks. By W. DUSTIN

winter woods—and our craft, the komatik of the northern Eskimo, is a sledge in our own tongue. It is doubtful if an Eskimo would have recognized his komatik in the light and graceful sledges which The Musher has evolved from it. The original komatik was low and flat and heavily built, especially designed for travel over flat country and on sea ice, while these modern Yankee komatiks were light, though strong, and could be easily handled or hauled up steep grades. They were equipped with brakes for easing them down hill and with handle bars by which they could be steadied over rough places and guided around turns.

The land of great snows had also supplied our motive power, for each komatik was drawn by a team of big Eskimo dogs. Some of these had been imported from northern Labrador and Greenland and others were raised from these imported animals. The Eskimo dog is ideal for harness work and for hauling a sledge over snowy trails. His breed originated in a land of severe climatic conditions and he has astonishing hardihood as a part of his heritage. He is strongly and



The Lady on her skis



Little Stories by the Men of the Southern Forestry Educational Project of The American Forestry Association Who are Carrying the Message of Forest Protection to the People of the South

THE Consolidated School at Crystal Springs, Mississippi, with a faculty of forty-five and an enrollment of more than 1,200 children, is said to be the largest consolidated school in the world. Twenty-four large busses bring children to the school from distances of sixteen miles or more.

"When I first went to the school to arrange for a motion picture program and lecture, I realized that it would be necessary to give our program during school hours as the children would have no means of transportation to attend a night program. There were eight large windows in the auditorium which had to be darkened for the motion pictures, and as the seating capacity was not more than seven hundred, we decided to give two programs.

"More than 1,200 children listened attentively to the lecture and witnessed the showing of *Pardners*, the motion picture made by The American Forestry Association. Their interest in the picture was shown by happy exclamations, and the faculty appeared to be as much engrossed as the children. The few patrons who came were amazed at the success of the program and expressed their appreciation of our undertaking. We were urged to return." — EARL TAYLOR, Unit Director, Mississippi.



Negro school children in Florida about to see their first motion picture show.

"At Natural Bridge School, near De Funiak Springs, Florida, an old man about sixty years old approached the truck and read the lettering on the sides.

"Every word painted on that truck is the truth, young

man,' he said finally, referring to the slogan 'Stop Woods Fires—Growing Children Need Growing Trees,' and other brief statements concerning forest protection, 'and I am certainly glad you found our little school out here in the piney woods. You are doin' a great work with your talks and pictures—somethin' that should have been done fifty years ago.'

"I found out that this man was the wealthiest in the community, and the only one whose children had gone through high school and entered college. He told me later that he had always made every effort to keep fire from his land."—W. L. MOORE, Lecturer and Motion Picture Operator, Florida.

"In an audience at a motion picture show at a very small school near Fargo, Georgia, my attention was attracted by a man whose interest in the motion picture *Pardners* was out of the ordinary. His face was familiar and when he had the opportunity he came over and shook hands with me.

"Reckon you don't remember me, son,' he said, 'but I heard you talk and saw your show about a year ago way over in Echols County.

"Well, I'm sure glad to see you again, sir,' I told him.

"And I'm gladder to see you, son. You know, I have been burnin' my woods for more than thirty years, and after listening

to you talk last year I decided that maybe it was wrong to set out fire. Now that I have seen your new picture, *Pardners*, I never expect to fire the woods again."—JACK THURMOND, Lecturer and Motion Picture Operator, Georgia.

the Komatiks

WHITE

compactly built, and a coarse outer coat sheds the most severe storm while a soft, wooly undercoat conserves the heat generated by his own body. His tail, a jaunty plume, which he carries curled over his back when traveling, provides a covering for his nose and feet when curled up to sleep. His feet, compact like the foot of a cat, are unusually tough, which enables him to travel without great injury over the icy stretches.

A team of five dogs, nicely matched, hauled my komatik. They were attached to the sledge in what is known as the gang hitch—two pairs with a single leader in front. The leader was Okak, light and quick and possessing an intelligence that enabled her to respond readily to such commands as I had succeeded in adding to my vocabulary. Back of her ran Mader and Co-Cyack, while next to the sledge was Cyack and old Yank. Yank was an imported dog, a veteran of the Labrador fur trails. Formerly he had led his team, but with old age slowing him down, he worked back willingly enough next to the sled.

When we first started out I could only cling to the handle bars while my dogs raced along in



The Musher would a-hunting go



Komatiks make ideal craft for navigating the winding ribbons of snowy road or trail, or traveling expanses of ice-locked waterways

the wake of the team ahead. Before long, however, I managed to get my snow legs and to feel more at home on the sledge. I quickly learned how to shift my weight from runner to runner, thus trimming the craft, and how to turn the handle bars so that she would take the curves in graceful swings. Then I awoke to the beauty of the country through which we passed. We were following a main highway, traveling down the narrow valley of the Upper Ammonoosuc River, in northern New Hampshire. It was a glorious late winter morning, the air clear and the sun bright. From our starting point we could see the distant peaks of the Presidential Range, looming clear and sharp over rolling hills.

For perhaps a mile the surface was hard and the going smooth. All we had to do was to let the dogs run and apply the brakes a bit on the down grades to keep the traces from tangling. The driver of a dog team rides on the rear of the sledge, one foot on each runner and one hand grasping each handle bar. The brake, which is a steel spike mounted on a spring board, is located between the runners where it is easily accessible. When we came to a more drifted portion of the road, the sledges ran much harder. Here we could aid by paddling—kicking back with

one foot and thus giving the sledge a push forward. At other times we would jump off and run along behind, relieving the team of our weight altogether. This brought another part of our equipment into play, a light rope, about twenty feet long, one end of which was attached to the gathering ring at the sledge bow. At the other end is a loop through which the driver places one hand, bringing the loop around his wrist, while the surplus rope is gathered in the hand. One of the rules of driving is never to take the hand out of this loop. Then, in case the team should start suddenly and snap the sledge away, the driver will still have something to hang on to.

But this was not to be a cruise of the beaten trails for the dog-drawn komatik, like the canoe, is essentially a craft of the wilderness. Its great advantage is that it can be taken where other modes of conveyance fail. So after a short run down the valley road we swung to the starboard quarter and began bucking the stiff grade of an old logging road.

This ascended rapidly, and we ran along behind the sledges, pushing occasionally on the handle bars to help the dogs with their heavy loads. Upward we climbed, past the last pulp-wood pile, beyond the end of the logging road and out on a trail that had been trodden with snowshoes.

We came into real wilderness when we topped the summit and began to descend a long grade. We could ride here and watch the endless procession of forest trees that marched back past us. Rank upon rank they stood—maples, beeches, birches

and dark, somber evergreens, festooned with nature's own decorations. At last, The Musher, who was still ahead, made a sharp turn and his dogs trotted out onto the smooth surface of a small lake. The beauty of the scene which spread out

before us was overwhelming. The deep green of the spruces on the shoreline was enhanced by the graceful white trunks of the birches. Farther away the hardwood ridges billowed up to where two snow-capped mountain peaks stood on the skyline. There was no trail here but the snow was not deep and the dogs traveled easily. Across the lake we took to the woods again on a narrow trail. We had not gone far, however, when The Musher's sharp "Har," which is Eskimo for "Whoa," brought the teams to a standstill.

He had stopped at one of the finest camp sites I have ever seen and we lost little time getting shelter tents up. The Musher's was a wall tent, nine feet square, large and roomy, for his was a family camp. The Lady, who piloted the rear komatik, was Mrs. Musher, and Musher, Jr., a sturdy little chap of five years, had taken passage with his father. The Artist and I preferred an open-front shelter tent. The dogs required no shelter whatever, for even in their home corrals, where snug kennels are available, they often sleep in the open by preference.

They fell asleep on the snow while we were making camp. At night they were unhitched from the sledge, but not unharnessed, and each dog fastened, by its own tug, to a small tree. A small depression, trodden in the snow and lined with



Hard astern followed the third komatik, manned by The Artist, while the fourth, with The Lady as pilot, brought up the rear



The Musher and Musher, Jr., at the family camp in the woods. The dogs are stretched out, enjoying a well-deserved rest

boughs, makes an ideal bed. Each dog is then given its allotment of food while the ever present snow is an ideal substitute for drinking water.

Camping in the winter woods, when the mercury is cuddled in the bottom of the tube, is something that must be experienced to be appreciated. Much of its charm is a matter of contrast and comparison. The snug warmth of the tent is wonderfully pleasing when the woods outside are cold and dark and still. The fire casts a fitful light which seems only to accentuate the shadows, and a profound mystery lurks all about. The dim figures of the dogs in the far circle of light; the sigh of the wind that rustles the treetops; the

wilderness to explore on our snowshoes or our ski. There were tracks of wild animals to study and trails to follow; there were fish in the lakes to be caught through the ice. There were rabbits in the swamps and foxes in the woods to be hunted—everything to make it an ideal vacation land.

The Eskimo language bothered us considerably. We couldn't seem to get just the right inflection on the syllables, though they sounded easy enough in the speech of The Musher. The dogs did their best to understand us, but Chippy, the leader of The Artist's team, gave up trying.

We were driving along, single file, and this dog would not lead the team in the trail of the others. The Artist tried



We were off on a cruise by komatik of the great white winter woods, with The Musher as commander of the fleet

sharp snap as the frost cracks a tree or the rolling boom as it rends the ice of the lake and the solemn hoot of an owl.

The lake we had crossed before reaching our camp was the first of a chain of seven now frozen fast in this semi-circular mountain valley, and we had some thrilling experiences driving the dog teams on their surfaces. Here it was not necessary to follow The Musher all the time, so we struck out by ourselves, testing our skill at manipulating the sledges and our knowledge of the Eskimo language which was essential in guiding the dogs. Some of the lakes were connected by narrow thoroughfares while others were separated by short portages—but a portage to a dog-drawn komatik is but a bit of variety. Too, there was the whole great

such commands as he could recall and then shouted to The Musher for instructions.

"Say, 'Ouck'," was the reply.

"Ouck," said The Artist, apparently in correct form, but Chippy gave no sign that she had heard.

Again The Musher spoke the command and again The Artist repeated it, with the same result. When Chippy was ready she swung into line, but not until then.

Once back in the home port, The Artist and I were agreed that this cruise of the komatiks was the best vacation we had ever taken. While we had known the joys of winter camping, the use of the dog team has added to those joys by making it possible to transport a more complete outfit.

House Committee Approves Acquisition Bill

The Clarke Bill (H. R. 5694), authorizing annual appropriations of \$5,000,000 during the fiscal years 1932 to 1941, for the purchase of lands to add to the eastern National Forests, was reported favorably by the House Committee on Agriculture on February 10. The total appropriation of \$50,000,000 will be used to carry on the purchase program of the Weeks Law now being forwarded under the McNary-Woodruff Law.

Society of American Foresters.—Will meet on Friday and Saturday, December 27 and 28. President, Filibert Roth. Secretary, E. R. Hodson, U. S. Forest Service, Washington, D. C.

School Garden Association of America.—Will meet on dates to be announced. President, J. H. Francis. Acting Secretary, V. E. Kilpatrick, 124 West 30th St., New York, N. Y.

The officers for the Baltimore meeting are:

President—John Merle Coulter, University of Chicago, Chicago, Ill.

Vice-Presidents—A (Mathematics and Astronomy): George D. Birkhoff, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass. B (Physics): Gordon F. Hull, Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H. C (Chemistry): Alexander Smith, Columbia University, New York. D (Engineering): Ira N. Hollis, Worcester Polytechnic Institute, Worcester, Mass. E (Geology and Geography): David White, U. S. Geological Survey, Washington, D. C. F (Zoology): William Patten, Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H. G (Botany): A. F. Blakeslee, Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y. H (Anthropology and Psychology): Aleš Hrdlička, U. S. National Museum, Washington, D. C. I (Social and Economic Science): John Barrett, Pan American Union, Washington, D. C. K (Physiology and Experimental Medicine): Frederic S. Lee, Columbia University, New York. L (Education): Stuart A. Courtis, Department of Educational Research, Detroit, Mich. M (Agriculture): Henry P. Armsby, State College, Pa.

Permanent Secretary—L. O. Howard, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C.

General Secretary—O. E. Jennings, Carnegie Museum, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Secretary of the Council—(No election).

Secretaries of the Sections—A (Mathematics and Astronomy): Forest R. Moulton, University of Chicago, Chicago, Ill. B (Physics): George W. Stewart, State University of Iowa, Iowa City, Iowa. C (Chemistry): Arthur A. Blanchard, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cambridge, Mass. D (Engi-

neering): F. L. Bishop, University of Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh, Pa. E (Geology and Geography): Rollin T. Chamberlin, University of Chicago, Chicago, Ill. F (Zoology): W. C. Allee, Lake Forest College, Lake Forest, Ill., in absence of Herbert V. Neal. G (Botany): Mel T. Cook, Agricultural Experiment Station, New Brunswick, N. J. H (Anthropology and Psychology): E. K. Strong, Jr., 1821 Adams Mill Road, Washington, D. C. I (Social and Economic Science): Seymour C. Loomis, 82 Church Street, New Haven, Conn. K (Physiology and Experimental Medicine): A. J. Goldfarb, College of the City of New York, New York, N. Y. L (Education): Bird T. Baldwin, Walter Reed General Hospital, Washington, D. C. M (Agriculture): Edwin W. Allen, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

Treasurer—R. S. Woodward, Carnegie Institution of Washington, Washington, D. C.

Assistant Secretary—F. S. Hazard, Office of the A. A. A. S., Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C.

SCIENTIFIC EVENTS

A JOURNEY ROUND THE ARCTIC COAST OF ALASKA

A LETTER written by Archdeacon Stuck, at Fort Yukon, Alaska, in June of this year, describing a journey made by him last winter round the whole Arctic coast of Alaska, is abstracted in the *British Geographical Journal*. The journey, which naturally involved no small amount of hardship, afforded an unrivalled opportunity for gaining acquaintance with the Eskimo throughout the great stretch of country traversed, as well as for a comparative study of the work carried on among them by the various Christian organizations busy in that remote region. These Eskimo, the writer says, are "surely of all primitive peoples the one that has the greatest claim to the generous consideration of civilized mankind. Where else shall a people be found so brave, so hardy, so industrious, so kindly, and withal so cheerful and content, inhabiting such utterly naked country lashed by such constant ferocity of weather?" Everywhere he received from them

the greatest possible help and kindness, and brought away the warmest feeling of admiration and friendship. The start was made on the west coast first made known to the world by Cook and Kotzebue, Beechey, Collinson and Bedford Pim, and here it was possible to find some habitation, usually an underground igloo, on every night but one of the journey. Storms were encountered, but there were commonly fair winds and there were no special hardships, traveling being far more rapid than is usual in the interior. At Point Barrow a halt of two weeks gave opportunity for the study of the largest Eskimo village in Alaska. In spite of the advancing season the difficulties increased with the resumption of travel, March being the month in which the severest weather is to be expected here. Throughout the 250 miles to Flaxman Island the party saw only one human being and were housed only twice. "It is," says the writer, "the barrenest, most desolate, most forsaken coast I have ever seen in my life: flat as this paper on which I write, the frozen land merging indistinguishably into the frozen sea; nothing but a stick of driftwood here and there, half buried in the indented snow, gives evidence of the shore." The fortnight's travel along this stretch was a constant struggle against a bitter northeast wind with the thermometer 20° to 30° below zero Fahrenheit, and at night, warmed only by the "primus" oil cooking stove, the air within their little snow house was as low as from 48° to 51° below zero. The almost ceaseless wind was a torment, and the faces of all were continually frozen. There are Eskimo on the rivers away from the coast, but it was impossible to visit them. East of Point Barrow all the dog-feed had to be hauled on the sledge, and—for the first time since the archdeacon had driven dogs—they occasionally went hungry when there was no driftwood to cook with. The heaviest task however came on the journey inland to Fort Yukon. Beyond the mountains the winter's snow lay unbroken, and for eight days a trail down the Collen River had to be beaten ahead of the dogs. At the confluence of the Collen with the Porcupine Stefánsson and his party were met with, es-

corted on the way to Fort Yukon by Dr. Burke, of the hospital there. Stefánsson had lain ill all the winter at Herschel Island, and would never have recovered had he not finally resolved to be hauled 400 miles to the nearest doctor.

A PROPOSED BRITISH INSTITUTE OF INDUSTRIAL ART

We learn from the London *Times* that the British Board of Trade in conjunction with the Board of Education and with the advice of representative members of the Royal Society of Arts, the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society, the Art Workers' Guild, the Design and Industries Association, and various persons and organizations connected with manufacture and commerce, have framed a scheme for the establishment of a British Institute of Industrial Art, with the object of raising and maintaining the standard of design and workmanship of works and industrial art produced by British designers, craftsmen and manufacturers, and of stimulating the demand for such works as reach a high standard of excellence.

The institute will be incorporated under the joint auspices of the Board of Trade as the department dealing with industry and the Board of Education as the authority controlling the Victoria and Albert Museum, and the methods by which it is proposed to achieve its objects include:

- (a) A permanent exhibition in London of modern British works selected as reaching a high standard of artistic craftsmanship and manufacture.
- (b) A selling agency attached to this exhibition.
- (c) A purchase fund for securing for the state selected works of outstanding merit exhibited at the institute.
- (d) The establishment of machinery for bringing designers and art workers into closer touch with manufacturers, distributors and others.
- (e) The organization of provincial and traveling exhibition of a similar character, either directly or in cooperation with other organizations.

It is not at present intended that the exhibition of the institute shall be actually opened

Eskimo Some Pictures from the Top

By AUBREY FULLERTON.

SAMMY, beyond a doubt, must be included among the native-born artists who have done something to depict Canadian outdoor life.

"Forest and Outdoors" has shown in its pages from time to time, for many years past, pictures that have been made by various processes



Group of Eskimos in costume by "Sammy" native artist.

ronation Gulf country a few years ago to visit the oil camp at Fort Norman, where he attached himself to the management as cook's helper and errand boy. A fine summer he had with his new friends, the white men, and when he went back to Eskimo-land he took with him enough thrilling

news to last him through even an Arctic winter. But he never suspected that some of the pictures he had drawn while in camp would by-and-by reach a far-away city and would eventually get into print.

Now Sammy never went to school in his life, never had a bit of instruction in drawing or anything else but hunting and trapping, and probably never saw such a thing as a lead pencil until he came down to Fort Norman. One of the men in the camp gave him a little notebook and a pencil, however, and he began to work out the artistic instincts that were in him.

Naturally enough, the pictures that this Eskimo artist drew out of his limited experience were of things and scenes that he knew in the Far North. Reindeer, dog-teams, and hunting parties figure



Some of Sammy's friends went out to hunt

of art — photographic, pencil, pen — but all representative of some phase of nature in some part of the Dominion. To the list of picture-makers it is now able to add one from a hitherto unrepresented source, whence art-work has not been looked for, nor probably even thought of, since the dawn of history.

If there is native art anywhere in Canada, it is Sammy's, for both he and it are wholly and essentially products of the soil. It might be better said, as a matter of fact, that they are products of the ice-belt, since Sammy is an Eskimo who lives away up at the top, on the edge of the Arctic Ocean.

Some of this northern artist's work has been brought south by an Edmonton fur trader and may now be shown in public. It speaks for itself. The Canadian public never saw a more original exhibit nor one more expressive of home-made genius.

Sammy's other name is unknown and, very likely, unpronounceable. He left it behind him when, moved by a spirit of wanderlust, he came down from his home in the Co-



Arctic Deer, Native Game and Native Art



This represents a Dog Team in action

most frequently among his subjects, and he works them up into many and ingenious combinations. The pictures, to be sure, are crude and unskilled, as one would expect from the hand of an artist who had never used a pencil before.

proceed to peel himself a meal of luscious bark.

A whole lot of strange and impossible stories have been told and written about the porcupine, the most persistent of which is the belief that he can hurl those deadly barbs of his at will. Such a feat, is, of course, quite beyond his very ordinary powers. As a matter of fact, his first and only line of defence is to bury his all too tender nose under his forepaws, hump himself up like an overstuffed pincushion, and lash his stumpy, quill-laden tail furiously from side to side.

But among the earthbound, the porcupine is not alone in his liking for the twilight hour. Shambling along the trail like a bear, his velvet nose sniffing inquiringly, and his bright little eyes shooting fire, comes a coon. Eager to capture the most daring of the cricket frogs, he patters quietly along the edge of the little pond and scans the muddy water. A sudden swift rush into the depths, a quick slap of those black-furred hands, and he backs out with a juicy frog in his grasp.

Unlike most creatures of the wild, the coon must needs go

through a strange ceremony before he dare pop that frog into his mouth. And though his banquet is guaranteed fresh from the water he sloshes and swishes it about in the pond till he considers it clean and wet enough to eat.

The ring-tailed coon of the twi-



The Ring-Tailed Coon of the Twilight

light does other things too besides fish. Like his gigantic prototype, the bear, he is a botanist of no mean ability. And to see him hunt out and dig for roots is an education in patience and persistence. Clever enough to avoid the few poisonous roots that lie in the earth, he shows a tremendous liking for tubers of the wild bean, the spicy roots of wild sarsaparilla, and ginger. But better than all these, to his way of thinking, is the nippy, bitter-sweet tang of the spatterdock. And he exhibits an uncanny knowledge of the hiding places of these delectable morsels.

They love the quiet and tranquility of the twilight hour, these busy little dwellers of the woods, and no sooner has the sun dipped behind the hills than they shamle joyously about their business, cramming into that short, magic hour between daylight and dark an incredible amount of activity. For even the smallest coon amongst them instinctively knows that the falling darkness entices from their dens the merciless free-booters of the trails.

Tell your boys the facts about forest fires! If every Canadian lad were as careful with fire as Boy Scouts, the Nation would save millions a year.

FOREST FIRES.

(Certified work of Jack Wood, Aged 13, Aberdeen School, Vancouver, M. C. Courie Teacher
Published by courtesy, Mr. C. D. Boardman, Editor of Mt. Pleasant News.)

One little forest fire,
Drying up the dew,
A chance wind came along,
Then there were two.

Two little forest fires,
Burning many a tree,
Somebody dropped a match,
Then there were three.

Three little forest fires,
Burning trees galore,
Someone had a picnic,
Then there were four.

Four little forest fires,
Bright and alive,
A man lit a cigarette,
Then there were five.

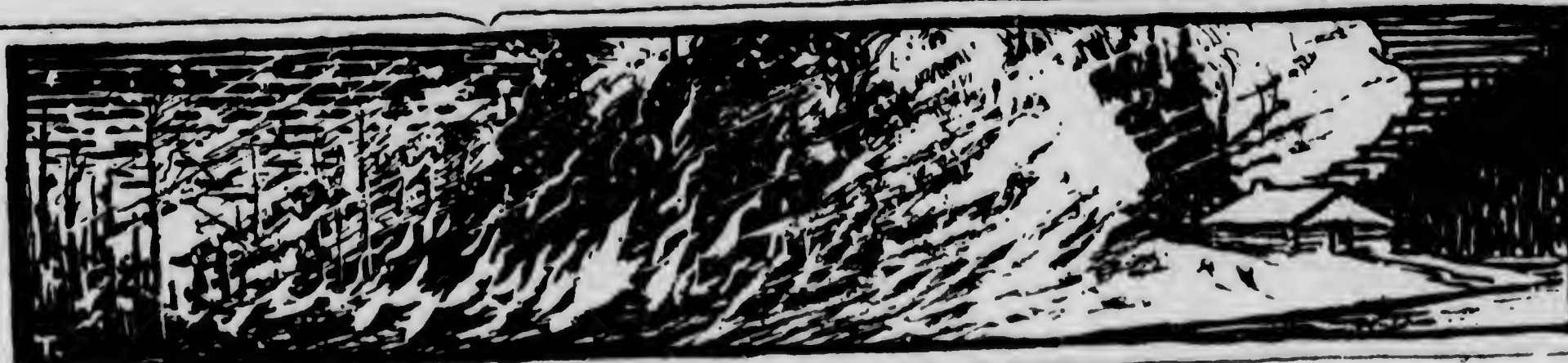
Five little forest fires,
Burning trees and sticks,
A donkey engine had no screen,
Then there were six.

Six little forest fires,
Lighting up the heaven,
A careless man lost his pipe,
Then there were seven.

Seven little forest fires,
A match was the bait—
A man built a camp fire,
Then there were eight.

Eight little forest fires,
Burning up the pine,
A little red spark flew—
Then there were nine.

Nine little forest fires,
Caused by careless men,
Another man came along,
And then there were ten.



THE STOLL-McCRACKEN SIBERIAN-
ARCTIC EXPEDITION

AN expedition, to be known as the Stoll-McCracken Siberian-Arctic Expedition of the American Museum of Natural History, is preparing to explore new lands on the Arctic coast of Siberia and collect flora and fauna for the museum.

The expedition will be financed and directed by Charles H. Stoll, a New York lawyer and sportsman, and led by Harold McCracken, associate editor of *Field and Stream*, who has spent five years in the Arctic and who is known as a photographer of wild animals. He spent two years at the head of an Ohio State University expedition in Alaska. Captain Robert A. Bartlett, commander of the *Roosevelt* when Admiral Peary reached the North Pole, will command the expedition's vessel, the *Morrissey*, which was used during the past two years by George Palmer Putnam on expeditions to Greenland and Baffin Land.

Other members of the expedition include Dr. H. E. Anthony, curator of mammals of the American Museum of Natural History; R. B. Potter, of the museum staff, and Edward Namley, of Marietta, Ohio, operator of the *Morrissey* radio.

The search for the natural mummies of the post-glacial period will be one of the objectives of the expedition. The party will explore Czar Nicholas II Land, an island of unknown size north of Cape Chelyuska off the coast of Asiatic Siberia, about 600 miles south of the Pole. It will study the economic possibilities of Kamchatka, which is rich in timber, coal, gold, lead, zinc and other minerals, and in grazing lands. But it will be concerned chiefly in hunting for the museum specimens of animals and birds of the north.

The expedition will sail north from Seattle about April 1. Captain Bartlett left on December 8 for Sydney, N. S., to bring the *Morrissey* to New York to be outfitted for the journey. He will then sail through the Panama Canal to Seattle to await the party.

The exploration will last about six or seven months. The *Morrissey* will sail from Seattle by the inside passage to Kodiak, Alaska, and thence to Unimak Island on the western end of the Alaska peninsula. The next stop will be Kamchatka, whence the journey will be up the Siberian coast and, when the weather permits, through the Behring Straits to the Arctic coast near the mouth of the Kolima River, where collections will be made.

THE CHUKCHES AND THE KURO-SIVO.—Captain Hooper, lately in command of the U. S. steamer *Corwin*, in an address before the Geographical Society of the Pacific, spoke of the habits and customs of the Chukches who inhabit the arctic coast of Siberia. In the winter they travel west on their way to the Russian trading posts in the interior, which they reach by ascending the rivers west of Cape Jakan; in the spring they travel to East Cape, cross Behring Strait, and continue their journey to Cape Blossom, Kotzebue Sound, where they meet the Eskimo from the entire coast of Arctic Alaska, from Point Barrow to Cape Prince of Wales, for purposes of trade, returning to their houses by the same route in the latter part of the summer.

Captain Hooper is of the opinion that a branch of the Kuro-Sivo, or Japanese warm stream, passes through Behring Strait, but subject to the varying conditions of wind and ice. A southerly wind accelerates it, while a northerly wind stops it entirely for a time; and in some cases of a long-continued northerly wind, it is not impossible that a slight southerly set may be created, but such an occurrence must be rare and of short duration. The current is much stronger in August and September than in the early part of the season when the ice-pack extends entirely across the Behring Sea. This branch of the Kuro-Sivo follows the direction of the Kamchatka coast to the northward through Behring Sea, passing between St. Lawrence Island and the coast of Asia, and thence through the strait, after which it is controlled in a great measure by the condition of the ice-pack. Captain Hooper stated that he had never known the current through the Strait to exceed three knots per hour, the average being probably not more than two knots. Near Herald and Wrangell Islands the current was found setting to the north and eastward about two knots per hour, and no tidal change was detected; off the south coast of Wrangell Island a slight westerly current was observed. In the Arctic, as well as in the Behring Sea, there is no doubt a tidal current, but it is so dependent on the conditions of the ice that only the mean of a long series of careful observations could determine its characteristics.

Six cases containing the zoölogical and anthropological collections, made by the brothers Krause in the Chukchi peninsula, have arrived at Bremen. Dr. Arthur Krause will remain in Alaska during the summer, but his brother is now on his way home.

GEOGRAPHICAL NOTES.—Mr. A. R. Colquhoun, an officer in the employ of the Government of India, who has spent ten years in surveying and engineering work in British Burma, has undertaken a journey through southern China, and across the frontier through

¹ Edited by ELLIS H. YARNALL, Philadelphia.

Field Work and Research.

In the course of the year E. Sapir continued work on his monograph "The Na-dene Languages," referred to in the Summary Report for 1914. As this work has grown under his hands and will eventually form a rather large memoir, it was deemed advisable to present a preliminary report, embodying the main results of the work, to the American Anthropologist. "The Na-dene Languages, A Preliminary Report" was accordingly published in that journal (N.S., Vol. XVII, pp. 534-558). During February a number of chiefs from Nass river, British Columbia, visited Ottawa on government business. Opportunity presented itself to obtain valuable information on Nass River social organization from the best informed of these Indians, information which has been embodied in the form of a bulletin on "The Social Organization of the Nass River Indians," published during the year. In connexion with the meeting of the American Anthropological Association at San Francisco, to which Mr. Sapir was appointed as delegate of the Geological Survey, an important methodological problem presented itself in regard to the chronological reconstruction of aboriginal American culture. The problem turned out to be a fruitful one, and has been worked up by Mr. Sapir in the form of a memoir entitled "Time Perspective in Aboriginal American Culture, a study in Method," which will be published in the near future. A beginning was made on the preparation for publication of those Nootka texts that refer to legendary family history. These, with translations and editorial comments will make up an extensive memoir. The large body of other Nootka texts, including miscellaneous tales and such as refer to ethnological matters, will be worked up for publication as separate sets.

C. M. Barbeau spent a period of three months in the early part of the year at Port Simpson, B.C., on Tsimshian field work. An intensive study of the social organization in its static aspect was undertaken of nine or ten Tsimshian tribes formerly living along the Skeena river and on the adjacent coast. As complete a survey as possible was made of the details of organization of these tribes, a considerable number of legends bearing on the crests being collected in the course of the work. Considerable attention was paid to the artistic representation among these Indians of their crests. Mr. Barbeau also collected a large number of museum specimens and photographs bearing on the culture of the Tsimshian Indians. On the return to Ottawa the material in the Provincial museum at Victoria, B.C., and the Field Museum of Natural History at Chicago, Ill., that is of interest for a study of the Tsimshian, was carefully examined and in part photographed. During the summer, Mr. Barbeau spent three weeks in the collection of folk-tales among the French Canadians of Kamouraska county, Quebec. Over sixty folk-tales were collected, in addition to those already obtained in 1914. The field thus opened up proved unexpectedly rich and valuable and is obviously destined to throw considerable light on the interrelations of European and aboriginal folk-lore. As a first instalment towards the scientific study by Mr. Barbeau of French Canadian folk-lore, he has prepared a memoir of French Canadian folk-tales to be published by the American Folk-Lore Society. By request of the Dominion Parks Commission, the Division of Anthropology undertook to prepare a popular guide-book to the study of the Indians formerly inhabiting the region now occupied by the Rocky Mountains parks in Alberta and British Columbia. Mr. Barbeau undertook the actual writing of the guide-book, which is to be published by the commission.

F. W. Waugh spent a period of two months in field work among the Iroquois of Six Nations reserve, Ontario. A portion of the time was spent in prosecuting inquiries along a number of lines suggested by the work of previous seasons. The greater part of the time, however, was taken up with the collection of Iroquois

folk-lore and mythology. About one hundred and thirty mythological and other tales were collected. This material is also of ethnological interest, as many references to witchcraft, medicine, divination, hunting, burial and other ceremonial customs, games, food preparation, and older handicrafts are found in it. This collection of folk-lore, like sets previously obtained by the division for other eastern tribes, will eventually help in throwing much light on the relation between European and aboriginal folk-lore. A number of valuable museum specimens was also obtained by Mr. Waugh in the course of the summer.

P. Radin continued to work up his manuscript on Ojibwa material, for publication by the Survey. The general paper on Ojibwa ethnology, referred to in the report for 1914, is now completed, also the second set of Ojibwa myths there mentioned. Further progress was made on the special paper devoted to Ojibwa religion and on the series of Ojibwa texts.

J. A. Teit spent a period of four months during the summer and autumn in continuing his ethnological reconnaissances among the Athabaskan tribes of British Columbia and Yukon Territory. A good deal of intensive work was done among the Kaska Indians, inhabiting the Dease River country between Dease lake and Liard river. The ethnological results include data on tribal divisions, material culture, social organization, and mythology. The division of the tribe into two exogamous phratries, Ravens and Wolves, was current among the Kaska as well as among the Tahltan, though not as much emphasized as among the latter. The latter part of the trip was spent in continuing researches among the Tahltan of Telegraph creek, a good deal of new information being obtained on the social organization of this tribe. A large series of phonograph records of songs, photographs, and ethnological specimens was obtained in the course of the trip.

Canadian Arctic Expedition.

A letter dated January 5, 1915, from Bernard harbour, Coronation gulf, has been received from D. Jenness, the anthropologist of the Canadian Arctic expedition. It speaks of further progress in ethnological activity. A later report as to the work of the southern party, however, has come from Dr. R. M. Anderson, its executive head. This report is dated July 29, 1915, also from Bernard harbour. The portions of this that relate to anthropological work are here quoted:

"Ethnologically, D. Jenness has been able to accomplish a great deal of work among the hitherto little known groups of Eskimos in this region, including numbers of Akuliaktagmiut, Haneragmiut, Uallirmiut, Puilirmiut, Pallirmiut, and Kogluktogmiut. He finds that these groups are not as definite as was formerly supposed, in fact the groups are pretty thoroughly mixed, both by intermarriages and by families shifting from one group to another, nearly every group containing individuals from other groups more or less remote. He has made good progress in linguistic work and vocabularies, made fifty or more gramophone records of various Eskimo songs and spoken words which he has had repeatedly reproduced before the natives so that he could get the text letter-perfect and translated for comparison with other Eskimo dialects. A considerable number of photographs of Eskimo people with their life and customs, have also been made by Mr. Jenness and other members of the party. Mr. Jenness' facility in learning the Eskimo dialects and the customs of the people has been of great service to the expedition in many ways. He made many trips in the winter, to the islands in the strait and to Victoria island, and in addition to his ethnographical work, usually obtained and brought home to the station on each trip, a quantity of fish, caribou, or seal meat, as well as engaging with natives to bring more meat over. While at the station Mr. Jenness acted practically all the time as interpreter and

SESSIONAL PAPER No. 26

purchasing agent of the party in trading with the natives for fresh and dried meat, fish, skins, and clothing. In doing this work he collected a large number of specimens of Eskimo tools, weapons, and other implements, clothing of all kinds, stone lamps, and pots, a collection which is very complete for this region, and a large series of duplicates of many things.

"In the early spring, arrangements were made for Mr. Jenness to spend the summer with the Eskimos in the heart of Victoria island. He had a good quantity of provisions hauled across Dolphin and Union strait in early April and cached on the south side of Victoria island for his use if necessary in the autumn. He engaged a middle-aged Eskimo named Ikpukkuaq (who had been in that part of Victoria island before) together with his family, to accompany him and help him during the summer, Mr. Jenness supplying the man with a rifle and ammunition, which together with a tent and other things are to be given him if he serves Mr. Jenness faithfully and returns with him in the autumn. Mr. Jenness started on April 13, 1915, for Victoria island, with this family of Eskimos, and a few others who were thinking more or less seriously of joining the party. They started about the time the barren ground caribou began to migrate across to Victoria island in numbers, planning to follow the caribou migration north across the Wollaston peninsula, then go up to the head of Prince Albert sound, ascend a large river to a large lake called Tahieryuak, in the interior or west central part of Victoria island. When the snow disappeared they intended to cache their sleds, either at the head of Prince Albert sound or at the lake, and continue their journeys during the summer with pack dogs. That region is the summer hunting and fishing ground of a large number of the Kanghirmiut (Eskimo of Prince Albert sound) and Mr. Jenness hopes to gather much new and valuable ethnographical material concerning this hitherto little known group of Eskimos. Mr. Jenness expects to live with these Eskimos all the coming summer, and return to the south side of Victoria island in the autumn, following the caribou to the southward again, and return to the station at Bernard harbour as soon as the ice is strong enough to cross Dolphin and Union strait in the autumn.

"Mr. Wilkins brought a cinematograph outfit with him from the northern party's base on Banks island, and exposed about 2,000 feet of cinematograph film, principally views of the local Eskimos. He also obtained a small collection of Eskimo clothing, weapons, and instruments to send out for advertising purposes. Mr. Wilkins has made a very good series of portrait studies of most of the local Eskimos, men, women, and children, in full view and in profile, for Mr. Jenness' ethnographical work."

Manuscripts and Publications.

Manuscripts Received.

A number of manuscripts of ethnological interest were obtained during the year as gifts. These embrace:

From P. Radin.—

"Autobiography of a Winnebago Indian," manuscript of 103 pages (MS. 59).

From F. G. Speck, Philadelphia, Pa.—

"Studies of the Beothuk and Micmac of Newfoundland," manuscript of 66 pages and 4 negatives (MS. 71).

"Nova Scotia Hunting Territories" and "Prince Edward Island Band of Micmac," manuscript of 8 pages (MS. 66).

Manuscripts turned in to the division as a result of field work undertaken under the auspices of the Geological Survey include:

By E. Sapir.—

"A Sketch of the social organization of the Nass River Indians," manuscript of 40 pages (MS. 67a).

By E. W. Hawkes.—

"The Labrador Eskimo," manuscript of 170 pages (MS. 60).

By P. Radin.—

"The Ethnology of the Ojibwa of southeastern Ontario," manuscript of 216 pages (MS. 65).

"Literary aspects of North American mythology," manuscript of 49 pages (MS. 64).

By P. Radin and A. B. Reagan.—

"Ojibwa myths and tales," manuscript of 128 pages (MS. 67, including MSS. 9 and 31).

By W. D. Wallis.—

"Dakota ethnology," manuscript of 587 pages (MS. 69).

Ethnological manuscripts purchased in the course of the year embrace:

From Alex. Thomas, Alberni, B. C.—

"Ucluelet legend," Nootka text, manuscript of 105 pages (MS. 50 p.)

"'owimhl'ni as a whaler," Nootka text, manuscript of 8 pages (MS. 50q).

"Tom's Wolf ritual," Nootka text, manuscript of 211 pages (MS. 50r).

From Frank Williams, Alberni, B. C.—

"Story of how Kwatiyat went for a walk," Nootka text, manuscript of 4 pages (MS. 70).

"Story of a young man who got married and became angry," Nootka text, manuscript of 2 pages (MS. 70a).

From F. G. Speck, Philadelphia, Pa.—

"Wawenock texts," manuscript of 52 pages and 3 negatives (MS. 72).

Manuscripts Submitted for Publication.

In the course of the year the following papers have been submitted to the Deputy Minister of Mines for publication by the division:

F. G. Speck.—

"Hunting territories of the Micmac Indians" (bulletin).

E. Sapir.—

"A Sketch of the social organization of the Nass River Indians" (bulletin).

F. W. Waugh.—

"Iroquois foods and food preparation" (memoir).



CHRISTIAN LEDEN, EXPLORER AND ETHNOLOGIST



AN ESKIMO AND HIS TENT—IN SUMMER

ESKIMO MARRIAGE, MUSIC, AND PHILOSOPHY

BY GREGORY MASON

Outlook - May 23, 1917.

ONE of the commonest kinds of melancholy and mental fatigue is caused by introspection. When we are tired or despondent from too much musing on the shortcomings of our own little lives or too much dwelling upon the hardships of our own lot in this world, nothing is so restoring as to anæsthetize our self-consciousness by imagining the nature of life on other planets or watching the drama of ant life in the grass. Since the beginning of the war it has been easier than ever for us to become depressed by our immediate temporal surroundings. At such times it is good to hear that there is a people on the earth who are unaware of this war and who are untouched by the troubles of the peoples who boast that they are civilized. This people is the Eskimo.

Mr. Christian Leden, a young Norwegian explorer, who has lived among most of the tribes of Eskimos, believes that in many respects the Eskimos are the happiest people in the world, and that in many respects their civilization is the highest existing to-day. Mr. Leden has spent most of his time since 1909 living among the Eskimos, and he knows most of the tribes that have been discovered by white men. He has recently returned from a sojourn of three years and a half among the Eskimos of Canada. In his various expeditions he has had the public support of the King and Queen of Norway, the Ethnographical Department of the University of Christiania, the Danish Carlsberger Institute, and the Geological Survey of Canada. Mr. Leden is more interesting than many Arctic explorers, perhaps, because primarily he is not an explorer of unknown lands but a student of unknown peoples. He would be much more thrilled by finding a tribe that had never seen a white man than by discovering a hundred leagues of frozen, uninhabitable Arctic plain. Mr. Leden has the charm of a man who is intensely interested in what he is doing, but who has not lost his sense of proportion. He has no inflated conception of the world's opinion of his work.

"In some ways we can learn as much from the Eskimo," says Mr. Leden, "as he can learn from us. We commonly think that the world ends where the timber line ends and where the great Arctic waste begins. The Eskimo thinks that the world ends where the ice ends and where the timber begins. In many respects the Eskimo civilization is the highest in the world. For instance, the Eskimos never indulge in tribal warfare. They cannot conceive how one whole nation can make war on another. Occasionally there are fights or duels between two Eskimos, but even these affairs are rare, and, as a rule, are carried out with a cold-blooded formality that would astound us. One method for settling a dispute between two men is for them to swap blows

until one cries quits. A offers his shoulder for B to strike, then B does the same for A. Then A permits B to hit him on the temple, and again B reciprocates. This goes on until one man has had enough, but there is never any temper shown. This is usually just in sport to see who can stand the hardest blows. As a rule, however, the real disputes between two individuals are settled in another way—by a sort of competition. The two disputants try to outdance each other or outsing each other, and when the judges have decreed one the more proficient, honor is satisfied. But the idea of men marching out to kill other men whom they have never seen is incomprehensible to them. When I told some of them about the European war, they shuddered and cried out, '*Kappearnakonni*,' which means, 'I am very much afraid.' When some of their wise men had wagged their heads over this problem, they announced that, after all, it was not surprising that white men should do such things, which would be impossible for them, the 'Innuits,' or human beings, because it was well known that the white man was not entirely human, but had in his veins a good deal of the blood of the dog."

In regard to the origin of the Eskimos, Mr. Leden says: "The most generally accepted theory is that the Eskimos belong to the Mongolian race, and emigrated to this continent and Greenland from Asia. Another theory is that the Eskimos are the survivors of a race who lived on the northern part of our globe before the glacial period." Mr. Leden, however, as the result of his investigations of the music of the Eskimos, which he has found to be very similar to the music of the North American Indians, believes that the closest relatives of the Eskimos are these Indians of our continent, and not the Mongolians.

This distinguished young Norwegian is full of praise for the humanity and domestic kindness and home life of the Eskimos, albeit this home life has certain characteristics strikingly different from what the white man considers ideal; for instance, it is a common thing for Eskimo men and women to exchange wives and husbands. Apparently they are not polygamous, however, but are what might be called successively monogamous. Unlike some other primitive peoples among whom the marital relation is more changeful than with us, the Eskimos are exceptionally kind to their women. A man is never permitted to swap wives with another man unless the women approve of the transaction. It might be thought, however, that this arrangement would result in the neglect of children. On the contrary, it is considered a heinous crime for a man to abandon his own children, and a grave sin even for him to watch unmoved the sufferings of another man's children. Where the natural dangers to human life from the elements and from wild animals are

so great, the whole tribe is impressed with the importance of caring for children.

Like Vilhjálmur Stefansson, another well-known explorer who is also an admirer of many things in Eskimo character, Mr. Leden feels that our civilization often suffers by comparison with the Eskimo civilization when ours is exemplified by the conduct of white people who do not live up to the moral standards preached by the missionaries. There are missionaries in the North who are of help to the natives in many ways; but there are, on the other hand, also missionaries who do not seem to understand the natives at all. Mr. Leden tells an amusing story of a missionary who was trying to inculcate in a certain Eskimo a belief in the devil. The Eskimo's persistent refusal to believe in the existence of such a malevolent being finally so angered the missionary that he struck the native. "Alas!" cried the Eskimo; "I am now forced to believe what you say. If the world is so bad that a missionary will strike a poor Eskimo, there must be a devil." This happened years ago in Greenland, and was reported by the missionary himself to his superior in Denmark to show how conservative and stiff-necked the Eskimos were.

Mr. Leden has learned the Eskimo tongue himself, and points out that many missionaries fail of their purpose through their unwillingness or inability to learn the native language. Not very long ago certain English missionaries arranged to have a series of religious services among the Canadian Eskimo tribes. The services were held in English, and information of this fact was quickly passed from one tribe to another. The natives also learned of the dates when white men might be expected at their respective villages, and the result was that when the white men came they found left in the villages only a few toothless old women and teething children.

The Eskimos have no writing, and consequently no permanent literature; but they have many poems or songs which are learned by heart and handed from generation to generation. The attainment of extreme old age is common among the Eskimo women, but is very rare among men, owing to the dangers of the hunting which is the one means of livelihood.

Mr. Leden has made an interesting study of Eskimo music, with a view to the evidence that might be established through their music of the relations of the Eskimo tribes to other primitive peoples.

"As a result of my studies of Eskimo music," he says, "I have found an astonishing relationship between the Eskimos and the North American Indians. Two things that are typical of the melody construction of Eskimo music are the descent from higher to lower tones at the ending of a stanza, and the long dwelling upon a deep tone between every verse. In their manner of delivery, which, in my opinion, is of very great im-

portance, one notices especially their downward *glissando* from a powerful start and the hacking accents on the higher tones at the beginning of a *motif*, besides their *decrecendo* and *piano* on the deeper tones at the end of a stanza. Right here the music of the Eskimo approaches the music of the American Indian, but, so far as I know, differentiates itself from the music of all other primitive peoples. Much of their music has the simple devotional quality which is found in the hymns sung by your American Pilgrim Fathers."

On his last trip the Norwegian ethnologist was not so busy noticing the social traits of the natives of the North that he overlooked more material things which might attract the average traveler. Mr. Leden believes that the animal and mineral wealth of northern Canada and the Arctic islands is destined to be of great use to the world once it becomes aware of the extent of these great natural resources.

"There are minerals, oil, leather, fur, fish, and meat in the North," says Mr. Leden, "and with the high price now of leather, oil, and meat, it should be a pretty good business to send ships up there to the right localities and load them with the articles mentioned. I know of places in the Hudson Bay and in the country north of it where five hundred walrus could be caught in a few weeks, and just as many white whales during the summer season, besides thousands of seals. Walrus leather is now, as I understand, worth between thirty and forty cents a pound, and each walrus hide weighs about five hundred pounds. This would make for one year's catch in walrus leather alone about \$75,000 profit. Besides this, the ivory and oil of the walrus would be worth a good deal. By establishing two trading and sealing posts in the Hudson Bay one could take in about \$400,000 in oil, leather, fish, and skin, the first year, with an outlay of from \$60,000 to \$90,000. Later, by establishing a chain of posts from Hudson Bay to the Arctic islands between Greenland and Canada, one could make millions of profit annually.

"The prices of oil and leather, which on account of the war are now very high, will continue to be so for many years to come, even after the war is over. It seems to me that besides further scientific investigations, what ought to be done in the Arctic is to make use of the information already gathered by explorers regarding the material wealth of these northern countries, and turn such resources to practical use and profit."

A good many people are prejudiced against Arctic and Antarctic exploration, believing such endeavor as hunting for unexplored area to be merely a sort of sporting contest of little or no value to civilization. Explorers of the type of Christian Leden are proving to the world that the right sort of Arctic and Antarctic exploration is not only of interest to scientists, idealists, and sportsmen, but is also of value to the practical men and women of affairs.

THE NATIONALIZING OF AMERICAN EDUCATION

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE BY FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT

This is the third of a series of three articles based on recent travel and study of educational development.—THE EDITORS.

THE Argentine Republic has a national Minister of Education. So has France. So has England. So has Australia. So has Canada. Thus runs the mind of all democracies except ours. And we have not even a secretary of education in the Cabinet. We have a National Bureau (or perhaps chiffonier) of Education. It is a bureau of information and has a few simple National duties, such as administering the schools for natives in Alaska, watching over the distribution of certain educational moneys appropriated by Congress, making surveys of trouble in the educational power system of State or city. But it can start very little on its own motion.

Why should not the United States have a minister or secretary of education? We have a Secretary of Commerce, but of course commerce is written into the Constitution. But we have a Secretary of Labor, and certainly labor has no prior Constitutional or social claims over the welfare of twenty million people whose daily business is going to school. Why should not the Nation be *primarily* interested in education? There is

every reason for it. If the school system of the country is slipshod, chaotic, mechanical, good in a few places and bad in very many; if we are worshiping the fetish of democratic training when there is no such thing; if the schools are failing to educate the great majority of the youth of the country to be useful up to anything like the limit of their capacity; if two-thirds of the boys and girls at fourteen years of age plunge at once half trained into the industrial, commercial, agricultural, home-making, and political responsibilities of citizenship, then the most deplorable leak of weakness in the National life is revealed. And the Nation should take a hand. Here is something fundamental. Of what avail are coast defenses or battle-cruisers or field artillery or diplomatic parleys or industrial mobilization or business organization or agricultural co-operation if the educational system of the country does not provide a constant flow of trained leaders and every-day experts in great number to make these things work effectively? Why does the Nation interest itself deeply in passing child labor laws and only feebly in the vocational edu-

~~XI, no. 11. Nov. 1898~~

~~cetto del pudore. Anomalo, Napoli, 1898, viii, 142-150.—Watson (A.) Sciopodes. Reliquary & Illustr. Archæol., Lond., 1898, iv, 269.—Weber. Ueber die Bedeutung der Degenerationszeichen. Allg. Ztschr. f. Psychiat., [etc.], Berl., 1898-9, lv, 164.—Weingart. Die Spiritisten vor dem Landgericht Dresden. Ibid., 1898, 169-170.—Wilke. Kindes-~~

~~mord bei Naturvölkern der Gegenwart und Vergangenheit. Globus, Brnschw., 1898, lxxiv, 211-213.—Worcester (D. C.) Notes on some primitive Philippine tribes. Nat. Geog. Mag., Wash., 1898, ix, 284-301.—Zuccarrelli (A.) L'antropologia nell'avvenimento Dreyfus-Zola. Anomalo, Napoli, 1898, viii, 129-141.~~

WERE THE ANCIENT ESKIMO ARTISTS?—Having previously expressed the opinion that, before the coming of the white man, the Eskimo did not etch to any extent upon bone, antler, horn, wood, or ivory, I have lately had this opinion confirmed by examination of a large collection of ancient relics from the island of Attu, which is the farthest west of the Aleutian chain. It does not need more than a superficial glance to convince the student that the artistic expression of the Eskimo, in the line of etching, is exactly parallel to the extent to which he has come in contact with white men; first, with the sailor and the whaler, with their rude and often clever scrimshaw work, and, finally, the Russian and American jewelers with their exquisite tools.

So true is this that at a few points in Alaska the Russian of the last century (having first been in contact with the Sandwich islanders and then with the Eskimo) has succeeded in adding to the native art motives and forms of decoration common to all the Polynesian groups.

The people of Attu are Aleutian islanders, and the women are extremely expert in the manufacture of all sorts of fine needle work and basketry.

The men do not lack talent, because, after the Russian occupancy, their later forms of ivory tools and weapons are exquisitely made and decorated; but on the old objects taken from the graves by Lucian Turner, covering quite a large variety of functions, especially of weapons, there is not a dot, circle, or any other conventional etching, or any attempt to carve the figure of a man or beast. The effort, therefore, to derive the Eskimo from an artistic people on the eastern hemisphere, on account of their later performances, is made at great hazard.

O. T. MASON.

ing has been suppressed by the Dutch, the last case of this kind in this region having occurred at least five years ago.

It was in this region that Lumholtz spent the greater part of his time. In spite of the objection of the natives, he was able to secure many photographs and cinematograph pictures and take the measurements of 174 individuals. Quite a comprehensive ethnological collection was made, including children's games and folklore and numerous short vocabularies.

After this sojourn, the rapids of the Mahakam were passed in safety in three days. Many Dyaks have lost their lives there, and only recently a foreign trader was drowned. The expedition arrived on August 22, 1916, at Samarinda at the mouth of the river on the eastern coast, having during nine months covered by river a distance of over one thousand miles in native boats and nearly half as much in the steamer.

A geographical result of the expedition is a map of the route which corrects previous errors, especially in the watershed region of central Borneo. The maps of this district are, of course, based only on reconnaissances. The Busang River region has been surveyed only within the last ten years. The best representation of this area and the remaining territory shown is the standard "Schetskaart van de Residentie Zuider- en Oosterafdeeling van Borneo," on the scale of 1:750,000, published in 1913 by the Topographical Bureau in Batavia. The most complete account of the physical geography of the Barito drainage basin is to be found in "Topografische en geologische beschrijving van het stroomgebied van de Barito, in hoofdzaak wat de Doesoenlanden betreft," by G. L. L. Kemmerling (*Tijdschr. Kon. Nederl. Aardrij. Genoot.*, Vol. 32, 1915, No. 5, pp. 575-641; No 7, pp. 717-774: listed in the February *Review*, p. 162), accompanied by a geological map, 1:750,000, based on the aforesaid topographic map.

Eastern Asiatic Expedition of the University of Pennsylvania Museum. In the June number of the *University of Pennsylvania Museum Journal* C. W. Bishop publishes a beautifully illustrated account of his recently completed journey in the Far East. The museum's Eastern Asiatic Expedition was a reconnaissance to determine the possibilities for archeological research over a wide area in the Orient. Commencing his surveys in the country centering round Nara and Kyoto, the nucleus of the early Japanese Empire, Mr. Bishop traveled over the border country, long disputed between the Empire and the aborigines, to Hakodate and thence to the island of Yezo. In the south of the island he visited modern Ainu settlements, remarking on the survival of such ancient features as the characteristic Ainu storehouse raised on piles above the ground and the Ainu interest in horse-raising. A later stage of the journey embraced Korea, where a favorable impression of the work of the Japanese government was obtained. Thence via the Liaotung Peninsula the author proceeded to Peking. Disturbed conditions in the upper valley of the Yellow River caused the abandonment of the original plan for study of the seat of the earliest Chinese civilization, and instead the journey was continued to Szechuan by way of the Yangtze River. The objective here was the famous caves in the sandstone hills of this western province. Native tradition attributes them to the work of the aboriginal barbarians. Mr. Bishop believes that this is correct and regards them as burial places.

POLAR REGIONS

Eskimo Migrations in Greenland. At Holstenborg, Greenland, well within the Arctic Circle, is one of the northernmost outposts of settlement and here V. C. Frederiksen, a resident missionary, has published a monthly journal, a volume of church hymns, a brief history of Greenland, and several literary translations, all in the Eskimo language, while at the same time carrying on archeologic investigations and making pastoral calls by dog sledge and kayak at the small native settlements scattered along three hundred miles of dangerous coast. Pastor Frederiksen, in another monthly journal called *Atuagagdliutit*, or "Reading Miscellany," published at Godthaab, Greenland, has expressed some very interesting views on Eskimo migrations according to an abstract by James Mooney in the *Journal of the Washington Academy of Science* (Vol. 6, 1916, No. 6, pp. 144-146.) The evidence of linguistics, geography, and archeology led him to conclude (1) that the Eskimo tribes reached Greenland from an original nucleus in the extreme west, (2) that they traveled southward along the coast to the east, and (3) that they decreased in number toward the north owing to the scarcity of game and building material. He believes that the Norse occupation about 1000 A. D. made a wedge between the east and west coast Eskimo and that natural communication was again established only after the extinction of the Norse colony about 1490. Some of the northerly tribes on the east coast starved to death; some of the southerly tribes were saved from a like fate at a later period only by contact with Danish colonists. The

superior capacity for civilization of the South Greenland Eskimo is explained by a strain of old Norse blood.

Glacial Features of the South Orkneys. Position near the edge of the Antarctic confers upon the South Orkneys special interest as a field for glacial study in relation to other South Polar regions. Advantage of this was taken by the Scottish National Antarctic Expedition which spent eleven months in 1903-04 on Laurie Island, the most easterly of the group (J. H. Harvey Pirie: *Glaciology of the South Orkneys*, *Trans. Royal Soc. Edinburgh*, Vol. 49, Part 4, Edinburgh, 1913). The South Orkneys appear as the remnant of a sunken and dissected upland with a latitudinal extent of 72 miles. Extensive glaciation at a time when the land stood at a much higher level accounts for the broad topographic expression now owing its detail to subaërial weathering. In this region the theoretical or climatic snow-line is probably some little distance above sea-level. The configuration of the land produces a number of more or less isolated ice sheets centering in roughly concentric form about the heads of the bays. The glaciers belong to the class first described by Arctowski as "suspended coastal glaciers" and later defined by Nordenskjöld as "ice-foot glaciers." For purposes of description they may be divided into three integral parts. The high slopes are sometimes distinguished from the main body of the glacier occupying the slope between the hills and the sea by a well-marked *bergschrand* which conforms rather closely to the configuration of the underlying surface. In these glaciers, unfed by snow fields, the snow passes directly into névé and glacier ice, a phenomenon assisted by the comparative frequency with which the mean day temperature of the air rises above freezing point. The glaciers end in snouts or in terminal cliffs. Observations on the snout glaciers show that the ice is either stationary or retreating slightly. Those reaching the sea terminate in regular cliffs ranging in height from 60 to 160 feet and affording good opportunity for the study of internal glacial structure.

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY

Breathing Wells. The "breathing" of wells has often been noted, and the relation between the inflow and outflow of air at the mouth of wells and the atmospheric pressure has at the same time been observed. Yet observations of this interesting phenomenon are not common. In a recent number of the *Monthly Weather Review* (Vol. 44, 1916, pp. 75-76) there are given the daily records of the "breathing" of a well at New Carlisle, Clark County, Ohio, during February, 1916. Rising pressure changes were accompanied by inspirations in 22 cases, and by no breathing in 4 cases. Falling pressure changes were accompanied by expiration 27 times, and by no breathing twice. A practical use of this breathing has been suggested in England, where private efforts have been made to utilize these conditions in forecasting probable gas explosions in mines. In the United States, the Weather Bureau authorizes its local forecasters to telegraph marked pressure changes to mine operators and thus enable the latter to form their own opinion as to the probability of danger.

R. DEC. WARD.

Tropical Rains: Their Duration, Frequency, and Intensity. Tropical rainfalls are said to be intense, yet they are often exceeded by summer showers in middle latitudes. This is true, at least, for the rainfall of Baltimore, Maryland, compared with that of San Juan, Porto Rico, as is shown by Dr. Oliver L. Fassig in the *Monthly Weather Review* for June, 1916 (Vol. 44, pp. 329-337). The average duration of rains is eight hours in Baltimore, and one hour in San Juan. But the duration and frequency of excessive rains is the greater in the tropics. A consideration of the frequency of small rains shows that the tobacco sections of Porto Rico are located where rains of less than 0.1 inch are very numerous (as at Caguas, 160 a year); and that in one of the best coffee regions, in the western mountains, there are few days with such small amounts (for instance, Lares, 13). The average total rainfalls of the two places are about 70 and 100 inches respectively. The heavy rains come during the hurricane season, June to November, and in winter when the extra-tropical cyclones reach south to the island. The diurnal maximum of rainfall occurs shortly after noon at San Juan with a secondary high point at six in the morning. The afternoon rains are more intense but less frequent than the morning rains. The article is well illustrated with diagrams. One of the most striking is that of "rain autographs." Doctor Fassig's ingenious instrument, which records the duration of rainfall, allows the raindrops to make their own record by blurring the ink on a moving paper exposed under a small opening. In this way, rainfall too small to measure may leave its mark at the proper time. The autographs of San Juan show at a glance the usual intense, abrupt character of the tropical rainfall, while selected ones from Baltimore show both the heavy showers and the weaker long-drawn-out general rains of middle latitudes.

CHARLES F. BROOKS.

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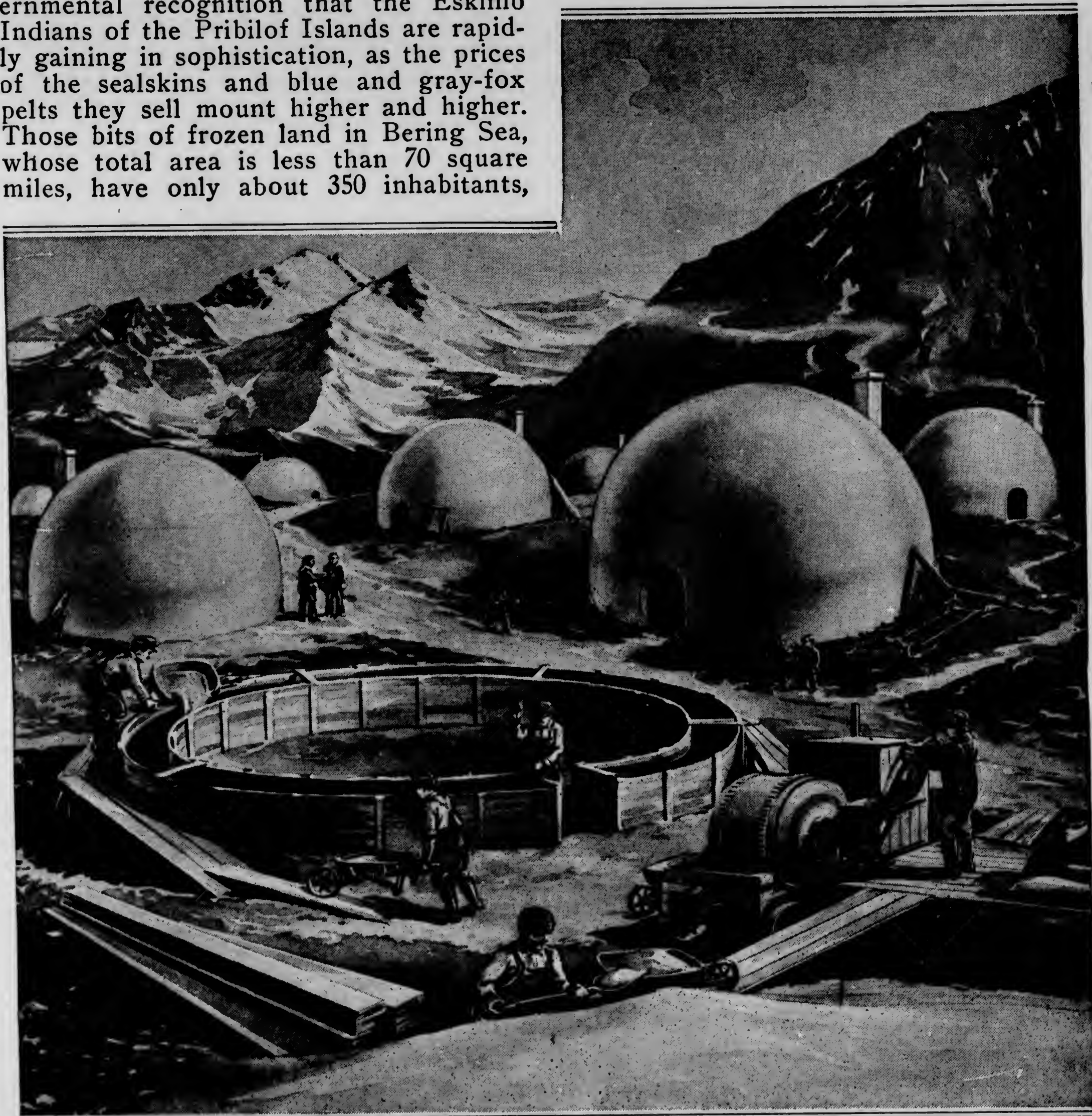
FEBRUARY, 1920

No. 2

Modern Eskimos to Have Igloos of Concrete

THOUGH the snow blocks of the Eskimo igloo might almost class as permanent building material in the land of perpetual ice, their use does not accord with even the most primitive ideas of civilization. And it is a matter of governmental recognition that the Eskimo Indians of the Pribilof Islands are rapidly gaining in sophistication, as the prices of the sealskins and blue and gray-fox pelts they sell mount higher and higher. Those bits of frozen land in Bering Sea, whose total area is less than 70 square miles, have only about 350 inhabitants,

yet they are being assailed by all the aspirations of prosperity, and are beginning to buy the most interesting items the mail-order catalogs offer. So United States engineers are building them igloos of concrete, thus substituting the most



Igloos of Concrete for the Eskimos of the Pribilof Islands: Permanent Habitations, Built by the Government, That Retain the Peculiarities of Native Architecture, Yet Substitute the Most Modern and Substantial of Materials for the Traditional Ice and Snow

substantial of materials for what seems, from the temperate-zone viewpoint, the most ephemeral. It is to be noted, however, that the builders are careful to adhere closely to the native style of architecture. The new concrete dwellings in-

troduce no unfamiliar and depressing innovations to their tenants. If those built this season are accepted as satisfactory to the changing Eskimo taste, a whole colony of them will be constructed next summer.

PORTABLE CRIB FOR BABY LIKE TRAVELING BAG

The problem of carrying a baby from place to place has met with one solution in a handy "suitcase crib." A



This Chubby, Happy Infant Demonstrates Conclusively That an Outdoor Life in the Open Is the Most Healthful. The Photo Shows the Suitcase Open

steel frame, slightly larger than the ordinary valise, is covered with wire netting and hinged at either side of its gable top. The bottom is filled with soft bedding, and when the grip is closed it is strapped like any suitcase to insure double security. One healthy six-months



The Proud Parents Carrying the Baby on One of Their Cross-Country Trips: The Baby Takes Quite Kindly to Its Suitcase Crib and is Here Sleeping Soundly in It

old child has traveled with its parents all over the country in the portable crib, invented by its father.

TRANSMIT POWER BY IMPULSES THROUGH COLUMN OF WATER

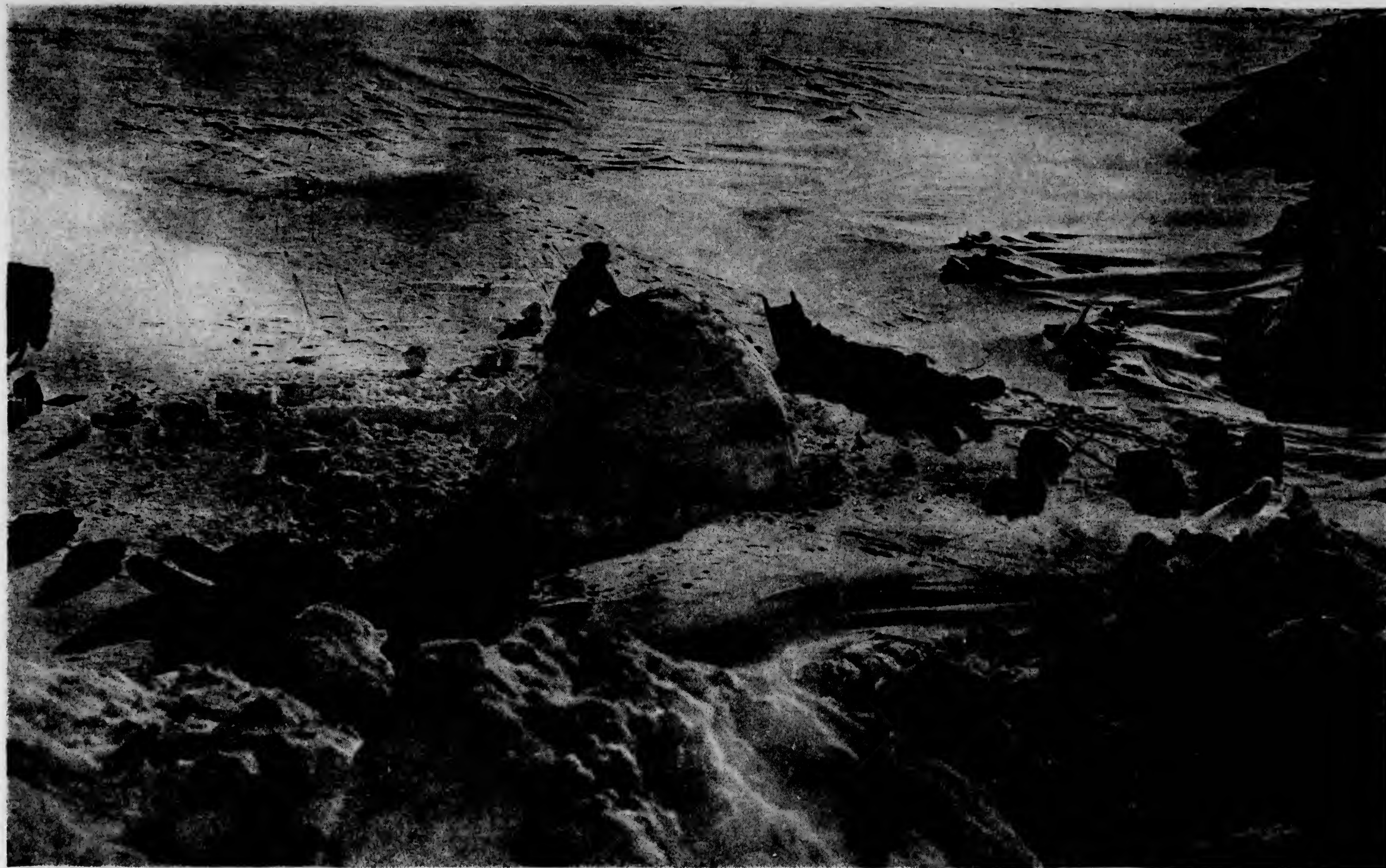
That a column of water may be made to transmit power in the same way that an electric wire transmits it, is the remarkable discovery of a European scientist, and the system already has been adapted for operating rock drills, replacing pneumatic equipment. In this application it is particularly useful, for the same water that operates and rotates the drill also removes the chips of rock. The power waves are transmitted through the water line with the same facility whether it is in motion or stationary, and may be generated and delivered at any desired frequency, or in more than one phase. Used for drilling granite in Cornwall, England, the special tools designed for the water-wave impulses delivered to the work 80 per cent of the generated power, as against only 10 per cent for air tools. For work under water and in mines, the new power should show many advantages.

AIRMAN MAKES SAFE LANDING ON TELEGRAPH POLE

While filming a comedy feature in California, an airplane was used to provide thrills for motion-picture patrons. A Los Angeles airman, who was employed to do the flying, tried to pass between two tall telegraph poles on the top of a hill, when his plane was caught by a sudden gust of wind. The airplane was thrown into a sharply banked turn, only to be punctured and held fast by one of the two poles.

The forward momentum of the plane

was so great that it pivoted twice around the pole, then caught on the climbing cleats, and dangled in mid-air. The driver, after recovering from the shock and realizing that he was still alive and not traveling toward an undertaker's parlor in a gunny sack, climbed over the wreckage of the broken wing, and shinned down the pole like a lineman. He escaped without a scratch. The fire department later in the day removed the damaged airplane from its precarious position.



Photograph by Donald B. MacMillan

THE GEOGRAPHIC EXPLORER BUILDING A SNOW SHELTER FOR THE NIGHT

When the day's trail is ended, great blocks of snow, carved from the all-encompassing cold, must be formed into a rude shelter to keep out the bitter wind of the frozen north.

Nat. Geog. Mag. - Feb. 1920.

Bear and Eskimo Boy

WHILE his father was out fishing off Boster Rock, Labrador, Ashwatuk, a sixteen-year-old Eskimo boy, was at home with his mother. A polar bear suddenly thrust his head in the igloo. The brave boy ran and commenced kicking the brute, who caught the boy's foot and bit it off. The bear was driven away, and the lad's mother, for whom he was fighting, was saved. First, the physicians of Dr. Grenfell's mission took an interest in the lad and cared for him in the hospital. Then Martha Leininger, a nurse, decided to get a job for him in her home town in Pennsylvania, and he was sent to New York on the steamship Stephano. The immigration officers decided that, even with the wooden foot the Grenfell people had given him, he might become a public charge if allowed to land, and sent him to Ellis Island. There a special board of inquiry ordered Ashwatuk deported. The boy, who did not utter a scream when the bear undertook to enter the hut, or cry when his foot was bitten off, wept when told he could not remain in this land of privilege which had been described to him. Friends interested themselves, and the case was appealed. Word came back from Washington that the Department of Commerce officials had reversed the order, and would permit the lad to land under a bond to insure his not becoming a public charge. Ashwatuk, after seeing the city, went to the farm of the father of Miss Leininger of the Grenfell Mission at Mohnton, Pa., which he expects to make his home.

THE CHRI

Christian Herald, 125, Feb. 10, 1915.

Hot Work, Hunting Winter Meat With Eskimos

A ONE-TON BOLOGNA SAUSAGE with handsome tusks was dozing on the Arctic ice-pack, untroubled by any thought of danger. But without warning it collapsed in a manner that suggested the sudden deflation of a balloon. Otherwise, we are assured, it made not the slightest move. The hunter's bullet had found its mark.

"I had broken the walrus's neck," writes Robert Frothingham

These natives have instructions to hold off shooting until you've had your shot. I'll give you the word when your chance comes, but if you're not ready, right on the dot, you'll never know whether it was your bullet or some one else's that got your game."

That appeared to make the gruff old veteran feel a trifle easier, and he said kindly, "What sort of a contrivance is that camera of yours, anyway?" I had a stereoscopic camera, with a viewfinder on the side, which I have learned to hold fairly steady on a level with my eyes, and I explained it to him.

"Hell's bells!" said Jim. "I thought it was some new-fangled pair of binoculars you had there. Can you take a picture with that outfit while you sit low in the boat?" I assured him that I could.

THE three skin boats "moved forward practically on a line, about a quarter of a mile apart, and arrived at the edge of the ice-pack at the same time," says Mr. Frothingham, continuing:

That mile or more from the cutter seemed to have been covered in a mighty few minutes. No more silent paddlers could be imagined than those fifteen Eskimos. Not the slightest trace of a sound when the paddle was dipt or when it was lifted from the water.

Our mile dwindled to a half-mile, to a quarter, to 250 yards, to 100. We could count at least five of the monsters on the floe we were approaching, all lying with their backs toward us, and not a pair of

tusks to be seen. How many more there were behind this group of five could only be conjectured.

Suddenly, the one right in line with the prow of the boat lifted its head, displaying a fine-looking pair of tusks. Instantly every paddler "froze." The huge creature gazed around, apparently saw nothing to arouse suspicion, and lurched back.

"That's your game," whispered Jim Allen, "but not yet."

The 100 yards shrank to fifty, and it looked as if we would beach the old umiak against the broad back of my walrus.

Just then Jim gave me the word. I lifted the camera with a steadiness which was later revealed in the negative, but which I was far from feeling. Gently putting the instrument back on the bottom of the boat, I raised my rifle.

Jim had already impressed it upon me that there was only one place to plant a bullet in a walrus to assure immediate death—about ten inches back of the eye. But there wasn't an eye to be seen, not even a head; nothing but the broad back of the neck presented itself for my consideration.

"Let 'er go," whispered Jim. "These 'Skimos won't wait another split-second." My bullet found its mark.



Photograph by Earl Rossman. From Ewing Galloway, New York

Bringing Home the Bacon in the Arctic

Point Barrow Eskimos giving a slain walrus a ride from shore to village.

in the New York *Herald Tribune* Magazine. "Or rather, it would be more correct to say that I had broken its back at the spot where there is a neck in every other animal."

Then bedlam broke loose. Mr. Frothingham reminds us that with him in the umiak were five Eskimo hunters, every one of them highly excited and "each armed with a high-power rifle." Figure, he suggests, "the necessity for keeping the umiak head-on to the ice-floe, thus compelling every one of these wrought-up natives to shoot over your head. No chance for shooting from the side, as no one knew when the boat might have to be 'beached' on the ice-floe to avoid a wounded animal in the water. Imagine thirty bullets being fired as rapidly as those semicrazy Eskimos could pull the trigger."

Mr. Frothingham had come on this walrus-hunt on the pack-ice of the Alaskan coast in the summer of 1930, presumably for the experience. Jim Allen, ex-whaleman and trader at Wainwright, had come with twenty or so Eskimo friends, who in their turn were after their winter meat supply. The Coast Guard cutter *Northland* carried the party to within a short distance of the ice, where Mr. Frothingham saw to his amazement thousands upon thousands of walruses, reminding him of Gargantuan bologna sausages, stretched at lazy ease. In tense silence, the account runs on:

The three umiaks were lowered from the davits, and the excited natives, quivering in every nerve, dropt down the ladder, each taking his place, with paddle, rifle, and spear, five to a boat. Jim Allen beckoned me and we took our places in the first boat, I in the bow, Jim right behind me. We were about to push off when Jim noticed the camera between my feet.

"What are you going to do with that?" he asked; and there was the least suggestion of resentment in his voice and eyes.

"I hope to get a picture of a 'live walrus' before I start any shooting," I said.

"Don't forget that this is a hunt for meat," he rejoined; "you can't stand up in the boat to take pictures, and I don't suppose you can get 'em any other way. If you're looking for a trophy, you'd better drop that camera and stick to your rifle."

"Jim," I said, "I'm not going to stand up in this umiak either to shoot or take pictures, or anything else. Not if I know myself, I'm not!"

"Well," he replied with a trace of resignation, "it's up to you



Ewing Galloway

Many a Good Dinner Looms Ahead

Down to the Delta

Rod & Gun in Canada
April 1932.

Another Tale from the Wardroom Mess

By ROBERT JAMES

"**B**ELOW, there! Sailing orders! You're detailed for the Delta. That's all, except..."

Yes, that was all—except! All, except for the surmises as to what lay behind; except for the conjectures, and ardent hopes, on what lay ahead. All, except for the requisitioning of a five-ton schooner, and a big Kermath engine; tents and bacon, fly dope and flour; a canoe and canned goods; repair tools and spare parts, a cook and a dinghy, and a "Sea-horse" to kick it along. Maybe someone to perform the same

service on the cook. All, except lumber, and gasoline in drums, and gasoline in tins; and more gasoline in tins and drums. All, except money and a crew; and sounding and surveying gear, fish nets and a radio set; and clothing and a gun; a camera, and a bottle of "No. 9's" and a five-pound carton of Epsom's. All, except railway tickets and steamboat fares; and indents and orders; and the usual hasty good-byes.

"The Delta!" There was magic in the word. So we packed our battered sea chests and tumbled them on to the dock. With an inconsequential wave of the hand, we turned over our cosy berths and comfort-

Eight bells! A muffled, metallic rumbling announced the letting-go of the anchor off Shippegan wharf. Light vibrations throughout the hull caused a tinkling of tableware from the few dishes yet remaining from the evening meal. The broadcast receiver strove valiantly to retail the music from a distant New York hotel—but the sharp, incessant tapping of code by the big set of a liner steaming up the gulf killed the indifferent jazz. An irritable soul reached over and snapped off the switch. Quiet. Then, "Spin a yarn, someone—before we turn in. Another of the Wardroom tales."



Children of the twilight

able, homey cabins on the big charting ships at Halifax, to messmates—brother officers in "the trade." We

Eskimos would scarcely deign to raise questioning eyes skyward whenever the drone of a birdman was announced. They had heard their own voices blare forth from the mouth of a gramophone. Its whirling disk no longer mystified them. Gazed at their own likenesses—not the glittering reflections from the old-time traders' penny looking glasses, but on paper; their own photos, taken the year before. They were grown sophisticated. They had tasted canned delicacies; and canned jazz—not so delicate. They grew blasé. A flying explorer landed in Franklin's Land, and traced out the English seaman's tragedy-ridden



Temporary camp in the Delta

can think what they like," said Dan.

He took over the steering paddle in our canoe and we started off again across the lake. There was no sign of a portage where he finally landed us.

There was no path—not even blazes marked the trail until we got well back into the bush. Dan led the way with the upturned canoe on his shoulders. We followed with the fishing rods and the lunch bag. It was not far—up over a low ridge of hardwoods, down the other side into birches and cedars—scarcely one hundred yards. We came to the glint of water amid the trees with unexpected suddenness and walked out on a flat rock landing of a little bush.

"Here we are," said Dan.

It was just a pond. Water-lily pads dotted the surface except for a clear area in the middle. Across the open waters a swamp reached far back into a narrow valley between high hills. A spring creek came in by this valley. Years ago beavers had dammed the creek and flooded the lower ground. Marsh surrounded the pond except at the little bay to which we had come through the dry bush.

"These guides on Quogami watch me like hawks," observed Dan, as he paddled us out. "I can always get fish in here whether they're biting in Quogami or not. Those guides would give their eye teeth to find out where I get them."

As the canoe left the close shelter of the bush a light breeze cooled our faces and rippled the open water beyond the lily pads.

"The smell of smoke carries a long way, don't it!" remarked Dan, letting down the stone he had tied to the pointer for an anchor.

"Is that smoke I smell?" exclaimed Madame.

How often a light remark leads to a mischievous undoing!

"Is that smoke I smell?" repeated she.

"Yes, mam," said Dan. "The wind carries the smell of a bush fire for hundreds of miles sometimes."

He fixed a worm on Madame's hook and threw it overboard. Then he baited his own.

As for me I knelt in the bow with a five-ounce fly rod and a cast of flies. I had chosen a deer hair nymph, a brown hackle and a black gnat—too dark and dingy, as I found later. It was color they wanted.

"There's another good hole over there where the creek comes in," remarked Dan, "but I generally get all I want right here."

He twitched his young cedar tree as he spoke and derricked a one-

later he derricked another one in.

"Don't let him flap all over me!" pleaded Madame, from her place on the floor amidships, where she was still struggling with her reel.

Dan rebaited and cast out again before he got the landing net and helped the lady get her fish in.

It was a one-pounder like the others—a beautiful fish.

"How much would he weigh? Two pounds?"

"Yes, mam, pretty near."

"If that fish goes an ounce over one pound I'll eat him raw," I contributed to the cause of truth.

"Go on," replied the leading lady. "You're jealous because you can't catch any with your dinky little flies. Put on a fresh worm, Dan, and I'll catch another."

And she did catch another. And so did Dan. They continued this



At Lake Quogami

pound trout into the canoe.

Madame shrieked with joy.

"Are there many like that, Dan?"

"Yes, mam," said Dan. "They are all like that."

"I wish I could get one," said Madame, wistfully. "I've got one," screamed she in the same breath. "I've got one. Dan, what will I do now?"

"Don't let him get away," advised Dan. "Hang on to him."

He threw his rebaited hook back into the water. A moment

way very happily till lunch time when they had nineteen of the most beautiful fish in the world stowed away under the stern of the canoe—and I hadn't yet had a strike.

"We'll give the fly fisherman a chance this afternoon," said Dan. "We'll try that pool among the lily pads just opposite where the creek comes in."

We lunched on the flat rock and enjoyed a leisurely smoke afterward, thinking we had a long afternoon before us.

"The morning was yours," I boasted. "The afternoon is mine."

I changed the end fly to a Parmachene Belle after lunch. I felt it was color they wanted. We crossed the clear water and approached the lily pads on the far side. A long

(Continued on page 28)



A few little ones for lunch

trail—and the world heard anew that saga of almost forgotten sailormen. But it wasn't news to the Eskimo—a story handed down from eye-witness to son.

Photographers and surveyors flew north to tidewater, and eastward from Herschel Island's lonely outpost, to blaze new trails across the Barren Lands. Seekers of mineral wealth criss-crossed the territory beyond the Arctic Circle. Pioneers of aerial routes landed upon unmaped lakes and perpetually frozen muskeg land. There were investigators of fish and game resources endeavoring to bound the seemingly limitless and widening circle of the ranges over which roamed the uncounted herds of caribou and the scattered bands of musk oxen. Theirs was a job, too—not for gain, but of seeking data on conservation; devising protective measures whereby there would be conserved in perpetuity the wild, free life, in its native habitat, for a generation of hunters and sportsmen and their kind. Not for this day only. For generations yet unborn.

Came and went anthropologists, census-takers of northern tribes. Zealous missionaries and medicos. There were inspectors, of services varied and wide. And uniformed stalwarts of the law visited the far-flung stations of the Northwest Territories.

And—as we have already announced—among the investigators of new trails were the ubiquitous Sea Surveyors; to the eastern Arctic waters of Henry Hudson, a whole ship's company; the whilst, with a little following of inland sailors, went two, down to Mackenzie delta, and the island fringe that lies between its many mouths and the unbroken seascape that men call Beaufort Sea. Went north with a tiny, new-born craft, following the time-dimmed pathways of Franklin and Mackenzie and their crews.

Fort Smith, sixty degrees north, on the Slave River, was the fitting-out point, where they stocked and launched their schooner. Their sailing orders read "to Mackenzie Bay of the Western Arctic, latitude 70 north—and return." That was all—except! All, except the distance of

1,340 miles of river navigation from the Slave River Rapids to the salt water of the Arctic Sea.

For quite a spell of years fur barterers of the North—amongst them the old Northwesters and the H.B.C.—and keen, enterprising transporters, who will carry another man's freight, a single pound or a hundred tons (for a consideration) over any possible route, maintained during the open season steamboat or schooner communication on this thousand-mile waterway from Fort Smith to Fort Macpherson. In recent years they extended their river voyages to Aklavik. Not yet content to rest at this far northern point, the water transportation companies cast their eyes longingly beyond the head of the delta—to salt water. It was a revival of the old slogan "Westward ho!" On farther to the western Arctic; on again, to Behring Sea; on, at last, around the corner, into the



Outer coast natives

Pacific. It was a reawakening of the age-old, irresistible urge to realize the "North West Passage."

In the Mackenzie basin, watered by the Slave and the Bear, the Liard and other tributary streams, and the lakes, whose depths no one yet has sounded and whose farther sides are as the shimmering horizons of a sea, it is claimed there is a grand total of some four thousand miles of water, all navigable except for eighteen miles—at two points, one, a rapid two miles long on the Peace River, and the other the Sixteen Mile Rapid on the Great Slave.

To the Sea Surveyors—the two hydrographers and navigators were from the salt water coasts of New Brunswick, and the temporary crew of five from the Athabasca and Mackenzie river districts—the thirteen hundred and some miles of steaming from Fort Smith to the scene of charting operations in Beau-

fort Sea was incidental to the object in hand—the exploring of the delta entrances. Their schooner, an auxiliary motor-driven craft, though modelled after the shallow-draft type now in common use with the traders and Eskimos of the western Arctic, had been specially built at Edmonton for the charting service.

Two days were spent at Aklavik, northernmost settlement on the route. At this little outpost of empire—civilization as represented by the trader and the missionary, a medical unit and the khaki-clothed police—and a bustling hive of activity only for the few days each three or four times in the summer when the big stern wheeler river boats arrive and depart—the Sea Surveyors joined company with a fleet of little gas schooners that were counterparts of their own. They were the Eskimo hunters' boats. They had come up from Herschel and the outer delta,

from Tununuk and Karagazit. Come, eager and expectant as children, to greet the white man's steamboat, its arrival now due from that strange mysterious region that lay south of the Innuit's Land. It arrived a day behind us, with a string of those same little boats in tow—new ones, also for the Eskimos, and each loaded to the Plimsoll with

goods. Business—good business. Build a boat, and tow it north, and make it pay its way with the freight that could be crammed within its otherwise bare and comfortless hull. Then sell it to the native, boat and engine and sails complete, for \$8,000 or \$10,000. And the "hucky" gladly buys it; and coaxes and nurses the cold-stiffened motor with the cunning of a merchant navy artificer engineer.

"And paid for, yes, sir," said a trader who brings his vessel around from Victoria through the Behring Sea. "Sometimes in advance; but paid for. The huckies of this coast are unlike the Indians. The Indians I've trucked with, anyway. Our huckies look upon a 'debt,' not as credit, to be renewed on any old excuse—but as an obligation to be met. And met it is! When a huckie dies and leaves his grubstake, or advance, unpaid, the family and rela-

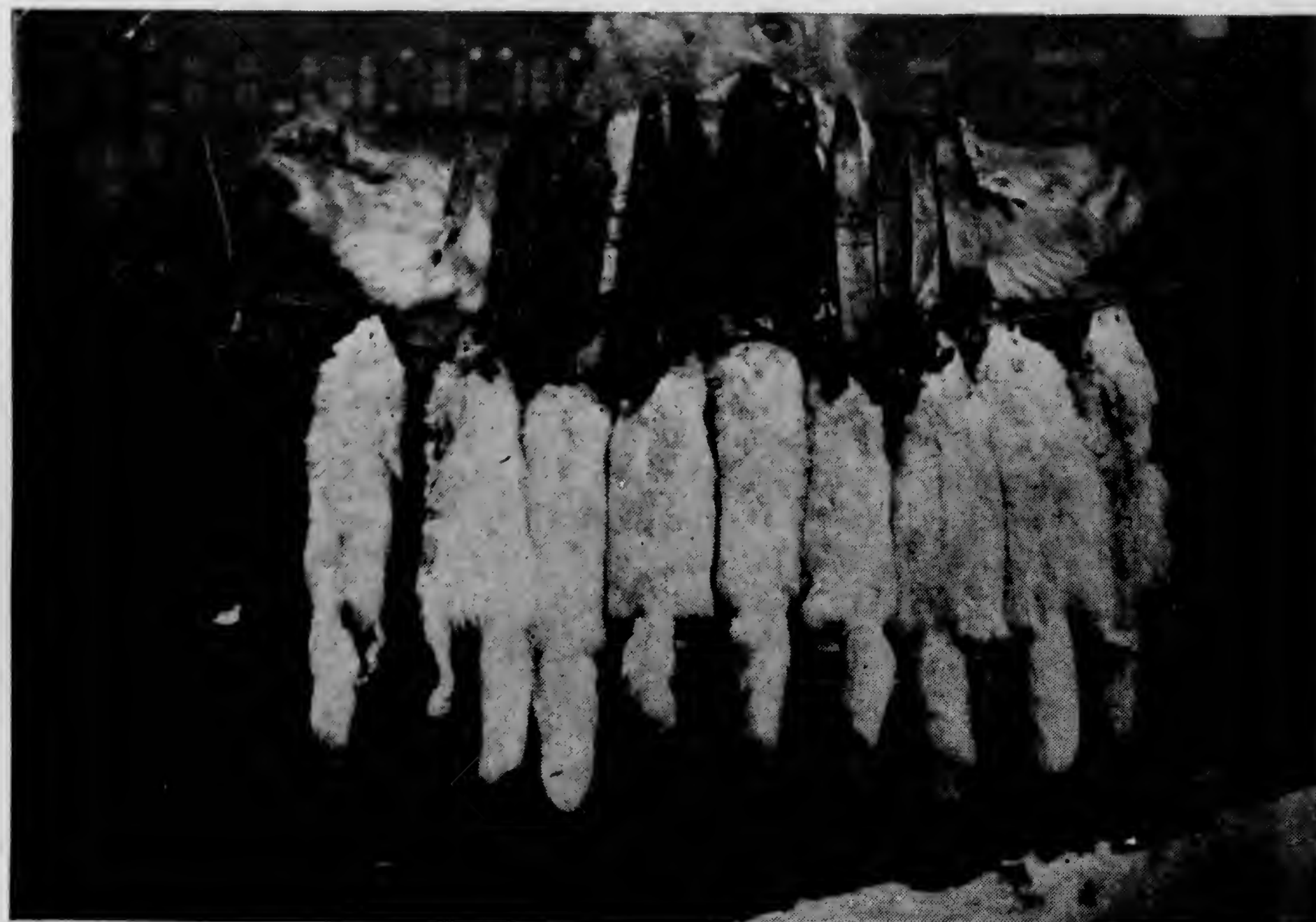
tives get together and go the limit to wipe it off the books. I know third generation natives here who have met the obligations of the first. I'll say they're honest!"

Up to this point, Aklavik—down, according to one's choice of terms—it is "up" in the sense that the route lay polewards; "down" in that we were travelling with the stream, all had been plain sailing. It was the third week in June. The short northern summer was stealing by, and ahead lay a veritable maze of streams and uncharted channels. "That was all, except..." all, except that thus far we had only reached the head of "the Delta." So a local pilot was engaged, loins were regirt, and the Sea Surveyors pushed off from the bank and pointed their craft downstream for the Arctic; into the Land of the Midnight Sun.

Their pilot chose the East channel, best known route, for 125 miles to Tununuk, a small island in the delta that lies at the parting of three principal ways. One leads northeastward into the sea, Karagazuit way, for Coronation Gulf; a second westward through the outer part of the delta towards the open ocean and along the coast—the route to Herschel Island. The third, and middle, runs due northward to the outermost islands, beyond which lies nothing but the unbroken expanse of ice-fields that cap the top of the world.

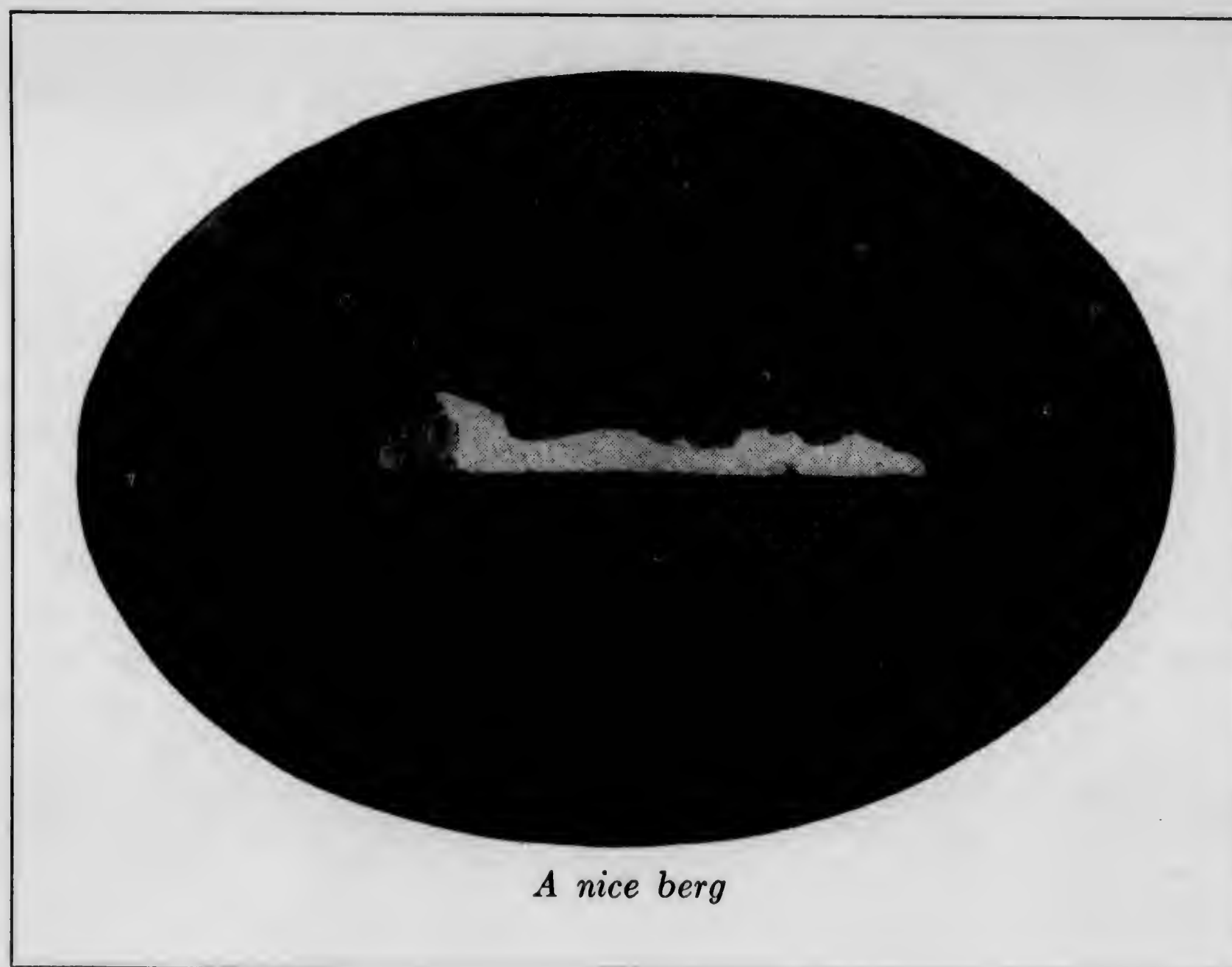
It was here, at Tununuk, a gathering ground of the Mackenzie Eskimos, and the contemplated contact point for seagoing and river vessels, that the hydrographers commenced their exploration work. From here they traversed and sounded northward and west-

ward, amongst the outlying unmapped islands between the delta and Herschel. They were the first white men to ever set foot upon some of these. Their original charted positions had been set down by the



Products of the district

rough observations and occasional sightings by Franklin and his ships, and the indefinite and inaccurate sketches, that represented this area on the map of Canada and on the Admiralty charts of the region, dat-



A nice berg

ed back to that explorer's voyages. To the crew of our little hydrographic craft these were hopelessly misleading. They misrepresented some channels as leading for a short distance directly to the open sea. The pilot was non-committal. What of

it? The chart or map was clear. "Good! Just what we're looking for. The short, straight passage to the sea."

The explorers bore on, fathoming the waters beneath the keel. The depths lessened; grew shoaler, till the schooner's progress was barred. They left her; went on with the dinghy, the outboard kicking behind. Shoaler still; sandbars. They took to the canoe. For two days they pushed seaward. In that time they never once sighted the ocean!

Other channels likewise; myths, or born of imaginative minds whose owners had never thought or dared to follow to their ends. They petered out on

open flats with scarcely any more water on them than that of a heavy dew; or turned, snake-like, upon themselves and led back inland.

Even the pilot was hopelessly lost at times, and could not find the various Eskimo encampments to which he had planned to lead the party.

And then, when camped on Kendall Island, he deserted the ship and joined a band of roving natives, up-river bound; left the white men to their own resources.

The cook fell sick. "No guide... no cook..."

Up came the anchor. They headed back. Scouted in and out of blind passages; up on to and over unsuspected bars. Hounded by the urgency of a quick return to the hospital at the post, they explored, day

and night, each promising passage, till, at last, by a more western, circuitous route, up winding, low-banked channels, they found their way up-stream to Aklavik.

It was now the middle of July.

(Continued on page 32)

Down to the Delta

(Continued from page 16)

A short, restless stay followed. Then they set sail once more for the Arctic shores—without a pilot. The experience gained on the first venture enabled them to guide their schooner unaided back through the intricate channels to the sea.

Oftentimes, to make full use of the short summer season of this clime, the Sea Surveyors carried on their sounding and charting work during the bright twilight hours under the midnight sun—when days of continuous light were distinguished, each from the preceding one, only by the passing of another twenty-four hours. There were vexatious moments of trial, as they hurriedly performed their sailors' job of work in a strange and sometimes unfriendly clime. It was always cold. The ice pack, glistening under the lop-sided sun that, for weeks on end, circled overhead and at midnight barely skimmed the horizon, was lurking close to the outer fringe of the islands. In the month of August there occurred only two successive fine days on which the schooner could be run with wide open throttle. Position-finding off the low marshy shores was done by log and compass. During that forty-eight-hour spell of constant watch, over one hundred miles of sounding was accomplished.

Wood for marks and beacons was not obtainable on the outer islands. There was plenty of driftwood; no camper in that region should suffer for lack of fuel. But what had once been fair-sized six-inch timbers were so ground and chewed up by their milling contact with the larger trees on their passage down the delta streams in the freshet period that they were useless for erecting marks.

As they extended their area of exploration, new channels and passages added here and there new bits to the jig-saw puzzle that was the unmapped lower delta; misled them time and again, till they lost all faith and dependence in the old route sketches of northern traders—crude maps compiled by fur barterers more versed in the tracing of a woodland trail than in the byways of the sea; men, hard-pressed by competition in the trade, or driven by the menacing ice fields of Behring and Beaufort seas, to seek the elusive deep-water passage into the Mackenzie proper.

On one August day they sighted overhead the planes of the Maudesley special air patrol, flying eastward from Herschel Island to the heart of the Barren Lands, blazing a new aerial trail. It was a brief touch with modern civilization.

The Eskimo camps and equipment were found to be much superior and of a higher order than those of the Indians farther inland. This has been the observation of explorers since Alexander Mackenzie's time; that traveller noted the remarkable difference when passing through

the Indian country to that frequented by the Eskimo.

Of game, little was seen. The nature of the work, and the necessity of making every hour of daylight count towards the intensive prosecution of the job precluded any excursions inland, or about the shores, for the purpose of hunting. The few observers of this region in years past were impressed with the variety and extent of the fish and game to be found; books and tales penned by explorers, missionaries, traders and the odd sportsman contain references to the wonderful resources in this respect. The fishes and herbivorous animals of the delta watershed played an important part in the support of the slender population of native and white—at one time, in the not so distant past. But the stock was not inexhaustible. Away back in Franklin's time, in 1821, moose were killed on the islands at the mouth of the delta. They are never found there now. Not many years ago the caribou were plentiful on this same marshy, tundra land. Very plentiful on the big island, Richards, and about the eastern or Karagazuit mouth of the Mackenzie. The famed Rocky Mountain sheep are still to be found in the Mackenzie mountains, back beyond the headwaters of the delta streams. But the Sea Surveyors only glimpsed these summits at rare times on clear days, from the little schooner out at sea.

Along the mainland shore and in some of the streams, the Eskimos net grayling, inconnu, a species of whitefish and herring. They are caught from August until the ice sets in; a short season. They smoke them over campfires. Smoked inconnu is delicious.

The moose and the caribou are gone, and to provide a source of food for the natives of the delta and the region to the eastward, reindeer herds are being brought into that country from Alaska. Botanists were employed during the years 1926 to 1928 to investigate localities where the proper sustenance for these animals might be found; to survey the conditions in areas where the immense herds of barren ground caribou formerly grazed, but are no longer to be found. At Aklavik the hydrographers met the Danish botanist Porsild, who had made a special study of the problem; had explored the coast territory from Alaska to far east and south of the delta; had selected a route over which the nucleus herds might be driven to their new grazing preserves.

Two years ago the "drive" commenced, with some 3,000 head of Alaskan reindeer under native herders being started on their three or four years' trek of nearly two thousand miles from the Nome district. We asked, "What about their protection from wolves or other marauders on this unprecedented migration?"

The answer was that they needed little safeguarding from predatory animals; very few are to be found on this coast

near the route chosen from the Alaskan-Yukon boundary eastward to the Mackenzie delta region. Despite old-timers' tales to the contrary, wolves are of very rare occurrence, and the only beasts that may occasionally give trouble to the reindeer are the barren ground grizzlies, the big brown Alaskan and the polar bears.

September came; the advancing Northern Lights bore southward in the wake of the retreating sun; a new, sharper bite in Beaufort's sea-chilled winds heralded the approach of winter. "Homeward bound!... fly the paying-off pennant!... 'bout ship!... uphill, this time... all the way... 'gainst old Mackenzie's stream..."

It was an "uphill" climb, back over those thirteen hundred miles, to the little ship's winter berth on the bank of the Slave at Smith. They declined the offer of a tow alongside of the big stern-wheeler "Distributor." The sturdy Kermath brought them through. At Fort Smith, a brief pause; a hasty battening down of hatches; packing of logbooks and records; elimination of heavy gear. All hands climbed into two airplanes and were swiftly winged to "the line."

More railway journeys. A short, bald, unromantic report. The season's cruise was ended. Next day preparations for another began.

Range Riding with Canada's Buffalo Herds

(Continued from page 12)

then with cattle we did not worry just how prime the hides were. Beef was the main thing. With the buffalo it's different, as both beef and hide count, and the buffalo's hide is not considered prime until about December or later, and this hide, when prime, makes beautiful robes and coats. That is why you will hear of us riders hitting the round-up trails in 40 below weather, right up to our necks in snow banks.

Now take "Shorty" over there, for instance. One bitter cold day in January we were drifting in a bunch of buffalo. Started 'em way up west in the river hills and had fought them all day long, twenty long weary miles, to within a mile or so of the corral gate. There we were skirting around the edge of a lake. Shorty, riding wide on the flank of the running buffalo, decides to cut across a bay to head some of the leaders. Half way over there is a crash and a howl, and Shorty and his saddle horse disappears through the ice! The buffalo are forgotten and quickly vanish back into the hills, while the whole gang ties in to the rescue. Amid a snarl of frozen ropes, Shorty and his pony are dragged out, seven long miles to camp with the thermo' down to 14 below zero. Shorty rode to camp, arrived there all same "chunk of ice." Did he quit the

Red 2 Sun in Canada - 40 - June 1915.

AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY BY EXPLORER IN HUDSON BAY DISTRICT

A new country of some 4,000 square miles, inhabited by people (Eskimos) who have probably never been visited by white people, is the important discovery of R. J. Flaherty, F.R.G.S. This new area is only about 1,000 miles from Toronto, in the Hudson Bay district. Mr. Flaherty has been up in this new country for upwards of two years in the interests of Mackenzie and Mann, and has had some remarkable experiences and most amazing luck, for not a member of his party died or was lost.

A most unique collection of skin coats, boats, weapons, and carved ivories depicting the history of the people has been brought out by the intrepid explorer, and through the kindness of Sir William Mackenzie has been presented to the Royal Ontario Museum, and form objects of the greatest interest. These primitive people have practically no furs, so wear costumes of eider duck skins, which are very light in weight despite their cumbersome appearance. The coats have hoods to protect the wearers' heads. Trousers are made of polar bear skins, and one pair shown had a band of some kind of dark fur around each leg, making the fashionable combination of white and black. Baby seal fur is used to make garments for the little people, being softer and more pliable.

A woman's costume of reindeer skin (these are mainland people) was remarkable in its beautiful striped appearance. The jacket is nearly three-quarter length, but the centre back piece is continued to some length, in what the fashion books would term a "postillion back." This the lady doubles under her when she sits down, forming, no doubt, a comfortable cushion. This reindeer suit was lined throughout with fur, making it very warm. It was trimmed down the sides with a two-inch band of white fur, and a fringed effect was given by slashing the fur at intervals. On this was a most capacious hood, used to carry the baby. An idea of just how it looks is given in one of the carved ivory models.

Snow-goggles made of driftwood, the only wood obtainable there, are curious-looking things, resembling automobile goggles, in that they protect the eyes all around, only there is no glass used, just long slits in the wood, through which the wearer can peep, these in turn being protected by an overhanging protection of wood that protects the eye from the glare. They are tied on with leather thongs.

Interesting is the small, shallow soap-stone lamp, when one knows the double purpose it serves, that of giving heat and light in the igloo through the long, dark Arctic days.

Suspended above this rude stone bowl is a piece of blubber on a string. It is raised or lowered according to the amount of heat wanted. This crude affair is the basis of life to the Eskimos. Around it is lived what constitutes the family life of these people.

A tremendous number of hunting weapons forms a large part of this particular collection; old harpoons are shown and also some of the big American coppers over half a century old dated 1848 were also exhibited. No doubt they were gotten from some old American whaler. A cup of hide, sewn to a circular base, the handle of wood wrapped with thongs, is also interesting. Cooking utensils were conspicuous by their absence, housekeeping there being reduced to "zero." The people eat raw meat, "hot seal" being the chief dish, eating the seal just as slaughtered.

A model of a woman's boat was shown. It is sealskin stretched over a wooden frame; the sail is of skin. The oars are long with a square piece of wood sewn by thongs of leather. A splendid model of a "caique," the long skin boat used by the men, has been obtained, and is sure to attract considerable attention. Of equal interest is a sled used by the Eskimos. The runners are made of whalebone, which are "glassed" every morning by blowing water on them, which immediately becomes ice, so it practically amounts to running on ice. The slats are lashed on to the sides, and give with the motion of the sled.

The collection of ivories is absorbingly interesting, showing as it does the history of the people. Here one sees ivory igloos, ivory needles finely polished and protected in an ivory case, with a filling that resembled seaweed. To break one of these brittle needles would be a tragedy, for they are beautifully made, considering the lack of tools. An ivory comb for combing the hair, little spoons with leather handles and other little objects are also to be seen.

The historical ivories show a man being torn by a dog, a fight between a walrus and a bear, a sled with the father and mother and the seal they have killed. A reindeer hunt, pack dogs, watching the seal hole, showing the man ready to spear the animal as soon as it appears, a group of figures joining hands forming a circle, and many pieces depicting the habits, life and legends of these people in ivory from the walrus.

It is not given to many to make such a discovery as Mr. Flaherty has made, and it is hoped to send up experts to study these people.



The Story of an Eskimo Dog¹

A GOOD story well told is always welcome, and here is one in the biography of Polaris by Ernest Harold Baynes. It is the true life story of an Eskimo dog, whose parents were among those selected by Peary to draw his loaded sledges, under the worst possible ice conditions, on the final stretch of the long trip to the North Pole.

The author needs no introduction to the members or to the scientific staff of the American Museum of Natural History. He played a very important part in saving the American bison from threatened extermination; he fired the first gun on the right side in the nature-faking controversy which swept the country a score of years ago; and he has done great service in the conservation of bird life by the organization of more bird clubs than any one in America.

Many who have heard Mr. Baynes tell in his lectures the stories of his animal friends, will be glad to learn that he has put this account in book form. We would not expect the author, who helped stem the tide of sham natural history, to humanize his animals or to be over-sentimental about them, and he does not err in this way; yet he has given us a most appealing account,—one that will rank in readableness with those two great dog stories of literature, *Rab and His Friends* by Dr. John Brown, and *Stickeen* by John Muir.

The style is not that of the ordinary narrative, but rather the colloquial style of the raconteur,—the energetic style used by Mr. Baynes in his inimitable lectures. The many humorous episodes add greatly to the attractiveness of the narrative.

The book is copiously illustrated with photographs by the author, and the introduction was written by Captain Bob Bartlett, who sailed the "Roosevelt" for Peary and the "Karluk" for Stefánsson, and who said that Polaris was the finest Eskimo dog in the world.—G. CLYDE FISHER

¹*Polaris: The Story of an Eskimo Dog*, by Ernest Harold Baynes. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1922.



The earliest representation of fishing with a rod appears on an Egyptian tomb that dates back to 2000 B.C. From *Beni Hasan*, by P. E. Newberry

Fishing from the Earliest Times: A Review¹

By E. W. GUDGER

Associate in Ichthyology, American Museum

MR. WILLIAM RADCLIFFE'S weighty tome is "so full of a number of things" of great interest—to borrow Stevenson's phrase—that it is no easy task to write a review of it, yet we may at least indicate the great diversity of the valuable data which the author has brought together through his painstaking researches.

In his introduction Mr. Radcliffe traces the evolution of fishing implements from the close of the Old Stone Age up to classical times. He draws the parallel between the fishing tools of the prehistoric fishermen and those of the Bushmen, Tasmanians, and Eskimos of a day just ending. He endeavors to settle the question as to what are the most primitive fishing implements and finds that the weight of evidence is in favor of the spear and the gorge.

The next section, by far the most important part of the book, consists of seventeen chapters of 233 pages devoted to fishing in classical times. The author begins with the accounts of fishing in Homer and ends with a discussion of pisciculture among the Romans toward the close of the Empire.

One can only indicate the wealth of material filling these chapters to bursting. Here are to be found accounts of the dolphin as man's friend and helper in fishing, of the Ichthyophagi, of the earliest records of tunny-fishing, of the use of fish as a sacrifice to the gods, of the first acclimatization of fish, of the use of the torpedo or electric ray in medical practice, of the extravagant prices paid by the Greek and Roman gourmands for their nine most highly prized fishes, of the sumptuary laws passed by the Roman emperors to keep down such prices, of fish in mythology and in symbolism (including the Christian fish symbol) and on coins and medals, of Roman vivaria, used first as mere storage places but later for the breeding and rearing of favorite fishes—the first known piscicultural efforts in the western world.

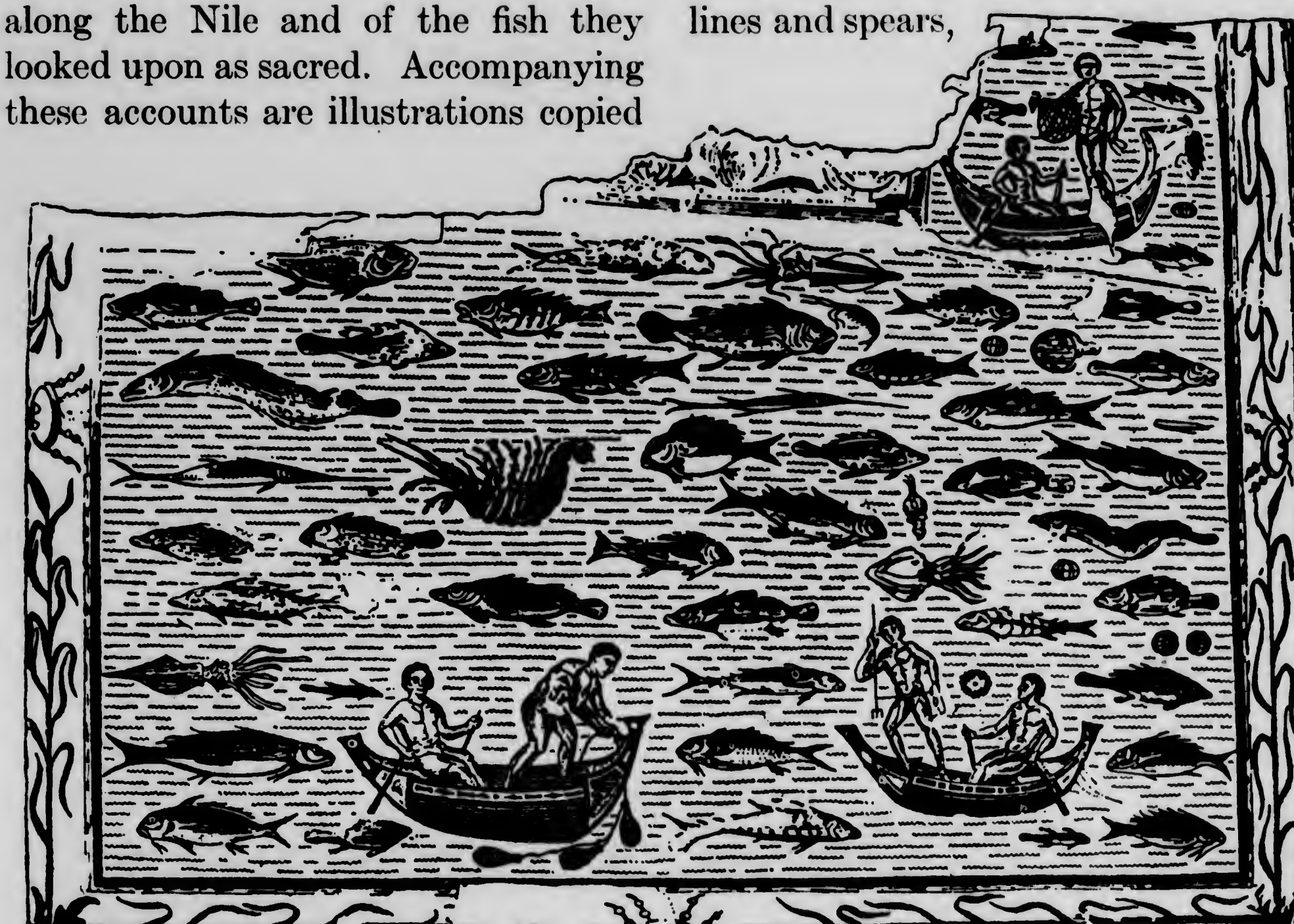
In addition, the ichthyologist will get exact references to the first descriptions of the salmon, trout, and pike and the first surmises regarding the method of reproduction of the eel; while the angler will find the earliest known accounts of the use of the jointed rod, the reel, and the artificial fly.

¹*Fishing from the Earliest Times*. By William Radcliffe. New York, 1921. E. P. Dutton & Co. 478 pp., 19 pls., many text figs.

The next section, consisting of seven chapters, deals with Egyptian fish and fishing, the latter being traced back to 2500 B.C. (according to Petrie to 3500 B.C.) Here we find interesting accounts of Egyptian fishing and fishing implements, of the fish that were taboo to the ancient dwellers along the Nile and of the fish they looked upon as sacred. Accompanying these accounts are illustrations copied

2000 B.C. and on these bricks we find listed also two hundred kinds of Assyrian fishes, a dozen of which can be positively identified today.

Fishing among the Jews is limited to five short chapters, for, if one excepts the account of the use of nets in Lake Galilee and to a less extent of hand lines and spears,



This picture, from a Roman mosaic at Sousse, illustrates different methods of catching fish, the net and the trident for spearing being indicated in two of the examples and what are believed to be bottle-shaped baskets in the third instance. The picture is derived from *Revue Archeologique*, 1897

from the tombs, including the earliest known pictorial records of fishing with the rod, the reel, and the net.

Next come eight fascinating chapters on piscatology in Assyria, among the topics treated, translated from the ancient bricks with cuneiform inscriptions, being the earliest fishing contract and the first record of poaching on fish preserves, divination and augury by the use of fish, Dagon and the fish gods, and the origin of fish in the calendar. Through these records in cuneiform, the use of vivaria is traced back to

there is little more to be said of it than can be related of the catching of snakes in Ireland. There was no fishing for sport, and no use of the rod, an implement which one might have expected the Jews to bring back from Egypt. No ichthyolatry was practiced in Judea, but there was a taboo on scaleless fish. Furthermore, the interested reader may learn much about the fishes of Tobias and of Moses, about Jonah and the fish (not a whale) which gave him refuge, and about the fish which restored Solomon's ring.

Shorter still is the account of Chinese fishing, for, since the author does not trace the history of fishing beyond 500 A.D., he has available as sources only translations of the Chinese manuscripts. However, the reader will learn with interest that the early Chinese were the first to engage in fish-breeding and that the first artificial incubation of fish ova was effected by filling the empty shells of hens' eggs with fish spawn, and then entrusting the hatching of the strange brood to a confiding hen.

Mr. Radcliffe's book is alike entertaining and informing, touching as it does on a multitude of subjects relating to fish and fishing from the remotest times. The faults are few and, with one or two exceptions, of no particular detriment. In covering such a vast field of time and so great a range of subject, the book is somewhat discursive and diffuse, but I am not sure that this does not add to its charm. The typography is excellent, though one regrets to see Rondelet's name persistently spelled Rondolet.

The sales of the book should and undoubtedly will call for a second edition and when that appears, there should be associated with the title a subtitle indicating that the author's researches trace the subject up to the year 500 A.D. but not beyond. Then, the next edition should have a bibliography. Footnotes may be of value to the general reader, but, since this publication is a source book of great value, the titles of the works referred to should be collected and arranged alphabetically at the end.

Mr. Radcliffe's monograph is literally *sui generis*, a unique work. Other books on halieutics barely touch on the beginnings or at most give a few chapters to fishing among the Greeks and Romans, but here we have an octavo volume of 478 pages devoted to the ancients alone. *Fishing From the Earliest Times* is the most comprehensive treatment of the subject that has been attempted thus far and will probably hold an unchallenged position in its field for many years to come.



Two men engaged in fishing are shown on these coins from Carteia. The illustration is taken from *Descriptions générale des monnaies antiques de l'Espagne* by A. Heiss

WHITHER OUR ESKIMOS?

ONLY 7000 LEFT IN CANADA'S NORTH AND LIKELY TO SURVIVE ONLY AS A HYBRID RACE. A FRANK INDICTMENT OF THE WHITE MAN'S INTRUSION.

RICHARD FINNIE

Noted arctic traveller and writer. (Reproduction of article or pictures in whole or part forbidden except by author's consent.)



Here are three "civilized" Labrador Eskimos who, wearing manufactured clothing, are members of a brass band trained by a missionary. Their repertoire includes "Onward Christian Soldiers" and "God Save the King."



This is a women's wheelbarrow race at a Baffin Island settlement, one of the events in a sports program staged by traders for the joint entertainment of white visitors and local Eskimos.

"WHERE did the Eskimos come from?" is a question for anthropologists to answer, and most of them believe that in common with the American Indians the first Eskimos drifted to this continent from somewhere in Asia, via Bering Strait, at least two thousand years ago.

"Where are the Eskimos going?" is a more vital question that sociologists may be able to answer.

Most of us still associate Eskimos with snow igloos, kayaks, bows and arrows, fur suits and blubber. Meanwhile, however, the shadow of Civilization — the shadow that has blighted almost every aboriginal group it has touched — has been cast over the Eskimos, revolutionizing their lives. The Eskimos of the story-books have ceased to exist.

Their snow igloos, than which there can be no more healthful type of winter shelters, are gradually losing favour. Their summer tents or tupiks, made with the skins of seals or caribou, are now rare. Their graceful and efficient kayaks (sealskin canoes) have vanished in some districts. Their picturesque and hygienic skin clothing, perfected by centuries of experience, is becoming unfashionable. Their straight meat and fish diet, ideal for their environment has been modified. Their bows and arrows, which secured game but never wasted it, are virtually gone. Their ideology and folklore and quaint customs have been frowned upon. Their own crude but appropriate system of government is no longer tolerated.

Instead, our Eskimos are expected to conform to the white man's laws and ethics, embrace his religion. Many of our Eskimos now occupy canvas tents and wooden houses. All of them wear a considerable proportion of imported clothing. All of them eat a great deal of flour, sugar and canned goods. All of them own high-powered rifles. Nearly all of them, men and women, smoke pipes and cigarettes. A very few surreptitiously drink alcohol. All drink tea and coffee. Most of them have imported canoes, whale-boats or motor-schooners. Many of them have either sewing machines, accordions, phonographs, or even radios or washing machines. So simple are their real and basic material requirements that new artificial ones must be introduced by the traders to stimulate the trapping of more foxes.

Formerly our Eskimos were a race of hunters, independent, self-respecting and wholly self-sustaining. They were pre-eminently satisfied with their lot. According to our standards their lot may have been unenviable, but of that they were blissfully ignorant. They were philosophers and laughed and joked much. Occasionally they starved but were ordinarily in perfect physical condition.

Now they are a race of trappers. They hunt less because hunting sometimes interferes with trapping, and often there is less to hunt. They are no longer independent, no longer self-sustaining, no longer always have reason to be self-respecting. They are still philosophers but they laugh and joke somewhat less heartily than



These are Netsilik Eskimos of the region of the North Magnetic Pole, among the last to have been touched by the shadow of Civilization. They are awaiting a signal from their medicine-man to dash into a shallow stream to spear Arctic char corralled in a stone weir — an exciting and spectacular method of fishing rarely employed any more. Imported nets are now in universal use in the Far North.

All photos in this article by Richard Finnie.



Here is a Baffin Island member of a new generation of Eskimo being reared in an atmosphere of confusion and uncertainty caused by the shadow of Civilization.

they used to. They often are hungry even though they may be less likely to starve to death now, and very few of them are in perfect physical condition any more. They are susceptible to tuberculosis. Various foreign maladies take heavy toll among them and their resistance is slight.

Who or what is responsible for these drastic changes, and why? The inexorable force called Civilization is responsible; and at the door of no one person, no one organization, can be laid either the credit or the blame.

White men have been pushing into the Canadian Arctic for four centuries—first as seekers of a Northwest Passage to the Orient, then as whalers, explorers, traders, missionaries, lawgivers. Every one of them meeting Eskimos has wanted to learn something, to buy or sell something, to teach something, to control something, or to stop something.

Nearly every white man who goes to our Arctic nowadays without an axe to grind, and who is a sympathetic observer, deplors the present status of the Eskimos. He sees many of them occupying unsuitable houses, wearing unsuitable clothing, eating unsuitable foods, being taught unsuitable ideas, or being made to do unsuitable things. He sees their health and character being undermined, their identity lost.

Yes, he deplors their status but the several remedies he may suggest for it cannot easily be applied. Banish the traders?—You cannot suppress Big Business in a democratic country. Banish the missionaries?—Public opinion would be against you. And complete Federal control and operation of all Eskimo affairs, to the exclusion of private enterprise, would be awkward to effect in the Canadian Arctic. In Greenland a Danish Government monopoly of this sort has worked successfully for many years, but Greenland's geographical situation has helped. Besides, live Eskimos cannot be put in a museum,

which is what you would be trying to do in handing them back their primeval status. They wouldn't thank you for it either, and a lot of them might perish in the process, for Civilization is something they can get along very well without *only before it has reached them*.

There are only 36,000 Eskimos left in the whole world, including those of mixed blood. In Canadian territory we have less than 7,000 — where once there were an estimated three times as many.

At this point the casual reader may inquire: "But why bother about the Eskimos, anyway; of what benefit can they be to Canada?"

Well, on the score of sentiment it may be said that they are among the most lovable (as well as among the most gullible) of primitive peoples. They are peaceful, kindly, hospitable, generous and intelligent.

But on the score of sheer economic worth the Eskimos are indispensable to us because by heritage they are physically and spiritually better adapted to life in the Far North than any other people, and without their aid and knowledge we would be seriously handicapped in developing the resources of one-third of the Dominion. Colonization is important in maintaining the sovereignty of any land, and Eskimos must be the mainstay of our Arctic islands' population for a long time to come. In connection with trans-polar air commerce alone the value of these islands is incalculable.

Just now our Eskimos trap all of a million dollars worth of Arctic foxes annually. Several pure and half-breed Eskimos manage trading posts. Few white men are capable of safely traveling anywhere in the Arctic, winter or summer, without the companionship of Eskimos. There are Eskimos who stand on the bridges of freighting ships as trusted pilots. There are Eskimos who are masters of fair-sized schooners of their own. Eskimos are sometimes taken as guides in airplanes on Arctic flights. Though culturally but a generation or so removed from the stone age, many an Eskimo can beat a white man at using and repairing guns and mechanical implements and internal combustion engines; might even give him some competition at poker or contract bridge. There is really no reason why there should not be licensed Eskimo aviators and wireless operators one of these days. But whatever they do along such lines they must receive their training in the North, for if brought to cities they are likely to sicken and die.

These people who have been dubbed "God's frozen children" are not basically inferior to Europeans morally or intellectually; it is only as they face the cataclysmic transition from their own primordial culture to ours of the 20th Century that they may at times appear childlike, and no wonder. The unperceiving white man who treats or rates them as children and menials is doing them a tragic injustice. They may sense it, too, but generally humor him to be polite—at first. Later, if his influence is strong and persistent, their splendid morale may be broken down until they actually become what he has always supposed them to be. Or else they may be turned into liars and cheats. Many of our Eskimos have been exploited, victimized and pauperized.

(Continued on page 155)

will be subjected to all the vagaries of the weather, the scourge of flies, the annoyances of swamp and muskeg, risks of personal injury and many inconveniences incidental to life in temporary camps far removed from established communities. The life of an entomologist from early spring to late fall is not one for a clock watcher, for at almost every hour of daylight he must be active seven days a week.

The total volume of accessible timber has been estimated at 170,142,000,000 cubic feet, of which 68 per cent is located in the Eastern provinces, 15 per cent in the Prairie Provinces and 18 per cent in British Columbia. In addition to this there is estimated to be 103,524,000,000 cubic feet of standing timber, which is inaccessible under existing conditions. The total forest resources of Canada of 273,656,000,000 cubic feet are capable of being converted into 425,250,000,000 board feet of sawn lumber, sufficient to build about 42,000,000 seven room frame houses, and 1,746,639,000 cords of pulpwood, ties, poles and similar forest products.

Even a more serious menace to the forest wealth of Canada than fires are destructive insects.

"WHITHER OUR ESKIMOS?"

(Continued from page 136)

However, in the Mackenzie Delta the Federal Government with praiseworthy foresight has established a herd of domestic reindeer (in emulation of the U. S. in Alaska) to replace depleted caribou and insure a dependable food supply for dwellers in our Arctic, where there are a million square miles of potential grazing lands. Eskimos are the logical herders. Here may be the beginning of a meat industry of tremendous importance to Canada. We cannot do without the Eskimos.

Yet, alas, the Eskimos are disappearing—as Eskimos. It is sad but true, and probably nothing can or will be done about it. One European scholar who was born in the Arctic and who has lived among the Eskimos of the Mackenzie Delta avers that this group will have died out within a generation. I myself have seen the Copper Eskimos dying like flies in Coronation Gulf. A Government medical officer declares that at least seventy-five per cent of the Eskimos of Baffin Island and vicinity have some admixture of white blood. And here may lie part of the answer. The Eskimos as Eskimos—with blood and culture unadulterated—will survive only in motion pictures like Robert Flaherty's "Nonook of the North." A new hybrid race will slowly evolve, *whose members will have built up an immunity to our diseases, an adaptability to civilized customs*—which pure Eskimos have lacked and so have succumbed.

These new White Eskimos should be able to work for and with us in the Arctic. Even their table manner may be so improved as to win the commendation of dear old ladies such as the one who, at a showing of a movie close-up of an Eskimo friend of mine enjoying a snack of raw fish, exclaimed pityingly: "How disgusting! But of course the poor creature doesn't know any better!"



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ETHNOLOGY

Always Christmas

In Eskimo Land Every Day Is a Holiday, For Each Family Runs Its Own Toyshop and Children Are Loved

By EMILY C. DAVIS

IT'S Christmas all the year for lucky boys and girls way up north. For the Eskimos who inhabit Santa Claus' homeland are the greatest toy-makers on earth.

Eskimo fathers and mothers — especially fathers — produce toy boats, dolls, footballs, cook stoves, knives. They are world's champions at the business of making things to amuse their children.

Why?

"It's mainly because," says Henry B. Collins, Jr., U. S. National Museum ethnologist, "Eskimos love their children so much."

Mr. Collins has made repeated expeditions to Alaska for the National Museum. He has dug up so many ancient Eskimo toys that he is convinced that Eskimos have always been like that—devoted to their small sons and daughters and expressing their interest by lavishing handmade playthings on them.

Eskimos don't cram their toy-making into any particular season. There's no burst of Christmas giving in Santa Claus' own land. Only the Christianized Eskimos keep Christmas. Young Eskimos hear something about Santa at school but not at home.

They don't think of the reindeer as a proper steed for bringing toy cargoes. Now that reindeer have been introduced into Alaska in recent years, some of the Eskimos do carve little reindeer. But

Mr. Collins says tourists are the ones who like them. They aren't made for the children, who prefer a carved dog, polar bear, bird, fox, seal, whale, or walrus.

There are no gift-giving holidays at all in Eskimo land, Mr. Collins explains. No shower of Happy-birthday-to-you presents. No Buy-the-child-a-new-toy Week. Their ceremonials occasionally call for presentations, but they are solemn and quite different, and not for children.

Eskimos make toys in the long winter evenings we hear about, and also at any other time when they think of it. They make everything that they can think of, that children would like.

Actually, young Eskimos like the same familiar toys that children the world over seem to love. The same toys have been amusing children ever since the Stone Age. The same stiff-legged animals carved in wood or ivory. The same staring dolls, and miniature dishes and tools that small fingers can hold.

But here's a surprise. Little Eskimo girls have a tomboy liking for balls. And no soft, light balls, either. They play football with a rounded ball of sealskin stuffed reindeer hair. There are several Eskimo footballs in the National Museum at Washington. Mr. Collins lent one to a Washington schoolgirl, to see whether Eskimo football is easily mastered by a young paleface.

The young lady, named Ginger, made

a determined attack on Eskimo technique and developed fair skill in one lesson. The trick is to throw the ball, kick it with your shin or top of the foot, catch it, and repeat as rapidly as possible without fumbling.

Eskimo girls can play this one-girl system for hours without tiring. When they get three other "fellows" and two balls, they play a square formation, passing the balls across and scoring.

The motley cover of an Eskimo football is made by sewing bleached and unbleached sealskin segments into a pleasing pattern. Tufts of baby seal fur are sometimes added for trimming. The hard stuffed ball, slightly weighted, is heavier than a regulation football.

Eskimo boys like football, too, Mr. Collins has observed, though they play less than the girls do. Balls, he believes, are the favorite plaything of Eskimo-land.

When doting Eskimo parents hand a brand-new doll and a toy stove to a young daughter, or a shiny little harpoon to the son and heir, they are pouring out affection, but there's possibly an ulterior motive, too, Mr. Collins thinks. There usually is, when parents encourage the young to play with model things of everyday life. There's a lurking hope that the youngsters will gain familiarity with useful duties, for the day when they are grown ups.

DOLLS

Little Eskimo girls love their dolls. Usually boy dolls have up-turned mouths and girl dolls have mouths turned down. Just an Eskimo custom.

Eskimo dolls



Eskimo Tents.



INDIAN CAMP AT FORT CHURCHILL

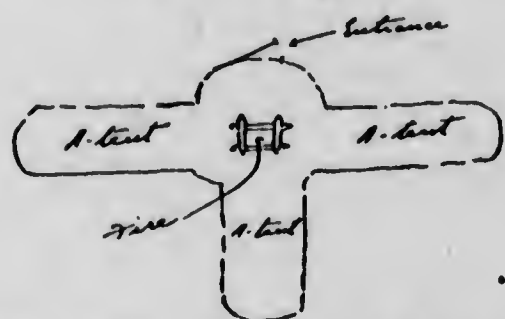
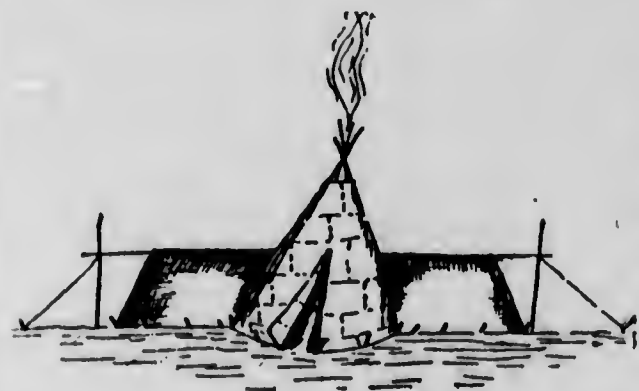
ESKIMO TENTS

FIELD & STREAM PUB. CO.:

I read with great interest in the March number of FIELD & STREAM Mr. Miller's article on the Eskimo tent. I have used several types of canvas shelters in the North country and lived in several inhabited by the Cree and Chippewyau Indians and the Eskimos. Having some good photos of the latter's

domiciles—the combination of teepee and A-tent—I thought they might prove of value to your magazine and so am enclosing them for your approval.

One of the most comfortable camps I ever spent winter seasons in was made up of a large central teepee with three A-tents attached as wings, two facing each other and the third at right angles to these. The fourth side of the teepee contained the entrance. An



GROUND PLAN OF INDIAN ENCAMPMENT

open fire built on sand retained within four green sticks provided ample heat and in zero weather sufficient heat penetrated to the entrance ends of the wings of the camp to keep one lying there quite comfortable.

The enclosed photos show another combination—two caribou-skin teepees connected by an A-tent open on the lee side.

This encampment was near Fort Churchill, on the Hudson Bay, and erected on a wind-swept gravel beach, exposed on all sides to the Arctic breezes.

Owing to the scarcity of timber in that barren region, the poles that support the teepees are carried by the natives on all their journeyings, except in winter time, when the more seasonable igloo, or snow house, is used. I enclose, also, a photo of the latter, built on the edge of the Barren Lands. In mid-winter no other form of shelter provides such warmth and protection from Arctic blizzards as does the Eskimos' igloo.

Field and Stream, p.80, May 1915.

The main theme of the book is the historical account, and in this the geographer may find interesting and capable discussions of physical and social controls. Two chapters only are instanced: one on the struggle for the ascendancy of the Persian Gulf, which, as a strategic point in trade, has been under five European powers since Dias rounded the Cape of Good Hope in 1487; another on the art portraying the genius of Persia which is so strongly impressed in ceramics, textiles, and metal work.

Persia in recent years has been constantly before the public, and comprehensive and authoritative books dealing with the Persian point of view have not been within our reach. This void seems now to have been filled. It is strange, however, in dealing with a country which has been the seat of so much turmoil within a few years to publish in 1915 a book on the history of Persia which is no further down to date than the granting of a constitutional government by the shah Muzaffar-u-Din in 1906.

ROBERT M. BROWN.

CASANOWICZ, I. M. A colored drawing of the Medeba mosaic map of Palestine in the United States National Museum. Map. *Proc. U. S. Natl. Museum*, Vol. 49, 1916, pp. 359-376. Smithsonian Institution, Washington.

— Cyprus, Salt from. *Bull. of the Imperial Inst.*, Vol. 14, 1916, No. 1, pp. 37-41. [Suggests the possibilities of expanding the ancient local salt trade of the island.]

HODGE, R. M. Historical geography of Bible Lands: A manual for teachers. xxi and 53 pp.; maps. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1915. 11 x 8. [Teacher's manual, with references, for a course in "geography as a factor in Bible history."]

L[AUNAY], L. D[E]. Les pétroles sur le front de l'Irak. Map. *La Nature*, No. 2227, 1916, June 3, pp. 359-360.

ROOME, J. C. Impressions of Persia and Mesopotamia. *Asiatic Rev.*, No. 21, Vol. 7, 1916, Jan. 1, pp. 58-62.

SELWYN-BROWN, ARTHUR. Ancient Mesopotamia and the irrigation system that made it a fertile territory. Map. *Scientific American Suppl.*, No. 2106, Vol. 81, May 13, p. 309.

POLAR REGIONS

ARCTIC

PORSILD, M. P. Studies on the material culture of the Eskimo in West Greenland. Diagr., ill., bibliogr. *Meddelelser om Grønland*, Vol. 51, No. 5 (=pp. 113-250). Copenhagen, 1915.

Apparently because the Eskimo's life is generally thought to be simple and primitive even the best of the current textbooks tell little more than the geographies of fifty years ago. Yet his life is not simple, and as an adaptation to environment it is still wholly untold save in memoirs like the one under review. Geographic writers should seize the wealth of available material and make it their own.

Between pages 131 and 140 is an extraordinary description of the vital intimacy between the Eskimo and his fiords and ice-fields. The exact hunting methods adopted depend upon the ice, whether old or new; the surface, whether snow-covered or glassy; the sun, whether low or high; the currents, icebergs, headlands, and the degree of cold. Certain types of boots fit one set of conditions and not another; and so it is with the rifle, bow and arrow, net, club, harpoon, kayak, and likewise the exact method of attack. In a storm, for example, the sleeping sea otter is easy prey because the new-fallen snow deadens the footsteps of the hunter. Higher grades of skill must be attained in hunting under difficult conditions, until at last the most expert may hunt in that inferno of risk and toil, the feeding grounds at the edge of the glacier ice at the fiord head where calving icebergs, open water, and tidal eddies take their steady toll of life.

A settlement has not merely a chance location nor is it made with respect to shelter alone. What is the habit of the ice, of the current, of the game? Where are the headlands? Will there be open water at the right season and near shore? What are the supplementary resources of the land? Is there driftwood? These are the persistent inquiries of a tribe in seeking a new location. There are no trees, hence the driftwood is from far distant sources. It follows that it is broken and small, and a single piece will rarely serve for a bow. Now a bow must have two qualities—rigidity and elasticity. To secure the one, pieces of wood, generally three, are bound tightly together; to secure the other, strips of walrus hide are fastened on either side. Porsild calls the result one of the greatest inventions of our (*sic*) time. They have nets of split whalebone and use them through and under the ice. A surplus of light and heat is their idea of luxury.

This is only attained when nature conspires against the game to man's benefit. Here is paradise:

"When severe cold sets in suddenly, and with calm weather, it frequently happens that a school of white whales, or narwhals, is cut off from the open water by a broad belt of ice. The whales soon become exhausted owing to the difficulty of breathing, and if they find an opening in the ice they all resort to it, and cannot leave it again. Here, from twenty to several hundred animals may be found at such an opening. If this opening is small the animals may lie closely together; the narwhals, for instance, pushing their way to the edge and placing their tusks upon the ice. In calm weather their moaning may be heard for miles around, and the steam from their breathing rises from the hole into the air, so that such a *savssat* [as such a place is called] is soon discovered. According to the hunting by-laws in force it is the joint property of the surrounding settlements, and the finder gets a reward at the public expense, and everybody may secure for himself the right of possession by thrusting a harpoon into an animal. As the animal cannot get away, the form of the harpoon is quite immaterial, and it is only necessary that a small piece of line be attached to it in order to identify it. One by one the animals are killed—formerly with lances, now usually with guns—, drawn up, and driven away on sledges, and this may be continued till the whole flock is captured, or till the weather turns and the ice is broken up, when the animals are set free."

There is also much on Eskimo migrations—a problem of growing interest; an admirable summary, pages 235-236; and a working bibliography that loses little in value because it includes only those books which the author had with him in Greenland.

ANDERSON, R. M. *Canadian Arctic Expedition, 1915. Summary Rept. Geol. Survey of Canada for 1915*, pp. 220-236. Ottawa, 1916. [See also items on "Return of the Southern Party of the Stefansson Expedition" and "Explorations in Victoria Island" in the *September Review*, pp. 232-233.]

[CHIPMAN, K. G., AND J. R. COX. *Report of the Topographical Division, Canadian Arctic Expedition. Summary Rept. Geol. Survey of Canada for 1915*, pp. 244 [original incorrectly 424]-245. Ottawa, 1916. [See also items in the *September Review*, pp. 232-233.]

— *Expéditions polaires de Sverdrup et de Vilkickij, Radiotélégrammes des. Bull. de l'Acad. Imp. des Sci. [de Pétrograd]*, Sér. 6, 1915, No. 7, pp. 566-584. [In Russian.]

GALITZINE, B. *Rapport sur la situation actuelle des expéditions polaires de Sverdrup et de Vilkickij. Bull. de l'Acad. Imp. des Sci. [de Pétrograd]*, Sér. 6, 1915, No. 3, pp. 193-196. [In Russian.]

KOCH, J. P. *Vorläufiger Bericht über die wichtigsten glaziologischen Beobachtungen auf der dänischen Forschungsreise quer durch Nordgrönland 1912/13. Map, diagrs., ill. Zeitschr. für Gletscherkunde*, Vol. 10, 1916, No. 1, pp. 1-43.

O'NEILL, J. J. *Geological reports, Canadian Arctic Expedition, 1915. Summary Rept. Geol. Survey of Canada for 1915*, pp. 236-241. Ottawa, 1916. [See also references in note on "Return of the Southern Party of the Stefansson Expedition" in the *September Review*, p. 232.]

RASMUSSEN, KNUD. *Den II. Thule-Ekspedition til Nord-Grønland. Map. Geografisk Tidsskrift*, Vol. 23, 1915-16, No. 5, pp. 198-200. Copenhagen. [Detailed plans of the 1916 trip, which were summarized in the *July Review*, pp. 65-66.]

WORLD AS A WHOLE AND LARGER PARTS

SCOTT, W. B. *A history of land mammals in the western hemisphere.* xiv and 693 pp.; ill., index. The Macmillan Co., New York, 1913. \$5. 9½ x 6½.

The author says: "The western portion of North America has preserved a marvelous series of records of the successive assemblages of animals which once dwelt in this continent; and in southernmost South America an almost equally complete record was made of the strange animals of this region." A wish to make this history intelligible led to the preparation of this book.

The work is primarily intended for the layman, yet it cannot fail to be of interest to those zoölogists who are interested in evolutionary theories. The first four chapters discuss methods of studying rocks and fossils, the classification of mammals, and the geographical development of the Americas in Cenozoic time. The geographical distribution of mammals receives very adequate treatment. Among the factors that determine the presence or absence of any species of animals, the author mentions climate, mountains, plateaus, rivers, deserts, and preoccupation by another species.

BOOK REVIEW

THE PEOPLE OF THE POLAR NORTH. A Record by KNUD RASMUSSEN. Compiled from Danish Originals, and edited by G. HERRING. Illustrations by Count Harald Moltke. Philadelphia, Lippincott, 1908.

This book is a translation and adaptation of the two Danish books, "Nye Mennesker" and "Under Nordenvindens Svøbe," two of the best books on the Eastern Eskimo that have appeared in a long time. The editor underestimates previous work when saying that "the Eskimos as a race are an unexplored and unexploited people," and does an injustice to an eminent scholar when claiming that Rink, our best authority on the Greenland Eskimo, did not know the Greenlandic language; but he has put ethnologists under obligations by making the book accessible to the English-speaking public. The first of the two books had been translated before into German, but with the omission of some of the interesting traditions recorded by Rasmussen. The first part of the book is taken up with graphic descriptions of Eskimo life, which, while true to nature in their essential elements, still contain enough of the individuality of the author to make them one of the best available descriptions of Eskimo life from a literary point of view, but require at least a slight amount of caution on the part of the ethnologist. The difference of conception comes out clearly when these descriptions are compared to Mrs. Signe Rink's simple records of Eskimo life as given by the Eskimo themselves in her book "Kajakmänner." The second part, which contains primitive views of life among the Smith Sound Eskimo, is replete with valuable ethnological material, which shows clearly the close resemblance between the beliefs of the Smith Sound people and those of the west coast of Baffin Land. The tales given in Part III are also quite in accord with those known in other parts of Arctic America. A number of animal fables deserve particular mention. These fables, which are so characteristic of the folk-lore of the Eskimo and of some of the northern Indian tribes of America, have received some attention since 1883, and samples have been collected from all parts of the Arctic coast. A few of the tales given in this collection are identical with those recorded by Dr. A. L. Kroeber in 1899 in this Journal, and collected from the mouths of a number of Eskimo who visited New York. The second division of the book is devoted to a translation of Rasmussen's descriptions of West Greenland, which in character are similar to his descriptions from Smith Sound; while the last part is devoted to a description of the east coast of Greenland, and contains some interesting notes on customs, shamanism, and a few folk-tales. This material is of value as supplementing Holm's work on Angmagssalik. The English edition contains a considerably larger number of illustrations than either the Danish or the German editions. The illustrations are from sketches by Count Harald Moltke. A comparison of the folk-lore material contained in the German edition of the book and of the folk-lore of Baffin Land will be found in vol. xv of the "Bulletin of the American Museum of Natural History," pp. 567, 568.

F. Boas.



PHOTO BY V. C. GAMBELL

ESQUIMAUX AND COD, ST. LAWRENCE ID., ALASKA



PHOTO BY V. C. GAMBELL

ESQUIMAUX HUNTING CAMP OF WALRUS HIDE

Field & Stream - May 1898 (87)



Field & Stream - Feb. 1924.

p. 1127

OUTSIDE of "Eskimo pie" the Eskimo really have some unique delicacies and oddities of food, and which it is very unlikely will ever appear on either our soda fountain ads or restaurant menus!

It is quite true that the Eskimo, as well as most every other native peoples, very quickly adopt the foodstuffs of their white brothers in preference to many of their own dishes, although many of the rather unusual food concoctions, an appetite for which has been cultivated through a long line of generations, will no doubt always be in evidence and favor. No matter how far his well-meaning white brother shall, in superficially educating, elevate him in the eye of society, he will ever have those inclinations and will indulge in the tastes of his ancestors.

THE Eskimo's palate seems to crave such tastes in his daily menu as are the most obnoxious imaginable to the white man. Of course "ripened" meats are considered quite the thing in our own best families, and everyone knows how long an Englishman 'angs a chicken before he considers it fit to eat. But the Eskimo is so far ahead of any of this that "blue" chicken is a breath of sweet perfume as compared. In the first place, the seal meat which is really the Eskimo's own staff of life, has an odor and flavor in its freshest days that it takes a truly ineffective stomach to withstand. I have eaten seal meat that was specially prepared for me, when this obnoxious flavor was almost entirely absent; but I have also eaten it (better, *tried* to eat it) when though even fresh, it was prepared in the purely native fashion, and was nigh impossible! Nor is the native even satisfied with this most obnoxious of all meats in its fresh state—it must "ave a bit o' 'angin'," as the Englishman would say.

WHEN a seal is taken it is usually dragged into the "vestibule" of the native's house ("colladore" the Aleut calls it) where it is left to lie untouched and out of reach of the dogs until considered at a proper stage when fit to eat. Then the "lady of the house" proceeds to skin the animal, and the feast is started. The

What Do the Eskimo Eat?

By
Harold McCracken

seal meat is usually cut up in large chunks and boiled in a big pot, with anything added that is at hand, though the meat is generally prepared without any garnishings.

I have gone into Eskimo huts when the seal-pot was at its height, and it produces quite the same effect upon one as to step into a room filled with ammonia fumes! If you do not happen to have an especially sturdy stomach—well, do not venture into an Eskimo hut at such a time. The place will undoubtedly be very much lacking in ventilation at best; it will be as hot as a bake-oven; and that heavy air so supersaturated with the odors of the seal-pot, is enough to knock over most any healthy man! The natives will probably be sitting around on the floor (though they may have boxes or even chairs in the place) stripped naked to the waist. Possibly the "Old Lady" will be rolling a cigarette for the "Old Man"; possibly she will be diligently working over a *parka* or fur coat, or he will be carving a cribbage board from the tusk of a walrus; or, their next door neighbors may be in, and they are all indulging in a sing song game of cards. The while the rich odor of the seal-pot tends to fill the room like gas in a toy balloon.

THEN when the meat is thoroughly cooked the whole pot is set on the floor and the feasters gather round to fish out the choice hunks. No doubt they will have some bread that has been cooked in a frying pan, and a big pot of tea or coffee to go with it. A chunk of meat will be grabbed in one hand, and with an *oolo* or half-moon shaped knife gripped in the other, the gentle art of seal meat eating is begun. The teeth are sunk into the meat, and with a slash of the knife it is severed from the bulk. And why it

is that there are not a goodly number of noses and lips cut off in the process, I've never quite been able to figure out! With the perspiration rolling down their faces, and grease smeared from ear to ear, they will sit there and jabber and slash and grin and seemingly thoroughly enjoy it all.

But when it comes to real delicacies, they have one which I have heard them call "*tik chik*," that is a winner. During the latter part of the summer when they are gathering their store of salmon to dry for the winter, the women take a lot of the fish heads and dump them into a hole in the ground, which when well filled is covered with grass and then with dirt. These are then forgotten until winter; when, upon auspicious occasions they are dug out and brought forth as a main ingredient for their *tik chik*. The meat, which is well ripened to say the least, is raked off the bone into a large bowl. Then it is mixed with a rich dressing of rancid seal oil and berries, and chopped and well mixed, and eaten with all due relish.

THEN the Eskimo have a custom in their eating, which to my mind is the height of economy in labor and fuel, no doubt the outgrowth of a people who like to "do nothing," and where fuel is in truth scarce. There is an abundance of fine clams along most sections of the Bering Sea coast. But the manner of eating clams most liked by the natives, is after a walrus has partly "cooked" and digested the same for them. That is, when a walrus is killed the natives cut open his stomach and rake out the clams to be found therein, and eat them with quite the enjoyment that most of us would fish a smaller one out of a dainty cocktail glass. I have even heard of natives who upon finding a dead walrus (when food was unusually scarce) have cut open his stomach and thus indulged.

THEN they have their rancid bear grease mixed with berries and served sliced cold, with a dressing of rancid seal oil; then there are the fish-ducks, sea gulls, and on down the line to the "gray backs" that frequent their own anatomy.

Nordics. This is a rather complicated mathematical problem, but such figures would seem to me to indicate that practically everyone in Germany had a greater or lesser amount of Nordic blood. The Alpines are said to form only 20 percent of German blood, but this low estimate is accounted for by attributing 15 percent to Dinaric blood. Only two percent of German blood is Mediterranean. This seems incredible. Mongol blood forms 3 percent and in the east is as high as 6 to 8 percent.

According to Günther only 6 to 8 percent of the Germans are pure Nordics, 3 percent are pure Alpine, and 2 to 3 percent are pure Dinaric. This means that approximately 85 percent of the German people are of mixed racial origin. Estimates for Nordic blood are always based on pigmentation although there is growing evidence that all reductions of pigment are not Nordic in origin.

From Germany the author proceeds to the rest of Europe and gives a brief discussion of the races of Europe for the most important European countries. Another section deals with race mixture and hybrids.

After a short discussion of the very early types of man in Europe the author enters the more speculative field of the early history of the Nordics and attempts to allocate racially some of the famous historic figures, such as Aristotle, Caesar, etc.

The concluding chapters deal with the racial prospects of Germany and the author concludes that Germany's hope for the future lies in the Nordic race which forms the backbone of the nation.

There is appended a long section dealing with the Jews and the Jewish problem.

There is much of interest and value in the book. Some of the maps are especially interesting. The photographs will be valuable to those who teach anthropology.

LOUIS R. SULLIVAN

AMERICA

The Ammassalik Eskimo, Contributions to the Ethnology of the East Greenland Natives. In two parts. Second part: No. 1, HJALMAR THUREN, *On the Eskimo Music*; No. 2, WILLIAM THALBITZER AND HJALMAR THUREN, *Melodies from East Greenland*: Meddelelser om Grønland, vol. XL, Copenhagen, 1923.

In these two papers Messrs. Thalbitzer and Thuren have presented a large number of songs comprising not only those collected

by Mr. Thalbitzer from the natives of various sections of Greenland, either from direct dictation or from transcribed phonograph records, but also those collected and published by R. Stein in an article entitled *Eskimo Music*, which appeared in *The White World*, New York, for 1902, which the present authors have transposed and reproduced for the purpose of comparison with their own material.

In the first section of the paper Mr. Thuren discusses the literature hitherto published on Eskimo music, and presents an analytical study of the songs of a number of tribes, including those from East Greenland which he and Mr. Thalbitzer collaborated in transcribing from the phonograph records. His analyses and the results he derives from them have the unusual merit (for musical studies) of being exceedingly clear and concise. They would have been a little more complete had he shown by tables or discussed more fully the rhythmic development of the songs, since he speaks with enthusiasm concerning the consistent rendering of rhythmic patterns which he considers far more complicated than the average European can adapt himself to. He employs no measure bars, using three degrees of accent signs, a plan which has its merits, but the absence of measure bars hampers the quick grasp of such metric and rhythmic peculiarities as may exist and he has not shown them in any other way. It is not clear whether he has tested the rhythmic accuracy through a number of renditions of the same song by the same singer and by different singers, although he states that the pattern prevails through different strophes in the course of the song. Mr. Thalbitzer says that the same song sung by different singers always varies, while in the few examples where the same general rhythmic or melodic idea occurs more than once in any song it appears to me that accuracy in repeating the pattern appears only sporadically and the majority of strophes change slightly. In the repetition of the same word phrases there is usually apt to be a general rhythmic structure which could as easily be followed by a chorus as by an individual. The melodic rhythmic structure in much primitive music is liable to be controlled by the speech rhythms although Mr. Thuren says that this is not always the case in these Eskimo songs. Mr. Thuren says:

Text strophes and refrain strophes follow one another in definite order, and the subdivision of the refrain constantly returns in the same form, or at any rate with quite inconsiderable change. The text strophes in a song

use the same melodic basis, and however different the text may be, the singer always seeks to fit it into the framework of the melody once chosen, so that the length of the single melodic period and the principal rhythm are preserved as far as possible throughout the song.

But fitting any text to the same melodic framework and maintaining the same time value for a given phrase of melody are two different things, and an attempt to follow the principal rhythms as far as possible still leaves great latitude for variation. The adherence to the same melodic framework with different texts, and, as a natural sequence, a rough similarity in rhythms belonging to the melodic pattern as first introduced, are common to the music of many American Indian tribes; but, unless the total time values for any melodic phrase are maintained almost exactly even when accompanied by different texts, this need not argue for high or artistic rhythmic development. With the exception of one or two songs, there is nothing in the present collection to indicate that, regardless of text, proportionate time values for the melody tones are maintained in more than casual fashion. It is unfortunate that Mr. Stein's melodies were written in abbreviated style, with merely letter indications with prime marks to represent the repetitions of the same melodic phrase with variations. Mr. Thuren was necessarily hampered by this condition.

The music is also studied not only from the standpoint of scales but from that of melodic composition or phrase structure, a side which most writers on exotic music are inclined to dismiss lightly or overlook altogether. From the scale analyses it is found that intervals larger than a half step are preferred, namely whole, $5/4$ or $3/4$ steps. Melodically the Eskimo have not developed, Mr. Thuren thinks, to the degree that they have rhythmically. There is one prominent tone which the author calls the *tonus currens*, and usually one below it, ranging from a third to a fourth downward, usually a fourth. There are two or three tones above the *tonus currens*, close to it, particularly in the East Greenland melodies. Such a tonal table is comparable to that encountered in the chant music of some of the Polynesians and other peoples whose music is but little advanced. The Eskimo melodies reveal a very constant relation between the total range of each song and the number of pitches composing its melodic structure, showing that with the exception of the skip of the fourth from the *tonus currens* down to the lowest tone the intervals used are about one degree in magnitude. The most common scales

in East Greenland music have, in order of pitch, the first, fourth and fifth or the first, third and fifth.

Smith Sound melodies appear to be less definitely formed than those of East Greenland and employ a larger number of scales, with a marked tendency to connect dissimilar melodic motifs. Some songs have only one motif, repeated indefinitely with slight variations. While the interval of the perfect fourth is the melodic basis of most of the tunes, they differ from those of East Greenland in grouping other tones close about the lowest rather than the highest limit of the prevailing interval. The East Greenlanders employed in addition to their real songs a kind of a recitative, lying between real melody and speech. The Smith Sound Eskimo have recitatives, but weave more melody into them, and the impression has been gained that in that locality the music has felt some foreign influence.

In North Greenland the pentatonic scale prevails and the music has been more influenced still by European melodies, yet there is a resemblance to the Smith Sound songs. The joining of dissimilar melodic themes extends to choosing quite different levels. The Southwest Greenlanders have been even more influenced by European music and their scales tend to be diatonic.

Mr. Thuren concludes that the songs of the Smith Sound Eskimo, Northwest Greenlanders, and Central Eskimo, (based on Dr. Boas' work), are related, while those of the East Greenlanders are much less developed melodically.

Mr. Thalbitzer's article, *Melodies from East Greenland*, gives in full the material which he collected and on which Mr. Thuren based his study of the music of that region. The collection is prefaced by introductory remarks on the source of the melodies and on the singers, on the value of the phonograph as compared to recording in notation from direct dictation, and the desirability of combined efforts of two transcribers in deciding upon the written form. He mentions particularly the extent of emotional expression achieved by the Eskimo in their songs, as comparable to that in European music, and the art revealed in rendering children's songs, necessitating the finest modulations of the voice.

It appears that the same melody does not travel among very many tribes, so that it is impossible to conclude whether such melodies as have been collected have remained unchanged for generations. Mr. Thalbitzer feels that the relatively high development apparent in the music of the East Greenlanders argues a growth of hundreds of years uninfluenced by any but Eskimo ideas.

HELEN H. ROBERTS

Oct. 24-1914.

The "Inviting-In" Feast of the Alaskan Eskimo

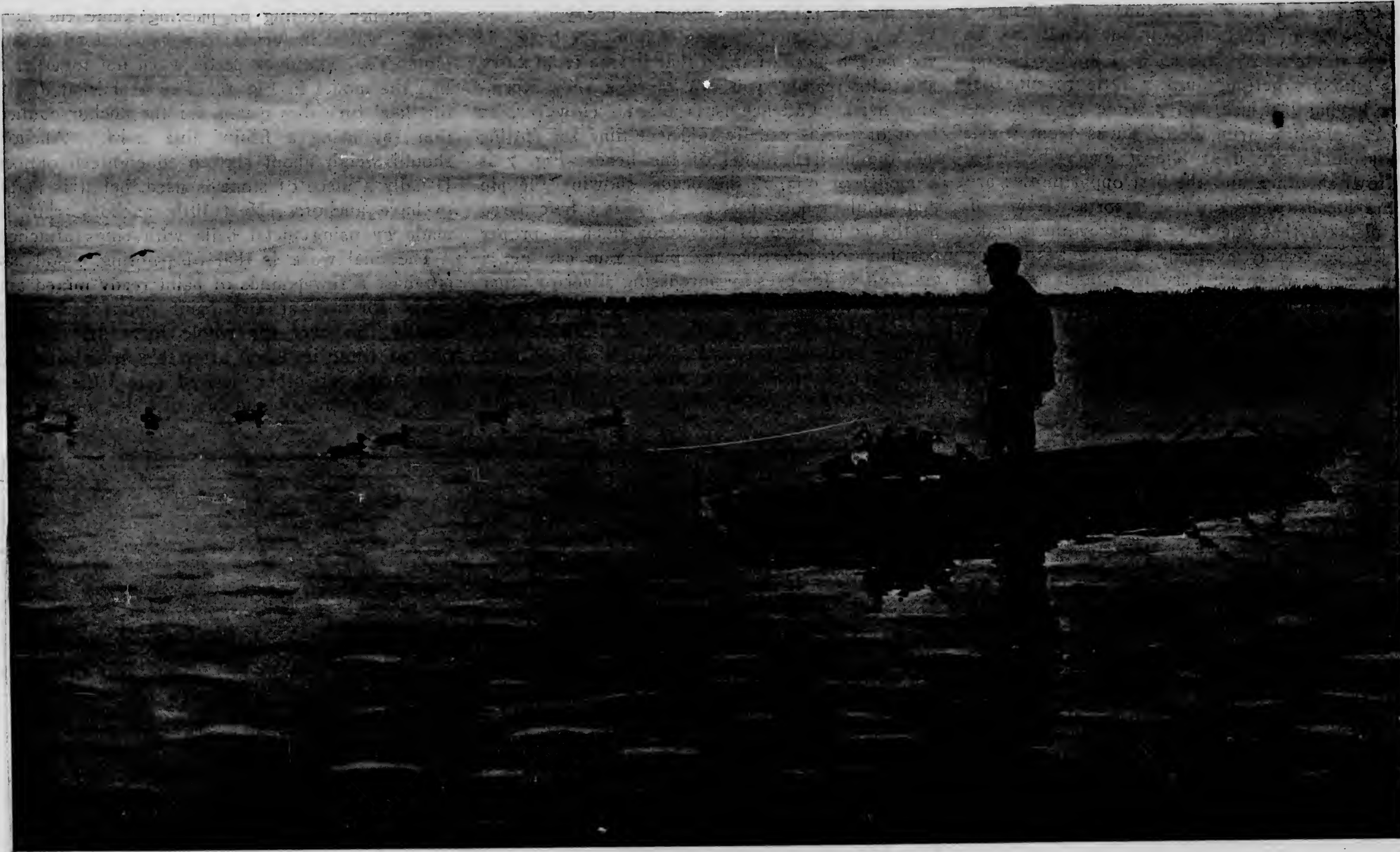
By Ernest William Hawkes.

In the winter of 1911-12, I was located at St. Michael, Alaska, as government teacher in charge of the Unaligmiut Eskimo of that vicinity. When, in January, it was rumored that a great mask festival was to be celebrated in conjunction with the neighboring, Unalaklit, Malemiut from Norton sound, I immediately became interested, particularly since the natives informed me that it was to be the Aithukaguk, or "Inviting-In" Feast: a native festival which

is situated on an island near the mouth of the Yukon river. On account of its convenient position at the mouth of the river, it is the chief port for the Yukon trade, and was selected as such by the Russian-American Fur Company. As a result of long occupation the Unalit became mixed with the Russian traders, so that at the present time a majority bear Russian names, and belong to the Russian church, although still practising their ancient religion.

be seen on a little island in St. Michael bay. It is very probable that the present good feeling between the tribes may be due to help received against the Yukon raiders; at any rate, the Malemiut and Unaligmiut mingle freely in border villages like Shatolik and Unalaklit, hence it is not surprising that, for many years, they have celebrated the great inter-tribal feasts together.

But my anxiety to witness the feast nearly came to grief owing to the over-zealous action



Setting Out the Decoys.

had not, to my knowledge, been witnessed by scientific observers before.

The Aithukaguk, or "Inviting-In" Feast, is observed in the month of January, after the local rites—the Aiyaguk, or Asking Festival, and the Bladder Feast (Tcauiyuk)—have been completed. The "Inviting-In" Feast is a matter of great moment to the Eskimo, for on it depends the success of the hunters. It differs from the Bladder Feast in that while the latter placates the spirits of animals already slain, the Aithukaguk is an appeal to the spirits represented by the masks, the totemic guardians of the performers, for future success in hunting. In the Eskimo ritual, this festival is only equalled in importance by the Aithukatukhtuk, the Great Feast of the Dead. One supplies the material wants of the living, the other the spiritual needs of the dead.

The Eskimo village of St. Michael, or Tatcek, where the celebration was to take place,

The Unalaklit, on the contrary, have kept their blood and customs pure. They are counted as a model Eskimo tribe, and look down on their unfortunate neighbors, who have been unable to resist the encroachment of the white man, and its inevitable result—native deterioration. The Unalaklit are the southernmost branch of the Malemiut; the largest and most warlike tribe of Alaskan Eskimo.

The early home of the Malemiut was on Kotzebue sound; but in following the wild reindeer which formerly covered the interior of Alaska, they spread across Seward peninsula, crowding back the weaker tribes—the Kavaigmiut and Unaligmiut.

The Unalit never resisted the encroachment of these powerful invaders, as they were continually harassed by the Magemiut of the lower Yukon, and in most encounters came off second best. The remains of one of their villages, which was wiped out by the Magemiut, can still

of the young missionary in nominal charge of the Unalaklit. He scented some pagan performance in the local preparations, and promptly appealed to the military commander of the district to put a stop to the whole thing. Consequently, it was a very sober delegation of Eskimo that waited on me the next day—including the headmen and the shaman who had been hired to make the masks and direct the dances—to ask my assistance. They said that if they were forbidden to celebrate the feast on the island they would take to the mountains of the interior and perform their rites where they could not be molested. But if I said they could dance, they would go on with their preparations. They also asked me to use my influence with the military commander. To this I readily consented.

I found the captain a very liberal man, not at all disposed to interfere with a peaceful native celebration, which had lost most of its religious signi-

ficance, and which was still maintained mainly for its social significance, and as offering an opportunity for trade between two friendly tribes. The last day of the festival he was invited to attend, as the Eskimo wished him to see the dances for himself, and form his own opinion. On this occasion the Unalaklit chief made a remarkable speech, in which he summed up the native attitude toward the dance. The Eskimo is not given to public speaking, as is the Indian, and usually expresses himself in the shortest possible manner; but under the stress of strong emotion even he becomes eloquent.

"To stop the Eskimo singing and dancing," he said, "was like cutting the tongue out of a bird. It was as natural for them to dance as it was for the white man to eat and sleep. They had danced long before the white men came, and would not know how to spend the long dark winters if their only form of amusement was taken away.

"They did not dance for pleasure alone, but

If anything about them was bad they would stop them, but if not, they would never brook any interference again."

The old Unalit chief arose and explained that the dances also supplied the wants of the Eskimo. The interchange of gifts at the festivals resulted in each tribe getting what they needed most. At the conclusion of the feast the surplus was distributed among the needy natives. He smote his breast as he sat down, declaring that his heart was good.

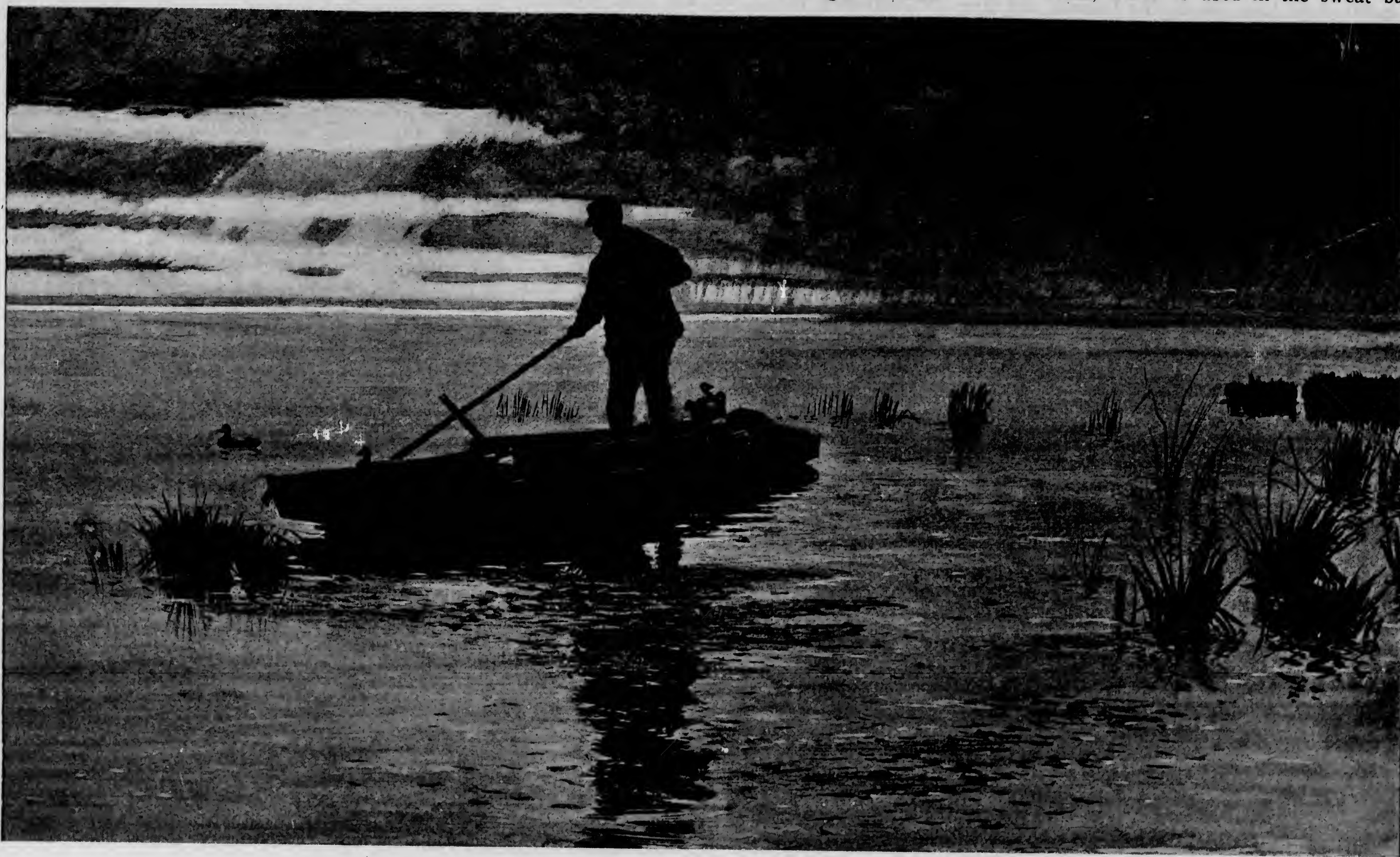
At the conclusion of the feast I asked the old man for the masks which had been used in the dances. They are usually burned by the shaman after the ceremonies are over. I was much surprised the next day when the old fellow appeared with the masks and the whole paraphernalia of the dancers. The people were grateful, he said, for the assistance I had given them. I believe he got around the religious difficulty by supplying an equal amount of wood for the sacrificial fire. I also was obliged to make

a child he must gain admittance by gifts to the people, and to the *kazgi inua*, the spirit which is master of the *kazgi*. In manhood he takes his seat on the *inlak*, or platform, according to his age and rank. Even in death he is represented by a namesake in the *kazgi*, who feeds his shade and extols his virtues at the Feast to the Dead.

The *kazgi* is usually built on a larger scale than the native home or *inne*, and, for convenience sake, is located near the center of the village. It has, as a rule, a winter and a summer entrance, the former being used by the shamans and dancers, and the latter by the public.

This arrangement, however, is only for convenience, and guests and dancers mingle freely in the festivals.

The arrangement of the *kazgi* is similar to that of the ordinary native house, with the exception that the family quarters which mark the latter are absent. The fireplace in the center of the room, which is used in the sweat baths,



Gathering in the Spoils.

to attract the game, so that their families might be fed. If they did not dance, the spirits (*inua*) who attended the feast would be angry, and the animals would stay away. The shades of their ancestors would go hungry, since there would be no one to feed them at the festivals. Their own names would be forgotten if no namesake could sing their praises in the dance.

"There was nothing bad about their dances; which made their hearts good toward each other, and tribe friendly with tribe. If the dances were stopped, the ties between them would be broken, and the Eskimo would cease to be 'strong.'

"They were as little children before the white men, who could see if their dances were good.

gifts to the other headmen, so that the *kazgi inua*—the spirit which sits in the posts and presides over the *kazgi*—might not be offended.

THE KAZGI, OR DANCE-HOUSE.

The *kazgi* (or *kacim*, as it is known among the Yukon Eskimo) is the communal house of the village. It is the club house, town hall, bath house, and dancing pavilion, all in one. Here, the unmarried men—termed *kazgimiut*, or *kazgi* people—make their home; here, tribal meetings are held; here, the men gather for the sweat bath; and here, strangers are entertained and the annual dances and festivals held. In short, the *kazgi* is the center of the Eskimo's life. As

is much wider and deeper. It is kept covered by the floor planks when not in use. In this chamber the spirits are supposed to sit and enjoy the dances given in their honor, and offerings of meat and drink are placed here for them, or delivered to them through the cracks of the floor.

The *inlak*, or bed platform, runs around the room on all four sides, at about the height of the shoulders. Entrance is made through the *agveak*, or tunnel, and the visitor pops up through the *pugyarak*, or floor hole, in the center of the room, like an enlarged edition of a "jack-in-the-box." Having safely emerged, it is customary to wait until the headman assigns you.

†Memoir 45, Anthropological Series, 1914. Ottawa.

The *kaan*, or rear portion, of the house is the place of honor, and is accorded to the headmen, the best hunters, and visitors of distinction—the *kaaklim*; the right and left are the second best; while the *oaklim*, or front part, the coldest part of the *kazgi* being near the entrance, is given the worthless and homeless, who contribute nothing to the support of the village. Directly above the fireplace is the *ralok*, or smokehole, which is covered with a strip of walrus intestine. Often the shaman makes a spectacular entrance by this means. It is also used as a window when the *kazgi* is overcrowded, people standing on the top of the house and looking through.

THE NASKUK, OR MAKER OF THE FEAST.

The maker of the feast is known as the *nashuk*, or head. With this feast in view, he saves for years, as he has to feed the entire tribe of visitors during the first day of the festival. But although he often begs himself, he gains great fame among the Eskimo, and lays all his guests under lasting obligation to him. In this respect the "Inviting-In" Feast resembles the potlatch of the Alaskan Indian; and is often confused with the same by the white population.

The *naskuk*, having announced his intention to the villagers assembled in the *kazgi*, a messenger is chosen—usually at the nomination of the *naskuk*—to carry the invitation to the visitors. There is considerable rivalry for this position among the young men, as the messenger is newly clothed from head to foot. In a new squirrel-skin parka, plentifully trimmed with wolverine, reindeer boots, and sealskin leggings, he presents a brave appearance.

In his hand he bears the *aiyaguk*, or asking-stick. This is a long slender wand with three globes, made from strips of wood hanging from the end. When the messenger delivers the invitation, he swings the globes to and fro in front of the person addressed. The asking-stick as the symbol of the wishes of the tribe, is treated with scrupulous respect by the Eskimo; and it would be a lasting disgrace for anyone to disregard it. During the ceremonies it is hung up over the *kazgi* entrance. The messenger receives the asking-stick from the hands of the *naskuk*, together with an intimation of what presents would be acceptable to his tribe. As most Eskimo festivals result in more or less trading, it is usually some skins or other article of which the tribe is in need. In this case it was a request for *ugruk* (bearded seal) skins, which are general in use for *mukluk* (boot) soles.

Having arrived at the visiting tribe, he enters the *kazgi* on hands and knees, and presents the asking-stick to the village headman, with the message from his tribe. If the answer is favorable he is raised to his feet, and after he has learned the wishes of his visitors, is feasted to his heart's content, and sent home loaded with presents.

In the meantime, the home tribe gathers nightly in the *kazgi*, awaiting his return. When it is rumored that he is near, the vigil continues day and night. On his arrival, he crawls into the *kazgi* and presents the asking-stick to the *naskuk*, with the answer. If the answer is favorable, preparations begin immediately, and the village is scoured for the necessary gifts. It is a point of honor between the tribes to exceed the requests as much as possible. The visiting tribe also has the privilege of demanding

any delicacy of the *naskuk* during the first day's feast which fancy may suggest. This usually takes the form of meat out of season, or Eskimo "ice-cream"—a concoction of reindeer tallow, blueberries, and chunks of whitefish kneaded in the snow until it is frozen. Sometimes the *naskuk* is hard put to it, but he must produce the necessary articles, or be disgraced forever.

THE DANCE SONGS.

When the feast has been decided upon, the people gather nightly in the *kazgi* to rehearse. The songs are the property of some old man, the storehouse of tribal tradition; and he "sells" them to the different dancers, as the Eskimo say, which means that he teaches the people the proper dances for the festival, and they make him presents in turn. When the villagers have assembled, the oil lamps are extinguished, and the people sit in darkness, while the old man gives out the songs—a few words at a time. Weeks are consumed in learning them properly; in acquiring every rise and fall, proper shade, and intonation. The drum is the only instrument employed. It is shaped like a tambourine, about two feet in diameter, and covered on one side with a thin membrane of the bladder of the walrus or seal. It is held by the handle level with the face, and struck with a flat thin stick. The northern tribes strike the back of the rim; but the Yukon tribes the face of the drum.

With the Eskimo, rhythm is everything. The songs are based on the double drum-beat: two quick beats, then a pause, then two more. At any moment the leader drops an octave or changes the key; but the others follow instinctively, and there is no break or discord.

The chorus usually consists of six men, led by the old man, who acts as prompter, calling off the words of the song a line ahead. The measure begins softly to a light tapping of the drums; then, at a given signal, comes a crashing double beat; the leader announces the dance in stentorian tones, the song thunders out, soaring high until the voices of the singers crack; then drops to lower pitch and breaks off abruptly in the middle of the measure. Every one is privileged to join in after the song has been started; and the shrill treble of the women and children can be distinctly heard above the shouting of the men and the thumping of the drums.

The Eskimo dances naturally and enthusiastically, stamping each foot twice in succession, and jerking his arms to the double beat of the drums. The women dance differently, swaying the body from the hips, and waving the arms with outspread palms. Both sexes have dances of their own, but occasionally dance together, the woman being the central figure and the men dancing around her. Nothing pleases the Eskimo more than exaggerated imitation by one of their clever actors of the woman's dance.

The northern style of dancing differs as much from the southern as does the beating of the drums. The northerners leap and bound and stamp out their lines with tremendous vigor; while the southerners sit on the floor of the *kazgi*, and, adorned with fillets and masks and feathers, wave their hands in graceful unison.

The "Inviting-In" dances partake somewhat of the nature of the nith contests of Greenland. Each party puts forth its best actors, and strives in every way to outdo the other. During the

first day, when the comic dances are on, the tribe succeeding in making the other laugh can demand anything of them they wish. The best dancers receive valuable presents.

The actors themselves go through the same general motions as the ordinary dancers, never losing a step or a gesture, at the same time fitting their movements to the character in hand. As much as possible they strive to make every gesture expressive, and succeed so well that a stranger could tell the part they represent, even if the prompter did not call it out at the beginning of the song. In fact, I have often wondered if they were not possessed by the spirit of the animal they depicted when dancing, as the Eskimo believe.

The actor's outfit consists of a face mask, armlets, finger masks, and fillets. In certain dances the actor also carries a staff. The masks are of two types—those intended to excite merriment and good feeling among the guests, and those worn to honor the *inua* of the animals in whose honor the dance is given. They are made by some noted shaman employed by the tribe, who also has general directions of the dances. They are very clever representations and will be described as they occur in the dances.

The finger masks are diminutive masks with an animal head in miniature. They are plentifully adorned with feathers; which give the idea of flying as the dancers' arms sweep through the air. The women (supporting dancers) use plain handlets of woven grass and feathers. The armlets and fillets are of fur or feathers corresponding to the animal represented.

COMIC DANCES.

First Day. The dances the first day are of a comic character. If, during the day's dances, the home tribe can succeed in making the visitors laugh, they can ask of them anything they wish.

Entering the *kazgi*, I noticed that the walls and *inlak* had been hung with white drilling (*katuktokuowitklok*), as a gift to the visitors; who, in their turn, had covered the floor with *ugruk* (bearded seal) skins. Shortly after the people began to file in.

As each man entered he threw down a small gift before the *naskuk*, as is customary on such occasions. As soon as every one was settled, the dances began. Strange noises were heard in the tunnel, gradually approaching the room. Then a horrible-looking wooden face was thrust up through the entrance hole, worn by the chief comic dancer of the Unalit. The mask was made lop-sided, with one cheek higher than the other, and the mouth and eyebrows twisted to one side. One eyelet was round, the other being in the shape of a half moon. A stubby moustache and beard of mink fur, and labrets of green beads, completed the ludicrous effect. He gazed around the audience in silence for a full minute, throwing the children into fits of mingled terror and delight. Then the leader commenced the dance invitation, and the pantomime began. Sitting in front of the hole, the actor gesticulated with his feather handlets after the usual manner of the Eskimo; occasionally turning his head from side to side with the foolish air of a crazy person. But the Malemiut visitors, though their eyes twinkled, never cracked a smile.

Then he disappeared through the hole, coming up with a hideous green mask, with a long nose, and a big red streak for a mouth. Sur-

(Continued on page 551.)

THE "INVITING-IN" FEAST OF THE ALASKAN ESKIMO.

(Continued from page 526.)

rounding the mask was a bristling bush of reindeer hair. He sat down solemnly, and all his motions were slow and sad. Every gesture, while keeping in perfect time with the music, expressed the profoundest dejection. As a serio-comic, this was even more funny than the other, and the Unalit, who could safely do so, fairly roared. But the cautious visitors sat as solemn as owls.

Then the Unalit trotted out their champion, a little old fellow, wonderfully graceful and impressive in his movements. He wore a mask adorned with feathers and an enormous nose, which I was told was a caricature of the Yukon Indian. The Eskimo have lost none of their old hatred for their former foes, and still term them in derision *inkilik*, "louse-eaters"; from the fact of their long hair being full of these pests. Neither is the Eskimo, with tonsured head, free from the same affliction; as I learned more than once, at a crowded dance, to my temporary affliction.

The old man took his place in the center of the floor amid perfect silence. With head on his breast and hands at rest on his lap he seemed sunk in some deep reverie. Then he raised his hand to his head and cracked a louse audibly. This was too much for the Unalaklit, and they howled with laughter. Then, having won the day by this ruse, the old man began his dance. Two women with feather handlets stepped forth, and accompanied him, imitating his every move. Higher and higher he swung his hands, like the rapid upward wheel of a carrier pigeon. Then the dance stopped as abruptly as the others; the day was won.

Immediately the food for the feast was brought in. It consisted of a strange and bewildering array of native delicacies; ancient duck eggs, strips of walrus blubber, frozen seal-meat, boiled entrails, kantags of blueberries and lichens, and various other dishes which appeal to the stomach of an Eskimo. Not having any particular desire to partake of the same, I took my departure.

GROUP DANCES.

Second Day. Entering the *kazgi* the second day, I noticed that the floor was covered with small heaps of skin and calico. As the Unalaklit came in, each man added to the pile. This, I was informed, was the price of the first day's defeat, and that they were looking for ample revenge the second day.

They began with a "muscle" dance. This consisted mainly in comic posturing and in a droll display of the biceps. Occasionally the dancers would glance down the heaving muscles of the back and shoulders or extend their arms and make the muscles quiver. The Unalit, in their turn, attempted to imitate the same, and outdo the visitors, but although their big clown dancer exhibited his enormous arms and legs to good advantage, they were evidently outdone. Nothing daunted, they began another series, the contest consisting in the ability of the opposite side to guess the meaning of the dances. To this end, ancient dances which have fallen into disuse or been forgotten, except by the old men, are resurrected and practised in secret.

A young woman appeared in the center of the

floor wearing a white reindeer parka and a girdle of reindeer hair tied around her waist. She began the conventional motions of the woman's dance, glancing nervously round her. Then men dancers, wearing fillets and armlets of wolf-skin, leaped down from the *inlak* and surrounded her, jumping about and howling hideously. As the dance-song quickened, they became more and more excited, until the floor became one confused mass of shaggy heads and wildly tossing arms. The drums redoubled the beat, until the *kazgi* fairly rocked under the volume of sound and the stamping feet. Then, as suddenly as the pandemonium began, it ended.

This was easily guessed as the wolf-pack pulling down a reindeer.

Not to be outdone, the Unalaklit presented a very ancient dance from their old home, Kotzebue sound. This dance, I was told, was two hundred years old, and the old-style dance of the Malemiut. Strangely enough, no drums were used, but the chorus consisted of a double row of men who used ivory clappers to mark the time. Instead of stamping, the dancers bounded up and down on the balls of their feet, holding the legs arched and rigid. No one was able to fathom this dance. It was different from any Eskimo dance I have ever seen. It might be an earlier form, or borrowed from the Dene. So the visitors won the honors of the second day, and left the *kazgi* in high good humor.

TOTEM DANCES.

Third Day. The third day the contest reached its climax. The best dancers of each party were put forth, and the interest became intense. For months they had been trained in their parts, until every movement had become almost instinctive. Each appeared in full regalia of armlets, fillets, and handlets, adapted to their part. Their appearance was the signal for a demonstration on the part of their friends and every new turn or movement which they introduced into their dance received attention.

The first actors were women, who went through the household occupations of the Eskimo in pantomime, illustrating the curing and dressing of skins, the sewing and making of garments, adapting the movements to the woman's dance.

Then a Unalaklit man took the floor and depicted the life of a walrus.

He wore a very life-like looking walrus mask, and enacted the features of the walrus hunt, modifying the usual gestures. In pantomime he showed the clumsy movements of the great animal moving over the ice, the hunter approaching, and his hasty plunge into the water, then the hunter paddling furiously after him, the harpoon thrust, and the struggles of the dying walrus.

Next two young Unalit gave the Red Fox dance. They wore the usual fur trimmings and masks, and the leader flourished a fox foot with which he kept time to the music. This dance depicted the cunning habits of the little beast, and his finish in the trap of the hunter. The Unalaklit responded with the White Fox dance, which was quite similar, showing a fox stalking a ptarmigan. One actor represented the fox and the other the ptarmigan. The stealthy movements and spring of the fox were cleverly given.

The Unalit, on whom the dance had made a

great impression, put forward their best dancer in the celebrated Crow Dance.

The dancer entered from behind the press of the crowd, stooping low and imitating the cawing of the raven. The cries appeared to come from above, below, in fact, everywhere in the room. Then he appeared in all his glory. He wore a raven mask with an immense beak, and bordered with fur and feathers. Labrets and fillets of wood adorned the sides, and a spotted black and white design covered the forehead. He bore a staff in his hand decorated with a single feather. After pirouetting around the room in a ridiculous fashion, he disappeared in the crowd and appeared dragging a bashful woman, who was similarly attired. They danced for a short time together, the raven continuing his amatory capers. Then, evidently tiring of her charms, he disappeared into the crowd on the opposite side of the *kazgi* and reappeared bearing in tow another bride, evidently younger. After squawking and pirouetting around her for a while, the three danced, the two women supporting him, making a pleasing background of waving arms and feathers. At the conclusion of the dance, he seeks again his first love, and is angrily repulsed while seeking to embrace her. This greatly amuses the audience. Then the three leave the scene, quarrelling and pushing one another.

This concluded the dances proper. Then the shaman donned *au inua mask*, and began running around the entrance hole in ever lessening circles. He finally tumbled over and lay in trance, the while he was communing with the spirit-guests (so the Eskimo told me) in the fire-place below. After a time he came to and informed the hunters that the *inua* had been pleased with the dances and promised their further protection for a successful season.

After appropriate offerings of meat and drink and tobacco had been made to them through the cracks in the floor, the celebration broke up, and the Unalaklit started home.

RETURN OF SALMON AFTER SPAWNING

4 Park St., Boston, Mass.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I wonder if one of your correspondents has given us the clew to that matter? He pointed out that in a certain short river the salmon come back to the sea. We know that in the long river they don't. Now, consider.

Madame Salmon has lived on the sea for years. She doubtless never knew what it meant to go without a husband. Privation means naught to her. When the mating instinct she started for the intended maternity hospital, she thought.

Now, the way up is straight. There is an object, and she has been completely swept clean of all her intentions and purposes. She cannot find any. Days go by. The winter comes the strenuous. She has her "gastados" and she is hungry. Food might be found, but without it, life ends.

But—
a foot—
Is—

Hunting Seals and Polar Bears on Bering Strait

Outdoor Life
March 1920

Capt. F. E. Kleinschmidt

PART II—CONCLUSION.

The usual sights on entering an Eskimo igloo are: On the wall opposite you, a steamer-like berth covered with skins—the sleeping quarters of the family; underneath, or in front, sit one or two women, busily sewing; to the right, a man making hunting gear. Never will you find an Eskimo family idle. All occupants are naked to the waist, sometimes only covered with a loin cloth. Along the wall on either side burn several lamps. These lamps are shallow soapstone basins, filled with the oil of the seal, whale or walrus; along the edge is placed a little ridge of moss which answers the purpose of the wicks in our lamps. The lamps do not smoke and, besides illuminating, throw a great heat. Above the flame hangs a piece of blubber to replenish the oil; also a tea-kettle.

You are cordially invited to take off your things and stay awhile. This means disrobing to the same extent, for the air is foul and the temperature that of a Turkish bath. If you come during mealtime, which is at any hour of the day, you are cordially invited to partake; you decline and no offense is given. If the meal consists of frozen fish, blubber, or something they know that white man abhors, some joker will especially entreat you to join his dish and then there is a great laugh all around. The Eskimo loves to laugh, play practical jokes on his friends, respond to witticisms, and is of a happy, childlike disposition. Treachery, stealing and lying are practically unknown among them; the two latter only since some of them have imitated the white man. (I am not including the Siberian, Greenland or Labrador Eskimo.)

In the evening I was invited to attend their ceremonies, songs and dances held in a large igloo built for that purpose and called "kosga." Here the men congregate in the daytime, exactly as we do at a club, play games, talk over business, hunts and work. Shortly after close of navigation, usually during December, feasts and festivities are indulged in here in the "kosga." Sometimes to such excess that winter supplies are exhausted in a short time.

About 6 o'clock I was escorted to the "kosga" with my presents (a box of crackers, canned fruit and meat) by the chief and several men in their best furs and finery. Entering thru a long, high tunnel, I waited until announced; then I was bidden to enter thru a hole in the floor. This igloo, or "kosga," was a large log cabin, 40x50 feet, built under ground. About 120 men and women were closely crowded along the walls or sitting on shelves surrounding the walls. One wall was taken up by sixteen musicians sitting in two tiers; they were beating drums made of seal-skin stretched over a fan-shaped frame, in a slow measure, but keeping perfect time. The seal-oil lamps and two large Rochesters cast flickering and dancing shadows over ceiling and walls; the chanting noise of the large crowd in this small space, the beating of the drums, the swaying and nodding forms of the naked musicians, the strange cos-



COOKING DINNER ON ICE, USING SEAL OIL FOR FUEL. AUTHOR ON LEFT.

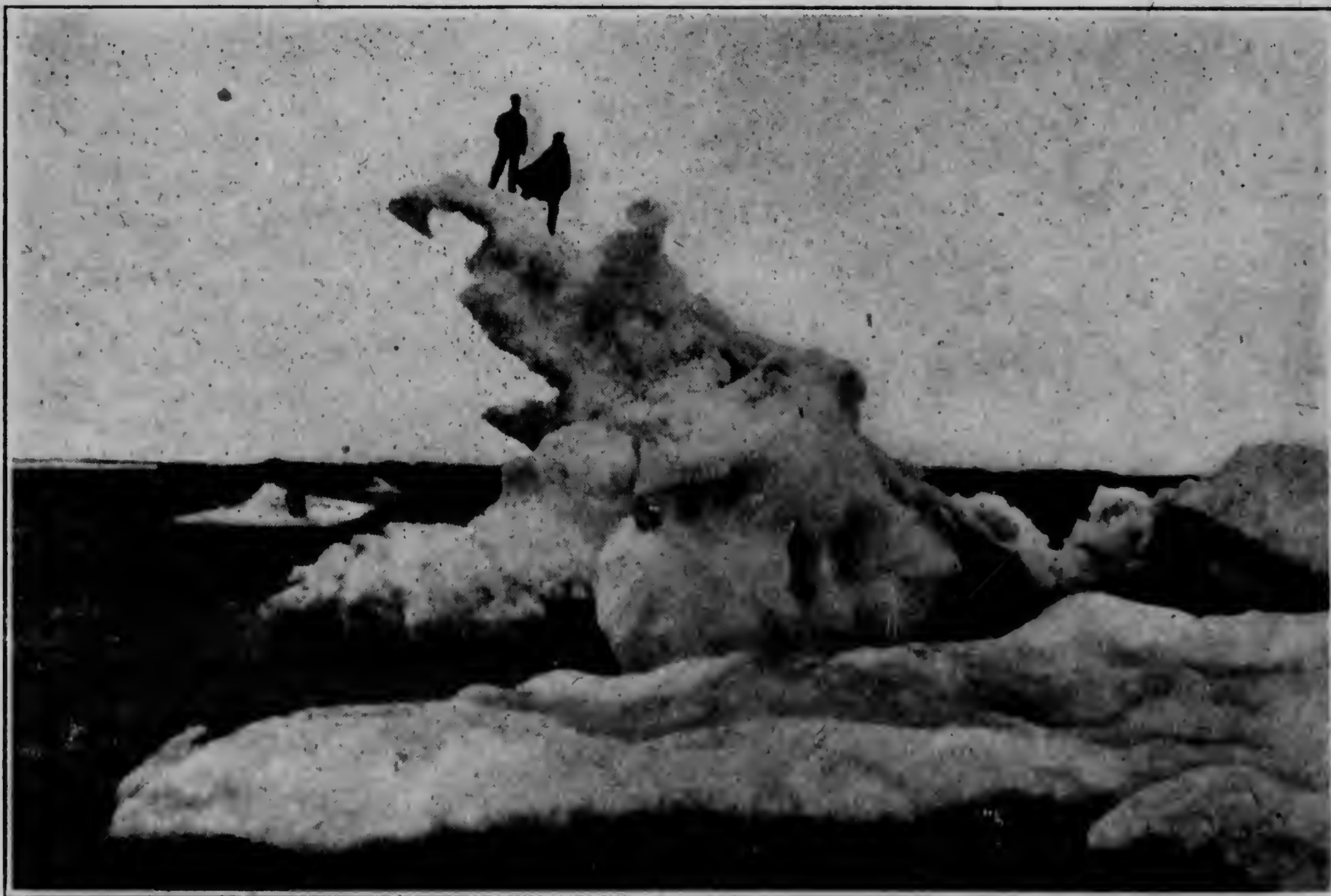
tumes, grotesque head-dresses and the expressions on the dusky, perspiring faces made a wild and weird scene never to be forgotten. The opening dance was a grand march by all the men and women around the hall, accompanied by a swaying of arms and bodies, keeping perfect time with the drums and chant.

The next dance, performed by two men, was an illustration of the rabbit hunt, one man hopping around imitating the rabbit coming out of his hole, the other man was the hunter stalking and killing the rabbit, all done by jerking and stretching of arms, legs and head like a mechanical toy and in perfect unison and time with each other, the drums and the chant. I saw at once the meaning the actors tried to convey. Then followed a dance, in like manner, hunting the Polar bear, with the diversion of the fierce growl and snarl of the bear. Next followed a dance by

two masked men, which was so grotesque and comical we held our sides for laughter. Then followed the salmon dance and a number of others in which the men and women brought in furs swinging in their hands, then meats and fish, which were all deposited in a pile in the center. Finally, nearly worn out with continuous dancing, stamping and chanting, all sat down to consume the dainties and exchange the furs.

It was 2 a. m. when I stepped into the open, clear starlight night, 20 degrees below zero. Never before seemed air so pure to me as when coming from that crowded, stifling, ill-smelling room.

Five hours' sleep and we were off again for another hunt. When we neared the edge of the shore ice a different view presented itself to us than on the previous day. As far as we could see the ice was one level plain. The walking figures of hunters a mile or two distant seemed to float in the



ESKIMOS ON THE LOOKOUT.

air on clouds of vapor high above the ice. Now they would take on fantastic shape, rise to gigantic heights, then flit away and gain in breadth. Sometimes a head would be cut off and raised high in the air, then the body would follow, leaving the legs far below striding over the ice. The Diomed Islands and the distant shore also would flit, waver and change like the curtain of the aurora, or change form like a kaleidoscope.

The ice had grown eight inches in thickness over night, presenting the grandest boulevard for motoring in the world. No trouble to cross Bering Strait on a day like this. We had traveled about half a mile out to sea when we saw a front of ice eight inches thick coming to meet us, sliding along over the top of the ice we were walking on at the rate of a slow walk. We jumped on top of it and took a ride. A little farther out the same thing was repeated; layer upon layer came sliding inshore, pushed by the onshore wind, and if they had been large enough we should have gone backward instead of forward. There being no chance for bear on this young ice we took a seal hunt. To the left we heard a fusillade of shots, the dearest music to a sportsman's ear. There came the loud, cannonlike roar of the .45-90 and the lesser barks of the .38-55, old .44 mingled with the whiplike crack of the .30-30, .30-40 and .303.

We could see in this direction patches of blue sky, indicating open water, and found several rents or open lanes in the ice. After a half hour's wait a seal showed its head near the chief. He missed it four times, all good line shots, but not being used to his new .30-40 light front balance compared with the under-the-barrel magazine Winchester, he overshot every time. An Eskimo came rushing up and killed the seal right before the chief's nose. Sportsman's etiquette seems to be unknown to them. The rule is, get the game, no matter how. As I came around to the chief, he expressed his indignation at the new rifle, but, having had the same experience, I told him not to fret but to keep on practicing and get used to the gun.

We then sat down together on the

edge of the ice and, while the native threw out the pear-shaped piece of wood on the long rawhide to pull in the seal, the chief explained to me how this instrument was an invention of a Diomed Island native and only about twenty years old, or since they had used firearms. The way this inventor realized on his patent is interesting. He saw the usefulness and indispensability of the implement, took a friend into his confidence and sold the first hook for \$15, its real value being but an hour's work. He continued this until it became so widely known that his patent ran out and its value now is nil.

All at once two shots rang out. A bullet zipped past us and another chipped a piece of ice from the blind behind which we were sitting. Oack-ba-ock made a lightning side-jump and his rifle flew to his cheek, covering a hunter behind us. I hastened to do the same, but saw immediately that no harm was meant. A lane had opened behind us and two hunters had squatted on the edge, firing at a seal coming up in line between them and us. Some heated words were exchanged and then we resumed our seats. There was no more story-telling. Oack-ba-ock sat silent, studying the ice between his feet; his dark face and contracted brows told me his brooding thoughts. It was here on the ice and in a similar manner he had avenged his brother's death, then ran for his life home; then the barricading and siege of his igloo for a week by E-re-he-ruck's family. Every time a garment or a dummy was thrust out of the igloo it was riddled with bullets till finally the sentiment of the village overcame the enmity of the other family and they moved to another settlement.

To arouse him I whispered, "Ougaruck" (big seal), pointing over the water. He had his rifle up in a flash, aiming at—nothing! Then, looking at me, he saw the joke and was the jovial fellow again. Shortly afterwards he killed a seal, but the day being fine and too early to go home, he hung the carcass in the water to prevent it from freezing stiff, hence too difficult to drag home. Later on he got another large one and, with the assistance of another hunter, dragged both home. Now,

instead of each native taking a seal, Oack-ba-ock hitched both seals to his shoulder strap; then his companion took a longer line, hitching it to Oack-ba-ock's line and then pulled ahead of him into the village. This is the etiquette, showing that the second man has killed both seals.

I was sitting alongside of a small lane which other hunters had deemed too small, for the seal is wary and, coming up, keeps away from the edge of the ice, when a bristled head appeared not sixty feet away. I promptly sent a ball thru it, then seizing my spear and line hurried closer and hurled the dart into it before it could sink. It was an "ougaruck," or sea lion, which has not sufficient blubber to keep afloat when killed. He was so large I could only raise his head on the ice, so I gave the long-drawn hoot of the Eskimo, which means, help wanted—danger. Immediately a hunter came running over the ice, and, like descending vultures, four others were drawn to the scene. A certain hoot close after a shot usually means bear or large seal, and consequently meat. We put lines around the carcass and hoisted it on the ice. Then it was cut up in eight pieces weighing about 200 pounds each. I received the head. The liver is as fine as any calves', but having no receptacle to carry it home I asked one of the natives to carry it home for me. He answered, "All right; you give me 50 cents." I felt like taking all the meat away from him and throwing it and him into the water. Thus, altho having just received 200 pounds of meat, the sense of gratitude never enters the mind of an Eskimo when dealing with a stranger.

When entering the village I took the place of honor, second in line, the man with the tail bringing up the rear.

Ice conditions change very rapidly here in Bering Strait. Every morning required new tactics in hunting and every day different obstacles and dangers had to be overcome. One morning the ice was a mass of slush, only here and there a small floe or hummock presenting the appearance of an oasis in a vast, wide expanse of a foggy, mist-covered, clammy, white desert.

In this slushy, mushy ice there are no open spaces of water, and it can be



ETIQUETTE SHOWING SECOND MAN HAS KILLED BOTH SEALS.

THE long winter evenings inspire the dyed-in-the-wool recreationist to reminiscences of the past, and to a delightful anticipation of formulating plans for next season's joy. As spring opens, the wanderlust permeates his whole being at the accidental mention of a name which savors of the wilderness or mayhap by running across some item of duffle which brings out the old outfit and from then on delightful hours are spent in rehauling in preparation for use. Never a season has been spent without alteration—some pet foible dropped from the list of supposedly necessary items and some new wrinkle substituted which boils the equipment down to that irreducible minimum which the touchstone of experience has taught is irrevocable.

Usage is the only truthful dictator as to what is essential for greatest utility. Sporting goods catalogues are useful for learning where to get things, but *what* to get is best governed by ideas gained by followers of the trails themselves—facts gleaned from hard experience. In such a consideration utility should be the slogan, never convention. I have adopted equipment which serves me well; yet, there are many sportsmen who have not the courage to use some items just because they are unconventional.

A NEW clothing idea gleaned from Arctic experience and one which bids fair to be widely adopted by the outdoor fraternity, is the hooded shirt called the Parka. When John Chinaman wore his shirt in the customary loose waist fashion and appeared before his employer one cold morning saying "Belly cold," he was admonished that if he would wear his shirt inside his pants his "belly wouldn't get cold"; he simply suggested something to an individual which upset conventional ideas of dress. The Parka is worn outside and for very good reasons it won't let the wearer get cold.

The average sportsman emphasizes his choice of food more than that of clothing and bedding, yet a wilderness trip necessitates a proper selection of all if he be ready for any exigency that may arise. Several sorts of weather are in the category of the camper and for protection against all with as little weight and bulk of clothes as is possible is the problem that is solved by adopting the Parka. One may be in active exercise in dry, still 45-below-zero cold; again he may be physically inactive in a 20-below-zero gale on open water, or again caught in a day-long cold rain, wet snows and sudden weather changes when travel is absolutely necessary and each demands ample protection which the Parka furnishes if it is made of proper materials to suit the purpose.

DID it ever occur to you that clothing you wear does not "per se" produce warmth—neither heavy wool nor any weight of cotton produces heat—it is the human body that manufactures heat: clothes merely act as heat retainers—they are envelopes to prevent rapid emanation of heat and insulate the body temperature against outside changes which would influence the dissemination of heat.

The Indispensable Parka

[Field & Stream, Jan. 1920]

By
Claude
P.
Fordyce

The secret of body warmth then is to secure non-conducting fabrics whose index of absorption is lowest and these are always of animal origin—fur is the best, woollens next, silk is good and cotton lowest. Fur holds a great amount of confined air as does also loosely woven wool. In fur we get the desirable dead air spaces, in several layers of thin wool fabric we get the same, but cotton rapidly

draws out the heat and moisture from beneath and emanates it to the outside.

THE production of body heat is ample when a man is in active exercise. Our problem is to conserve it and it is best done thus: Next the skin wear loose wool and to prevent the wind and low temperatures striking this wear a windproof Parka of cotton drill or pongee silk. If you wish an ideal rainproof garment make the Parka of balloon silk—white, tan or green. It won't protect your pack but the pack-sack should be waterproof also.

Interesting experiences with the Parka under guise of its various aliases in different portions of the Land of the Great White Silences are related. Dr. Frank Russell in his explorations in the Far North describes a rain frock seen at Cape Tchaplín, called the Massinka Rain Coat. It is a frock of seal intestine ornamented with narrow strips of the fur seal on the shoulders and hood and with the hair of the young seal sewed upon the outside of the seams elsewhere. The hood is small and close-fitting. The strips of intestine are four inches wide and six feet long—the garment being three feet across at the waist. There are eight breadths in front, making it 32 inches long. It is very light and flexible and perfectly waterproof.

THE Kooletah or fur jacket with no buttons, going on over the head, is a description given by Robert E. Peary. In summer it is made of sealskin and in winter of fox or deer skin. His own was made of Michigan sheepskin. Attached to this jacket is a hood, and around the face is a thick roll made of fox tails. Ponting of Captain Scott's Antarctic Expedition says that for the Antarctic wool is better than fur, and this should be covered with a thin windbreak. The Parka is here again suggested as the ideal body covering.

All properly made clothing for extremely cold countries should be very large and adjusted so it can be readily removed, is the observation of Lieut. Waugh. The fur Parka is a garment made like a large hooded shirt coming to the knees, the edge of the hood having a ruff of wolverine, wolf or bear to protect the face (wolverine being the best as it is the only fur upon which the breath will not congeal) and it is the most practical garment yet devised for Arctic work. This Parka is made of reindeer summer skin (the winter skin sheds too badly) or squirrel skin. It is worn with the fur outside and is lined with fur or some material which will allow it to slip off and on easily.

THE drill Parka, which is used to break the wind, is made on the same model only larger as it is at times worn as the outermost garment of all. These fur Parkas are seldom used by those who are experienced. When working on the trail they are held in reserve until camp is reached or until the trail is good and riding is possible. When pushing on handle bars or running behind the sled, the Parka would be too hot and would cause perspiration to start—the



The Alaska Parka.

cause of inevitable chilling for nearly every death in the Arctic is from getting too warm or wet and not from excessive cold.

Anthony Fiala uses a Parka of pongee silk which successfully keeps out flying drift and wind. During halts he takes off his Parka and puts on another heavier fur shirt and then the Parka over all. There should be no opening in front as cold air goes in between the flaps. It is best to use a llama wool sweater and over it a light closely woven pongee silk Parka like the hide of fur to keep the heat in and the cold out. Parker on his Mount McKinley climb wore such a one and found it quite satisfactory.

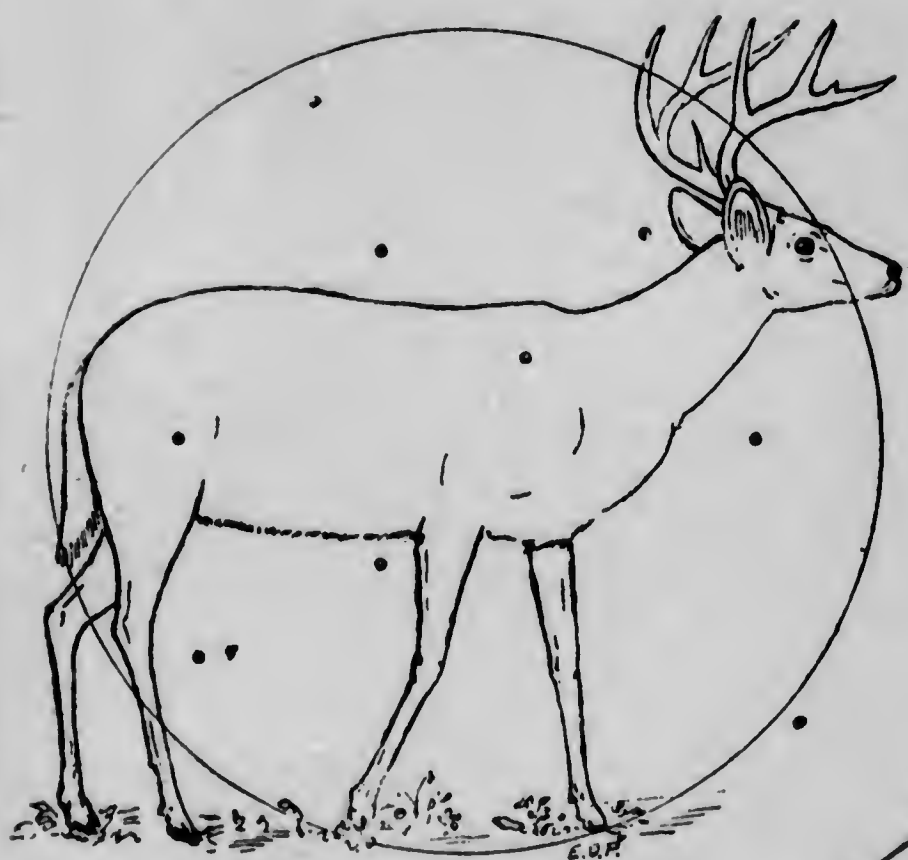
ANY seamstress who can cut and make an ordinary work shirt can make an Adickey (Parka) if your outfitter cannot supply you, Dillon Wallace asserts. The garment is slipped over the head like a shirt and has a hood attached to draw on over the cap as a neck and head protection. The neck opening is large enough to permit the head to pass through it without the necessity of a buttoned

opening in front for, no matter how closely buttoned a garment may be, drifting snow will find its way in. In length the Adickey reaches half-way between the hip and knees and is made circular at the bottom. The hood should be of ample proportion to pull over the cap loosely with a drawstring encircling the front by which it may be drawn snugly to the face. A fringe of muskrat or other fur around the face increases the comfort—the fur acting against the drifting snow. While Hudsons Bay Kersey Cloth is a favorite fabric for this garment, it may be made of any woolen duffle or similar cloth.

OVER the kersey Adickey another Adickey of some smooth faced strong material (preferably moleskin) should be worn. This outside Adickey should be, of course, just enough larger than the kersey or blanket Adickey to fit over it loosely. The Adickeys may be worn singly or together, according to the demands of the weather. In far Greenland the natives wear an Adickey of caribou skin hairside out called the "Kulutah"—in Labrador the "Kulutuk."

So good a mountaineer as Miss Dora Keen recommends that the drill Parka become a necessary addition to the equipment of all serious alpinists. On knapsack trips and woods cruising as well as in general mountaineering I have used the Parka and it "stays in" as an integral part of my high efficiency pack kit and I am thus ready for any weather emergency which the Red Gods may pit me against. The weight of 25 ounces is of slight consequence and when worn it allows freedom of movement and ample body protection equaling many pounds of blankets.

THE unconventional Parka costume savors of generations of trail mushers in the region of the Great White Silences. It was born of necessity just as the old rivermen and lumberjacks "staggered" their pants and shirts; just as the Alaska miner used sour dough instead of baking powder; as Nessmuk made his famous dope for the "no see ems" and the Indians fashioned their teepee tents so they could use fires within. Necessity is the mother of invention.



A typical buckshot pattern at 80 yards

The deer would receive two very slight wounds, and would run away as if nothing had happened. Each pellet has an energy of only 114 foot pounds. A .30-30 bullet hits about eleven times as hard at the same range.

MORE than three hundred years ago, when firearms were just beginning to supplant spears and arrows as weapons of the chase, buckshot made its appearance. The crude smooth-bore blunderbuss was loaded with a whole handful of heavy balls or

slugs, in order to increase the chance of hitting the game.

Two centuries later the rifle came into general use for hunting big game, and the smooth-bore was loaded with fine shot for birds. But larger pellets, or buckshot, were still used in smooth-bore guns for shooting large animals. And even to-day, in nearly every locality where deer are hunted, buckshot is frequently employed.

The inefficiency of buckshot, as compared to the rifle, has long been recognized. Nearly all the leading gun authorities denounce its use on the ground that it cripples more deer than it kills. As far back as 1882 Theodore Van Dyke, one



A typical buckshot pattern at 40 yards

The deer would be badly wounded, but would probably get away. The two pellets in the flank are too far back to prove fatal, and the one in the shoulder would fail to break the heavy bones. The other shot would make only a trivial wound. Each pellet has an energy of 139 foot pounds, somewhat less than a .25 rim fire rifle bullet, which is considered about right for rabbits.

of the greatest deer hunters that ever lived, wrote that he considered the use of buckshot "an outrage and a sin."

Grammatical Fundamentals of the Innuït Language, as Spoken by the Eskimo of the Western Coast of Alaska. By FRANCIS BARNUM, S.J. Boston: Ginn & Co., 1901. xxv + 347 pp., 8°.

Among the aboriginal languages of North America scarcely one is richer in grammatic forms than the Eskimo. In this language but little distinction is made between the noun and the verb; that which we call the verb in Eskimo is inflected like a noun and comes nearest to the participle of Aryan languages, the subject pronoun preceding it being not a predicative but a possessive term. Thus, *tikipu-kut*, "we have arrived," in Greenland Eskimo, is literally "our having arrived." From almost every Eskimo noun one or more verbs can be formed by appending verbifying suffixes.

Although spoken throughout a vast territory, the Eskimo dialects do not differ extremely among themselves, although the contrary might be assumed from the great distances which separate them. The syntax is based on the possessive idea and not on the predicative as with us; the subjective and the objective cases (of the direct object) differ but little one from the other, but the cases referring to space (locative) are well defined and numerous, for we have the localis in *-me*, the ablative in *-mit*, the vialis or prosecutive in *-kut*, the terminalis in *-mut*, the modalis in *-mik*, and the comparative in *-tut*. Besides these cases the nominal inflection has a genitive. All this refers to the Greenland dialect, whereas in the Tununa the case suffixes are somewhat different. Considering that these endings differ for the plural, again for the dual, and again for the transitive or objective form and for the intransitive, it may truly be said that these Eskimo dialects are well provided with cases.

The Tununa dialect of Eskimo, to which the following data refer, is the subject of the work of Father Barnum, who resided as a missionary for eight years on Nelson island, opposite Nunivak, on the eastern or Alaskan coast of Bering sea. Father Barnum uses an alphabet of fifteen vowels, three diphthongs, and seventy-one consonants for the purpose of transcribing the Eskimo, and with four or five exceptions these eighty-nine sounds seem to be readily pronounceable by us. The alphabet is in part Father Barnum's own invention, but he states that he would have used that of the Bureau of American Ethnology had it reached him in time. The consonants do not occur in profusion, and in the spoken sentence they are perfectly balanced by the vowels; therefore this northern dialect is rather soft and smooth, and in every respect is more musical than the Tinné or Athapascan dialects of the Canadian interior; indeed, it is even more pleasing to the ear than English.

To record all the forms of verbal inflection in any Eskimo dialect is a herculean task; but Father Barnum accomplished it, although not entirely to his satisfaction. His list of verbal modes (that is, adverbial or other elements modifying, specializing, or determining the function of the verb and of nouns derived from the verb), is another noteworthy accomplishment. But we become familiar with the very life of the idiom when we read the native stories with their translations and the compiler's commentary where personified animals are introduced. The vocabulary, comprising five thousand or more words, appears in syllabicated form, with the emphasis noted on each vocable.

In Tununa there is no distinction between masculine and feminine gender in the pronoun, noun, or verb. Reduplication of the radical syllable, the great root-builder in other aboriginal American languages, is not known in Tununa, which also does not have any prefixes or infixes to the root, suffixion being the only means of "developing" the radix. Emphasis has a tendency to keep itself in the middle of the longer words, though accentuation of the first syllable is not unusual. The numeral system is quinary-vigesimal.

A. S. GATSCHET.

Notas d'um pae as creanças. BERNADINO MACHADO. Coimbra: Imprensa da Universidade, 1901. 511 pp.

These "Notes of a Father" are written in pleasing style with epigrammatic comments on the adult phenomena corresponding to the facts and fancies of childhood. They are imbued with the true scientific and democratic spirit. The author is professor of anthropology in the University of Coimbra, Portugal, and one of the best known educators and men of science in southern Europe. He has also been a cabinet minister, and his knowledge of political life adds to the wit and wisdom of the book, which is well worth reading for its genial humanity alone, quite apart from its contributions to the study of the child.

ALEXANDER F. CHAMBERLAIN.

Am. Anthropologist, Vol. 9, No. 11, Nov. 1896

THE ESKIMO AND THEIR WRITTEN LANGUAGE

CHARLES HALLOCK

The name Eskimo, which is applied to the Innuits of the circumpolar region, is the Danish way of spelling a word of the Abnaki Indians of Lower Canada, which, in the language of that tribe, signifies "Eaters of raw meat." The early French explorers spelled it Esquimaux, as first given by Father Charlevoix, a pioneer missionary, who emigrated to Canada, which was then called New France, in the seventeenth century, but the Danish orthography has gradually supplanted it and will hereafter stand, as it is phonetic, simpler, and quicker to write. Besides, the Danish civilization has been dominant for many years in those regions, with which traders and travelers are most familiar.

It would appear that some Abnaki Indians, among whom the Reverend Charlevoix had settled, chanced to wander as far north as upper Labrador, and upon their return they reported to the father the finding of a new race of people, whose distinctive characteristic was, as has been stated, that they ate their meat raw. This is the origin of the appellation, according to Father Barnum, an eminent linguist and missionary, who has been engaged during the last five years among the Innuits of western Alaska in the important and stupendous work of reducing the Innuits tongue to a written language, a work which, in the reverend gentleman's own words, is scarcely begun. His vocabulary, so far as he has prepared it, already embraces upward of 7,000 words, and his grammar covers 250 closely written pages of foolscap. He declares that the language of the Innuits is distinctly *sui generis*, and has not the slightest resemblance to any other known language in the world. He says:

"In reducing it to a written tongue we have adopted the Latin alphabet as far as possible, but there are certain sounds which are next to impossible to produce with any combination of vowels and consonants, either in Latin or English. One peculiarity of the language is the marvelous regularity of its verbs; there is but one form of them, and an irregular verb is something we have yet to find. Their favorite letter is 'k,' and the most used syllable is 'ok.'" A glance over any of the books we have recently had printed in their tongue will show either one or the other,

and frequently both, entering into the orthography of almost every word. The formation of the negative in verbs is a marked peculiarity of the language, consisting of the insertion of the syllable 'nra' between the verbal stem and its termination. There is no gender, but the dual number exists and is strictly used. All nouns are inflected and there are seven cases to bewilder the brain of the student. Relative pronouns are never used except in one or two instances. Instead of saying 'the person who went away,' we say in Innuait 'the went person away.' The language is very figurative and fairly abounds in metaphorical expressions, making it extremely beautiful and capable of expressing much sentiment. In their songs the subject is invariably of nature, rather than of the chase. The tunes are a weird sort of chant, and possess a peculiar melody I have never heard in any other country. I can scarcely hope to finish the work for many years to come, but trust when it is completed it will take rank alongside the other languages of the world and be of use to the generations as yet unborn."

Doubtless it will prove of equal value with the invention of the Arabic type by Rev. Dr Eli and Homan Hallock, missionary printer to Smyrna in the early part of this century.

During Mr Barnum's residence at Akularak inlet on the Yukon delta, which is only two hours' journey from Bering sea, he has labored unceasingly to better the condition of those among whom he lives and for whom he seems to have a far higher respect than whalers, sealers, traders, and chance explorers have been accustomed to accord to them—a people, he says, who are a race as distinctively as are the English or French, possessing a language of their own and abounding in traditional legends and folklore. It is commonly believed that the Innuits were originally from Japan, but Reverend Barnum insists that this theory can be easily exploded, and that they are beyond all reasonable doubt one of the oldest races in the world, and as such should be entitled to the respectful consideration of every ethnological student. Evidently he is much impressed. At all events, he is likely in the course of his deep philological research to be able to establish some of his postulates as facts, if they can be established at all, for the father speaks not only the language of the country, but Greek, Latin, English, French, German, Spanish, Polish, and Russian, and it was through his facility in learning languages that he has been prompted to undertake what will probably prove a life-work. He has an ecclesiastical commission from the head of the Greek Church.

sands in its rays at times and suffuses these grottoes with tints of pale green or rose, rivalling in beauty the Blue Grotto of Capri, and changing the cave into a veritable fairy-land. At various places barricade walls impede the progress of the visitor, which were, it is said, constructed in times of war. The Peabody Museum sent its first expedition to explore this wonderful recess in November, 1888, the second in December, 1890, when Marshall H. Saville, now a scientist of the New York American Museum of Natural History, assisted Mr Thompson in the explorations. Photographs were secured in ample numbers here (as well as in the chultunes of Labná) to fix all the important details of the objects seen or discovered. The vertical wall of one chamber was covered to the height of 6 feet with lines of hieroglyphs, and single calculiform characters are visible everywhere on boulders, niches, cavities, and wall-corners, which may at a future day disclose the date or chronology of the earliest engravings. The objects of art and manufacture found in the chambers are balls, potsherds, bone-needles, discs and beads of all shapes and dimensions, obsidian and flint knives and scrapers, flint arrowheads, perforated stones, mullers, and human teeth. Upon the eight photographic plates of the fascicle not only the more noteworthy finds of implements are reproduced, but especial care was devoted to the rendering of the inscriptions, these being the most important objects to the Maya archeologist; their surroundings are not wanting in picturesqueness; the row of stalactites from inscription chamber No. 3 forms quite an attraction.

Titles.—Memoirs (of the) Peabody Museum of American Archæology and Ethnology, Harvard University. Cambridge: Printed by the Museum. 1897. Quarto. Illustrated.

Vol. I, No. 2: Cave of Loltun, Yucatan. Report of Explorations by the Museum, 1888-'89 and 1890-'91. By Edward H. Thompson. Pp. 24 and 8 plates.

Vol. I, No. 3: The chultunes of Labná, Yucatan. Report of Explorations by the Museum, 1888-'89 and 1890-'91. By Edward H. Thompson. Pp. 20 and 13 plates.

A. S. GATSCHET.

AN ESKIMO "KASHIM."—Nearly all of the extensive coast line which Alaska presents was originally held by various Eskimo

tribes. All along the northern and western coasts, throughout the Aleutian islands, stretching away off to the southwest, and up the southern coast the Eskimo held undisputed sway until they reached the mouth of Copper river and the region around Mt St Elias. Here they were met by Indian tribes who held the remainder of the southern coast and the archipelago to the southeastward.

Under the Russian occupancy of Alaska all the natives along the southern and southwestern coasts and on the adjacent islands were completely subjugated. Those peoples now living on the last-named coasts and islands are known as "creoles"—a cross between the native and the Russian. It is seldom that a full-blood native is seen. Likewise it is seldom that one can find a custom now practiced that is purely *native* in all its features. The old Eskimo traditions and customs and the traditions and customs brought over by a low grade of Russians seem to be intermixed.

But if a traveler goes up the western and northern coasts, as well as inland, he gets farther and farther away from Russian influence, until at last the native Eskimo or Indian is found. At old Fort St Michaels, 700 miles up the western coast of Alaska, is an Eskimo village. The people are to a great degree still purely Eskimo in their physical organizations as well as in their traditions and customs. This is the first village in which a regular Eskimo "kashim" or dance-house is to be found. Even here this old relic of barbarism is rapidly falling into decay through neglect and lack of repairs.

This northern Eskimo "kashim" corresponds in some respects to the "estufa" of our southwestern Indians. In villages untouched by white men the males, when not at work, all congregate in the kashim to sleep and while away the time, leaving the native houses in the possession of the women, who carry food to their lords and masters in the kashim, but enter at no other times except for certain dances. Strangers and visitors—men—live in the kashim, cook their own food there, or are served by some women in the village. I had hard work to find this particular building, for the natives will not tell a white person which one of the many dugouts is their kashim. However, I found it to be a trifle larger than their ordinary house and, what seemed strange, no apparent opening into the building.

The structure itself is about 8 feet high, half under ground, about 15 feet square, flat roof, with a square hole in the center covered with transparent seal intestine. A walrus skin is often thrown over this window, thus excluding light as well as air, for there is no other direct opening into the building. The sides above the ground are built up of sod and dirt, and the roof is simply dirt heaped over poles which are laid closely together. In front of the kashim a low, narrow, and dark entry or passageway is built out for 8 feet. As one enters this passageway through the narrow door and goes with bent shoulders to the other end he runs plump up against the solid wall; no door is there. In the floor of the passageway, however, is a round hole somewhat larger than a man's body and about $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet deep. A man drops into this hole, squats down, and then crawls on his hands and knees through an underground tunnel, somewhat sloping, emerging finally into a good-sized square hole which is dug down into the ground in the center of the kashim. This hole or pit also serves as a fireplace, and the tunnel as a chimney and air-draft. As roaring big fires are built in there, the smoke partially fills the building. Around this pit is some sort of a floor or hard earth surface, where the men walk and stand. Built all around the four sides are raised benches of earth, covered with boards or walrus hide, on which the men sit and sleep, each person having his own skins or sleeping bag. Four lamps, one on each side of the pit, are supported by slender stems of bone or wood stuck firmly into the ground floor. On top of each stem is a rounding bowl for seal oil or whale blubber. A moss wick is put into the bowl and then lighted at one end.

Just imagine being in this den with no light except that coming through the intestine window, or more likely coming from the rancid oil lamps, a big fire in the pit, the room full of smoke, too hot to wear fur clothing, the benches crowded with naked men—it is a regular smoke and steam bath.

When the time comes for a big dance they get the room intensely hot and close, an outsider rakes all the fire and ashes out through the flue or tunnel, and the pit is covered with boards or with poles covered with moss and grass matting, thus making an entire floor. Musicians (always men) with their tom-toms sit tailor-fashion on the bench on one side of the room. The dancers, usually men, though at certain times women, stripped

to the waist or entirely nude, stand around the side or dance in the center, one at a time, until nearly exhausted. The dance usually lasts all night or longer, for it is protracted just so long as the dancers can stand up. Either just before the dance or while it is in progress the men take a bath. They have bowls hollowed out of wood, each holding about two quarts, filled with urine, which has been saved up for days for this purpose. The men bathe in this, holding a mouth-piece between their teeth to keep the ammonia out of mouth and nostrils, meanwhile striking their bodies with a bunch of a dozen and more twigs or switches tied together. This mouth-piece is made by taking a slender piece of wood, a little longer than the mouth, notching it for the teeth, and then twisting a large bunch of dry grass all around the wood, except the side, which is left free to be grasped between the teeth. The tom-toms are a sort of rude tamborine with handles, having seal intestine tightly stretched across the round frame of wood or bone. The musician holds the tom-tom up in one hand and beats it with a slender club, his monotonous "yi-yi-yi-yi" and slight swaying of the body keeping time with his beating.

A dance had been held in the St Michael's kashim but a short time before I entered it. There were some ashes and half-burnt wood in the pit, a little oil in one lamp, a bowl partly full of urine, and a number of mouth-pieces and switches lying about. The men have also made an easier way to get into and out of the kashim. The tunnel is still there, but a hole on a level with the ground, and just large enough for a person lying on his stomach to wiggle through, has been made at the end of the passageway through the dirt wall of the kashim.

ANNA FULCOMER.

A STRIKING PECULIARITY in the Nicobarese system of numeration is that in counting cocoanuts, money, and birds'-nests the natives of the central and southern groups reckon by pairs, scores, and four-hundreds. Some of the other groups reckon also by two-hundreds, two-thousands, four-thousands, and twenty-thousands. The counting by pairs is due to the practice of tying two cocoanuts together by means of a strip of the husk of each for convenience in carrying.—*Indian Antiquary*, August, 1897.

UPERNAVIK, GREENLAND, THE NORTHERNMOST CIVILIZED TOWN, IS ABSOLUTELY ISOLATED FROM THE REST OF THE WORLD.



THE PEOPLE OF THE FARTHEST NORTH.

BY FREDERICK A. COOK, M.D.,

Author of "Through the First Antarctic Night."



A BOY OF FOUR.

HUMAN life differs somewhat, but not fundamentally, with the parallels of latitude. The man who lives near the Equator appears at first sight a very different creature from the one who exists near the North Pole, but upon closer acquaintance one finds the difference mostly superficial. The deeper human sentiments and physical characteristics are very much the same among all kinds and conditions of men, from pole to pole. The differences so readily detected by the eye—such as color, size, and temperament—are due mostly to the race tendencies, and are only slightly changed by cli-

mate or environment. The negro in the Arctic retains all of his native peculiarities, and I believe the Eskimo, if compelled to live at the Equator, would remain essentially an Eskimo in all of his important race qualities.

Lieutenant Peary, in his present effort to reach the North Pole, has pitched his most southern camp among the people farthest north. In the work of the gallant Peary and his assistants, the finer qualities of these northernmost people have been brought out in a remarkable manner. So superior have been their habits of life to those of the white



GIVE ME SOME CANDY?



OOTONIAH, A GREAT HUNTER, AND FAITHFUL FRIEND OF LIEUTENANT PEARY.



AN ESKIMO MAIDEN AT THE AGE OF TWELVE, WHEN SHE BEGINS TO RECEIVE MALE ATTENTION.

men in the Arctic, that Peary, his men, and even his colored helper have gradually adopted the Eskimo mode of life. They wear Eskimo clothing, use Eskimo tactics in hunting, travel with Eskimo sledges and outfits, and even eat Eskimo food. These same people, the Eskimos, have been regarded as dwarfs, mentally, physically, and morally. Their manner of life has always been viewed with an air of disgust, but one finds gems, even in the muddiest places.

The northern Eskimos number two hundred and fifty souls. They are isolated from all the rest of the world by stormy, ice-encumbered waters, and an over-land sea of ice, and though immensely inquisitive about other people and other countries, their superstitions and limited means of transportation are such that they are held within narrow confines. They roam about from rock to rock, and from ice to ice, along the shoreline of Greenland, from the seventy-sixth to the seventy-ninth parallel. The land is to them only a resting-place; their real habitat is upon the frozen sea. In the few months of summer, when the heat of the sun sends glacial streams in falls and torrents from the icy heights, they live in skin tents. In winter, through the long dayless nights, they live under banks of snow, in an underground hut made of stone, bone, and turf. In the spring

and fall, when in the chase of seal and walrus, they construct a hut with blocks of snow; thus they overcome the tendency to a monotonous life by constant changes in their camps.

Their Eskimo home, viewed from the standpoint of local needs, is a well-organized institution. Indeed, it is about the only part of their life which can be said to be organized and systematized, since disorder, freedom from conventionalities, and independence are characteristic traits of every Eskimo. As we first saw this wilderness of domestic life, we were heartily disgusted with our neighbors. We could not understand how human beings could subsist and extricate anything worth living for, in an irregular dungeon, less than ten feet in its longest diameter, hardly affording standing room, and with bits of stone and ice for furniture. The luxurious Caucasian loses all sense of proportion as he first views this home, but after he is compelled to undergo the life of hardship and suffering which is the lot of his Eskimo friends, he learns to regard this dark chamber as a kind of paradise. He forgets his own palatial home, and feels real comfort and spiritual elation, snugly tucked under furs, as the freezing wind and snow rush over his head. After all, everything in life is good or bad by comparison. In the tropics, the main am-

bition is to find a cool place, but in the polar regions a heaven would be a sheltered place with a fiery breeze, instead.

We can best understand the function of this home life by following a family in one of its periodic migrations. A man by the name of Ingapodoo, regarded as a great hunter by his comrades, decided to pitch his winter home far away to the northward. He had always been fairly successful in the chase, and his neighbors shared with him the benefits of his spoils (for such is the custom of the people), but during the previous season ill-luck had followed him. His fellow-friends had secured seals, reindeers, bears, and foxes, but Ingapodoo had bagged next to nothing. He ascribed his failure to the influence of certain spirits, supposed to be directed by a neighbor who was not very friendly with him.



SOUTH GREENLAND WOMAN AND CHILDREN.
New styles in decoration.



SOUTH GREENLANDERS—MAN AND WIFE.
The first touch of civilization affects the dress.

Late in September the last birds went southward, and early in October the ice was sufficiently thick to carry a train of sledges. Ingapodoo was a man with a large family, and he had always been a liberal provider, proud of the fat, well-fed appearance of his wife and children in their warm fur garments. The family had a new suit every year, but now the awful winter, with its cold and darkness, was upon them. They shivered in their old skin-bare furs, while their more fortunate neighbors were displaying their new suits of blue fox and white bear. Such poverty was new to him, and his wild pride was such that he would not ask or accept help from his friends. Fired by a wounded vanity, he packed all of his belongings upon two sledges, and without even hinting to his friends, without a parting good-by or a hand-shake, he harnessed his five dogs one moonlight night, slipped down over the ice-pack, and started on a march of three hundred miles to the more desolate, but more promising North Land.

As the shadows of the huge cliff faded, under which he had so long camped, the



POO-AD-LUNA, A BOY OF EIGHTEEN, ONE OF THE LIONS OF THE FAR NORTH.



A STRANDED ICEBERG, PHOTOGRAPHED AT MIDNIGHT.

village dogs sent up a blood-chilling howl, which woke up the town people. Soon there appeared before each little white mound, which marked the site of an igloo, a series of black dots. These were inquisitive Eskimos, half-dressed, who came out to see the cause of the canine commotion. Quickly it was understood that Ingapodoo had left; that the happy family, so long a part of their limited circle, had gone elsewhere to seek their fortunes, but not one knew of their prospective destination, not even Koo-loo-ting-wah, a rising youth, whose heart was set on Tung-wing-wah, a coy maiden of fifteen who vanished with the parting family.

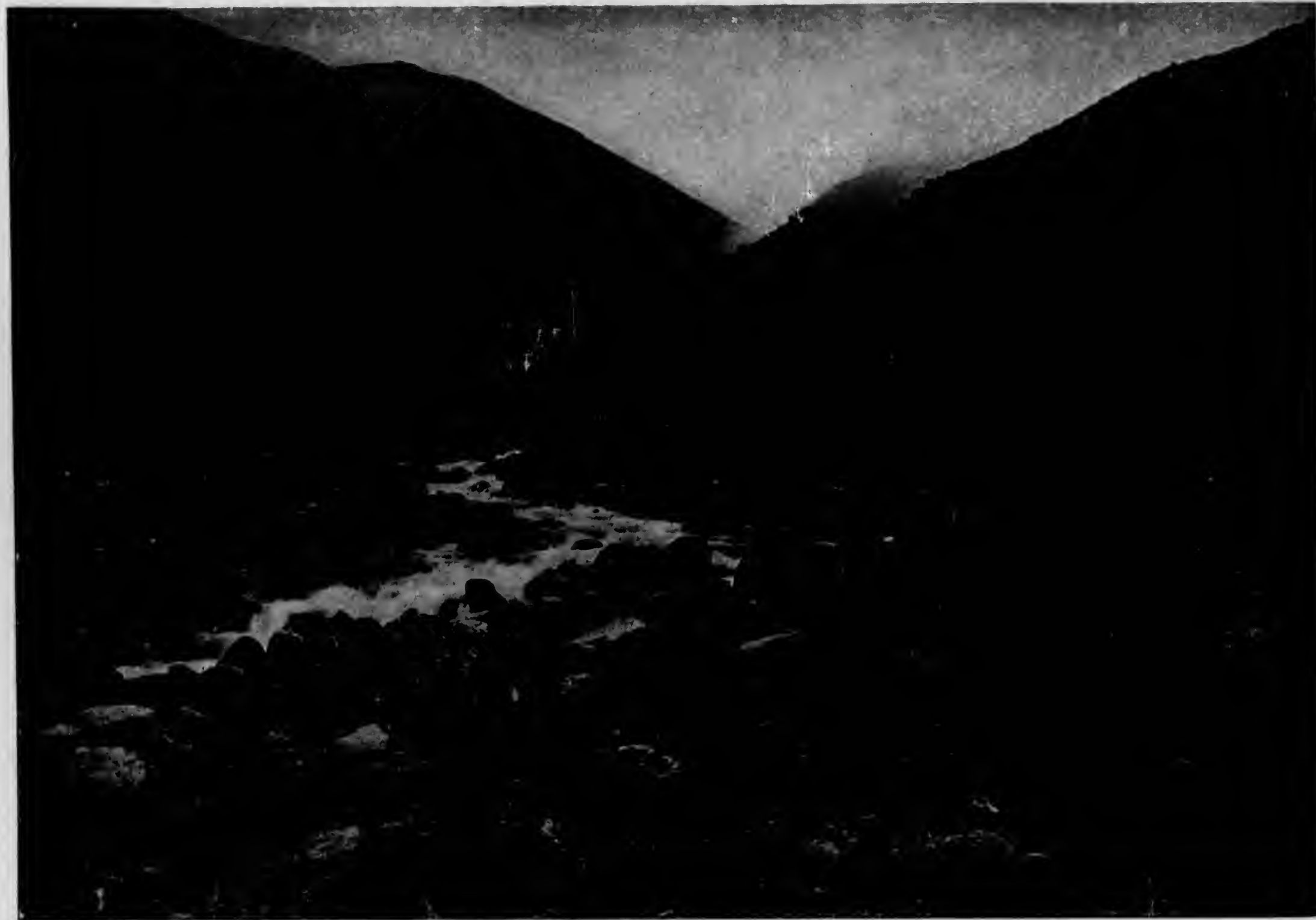


INGAPODOO, FATHER OF POO-AD-LUNA.

Im-nong-a-nome, the old home with its cherished delights, faded away as the sledges slipped over the new ice beyond the first headland. Now the great white surface of the frozen sea rose from point to point, the moon gradually sank northward, and a cheerful pink glow streamed over the icebergs southward. The father with the oldest daughter walked behind the first sledge. To this sledge were attached three dogs. The second sledge was drawn by two dogs and driven by Poo-ad-luna, a boy of eighteen. By his side walked the mother, Ey-too-sach-soe, carrying upon her back a girl of two years, while two little boys, lashed to the



ONE OF MILLIONS OF ICEBERGS WHICH DRIFT OVER THE ARCTIC SEA.



A GLACIAL STREAM, THROUGH ROCKS AND FLOWER-BEDS, NEAR PEARY'S NORTHERNMOST BASE ON THE GREENLAND SIDE.



THE KAYAK, OR SKIN CANOE.

sledges, completed the family group. Thus the father, mother, five hungry children, and five famished dogs snaked around the hummocks with eager eyes in every direction for game.

They urged the dogs on, and pushed at the sledges and walked over the endless expanse of ice without food or drink for forty-eight hours. At noon the train halted; the dogs sank restfully upon the ice. The mother got out a stone dish, upon which blubber was burned, and over this a stone bowl was suspended full of snow. It took about two hours to melt enough snow for a tiny sip of water for each. During this time the family bunched themselves closely together, and in the feeble, slanting rays of the parting sun, they dozed with an air of peaceful contentment. Drink and sleep are indispensable in the Arctic. One can do without food for a time, but water must always be at hand, and an occasional sleep must ease the overworked body; otherwise, life would become quite hopeless.

Soon after two o'clock the sun groped under the ice-sheeted land southward; then followed the long purple twilight, which is the warning of the coming winter night.

The air, which had been fairly warm during the noon sunbursts, now became icy, and in order to keep from freezing they must now stir along at a lively pace. In the silvery moonlight, which crept softly on them after the long twilight, the dogs suddenly scented a fox track, and quickly followed it seaward over the dangerous new ice. But when the dogs found a bear track, their excitement was beyond control. The women and children were left behind a hummock. With tails and ears up and noses down the dogs followed the track to the edge of the pack-ice, where a sight of the roaring sea ended the chase. With ears now drooping, tails down, and heads up, the hungry creatures turned landward. Soon, however, they stopped short and sniffled the air, turned their heads toward the east, and listened. Only Ingapodoo and Poo-ad-luna were on the sledges, and they, too, were anxiously watching. A little later they heard the breathing of a seal, puffing like a steam jet through a small opening in the new ice. The dogs were loosened from the sledges and tied to a post of ice. Then the father crept slowly and quietly to the seal-hole, and after the concealed animal blew again,



THE ARCTIC COAST IN SUMMER.



IN BLUE FOX-SKIN GARMENTS. MANÉ AND HER TWO-YEAR-OLD BABY.

he located him and sent his harpoon through the little blow-hole into the seal's back. Holding the wiggling victim, he beckoned to his son to come. With a knife the ice was chipped about the hole until it was large enough, when the seal was dragged out and placed upon the sledge, and the hunters proudly returned to the hummock, where the rest of the family waited. The ice was such here that they could not camp to satisfy their empty stomachs, so they continued their march to a safer place.

It was nearly eleven o'clock the next day before the sun rose. In the twilight preceding, Ingapodoo had noticed, under the flush of the dawn, a spot on the land where there seemed to be snow of a sufficiently

substantial character to permit the construction of a snow house. But on closer approach the snow proved to be too soft to make solid blocks. The old skin tent was then unpacked and pitched upon a rock. Together they all made preparations for a great feast, a sort of recompense for a fast of seventy-two hours. The seal was undressed and distributed, the dogs receiving their portion first, the women and children next, and the hunters last. For nearly a week the family camped here. They ate, drank, and slept heartily, which means perfect happiness to the Eskimo. The family indulged in this luxurious absorption until the last of the seal was gone, cheerfully oblivious of the famine which was sure to come. This is typical of Eskimo life; they are satisfied and contented while food lasts, but it is not until the famine has actually begun that they begin a serious hunt.

Now, again Ingapodoo started his train over the frozen sea, but the light was fading, the darkness was thickening fast, and the cold was so intense that it was difficult



IN A BIRD-SKIN SHIRT.

to stop even at midday to melt snow for a drink. Their food was gone, and for three days their search for game was unsuccessful. On the fourth day they followed a bear track, which took them to Netulume, a town of three underground houses, inhabited by twenty Eskimos. This was near a point of land where the ice was greatly fissured, and here whales and walrus were now to be captured during most of the winter. The Netulume people had been lucky enough to secure several large animals, which gave them food and fuel in abundance for many months.

Ingapodoo came along with his family in miserable clothing, his dogs so starved that they no longer kept the traces tight even while walking. The starved human figures staggered along as best they could. The village dogs announced the coming visitors with the usual howl, and quickly every man, woman, and child hurried out of the long passages from the huts and stood outside watching the coming Eskimos. The poor creatures, who had been for days without food, were hardly able to mount the ice pack from the sea to the land, but curious enough, not one of the fat, well-dressed natives above offered to help the newcomers. Later, as they met face to face, not a word of greeting was exchanged, nor were the visitors invited into the homes out of the icy wind, then blowing in gales. It was well known that Ingapodoo and his family were starving; still, not a morsel of food was offered them by their new neighbors from their overstocked larder. These people were friendly to each other, and there was no reason for this apparent inhospitable treatment. This suspicious neutrality in meet-

ing betrays a curious series of Eskimo traits. There are no parting or salutory greetings, and visitors are never invited to partake of neighborly hospitality. If an Eskimo is hungry he must help himself or ask for food. This being done, however,



A YOUNG MOTHER. IN THE HOOD IS A VERY YOUNG BABY, WHICH WEARS ONLY A HOOD FOR THE FIRST YEAR, AND RESTS AGAINST THE SKIN OF HER MOTHER.

the last strip of meat will be given a visitor even if their own starvation be inevitable.

At Netulume, Ingapodoo lived well, and, like a camel, he laid a good stock of fat and muscle under his skin. With bodies well rounded, but still badly clothed, Ingapodoo's family continued their weary march northward. Now the sledges carried meat and fat in abundance. The sun had by this time vanished entirely. The long night had begun, and even the moonlight was of a short

duration. At the end of this day's march they reached the North Land of promise, and here, near a prominent headland, where there is open water nearly all winter, they built snow houses. Soon there came other families, and long before midnight (the Arctic midnight—about Christmas time), there had come many others. A couple of walrus fell victims to the combined efforts of the harpooners, and when these were landed,

there was a plentiful supply of food and fuel for the balance of the long night.

The sun rose again February 16th, after an absence of one hundred and thirteen days, and as the golden rays darted from peak to peak, the lethargy and depression of the inhabitants of the snow village gave place to a boundless enthusiasm. During the night they slept much, ate little, and wore nearly nothing by way of clothing.



THE OLDEST COUPLE, A HAPPY PAIR WHO HAVE STRUGGLED AGAINST STORMS FOR SEVENTY YEARS.

Even when visitors came to the snow-house tenants, they received them, as is their custom, in sleeping garments. With the returning sun there came visitors from far and near, and the scene of death and silence of the night was quickly transformed into one of hilarity. The children, suddenly

awakening from their sleep of a hundred days, rolled about in the snow, playing football with each other, laughing, jumping, howling, and bursting out into all sorts of passions, while the men sharpened their weapons and again prepared for the hunt. The women now for a brief period aban-



A VERY YOUNG COUPLE OF FIFTEEN AND TWENTY-THREE.



EVERY ESKIMO WOMAN HAS A BABY ON HER BACK.

doned their neutral attitude to the men, and made themselves as agreeable and lovely as possible. They do not wear new garments, nor do they attempt to look pretty in any way; they do not even wash their faces, but by a charm of manner, by catchy use of their eyes and a fascinating run of conversation, peculiar to this time of the year, they simply bring all the men smiling to their feet. Marriage relations are always easy, and, at this period, all matrimonial bonds are broken. During the balance of the year the women are the slaves of the men. The drudgery of house-work, the dressing of skins, the making of clothing, the preparation of the game, and, indeed, most of the hard and uninteresting tasks fall to woman's lot, while the men pursue the chase.

Love-making progresses with the advance of daylight. By the time the sun remains above the icy horizon two months hence the young people are all mated and some of the



TUNG-WING-WAH, A COY MAIDEN OF FIFTEEN, THE BELLE OF THE ARCTIC HIGHLANDERS.



older ones remated. As the courtship progresses the snow village is abandoned, new tents are made, and the various couples, with their dependents, seek new delights in other places. Thus

new villages are made each season of the year, the family relations change, the food is changed, the ambitions and emotions are changed—in a word, change is the law of Arctic life. This does not apply, however, to clothing, which is changed but once a year.

These northernmost people, almost inhuman in their manner of living, are still, in their relation to each other and to the rest of mankind, very human. They have a deep sense of honor, a wholesome regard for the rights of their fellows, and a sympathetic temperament. Thefts are almost unknown, cheating and lying are extremely uncommon. Quarrels, though frequent, are restrained

because of a well-developed habit of suppressing all emotions. Morally, even when measured by our own standard, they are superior to the white invaders of their own country. Physically and mentally they are dwarfed, but sufficiently developed to satisfy their needs. One of the most interesting problems of Eskimo life is involved in the attempt to study in each man the mainspring of his ambition. It must take a strong spark to fire the furnace of human effort against the awful odds of the polar elements.

What is it that drives a man through storm and snow over ice into freezing water on into a world of cold misery? The superficial observer will quickly say, "It is the need of food, clothing, and shelter." A more careful search into Eskimo elements, however, proves that these are only accessory to the main ambition of life. The real pivot upon which all his efforts are based is the desire to be rated well among his colleagues, and inseparably linked with this is the love of some feminine heart. Is not this also the inspiration of all the world?



AN OUTGROWN PLAYMATE.

BY ALBERTA BANCROFT.

THERE'S a cave in the haystack where sometimes I sit
 And play that I'm Robinson Crusoe.
 My calf was man Friday; but now she won't fit:
 There's no room. She's a cow, 'cause she grew so.

Capt. F. E. Kleinschmidt

some of the ladies heightened the excitement by taking an active part in the sport. Hauling in 50 fathoms of line with five pounds of lead and one or two 20-lb. codfish or halibut on one end is more than sport for a pair of small gloved hands. After the first exclamation of the bite and hooking, the enthusiasm dies down to hard work, and when the line begins cutting into tender hands their owners peer over the side. "Oh, is there no end to the line?" Then when the catch, with the help of an obliging passenger, is hauled on deck, there comes a shudder from the feminine shoulder, a wrinkling of the nose and an "Oh, isn't it an ugly, slimy thing? Phew! Oh, let me try once more, please."

Leaving Dutch Harbor we entered Behring Sea and soon commenced to battle with the terror of the north—the arctic ice pack. From the crow's nest the Captain would direct the course of the vessel into open leads, or find a vulnerable place in a floe, where the ice could be cracked and pushed aside. The bells in the engine room clanged continuously, giving orders to slow down, to ram, back up and ram again. If a specially heavy floe had to be cracked the order would come "Hook her on," and at full speed she would crash into the floe. Then look out for your balance, else you may measure the deck with your length or perform "en miniature" rammings with your head.

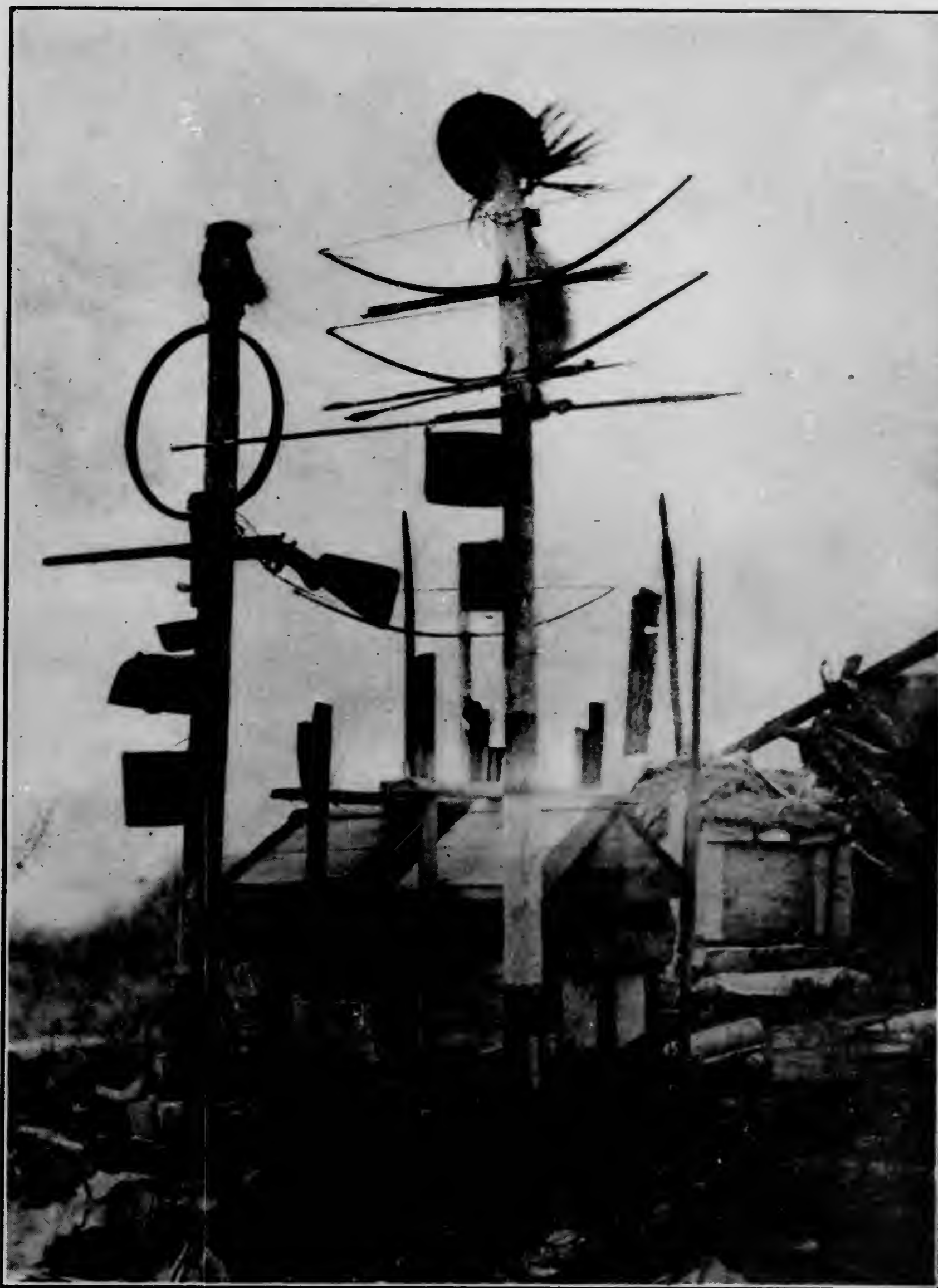
Sometimes our progress would be stopped for days and we had to wait for an opening in the pack. Lying thus encased in the ice, we embraced the opportunity to take a seal or walrus hunt on the ice, for we had taken our guns with us in our staterooms. The scientific part of our trip commenced here by securing two of the rare Kittlitz murrelets, a Pomarine jaeger and several kittiwakes.

Though the rest of the passengers were fretting at the delay and impatiently walking the deck whenever progress was barred, we hugely enjoyed every stop and would be down the ladder in no time and with guns and camera be off over the ice.

On June third we reached Nome, or rather the ice in front of Nome. Dog teams came out to meet us and we "mushed" the five miles over the ice into town.

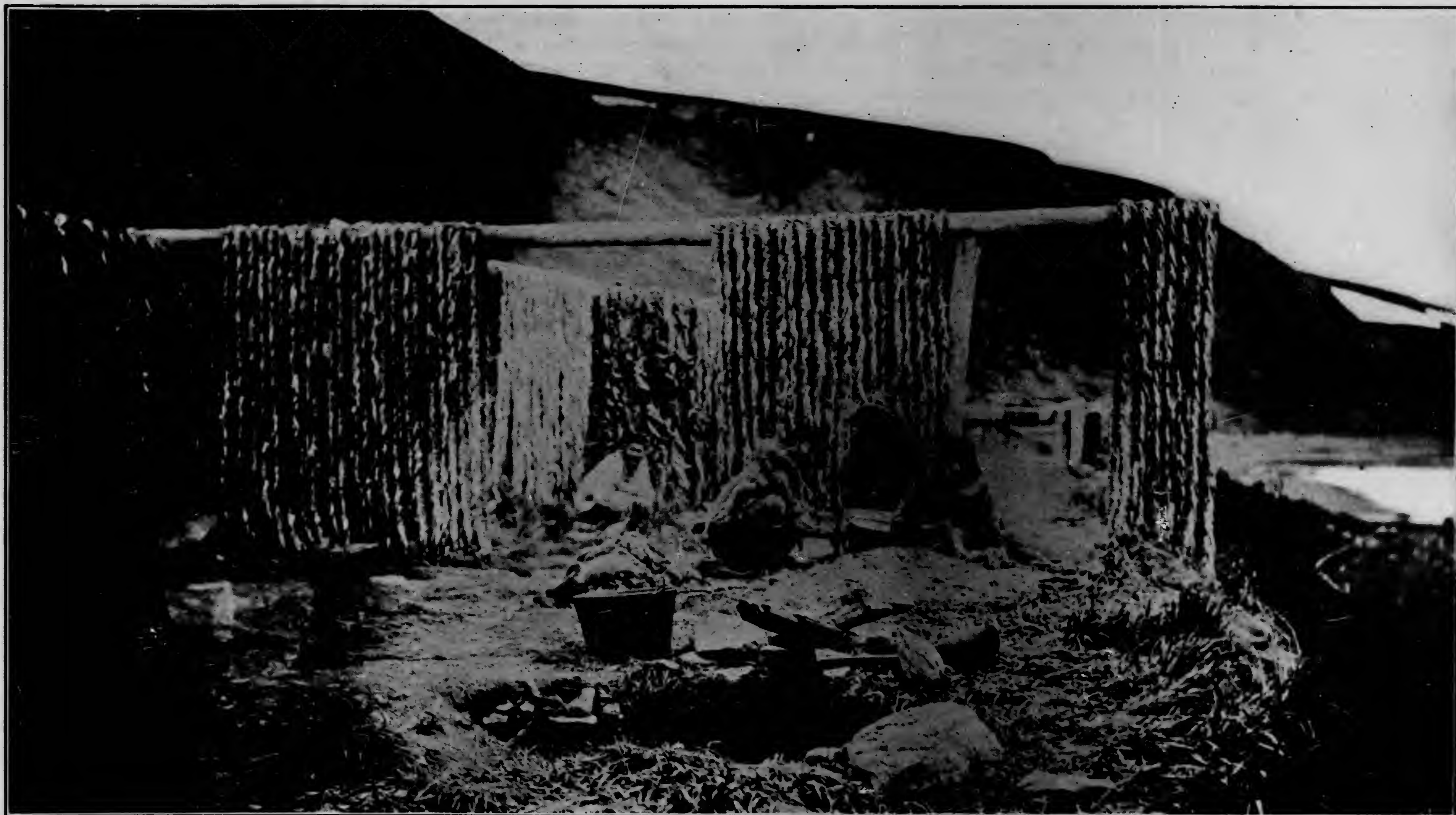
Here we lost no time getting my twin screw motor boat the *Diamond L* ready for action, and for a week were immersed in paint, gasoline and the oily machine shop.

As soon as the ice left the Nome beach we launched the *Diamond L*, but had to defer our trip to Siberia for two weeks, for



Eskimo grave at Nelson's Island

the loosening of the ice off the northeast coast of Siberia is three weeks later than on the American Behring Sea side. We decided to make a trip to the unexplored and uncharted region between the mouth of the Yukon and the Kuskokwim. This is the great breeding ground for all kinds of land and water fowl, and the home of some of our rarest North American birds.



Eskimos braiding fish—northern cold storage



The rooks and air full of birds

The Yukon flats are very shallow, extending for many miles into Behring Sea. We could touch bottom in three feet of water, yet there was no land in sight. The bays are equally shallow and this is the reason they have not as yet been charted and explored. The *Diamond L* with her shallow draft was therefore admirably adapted to our purpose.

The Eskimos of this region we found singularly ignorant compared with others only 200 miles away at Nome or St. Michaels. They have had but little intercourse with white men and were almost exclusively using bow and arrow, harpoon and spear. This time of the year is a season of great plenty for them, for the air is full of wild fowl and the salmon are running in great hordes in the streams. A great part of their diet consists of eggs, and they brought baskets full of them aboard to trade.

The red and northern phalarope were breeding here in great abundance. All over the marshy tundra they would have their little nests, a rounded hollow in a tuft of grass or in a bunch of moss. The beautiful Sabine gulls would deposit their eggs on the level grass without pretense of making a nest or hiding the eggs. Colonies of graceful terns, with nests but a few feet apart, would strenuously resent our intrusions by swooping fiercely down upon us, filling the air with their harsh, grating cries.

On a lake, a Pacific loon was living in a modern houseboat. His nest of grass bore two eggs and floated near the end of a peninsula in three feet of water. There was not the least shelter for miles to aid us in getting a photo of the wary bird, so I had to be satisfied with a picture of the nest alone.

Great ingenuity was displayed in the building of a nest by Steller's eider. Near the edge of a pond in a tussock of dry grass the nest had been built, then the tall blades of grass had been bent like an arbor completely screening the eggs. The nest was approached by a covered winding path from the water's edge four feet distant. It was plainly evident that the birds had trained the dry blades of grass above them to screen the nest and entrance. The nest itself appeals immensely to an observer because of its coziness. First was a heavy layer of dry grasses, then a thick lining of the exquisite soft eider-down, plucked by the parent birds from their breasts. In this snug, cozy bed the four eggs were laid with the small end to the center.

The Eskimos coming aboard our boat with fish, birds and eggs, begging for "shian" (tea), thought we were a crazy lot in more than one respect, when they saw us refusing to buy already cooked duck and goose eggs, or, blowing out others, preserve the

shell and then throw the contents away. We would also preserve the skin of a gull, jaeger or hawk, and throw the meat away. For hours and hours they would darken the entrance to the cabin or press their noses flat against the glass of the port holes watching us work or eat. Surely a white man's ways must seem strange and wonderful to their naive minds.

At Nelson's Island we found them busily at work fishing for smelts. Tons of these little, oily fish were raked up on the beach and then taken in hand by the women, braided with grass into long strings and hung up to dry. On the side hill back of the village their interesting grave yard was located.

When an Eskimo dies, his spirit is supposed to go to another world. According to their belief it is a very material world and he should be well equipped for his journey and future existence; therefore his worldly possessions are deposited on the grave, and you can distinguish the poor from the well-to-do corpse in an Eskimo graveyard by the same evidence to be found in the white man's cemetery in the small tombstones on one hand and the elaborate marble shafts and mausoleums on the other.

The body of the dead is dressed in the usual hunting costume of artega and muckluks, wrapped in his blanket or deerskin sleeping bag, which in turn is wrapped in his tent or some canvas. This is placed in a box or bundled in an old walrus hide and placed upon a platform, elevated on sticks, or on the surface of the ground in a box. Under or alongside the grave are placed the hunting paraphernalia, spears, traps, bow and arrows of the departed, sometimes even a good rifle to enable him to enter his new life well equipped for the hunt; some pots to melt snow and plates and cups to eat his meals; a pipe, tobacco and matches. Most of the latter smaller articles are brought there by his friends to help him along in the next world and also as tokens of love and respect just as the whites employ flowers. If the deceased is a woman, pots, pans and sewing articles are seen on the grave. It is a deplorable, superstitious practice, for they will hang a brand new rifle and shotgun on the grave to rust to pieces while the children of the deceased go hungry for the want of the use of the weapon. On Nelson's Island a nice lamp and can of coal oil stood on a newly made grave, while the departed one's children were sitting by a miserable seal oil lamp.

On the return trip to Nome we found a dead walrus bull floating high above the water. We stopped and cut off a pair of long shiny ivory tusks measuring two feet.

(Continued on page 106)

identical with that of others from Java as to suggest an ethnic or historical affinity between their makers. This close identity between instruments of distant countries, discovered after an interval of years, bears strong testimony at once to native skill and to the accuracy of the methods employed in these studies and to the competence of the students.

To much non-European music the word primitive is wholly inapplicable. An immense development has led up to the isotonic octave. The choice of seven steps is referred by Professor Stumpf to mystic ideas of number; but he also suggests that a diatonic scale, the result of tuning by a chain of fourths, may have preceded the Siamese order. If so, the European scale, which still approximates such a tuning, is the less developed of the two. That of eastern Asia is a modification too radical to have completed itself in less than ages of progress.

Besides its frequent high refinement and artificiality, non-European music has an artistic rank of which it is hard for us to convince ourselves. Rank to its makers, be it added at once; and herein lies the widest lesson of the whole inquiry. This may be described in a phrase as the discovery of how great a part is played by the mind in apprehending a work of art; and how little of the veritable creation can often be grasped by an alien. Professor Stumpf cites a striking example. Since c-e-g on our instruments is a major chord and e-g-b a minor, the two sound to us major and minor, respectively, on a Siamese xylophone, where they are, nevertheless, identical combinations. In like manner a comparison of the tone-material in phonographic records with the same melodies heard currently makes it apparent that Europeans apprehend all music in the diatonic terms familiar to their ears. From the first employment of the instrument doubt began to be thrown on the earlier notations by ear which exhibited exotic music generally as a poor relation of the European family. Psychologically, the value of these results as a notable instance of the dependence of sense on fancy is very great. As a discipline in liberal culture compelling us to seek for the standpoint

of other minds, they will be invaluable to all privileged to follow them. It is our own ears that are oftenest at fault when we hear in exotic music only a strident monotony or a dismal uproar to be avoided and forgotten. To most non-Europeans their music is as passionate and sacred as ours to us and among many it is an equally elaborate and all-pervading art.

The influence of European music becomes every day more audible in the singing and playing of non-European peoples. The time seems not far off when the task of dissecting out aboriginal elements will become impossible. As the ornament in Queen Ti's tomb fell to dust at the entry of the explorer, so exotic music is already dying on the ears of its discoverers. The life of the science has inexorable limits, and if it is to yield what it might, the number of those who pursue it and the money at their command must at once be greatly increased. The results of a few years' work by a few students sufficiently show the absorbing interest and the wide-reaching value of the study; and should bring out both material and personal aid in plenty from lovers of music, of ethnology and of the humanities. What men of means or of science will offer their fortunes or themselves for this imperative labor?

BENJAMIN IVES GILMAN

MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS,
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THE RELATIONSHIPS OF THE ESKIMOS OF EAST GREENLAND

DR. W. THALBITZER describes in the "*Meddelelser om Grønland*," Vol. XXVIII., the Amdrup collection from east Greenland, which comprises objects found between the sixty-eighth and seventy-fifth degrees of north latitude. The publication is of great interest, because it brings out conclusively the close relationship between the culture of the northeast coast of Greenland and that of Ellesmere Land, northern Baffin Land and the northwestern part of Hudson Bay. The similarities are so far-reaching that I do not hesitate to express the opinion that the line of migration and cultural connection between northeast Greenland and the more southwest-

erly regions must have followed the shores of Ellesmere Land, the northern coast of Greenland, and then southward along the east coast. One of most suggestive types found in Dr. Thalbitzer's publication is the needle-case figured on page 421. I have called attention to the distribution of this type of needle-case in my paper on the "Eskimo of Baffin Land and Hudson Bay,"¹ and in a discussion of the decorative designs of Alaskan needle-cases.² The specimens described in these two publications are from Frozen Strait in Hudson Bay, Ponds Bay and Smith Sound. Later on I published another needle-case of the same type from Rawlings Bay in Ellesmere Land. Among these specimens only those from Ponds Bay and Smith Sound are found in actual use, while the others were collected from ancient house-sites. Two similar specimens are figured by Dr. Thalbitzer (p. 527). These were found in the region of northwestern Greenland, that is, near the island of Disco. It is important to note that the ornamentation on the large specimen here figured is identical with the alternating spur decoration which was discussed by Stolpe in his studies of American ornament, and by myself in the discussion of Alaskan needle-cases before referred to. The same ornament occurs in the ornamentation of a comb shown on page 472 of Dr. Thalbitzer's publication.

Among the other specimens, sealing-stools (pp. 430, 431) seem to be particularly important. They are very similar in form to a specimen found by Peary in Grinnell Land.³ The ice-scraper of bone figured on page 438 must be compared with the set of implements shown on page 409, "Eskimo of Baffin Land and Hudson Bay." Even the perforation for suspending the scraper agrees with those of specimens from Southampton Island. There seems to me little doubt that the hammer-like implement illustrated on page 442 of Dr. Thalbitzer's publication is a blubber-pounder

¹ *Bulletin American Museum of Natural History*, Vol. XV., part 2, p. 433.

² *Proceedings of the U. S. National Museum*, Vol. XXXIV., p. 326.

³ "Eskimo of Baffin Land and Hudson Bay," p. 463.

similar to those made of musk-ox horn illustrated on page 402 of my paper on the "Eskimo of Baffin Land." The bone heads of adzes⁴ agree fairly well with those shown on page 381.⁵ The decoration on the handles of the bodkins⁶ may perhaps be compared to the handles of the wick-trimmers from Melville Peninsula.⁷

All these types which show close correspondence in form are so much specialized that they must be considered as evidence of old contact or of sameness of origin. So far as I am aware, none of these types have been found in the region between Disco and Cape Farewell, nor do they occur in Angmagsalik. If this is true, the conclusion seems unavoidable that the Eskimos reached the northeast coast of Greenland by way of the north coast.

C. Ryder has called attention to the similarity of some of the east Greenland types to those from Alaska, and Thalbitzer again calls attention to the similarity of the harpoon-shafts to those of Point Barrow (p. 444). I have called attention to several other similarities of this kind, particularly the alternating spur decoration, to which Thalbitzer also refers (p. 472), and the forms of several specimens.⁸ Similarities between the Ponds Bay region and the western regions have also been pointed out by Dr. Wissler in his description of a collection made by Capt. Mutch at my instance in that region.⁹ The distribution of types suggests very strongly that a line of migration or of cultural contact may have extended from the Mackenzie region northeastward over the Arctic Archipelago to north Greenland, passing over the most northerly part of Baffin Land, and that the culture of southwestern Greenland, and that of southeastern Baffin Land and of Labrador, must be considered as specialized types.

FRANZ BOAS

⁴ Thalbitzer, p. 449.

⁵ Boas; compare also *ibid.*, p. 416.

⁶ Thalbitzer, p. 399.

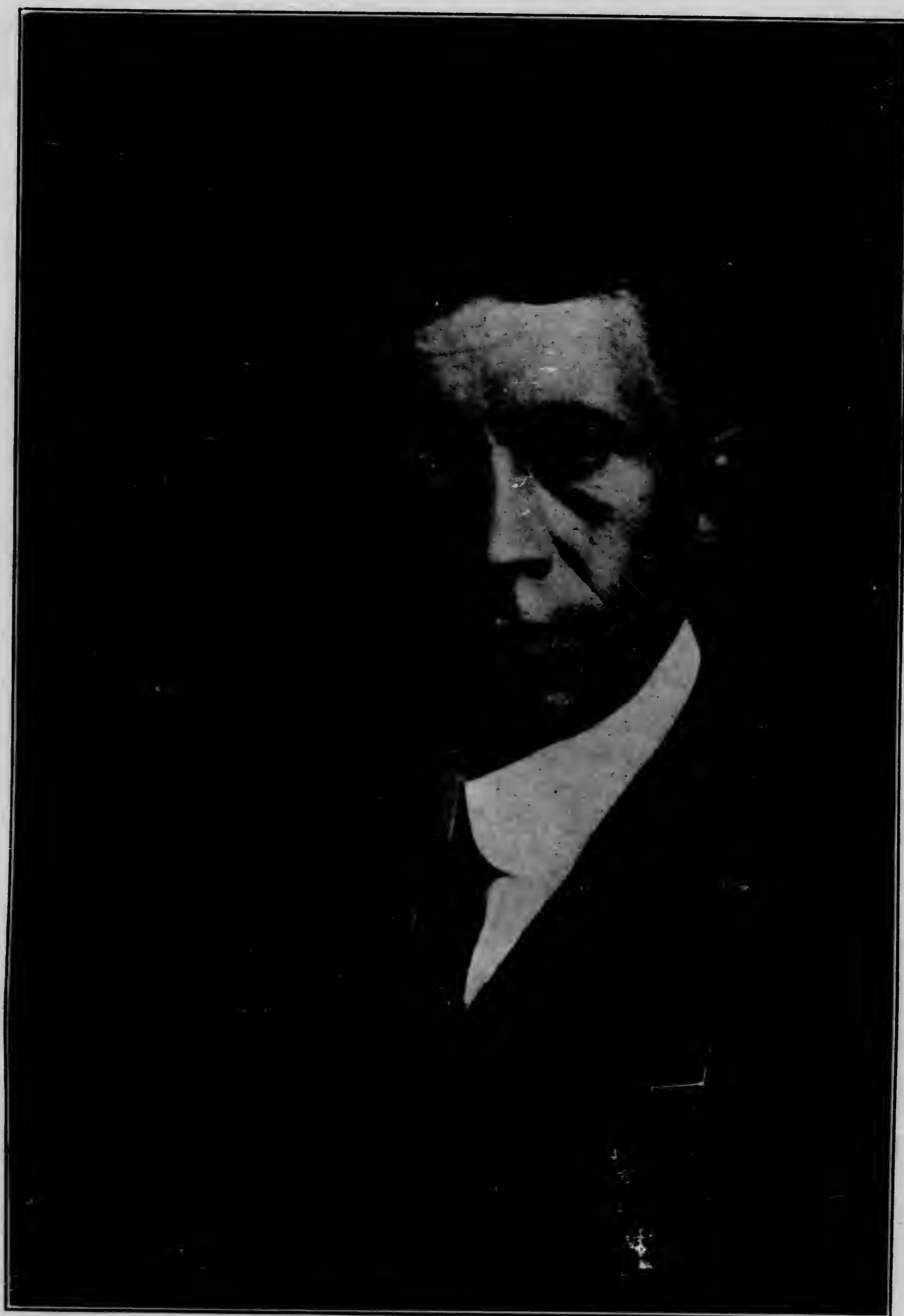
⁷ Boas, p. 403.

⁸ Boas, pp. 461-464.

⁹ *Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History*, Vol. II., Part III., pp. 316-318.

THE STORY OF THE BLOND ESKIMOS

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY VILHJALMUR STEFFANSSON



Vilhjalmur Steffansson, explorer and ethnologist

AFTER four years of travel, with many perils and hardships in the Arctic, Vilhjalmur Steffansson, ethnologist and explorer, has returned to civilization and announced the remarkable discovery of a "new people" on the top of the world. The indefatigable explorer actually lived many months and became good friends with these newly found Eskimos who had never before seen a white man. The most startling and noteworthy feature of this expedition was the finding a tribe of some 2,000 "blond" Eskimos who showed surprising and unmistakable traits of Caucasian blood. The finding of these isolated, European-like people in Victoria Land, a large island that juts out into the Arctic Ocean, hitherto marked "uninhabited" on modern maps, makes the discovery one of the most surprising and important of recent times, adding as it does a new chapter to knowledge of the inhabitants of Arctic North America. The coming upon the mysterious band of "white Eskimos," having blue eyes, light eyebrows and a few reddish with beards, isolated thousands of miles from civilization, and living practically in the stone age, has aroused both popular and scientific interest.

This magazine is able to present an authentic narrative of the main details of this discovery, together with a series of representative photographs taken by Mr. Steffansson, showing picturesque groups of these strange "blond" people and some of their primitive hunting weapons, household utensils, knives, clothing etc. This Arctic expedition was organized and financed jointly by the American Museum of Natural History, New York, and the Geological Survey of the Canadian Government. Asso-

ciated with Mr. Steffansson was Dr. R. M. Anderson, a biologist. The party left New York in the summer of 1908, and proceeded to Herschel Island at the mouth of the Mackenzie River. Here they expected to pick up supplies, but for the first time in 20 years ships were unable to penetrate the summer ice to the east of Point Barrow. As it was impossible to proceed without tea and other necessities, a sledge journey of several hundred miles had to be made to Point Barrow to secure food stuffs. The first year was spent in perfecting equipment and in obtaining supplies for a protracted stay in an unknown country, probably destitute of food. In April, 1910, Mr. Steffansson, with three Eskimo companions and dog sledges, started east from Cape Lyon, the most easterly point known to have been visited by Alaskan Eskimos. The goal of the expedition was the coast and mainland of Victoria Island, an unknown country and a vast region to the east supposed to be uninhabited, a "terra incognita," of which science and the outside world had no knowledge of any existing tribes or its geology, fauna, or flora.

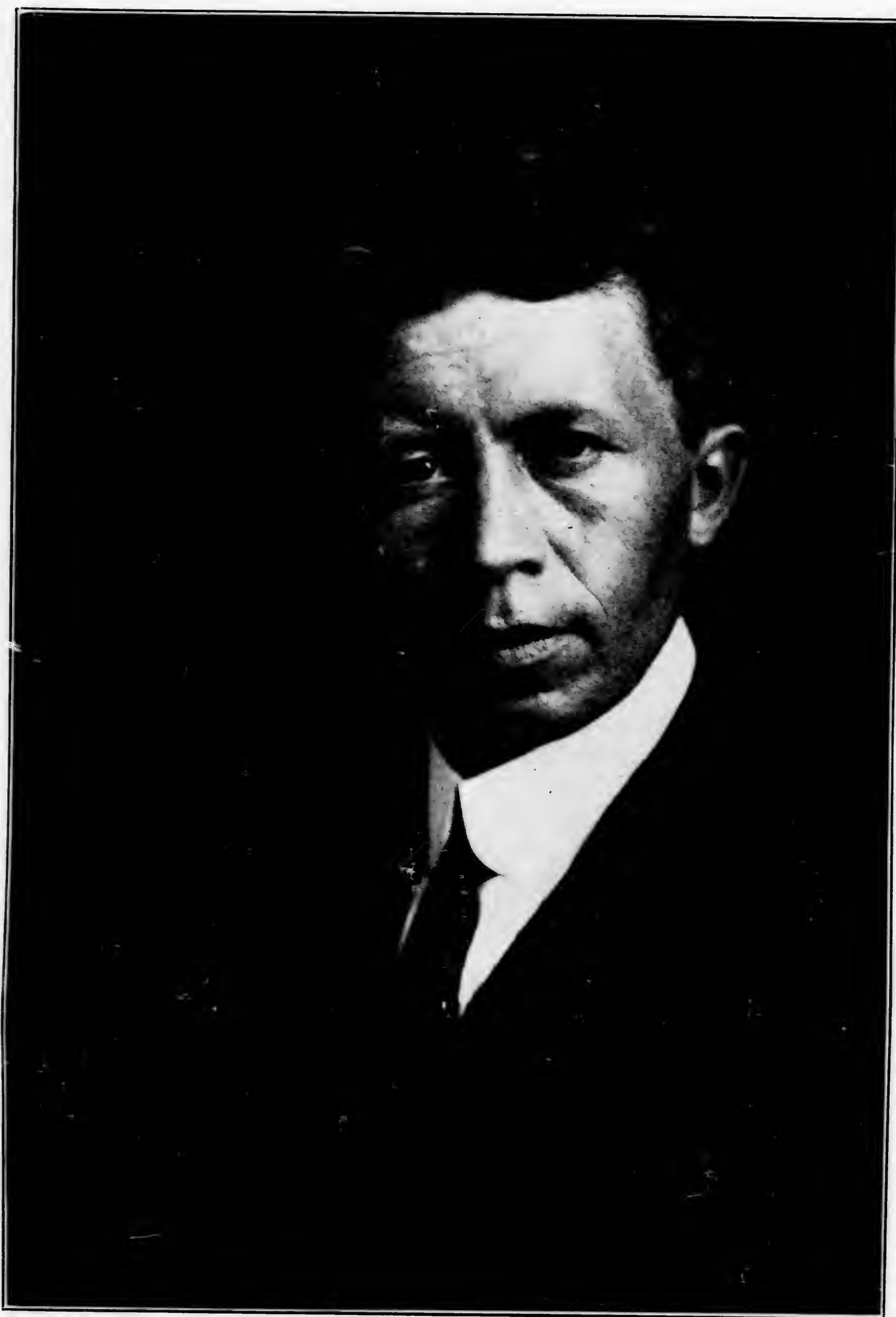
On the first stages of the journey between Cape Lyon and Cape Bexley traces were found of ruined villages pointing to a former occupation by Eskimos and thought to have been aban-



A blond Eskimo—the Caucasian cast of features is apparent

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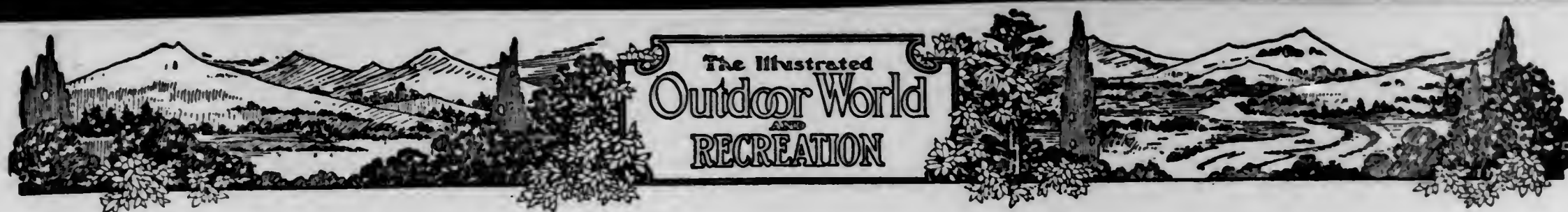
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they will obtain a few specimens and turn them into a small woodland about the beginning of spring, spreading grain of some sort for them daily. The turkeys will stay where the food is abundant, and where there is a little brush in which to retire and rest.

Some hunters, or rather some writers, claim that the only time the wild turkey should be hunted is in the autumn and winter, and not in the spring. I have a different idea altogether, and claim that the turkey should not be hunted before November, if then, December being better. By the first of November the young gobbler weighs from seven to nine pounds, the hens from four to seven pounds; in December and January the former weighs twelve pounds and the latter nine pounds. There you are. But suppose you did not hunt in the spring at all. How many old, long-bearded gobblers (the joy and delight above every sort of game on earth to the turkey hunter) would you bag in a year, or a lifetime? Possibly in ten years you would get one, unless by the merest accident, as they are rarely, if ever, found in company with the hens or young gobblers, but go in small bands by themselves, and from their exclusive and retiring nature it is a rare occasion when one is killed except in the gobbling season.

Take away the delight of the gobbling season from the turkey hunter, and the quest of the wild turkey would lose its fascination. In so expressing myself, I do not advise that the gobblers be persecuted and worried all through the gobbling season, from March to June, but believe they could be hunted for a limited time, namely, until the hens begin to lay and the gobblers to lose their fat—say until the first of April. Every old turkey hunter knows when to stop, and does it without limitation of law. Old gobblers are in their best condition until about the first of April, then they begin to lose flesh very rapidly. At this time hunting them should be abandoned altogether.

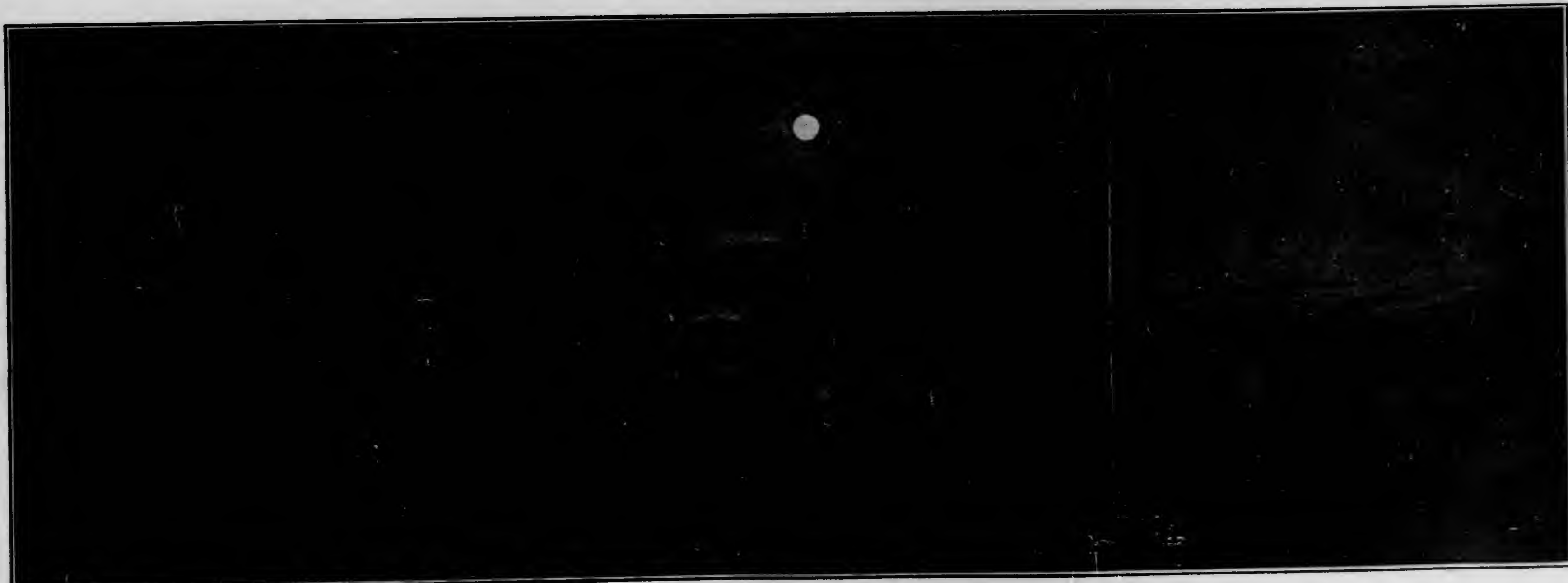
In my hunting trips after this bird I have covered most of the southern States, and have been interested to note that all the Indians I have met called the turkey "Furkee" or "Firkee"; the tribes I have hunted with include the Choctaws, Chickasaws, Creeks, Seminoles and the Cherokees, who live east of the Mississippi river and the Alabams, Conchattas and Zuni of the west. Whether their name for the bird is a corruption of our turkey, or whether our bird is a corruption of their "Furkee," I am not prepared to state. It may be that we get our name direct from the aboriginal Indians. All of the Indian tribes I have hunted with have legends concerning the turkey, and to certain of the Aztec tribes it was an object of worship. An old Zuni chief once told me a curious legend of his people concerning this bird, very similar to the story of the flood. It runs:

Ages ago, before man came to live on the earth, all birds,

beasts and fishes lived in harmony as one family, speaking the same language and subsisting on sweet herbs and grass that grew in abundance all over the earth. Suddenly one day the sun ceased to shine, the sky became covered with heavy clouds and rain began to fall. For a long time this continued and neither the sun, moon nor stars were seen. After a while the water got so deep that the birds, animals and fishes had to either swim or fly in the air, as there was no land to stand on. Those who could not swim or fly were carried around on the backs of those who could, and this kept up until almost every living thing was almost starved. Then all the creatures held a meeting and one from each kind was selected to go to heaven and ask the Great Spirit to send back the sun, moon and stars and stop the rain. These journeyed a long way and at last found a great ladder running into the sky; they climbed up this ladder and found at the top a trapdoor leading into heaven, and on passing through the door, which was open, they saw the dwelling place of the man, and before the door were a boy and girl playing, and their playthings were the sun, moon and stars belonging to the earth. As soon as the earth creatures saw the sun, moon and stars, they rushed for them and, gathering them into a basket, took the children of man and hurried back to earth through the trapdoor. In their hurry to get away from the man whom they saw running after them, the trapdoor was slammed on the tail of the bear, cutting it off. The blood spattered over the lynx and trout, and since that time the bear has had no tail, and the lynx and trout are spotted. The buffalo fell down and hurt his back and has had a hump on it ever since. The sun, moon and stars having been put back in their places, the rain stopped at once and the waters quickly dried up. On the first appearance of land, the turkey, who had been flying around all the time, lit, although warned not to do so by the other creatures. It at once began to sink in the mud, and its tail stuck to the mud so tight that it could hardly fly up, and when it did get away the end of its tail was covered with mud and is stained mud color to this day. The earth now having become dry and the children of man now lords of the earth, each creature was obliged to keep out of their way, so the fishes took to the waters using their tails to swim away from man, the birds took to their wings, and the animals took to their legs; and by these means the birds, beasts and fishes have kept out of man's way ever since.

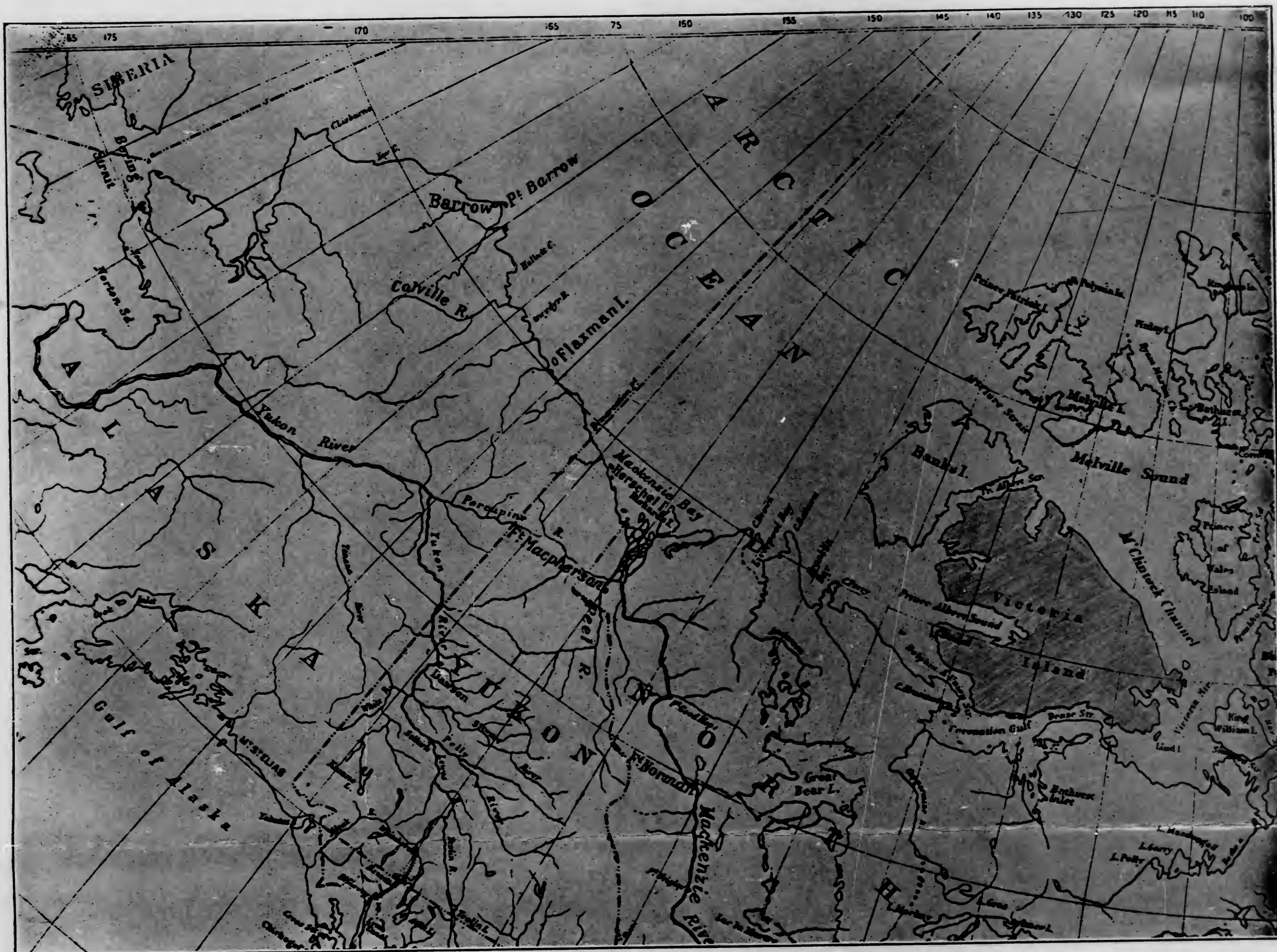
Before dealing with the wild turkeys as they are today it will be well to make a short study of their prehistoric and historic standing; this has been ably done for me by Dr. R. W. Shufeldt, of Washington, D. C., who has very kindly written for this work the next two chapters entitled "The Turkey Prehistoric," and "The Turkey Historic."

(To be continued)

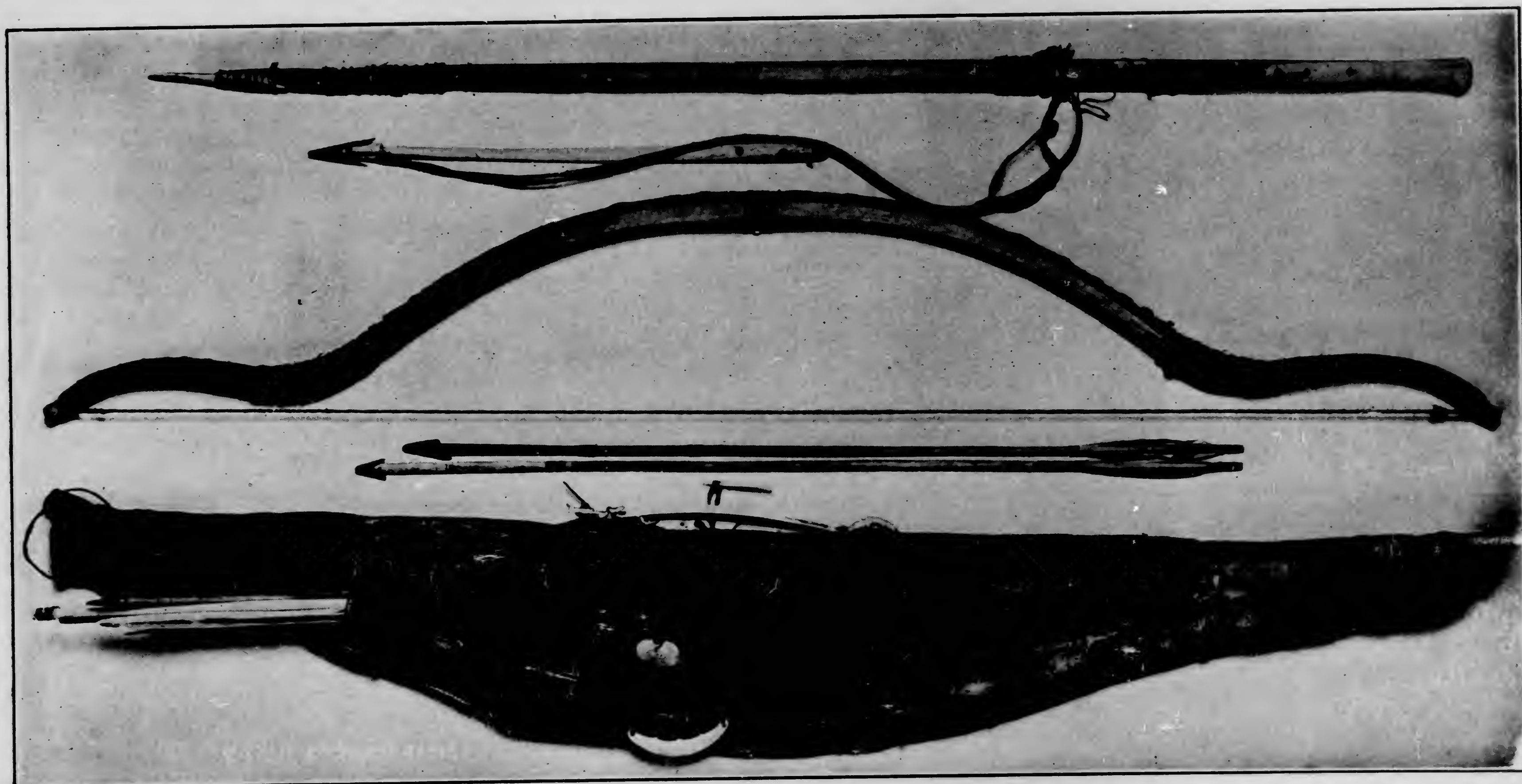


(c) Pillsbury Picture Co.

Sunrise above the clouds at Mt. Tamalpais



The itinerary of the Steffansson Arctic Expedition from April, 1910, to April, 1911. Victoria Island, where the blond Eskimos were discovered, is shaded near Coronation Gulf, where the lost race lives upon the ice during the long Arctic winter



Primitive bow and arrow of drift wood with which caribou, almost their sole food supply, are shot. Arrow tipped with copper



Crude implements of the blond Eskimos, composed in the main of copper and bone. Copper is abundant and is found even on the surface of the land, and what little iron is used is obtained by trading with other tribes. Almost no wood is found on the island and the little used is made up of driftwood

done 50 years ago. The inhabitants of these dwellings had been engaged in whaling, to judge by the number of whale vertebrae scattered about. As Steffansson and his companions journeyed farther east the evidences of a more recent occupation of the territory became stronger. At Point Wise, was found the first proof, pieces of wood cut in two and portions carried off doubtless as material for sledges and bows. In May, at Cape Bexley, a village of over 40 snow houses, was come upon. These had apparently been recently abandoned. After an hour on the sled trails which were found leading northward, another village was found with snow houses built out into the middle of the frozen water of Dolphin and Union Straits. Here, in the distance, people were seen out sealing on the frozen ice.

The first encounter of Steffansson with a member of this Eskimo tribe, who had never seen a white man before, is graphically told by him as follows: "Through neglecting the conventional peace signal of the central Eskimo (extending the arms horizontally), my Eskimo messenger who preceded me by a few hundred yards came near being knifed by the man whom he approached, who took his attitude (the arms down) for a challenge, or rather a posture of attack. After the first parley, however, everything was most friendly and we found them kindly, courteous and generous people. We stayed at this village for several days and were fed with the best they had, choice parts of freshly killed seals and huge musk ox horn flagons of steaming blood soup. There was no prying into our affairs or into our baggage; no one entered our house unannounced, and when alone at home the first visitor always approached our house singing so

that we had several minutes warning of his coming. At this time they had not enough meat to give their dogs more than half rations, yet ours never wanted a full meal, and our own days were a continual feast. There were 39 people in this village. Neither they, nor their forefathers so far as they knew, had ever seen a white man, or an Eskimo from the west; none of them recognized me as white, considering me the older brother of one of my Eskimo assistants."

The meeting with this first band of isolated aborigines was followed in a few days by the most extraordinary "find" and climax of the Expedition's work, the important and significant discovery of the "blond" Eskimos of Victoria Land north from Cape Bexley. Although this is the first time the coast of this region has been traversed in winter, it has been four times skirted by water, by Dr. Richardson in the twenties and again in the forties, and Captain Collinson in the fifties of the last century and by Amundsen in 1905. Amundsen saw little of the land and reported no inhabitants. Steffansson visited 13 groups, numbering some 2,000 people belonging to this remarkable colony or "lost race" of Caucasian-like Eskimos, made a careful study of their habits and customs, and obtained many photographs, some of which are here reproduced.

Of much ethnological and popular interest is the possible origin of these strange, uncontaminated Arctic people, completely isolated from all civilizing influences, preserving unchanged customs and traditions that are perhaps centuries old. Although it is much too soon to reach a positive opinion as to their descent, Mr. Steffansson has brought forward as the most reasonable ex-

planation, that the observed admixture of blood is the result of intermarriage with the early Scandinavian colonists in Greenland. No more definite conclusion can now be formed.

Mr. Steffansson's own story of the origin of the "new people" is timely and interesting. He says: "They are markedly different from any American aborigines I have seen; they suggest, in fact, a group of Scandinavian or North European peasants. Perhaps better than my characterization of them was that of my Alaskan Eskimo companion, who has worked for ten or more years on a whaling vessel: 'They are not Eskimos, they are fo'-c'sle men.' Some of them had full chin beards to be described as light, tending to red; every one had light eyebrows. The Eskimo physical type varies considerable from Greenland to Siberia. It may be that all these variants are due partly to blood mixture, and that the earlier, purer type was more 'European' in character than we have been thinking. On the other hand, there may have been direct admixture of European blood. In the fifteenth century there disappeared from Greenland the Icelandic (Norse-Teutonic) colony in its entirety. This colony had a bishop of the Church of Rome, two monasteries, a nunnery, fourteen churches and over three thousand inhabitants, who at one time sailed their own ships to Norway, to Iceland and to America. (Leif Ericson was one of these Greenlanders, and to the general public best known of them all.)

"This colony was in fairly prosperous condition as late as

1412 and we have Catican documents of a later date referring to it; when Hans Egede came there in the seventeenth century he found only house ruins to tell the story, and no sure trace of Scandinavianism in the language or blood of the Greenland Eskimos. Either the colony had been massacred by the Eskimos, had disappeared through famine or pestilence, or had emigrated in a body. This last view many scholars have favored from the first, and if they did emigrate they may be represented in part by the present inhabitants of Victoria Land. The sum of the evidence secured by our expeditions and the folklore collected by Knud Rasmussen in Smith Sound, by Prof. Boas in Baffin Land and the Hudson Bay region, seem to me to point strongly to the probability that the Norse colony in Greenland was never entirely exterminated, but that the larger portion of it escaped, and it is their descendants, mixed with the descendants of the Eskimos of their time, whom we now find in Victoria Land. We realize fully that there are several theories that might explain the presence of 'blond' Eskimos; we merely consider that this is the most probable one."

The "blond" Eskimos are migratory and build no permanent houses of any kind; this fact mainly counts for their relative freedom from contagious and other diseases. They live in snow houses during the winter and tents during the summer. Their camp sites are, therefore, hygienic, as they never remain long in one place but move on before a dwelling can become unsanitary



Man's clothes of caribou skin



Woman's dress. The bags at the side are for clothes



An Eskimo group



The explorer and his dog-team



Parent and child

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the long winters they camp on the ice, thirty or forty miles off shore, and live on seals. During the summer they go inland to hunt caribou, ranging south to Bear Lake and north to the middle of Victoria Land.

Their clothing is chiefly made of caribou skin and shoes of sealskin. One of the new and valuable mineral discoveries was copper in great abundance. This is picked up almost anywhere by the natives from Victoria Land through the whole Coronation Gulf district, each family having its favorite place to search and mine this material for knives and arrows. They possess no modern fire-arms and their chief hunting weapon is the primitive bow made of drift wood, strengthened with sinew. Arrows are tipped with copper in most cases, though some are pointed with iron, stone or bone. Most of the knives are of copper with bone handles; a few, however, are made of scraps of iron obtained through inter-tribal trade. They are successful caribou hunters and shoot the animals at a range of 40 to 50 yards. Now that in the interest of science the territory of the "new people" has been brought to the notice of civilization, one of the important objects Explorer Steffansson hopes to accomplish, through the co-operation of the Canadian Government, is the protection of the caribou.

"So long as the Eskimos hunt with bows and arrows there is no danger of the extermination of the caribou in that region," he says; "but if repeating rifles should be introduced the story would be a continuation of what happened in Alaska—the wanton killing of this inoffensive animal for the sake of the skins. I will argue for the protection of the caribou for the sake of the preservation of the "blond Eskimos," for it is upon the caribou that they must depend for their food and raiment. They are independent, prosperous, hospitable, and well-satisfied with their environment. The cutting off of their valuable food supply will be a contributing factor in the decline of the population."

Mr. Steffansson intends to return next Spring to the scenes of his recent discoveries for the purpose of making additional researches. He will then be equipped for taking a large number of color photographs of his fair-skinned friends.

As this magazine goes to press corroboration of the discovery of the "blond Eskimos" is furnished by the arrival at San Francisco on the whaler Belvedere of Dr. Rudolph Martin Anderson of Forest City, Pa., Steffansson's partner in the expedition. He was accompanied by Prof. E. De Koven Leffingwell of Pasadena, Cal., who has spent three and a half years making observations in the vicinity of Flaxman Islands and surveying and mapping about 150 miles of the coast line.

Of the "blond Eskimos," Dr. Anderson says:

"First we came on a deserted snow village and finally an inhabited village with a population of forty.

"Many of the men had light mustaches and beards and light hair covered their heads. The eyebrows of these men and their eyes were light. Some of the women—not all—had fair skins and rosy cheeks; but their hair was dark, oily and tangled.

"There were none of the flat-nosed Eskimos of the true Mongolian type among this people. Their features bore the characteristics of the Caucasian race. They do not know where they came from and no one else knows.

"They have no records, no history, no legends and their language, a peculiar tribal dialect, was extremely hard to understand. As to their origin there can be only a guess. They may be survivors of the expedition of Sir John Franklin lost to the east of their present locality in 1840 or thereabouts, or they may be descendants of the inhabitants of an early Icelandic colony.

"Among these people there is no hope, no thought worth registering, no ideals, no particular purpose in life. For six months of the year they simply exist, living in snow houses and eating seal meat. In the summer they move to the mainland and subsist on caribou. They have no religion and no marriage ceremony, although there is fidelity as a tribal characteristic. Through other Eskimos they do some trading, but precious little, for their needs are not great."



An Eskimo group



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identical with that of others from Java as to suggest an ethnic or historical affinity between their makers. This close identity between instruments of distant countries, discovered after an interval of years, bears strong testimony at once to native skill and to the accuracy of the methods employed in these studies and to the competence of the students.

To much non-European music the word primitive is wholly inapplicable. An immense development has led up to the isotonic octave. The choice of seven steps is referred by Professor Stumpf to mystic ideas of number; but he also suggests that a diatonic scale, the result of tuning by a chain of fourths, may have preceded the Siamese order. If so, the European scale, which still approximates such a tuning, is the less developed of the two. That of eastern Asia is a modification too radical to have completed itself in less than ages of progress.

Besides its frequent high refinement and artificiality, non-European music has an artistic rank of which it is hard for us to convince ourselves. Rank to its makers, be it added at once; and herein lies the widest lesson of the whole inquiry. This may be described in a phrase as the discovery of how great a part is played by the mind in apprehending a work of art; and how little of the veritable creation can often be grasped by an alien. Professor Stumpf cites a striking example. Since c-e-g on our instruments is a major chord and e-g-b a minor, the two sound to us major and minor, respectively, on a Siamese xylophone, where they are, nevertheless, identical combinations. In like manner a comparison of the tone-material in phonographic records with the same melodies heard currently makes it apparent that Europeans apprehend all music in the diatonic terms familiar to their ears. From the first employment of the instrument doubt began to be thrown on the earlier notations by ear which exhibited exotic music generally as a poor relation of the European family. Psychologically, the value of these results as a notable instance of the dependence of sense on fancy is very great. As a discipline in liberal culture compelling us to seek for the standpoint

of other minds, they will be invaluable to all privileged to follow them. It is our own ears that are oftenest at fault when we hear in exotic music only a strident monotony or a dismal uproar to be avoided and forgotten. To most non-Europeans their music is as passionate and sacred as ours to us and among many it is an equally elaborate and all-pervading art.

The influence of European music becomes every day more audible in the singing and playing of non-European peoples. The time seems not far off when the task of dissecting out aboriginal elements will become impossible. As the ornament in Queen Ti's tomb fell to dust at the entry of the explorer, so exotic music is already dying on the ears of its discoverers. The life of the science has inexorable limits, and if it is to yield what it might, the number of those who pursue it and the money at their command must at once be greatly increased. The results of a few years' work by a few students sufficiently show the absorbing interest and the wide-reaching value of the study; and should bring out both material and personal aid in plenty from lovers of music, of ethnology and of the humanities. What men of means or of science will offer their fortunes or themselves for this imperative labor?

BENJAMIN IVES GILMAN

MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS,

BOSTON

THE RELATIONSHIPS OF THE ESKIMOS OF EAST GREENLAND

DR. W. THALBITZER describes in the "*Meddelelser om Grønland*," Vol. XXVIII., the Amdrup collection from east Greenland, which comprises objects found between the sixty-eighth and seventy-fifth degrees of north latitude. The publication is of great interest, because it brings out conclusively the close relationship between the culture of the northeast coast of Greenland and that of Ellesmere Land, northern Baffin Land and the northwestern part of Hudson Bay. The similarities are so far-reaching that I do not hesitate to express the opinion that the line of migration and cultural connection between northeast Greenland and the more southwest-

erly regions must have followed the shores of Ellesmere Land, the northern coast of Greenland, and then southward along the east coast. One of most suggestive types found in Dr. Thalbitzer's publication is the needle-case figured on page 421. I have called attention to the distribution of this type of needle-case in my paper on the "Eskimo of Baffin Land and Hudson Bay,"¹ and in a discussion of the decorative designs of Alaskan needle-cases.² The specimens described in these two publications are from Frozen Strait in Hudson Bay, Ponds Bay and Smith Sound. Later on I published another needle-case of the same type from Rawlings Bay in Ellesmere Land. Among these specimens only those from Ponds Bay and Smith Sound are found in actual use, while the others were collected from ancient house-sites. Two similar specimens are figured by Dr. Thalbitzer (p. 527). These were found in the region of northwestern Greenland, that is, near the island of Disco. It is important to note that the ornamentation on the large specimen here figured is identical with the alternating spur decoration which was discussed by Stolpe in his studies of American ornament, and by myself in the discussion of Alaskan needle-cases before referred to. The same ornament occurs in the ornamentation of a comb shown on page 472 of Dr. Thalbitzer's publication.

Among the other specimens, sealing-stools (pp. 430, 431) seem to be particularly important. They are very similar in form to a specimen found by Peary in Grinnell Land.³ The ice-scraper of bone figured on page 438 must be compared with the set of implements shown on page 409, "Eskimo of Baffin Land and Hudson Bay." Even the perforation for suspending the scraper agrees with those of specimens from Southampton Island. There seems to me little doubt that the hammer-like implement illustrated on page 442 of Dr. Thalbitzer's publication is a blubber-pounder

¹ *Bulletin American Museum of Natural History*, Vol. XV., part 2, p. 433.

² *Proceedings of the U. S. National Museum*, Vol. XXXIV., p. 326.

³ "Eskimo of Baffin Land and Hudson Bay," p. 463.

similar to those made of musk-ox horn illustrated on page 402 of my paper on the "Eskimo of Baffin Land." The bone heads of adzes⁴ agree fairly well with those shown on page 381.⁵ The decoration on the handles of the bodkins⁶ may perhaps be compared to the handles of the wick-trimmers from Melville Peninsula.⁷

All these types which show close correspondence in form are so much specialized that they must be considered as evidence of old contact or of sameness of origin. So far as I am aware, none of these types have been found in the region between Disco and Cape Farewell, nor do they occur in Angmagsalik. If this is true, the conclusion seems unavoidable that the Eskimos reached the northeast coast of Greenland by way of the north coast.

C. Ryder has called attention to the similarity of some of the east Greenland types to those from Alaska, and Thalbitzer again calls attention to the similarity of the harpoon-shafts to those of Point Barrow (p. 444). I have called attention to several other similarities of this kind, particularly the alternating spur decoration, to which Thalbitzer also refers (p. 472), and the forms of several specimens.⁸ Similarities between the Ponds Bay region and the western regions have also been pointed out by Dr. Wissler in his description of a collection made by Capt. Mutch at my instance in that region.⁹ The distribution of types suggests very strongly that a line of migration or of cultural contact may have extended from the Mackenzie region northeastward over the Arctic Archipelago to north Greenland, passing over the most northerly part of Baffin Land, and that the culture of southwestern Greenland, and that of southeastern Baffin Land and of Labrador, must be considered as specialized types.

FRANZ BOAS

⁴ Thalbitzer, p. 449.

⁵ Boas; compare also *ibid.*, p. 416.

⁶ Thalbitzer, p. 399.

⁷ Boas, p. 403.

⁸ Boas, pp. 461-464.

⁹ *Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History*, Vol. II., Part III., pp. 316-318.

· THE FIELD OF ART ·



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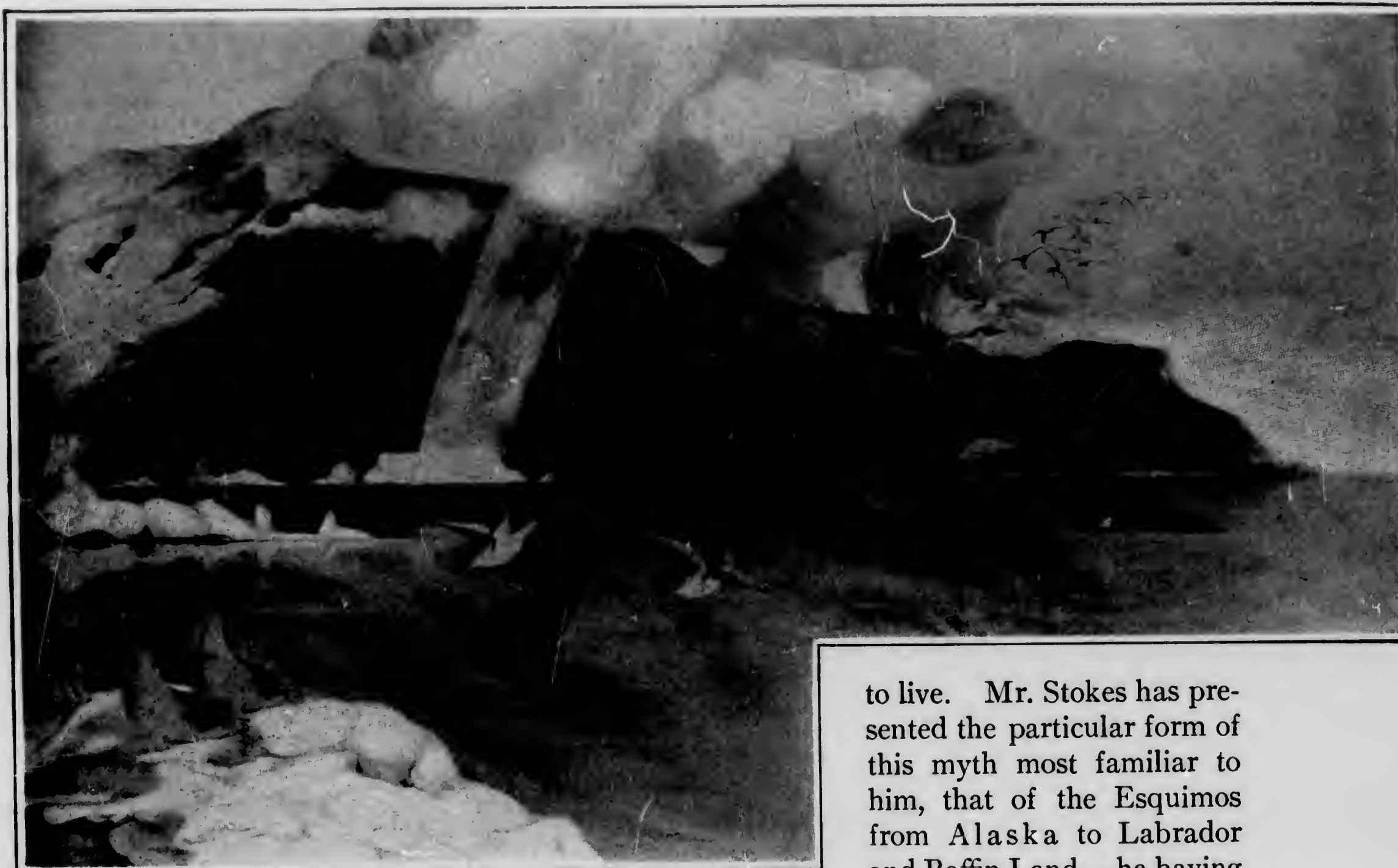
MURAL DECORATION IN THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

SCIENCE has once more accepted the services of Art as collaborator,—and a new, and very extensive, field is thrown open to the enterprise of the mural painters. How extensive may be inferred from the recent departure of the Natural History Museum in Central Park West in mounting on three of its walls in the great Esquimo Hall on the ground floor a long painted frieze devoted to the Frozen North. The length of the walls in halls and corridors in this Museum building is very great, as hundreds of weary sightseers have discovered,—it is proposed, we believe, to extend this building over the whole area of the little park, from Seventy-seventh to Eighty-first Streets, and from Eighth Avenue to Ninth. Since a beginning has been made, it is perhaps permissible to look forward to the ultimate decoration by skilful painters of *all* the walls of this ultimate building, and consequently of all these great scientific museums! The museums of art are much less adaptable for mural paintings, as conflicting in many

cases with the exhibits themselves, but the mission given this Arctic frieze of Mr. Frank Wilbert Stokes is to demonstrate the possibility of supplementing the material objects exhibited by a sort of painted synthesis or comprehensive presentation on the walls.

In this mission it may be said to succeed,—the visitor, entering this large rectangular hall, takes cognizance of the particular aspect of man's relations with Nature here illustrated, and immediately afterward perceives these incidents repeated on the wall but fitted into the cosmos. Consequently, he contemplates the sled, or the harpoon, with a clearer vision. The painter was fortunate in this, for the usual justification of a mural decoration—that it completes the color harmony of the interior—was quite denied him in this Polar omnium gatherum. His difficulties were further increased by the whiteness of the walls left undecorated and of the ceiling, but hopes are entertained that this may be moderated while attending the final covering of the walls with the paintings.

The general harmony of a picture, as a



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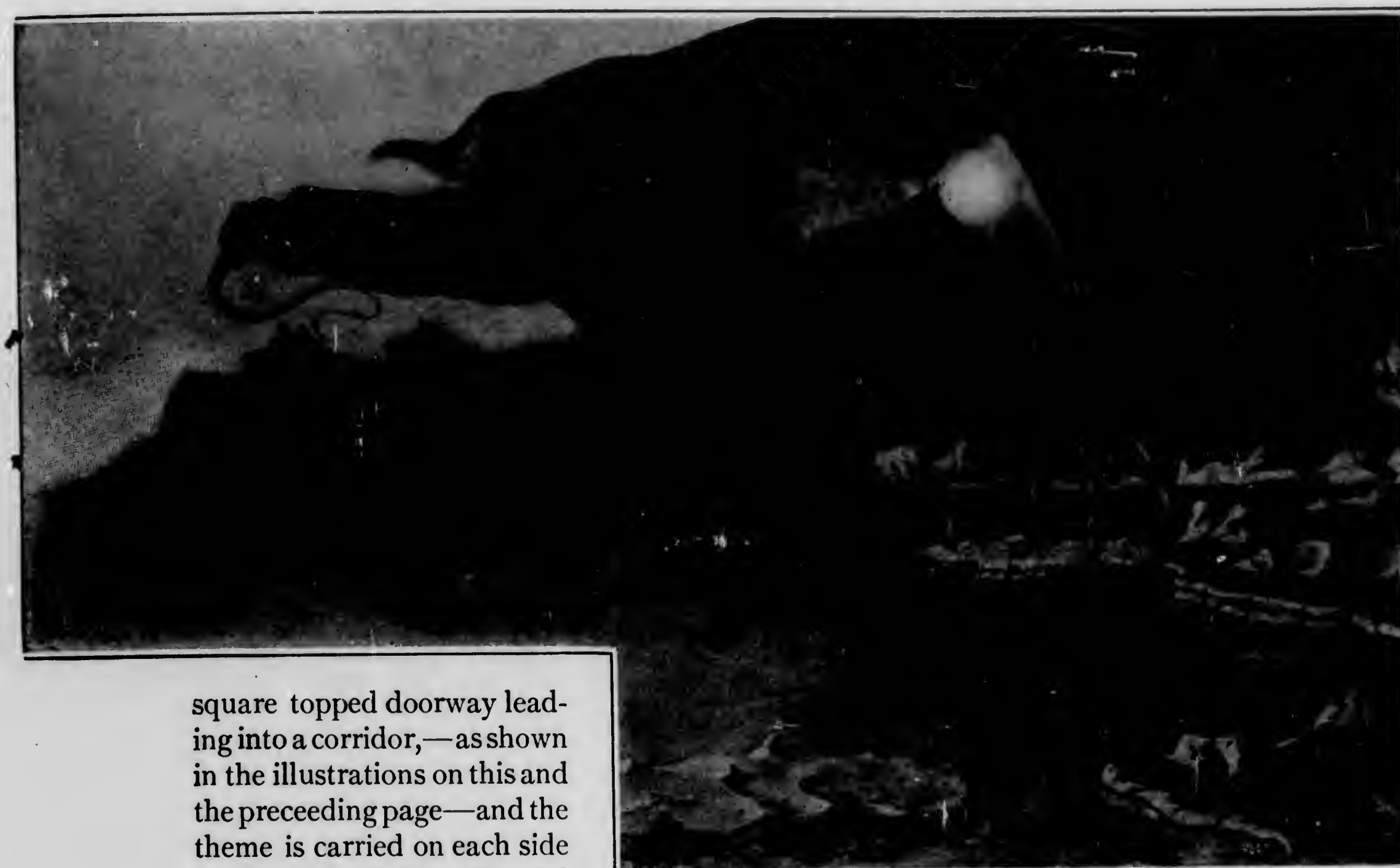
whole, may be fairly judged by its first effect on an intelligent eye, or by turning it upside down—as Turner was content to have one of his remain when so placed by a blundering hanging committee. From the central entrance of the hall the visitor perceives immediately in front of him on the opposite wall, beyond the multitudinous exhibits in cases and otherwise, a great burst of luminous color, a sunrise, in the centre of a long Arctic landscape, and then two great visionary figures drifting through this sunrise. This is the painter's Esquimo mythology, to which the scientific mind was at first inclined to demur as *too* much of an innovation, but to which it speedily became reconciled. As the province of a museum is to instruct, the usual objection to a picture which requires an explanation falls to the ground, and the printed circular provided by the authorities is very acceptable. From it we learn a new scheme of heaven and earth, or, at least, new to most of us.

It seems that the benighted hyperboreans accept the personification of the sun as female and of the moon as male, in what is known as the Sedna myth, or cycle, by ethnologists, Sedna being one of the names of a goddess or nymph personifying the sun. She is also, in this myth, a young girl wooed and won by a fulmar gull who takes her to his igloo, or hut,

to live. Mr. Stokes has presented the particular form of this myth most familiar to him, that of the Esquimos from Alaska to Labrador and Baffin Land,—he having been a member of the Peary

Relief Expedition in 1892, and of the Peary North Greenland Expedition, 1893-94, as well as of Dr. Otto Nordenskjöld's Antarctic Expedition, 1901-02. In this version, the moon is forever in love with his sister, the sun, and chases her through the heavens, each carrying a lamp, she attended by light, summer and plenty, and he, by the long Arctic night. As Mr. Stokes has represented her, she is in the Esquimo summer costume, uncovered to the waist, and followed by a great flight of birds, two fulmar gulls flying before her; below, the little Arctic puffins range themselves in military ranks on the ice-floe, and two harbor seals lift their heads and cry to her, the "Mother of the Seals." She is a part of the cumulus, or summer-cloud which may be seen around her head, while her pursuer is the advance of the great night-cloud sweeping backward from his head. He is in full winter costume of furs and attended by his dogs and sledge; the lamps or torches of both are parhelia or sun dogs, which appear generally at sunrise and sunset, and beyond them are the reds and gold of the midnight sun, just seen on the sea horizon. His name is Ahn-ing-ah-neh, and hers, Suk-eh-nuk; when he finally overtakes her and clasps her in his embrace it is the end of the world.

This great central group appears in the centre of the north wall, over and on each side of a



square topped doorway leading into a corridor,—as shown in the illustrations on this and the preceeding page—and the theme is carried on each side to the end of the wall and round on the east and west

walls for the space of three panels at present. The painter feels that to present it properly, the whole length of these side walls will not be too much. Immediately behind the hunter moon comes the two-months-long glowing twilight of the approach of winter, gradually darkening to the end; and before the fleeing maid, that of the coming summer, of the same length. The two seasons which divide the year are represented by the changing landscape and by the appropriate episodes of human life. The dividing line is the gap between the two central promontories in which appears the glow of the midnight sun, "untruthful," says the artist, "only in its lack of the brilliant intensity of nature." This we may believe, considering that such phenomena are practically unpaintable, and that he was further handicapped by his surroundings and by the glaring white placard which the Museum occasionally hangs in the doorway, immediately below the painting. To the left of Suk-eh-nuk appears the gradual lightening over land and sea which attends her re-appearance after the long night, one of the many color effects of this twilight; near the end of the wall, to the left, we are shown in the distance an iceberg, and beyond it a glacier with a typical bell-shaped rock called *nunatak*, "land rising above the ice." In the foreground, an InnuIt is stalking two

ring seals which are basking in the sun, crawling slowly toward them, lance in hand, over the ice-floes, stopping when they look around, whistling softly, until he gets within striking distance. (See illustration on page 253.) To aid in preserving the unity of the long composition, the sea line is maintained at the same level on all three walls, rounding at the southern extremities for terminals. On the west wall, continuing the summer, and brilliant in color, the first panel gives in the foreground an InnuIt hunter stalking a little group of reindeer, the nearest of which is white, and great bunches of blue and purple Arctic flowers grow in the recesses of the rocks below him. In the central panel, the largest, the Heart of Summer, another hunter, in his canoe, spears a narwhal; and in the third is seen in the rocky foreground a summer village at Cape York, Melville Bay. For all these details the painter can cite chapter and verse, showing his costumes and weapons, his sketches made on the spot, and full of light and color.

In the winter twilight, behind Ahn-ing-ah-neh, we see in the foreground a bear hunt, the great white beast at bay with an arrow in his shoulder, and surrounded by the dogs while the hunter watches for his opportunity to finish him with a lance thrust. (See illustration on page 256. On the east wall, con-



Copyright 1908 by Frank Wilbert Stokes.

tinuing, the mountains catch the last rays of the sun; in the foreground of the first panel the hunter's family turn out of their snow igloo, the winter habitation, to welcome his return with his spoils; in the central, the Night, we find him boldly attacking the walrus on the sea-ice; in the third, he brings the welcome supply of walrus meat on his sled to the little white igloo village. This myth of the pursuit of the sister by the brother, we are told, is not only an allegory of the great Arctic Day and Night, but also of man's ceaseless search after the unattainable,—which may tend to enlarge our ideas concerning the Esquimo mind.

All this material was accumulated by the painter only by constant observation and untiring industry, under the usual unfavorable circumstances of Arctic life, while his palette thumb scorched in the summer sunshine and his palette fingers froze in the shadow underneath. In his studio at Bowdoin Bay, 77° 44' N., he worked for fourteen months, accommodating himself to the primitive conditions of Esquimo life.

As it is not possible with pigments adequately to represent the utmost splendor of light and color, such as blazes in the Polar skies and glows in the Polar, translucent ice, the most that can be justly required of the painter is that he suggest these unutterable things, and to this

credit Mr. Stokes is quite entitled. For his trying task he, fortunately, had had sound training,—under Thomas Eakins in the Philadelphia Academy of the Fine Arts; under Gérôme in the École des Beaux-Arts, at Cola Rossi's under Raphael Collin, and at Julien's under Boulanger and Lefebvre. During his residence at Paris he exhibited at the Salons for several years; he joined the Peary Relief Expedition as artist for the house of Charles Scribner's Sons, and was the official artist of the Peary North Greenland Expedition. That strong craving to return to the North, which seems to take possession of all Arctic explorers in time, having visited him on his return, he sought to obtain means to fit out an expedition of his own, and, failing in this, funds were secured for this mural decoration through the generosity of Mr. Arthur Curtis James, with the hearty coöperation of the late President of the Museum, Mr. Morris K. Jesup, and that of the Director, Mr. H. C. Bumpus, the Museum furnishing the canvas and the stretchers.

In his list of honors is recorded a membership in the Anthropological Society, in the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, the Geographical Society of Philadelphia, the Geographical Society of Paris, the Arctic Club, and the silver medal, the *prix* Alphonse de Montherot.

WILLIAM WALTON.

March 19, 1916.

long as broad; the furrow margin is about equal to the edge adjoining the first adambulacral; the furrow series consists of seven short blunt spines, stouter than those on the adambulacrals, of which the innermost is broad, flat, and trapezoidal; just behind the two terminal spines in this series are two large tubercles; the remaining portion of the surface of the mouth plates is covered with about 18 spaced polygonal tubercles resembling those on the actinal intermediate plates, but somewhat larger.

The color in alcohol is white.

Type.—Cat. No. 10872, U. S. N. M., from "Albatross" Station 2395, Gulf of Mexico, in 347 fathoms.

ANTHROPOLOGY.—*The Greenland Eskimo: Pastor Frederiksen's researches.* JAMES MOONEY, Bureau of American Ethnology.

The great Arctic island of Greenland is held by Denmark, having been first colonized by the Norse about the year 1000, and re-occupied from Denmark in 1721, the first colony having become extinct long before, possibly through inroads of the Eskimo. Since the second occupation Lutheran and Moravian missionaries, under the auspices of the home government, have labored with such devotion and success among the aborigines that of approximately 10,000 Eskimo of pure or mixed blood all but a few hundreds along the most remote coasts are civilized, Christianized, self-supporting, and able to read and write in their own language, while living on the best of terms with the handful of colonists. So carefully has the Danish government safeguarded their interests that famine, intemperance, and foul diseases which are so rapidly destroying the race in Alaska and British America are virtually unknown in Greenland, as well as wars and rumors of wars with their white neighbors. Since 1861, with a few breaks, there has been published at Godthaab (Nûngme) on the west coast, a small monthly journal, the *Atuagagdliutit* or "Reading Miscellany," entirely in the Eskimo language, which for press-work, illustrations, and literary content is fairly equal to anything of the same size in this country. Another mission monthly journal, the *Avangnamiok*, is published under the supervision of Rev. V. C. Frederiksen, resident missionary at Holstensborg, one of the northernmost outposts of

alternating rows of seven or eight each, becoming less numerous distally; the granular area is confined to the median portion of the plate, though in the interbrachial arc it may reach the proximal border; in the interbrachial arc nearly all the superomarginals bear near their actinal border a very small deeply sunken spatulate pedicellaria; a narrow border of flattened squarish granules surrounds each superomarginal.

The inferomarginals are essentially similar to the superomarginal; viewed actinally they are seen to decrease in size from the center of the interbrachial arc to the arm bases, thence much more gradually to the arm tips; in the interbrachial arc in lateral view the inferomarginals are only half as high as the superomarginals (2.5 mm.), but they rapidly increase in height so that on the outer half of the arm the plates of the two series are nearly equal. The inner portion of the inferomarginals is everywhere horizontal, and the inner border is everywhere convex. A border of small squarish granules similar to that on the superomarginals is found on the inferomarginals, and the same granular ornamentation occurs on their surface, though the granules are rather more numerous. In the interbrachial arc the inferomarginals usually carry small excavate spatulate pedicellariae just within the upper border, and one or two additional on the ventral (actinal) surface; pedicellariae of both series occur irregularly to the terminal portion of the arms.

The actinal intermediate areas are extensive; the row of actinal intermediate plates adjacent to the adambulacrals, which extends to the sixteenth superomarginal (the distal third of the arm), is regular and the next row is regular to the arm bases; a partial third row may be traced, but within the triangular area between this and the inferomarginals the plates, which decrease in size, tend to become arranged in columns perpendicular to the inferomarginals.

In the center of each of the actinal intermediate plates is a large pedicellaria which resembles those on the adambulacrals, and is more or less proportionate in size to the plate; on the larger plates this is surrounded by several large rounded tubercles, beyond which are the lower tubercles forming the bordering series of the plates; on the smaller plates only the latter occur.

The adambulacral plates are oblong, from one-third to one-half again as broad as long, with a very slightly curved furrow margin which is not quite parallel to the groove, the proximal end being slightly more distant. The furrow series consists of five stout subequal truncated spines, mostly rounded-quadrate in section, the most proximal of which is so situated that it overlaps the most distal of the preceding series. Behind the furrow spines is a series of three or four tubercles, the most distal abruptly the largest, and behind these a long, low, *Hippasteria*-like bivalved pedicellaria placed somewhat diagonally with its distal end slightly nearer the mid-radial line. Beyond the pedicellaria is a series of two or three large tubercles, and beyond these a series of several smaller tubercles which, with similar tubercles, at right angles to the two ends of this series, delimit the borders of the plate.

The mouth plates are triangular and inconspicuous, about twice as

civilization and well within the Arctic circle. Between pastoral visits and sick calls in an open skin kayak, or by dog sledge, from one to another of the small native settlements scattered for three hundred miles along the dangerous west coast, this devoted missionary—whose only white companions are his wife and two children and a couple of assistants—has found time to give to his charges in their own language a volume of church hymns, a brief history of Greenland, and several literary translations, besides making some important archeologic explorations.

In a paper upon "Eskimo Migrations," published originally in the native language in *Atuagagdliutit*, Mr. Frederiksen arrives at the conclusion, from linguistic, geographic, and archeologic evidence, that the Eskimo tribes reached Greenland from an original nucleus body in the extreme west. He believes that they traveled southward around the coast to the east, the Eskimo of the East Greenland coast representing the oldest migration, and decreasing in number toward the north by reason of the scarcity of game and of building material. The houses also dwindle in size as we proceed northward along the east coast. The Norse occupation about the year 1000 made a wedge of separation between the Eskimo of the east and west coasts for several centuries, but with the extinction of the Norse colony about 1490, probably from attack and final absorption by the natives, some of the eastern bands again moved down toward the south. Of those who remained behind, the most northerly, beyond Angmag-salik, finally became extinct by starvation through the gradual diminution of the whale and seal, while the more southern tribes were saved from the same fate only by the kindly care of the later Danish colonists. The Eskimo of South Greenland have probably a considerable strain of the old Norse blood, which may help to account for their superior capacity for civilization.

The prevailing early house type of the South Greenland Eskimo, on both the east and west coast, as shown by the ruins, was rectangular, but about Sukkertoppen and Holstensborg, 65° to 68° N., Mr. Frederiksen has discovered numerous remains of semi-subterranean houses of circular form, always in groups,

sometimes of twenty together, resembling those about Cape York in North Greenland and about the mouth of the Mackenzie and westward. These round houses he considers to represent a later migration or period; in fact, in one instance he found the ruins of the round house within the remains of a larger rectangular house. The stone lamps found in these round houses have always a partition wall, as among some of the far western Eskimo, to separate the oil from the blubber. Other objects found, obtained from whaling ships, would indicate a period not earlier than 1700. The modern Greenland house type is also rectangular, except in the extreme north. In the same neighborhood he found also the remains of a great circular structure, of the type of the assembly house of the Alaskan Eskimo.

ANTHROPOLOGY.—*An archeological note.* TRUMAN MICHELSON, Bureau of American Ethnology.

Squier and Davis in their *Ancient Monuments of the Mississippi Valley*, pages 249, 250, discuss a gray sandstone pipe now deposited in the museum of the Historical Society of New York. They show quite clearly that this is the original of the drawing by Choris in his *Voyage Pittoresque*; and they demonstrate that there must be some mistake as to the provenience of this pipe, for there are no ancient tumuli in Connecticut. The purpose of this note is to elucidate this last point. I call attention to the fact that the Sauk pipe shown in the plate at the end of volume 2 of Beltrami's *Pilgrimage* belongs to the same culture as the one shown in figure 149, page 249, in the work of Squier and Davis. I have seen a photograph of the original of the latter, and it is far closer to the Sauk pipe than the drawing indicates. If the drawing of Beltrami is no closer to the original than is that of Squier and Davis to its original, it is possible that the originals of both are the same. Even if they are not the same, I think the above will have made clear that the provenience of the pipe shown in the work of Squier and Davis must be the upper Mississippi region, near the Rock river, where the Sauk had their principal encampment when Beltrami visited their country, viz., 1823.

INVESTIGATIONS IN ALASKA

ALASKA, like Greece, had its golden age, when the people attained the high point of their culture and then dropped to a less admirable level. Evidence of this prehistoric golden age in the Arctic has been brought back to the Smithsonian Institution by Henry B. Collins, Jr., who conducted an expedition to St. Lawrence Island this summer for the Smithsonian and for the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

On the narrow strip of land called St. Lawrence Island, Mr. Collins found a remarkable mound about 20 feet high and large enough to be the site of a compact village. The mound was composed of trash, the refuse and sweepings from an entire village over a period of many centuries. Animal bones and broken tools, bits of ivory and whalebone, pieces of wood carved in fantastic design, all were mixed in with a binding of earth and permanently hard and frozen from the cold climate.

The most surprising moment in the digging came when the frozen bodies of some of the oldest inhabitants were discovered encased in ice. Six children had been buried there in the side of the mound, each one dressed carefully in his fur and feather garments. The place where they lay happened to become filled with water which froze, thus preserving the bodies through so many centuries. This is the only time that human bodies have been found in such condition, Mr. Collins states.

Ruins of houses made of driftwood and whalebone were in the top layer of the great mound, Mr. Collins said, in describing his excavation of the site. Digging to the bottom of the mound, he found the ruins of the homes of the oldest inhabitants. To reach the most deeply buried deposit, where the oldest layer of ruins lay, Mr. Collins had to dig six feet below the reach of the storm tides. In other words, he explains, the land has sunk since those houses were built on the beach, and this in itself indicates the passage of considerable time.

This oldest layer of houses dates back to pre-Russian days, the ethnologist declares. They are surely 300 years old, and more likely are nearer to being eight centuries old. The village is the most extensive Eskimo settlement ever excavated.

Many harpoons and other tools and weapons were brought back to the Smithsonian collection. Objects displaying the finest art in carving and design were taken from the lowest and oldest level of the mound. These were made in the days of the highest Eskimo culture. The precision of the lines and the fine designs used indicate that these inhabitants were far more clever with their hands and had a keener sense of beauty than any of their descendants in the Arctic. Whether they were some of the "first Americans," some pioneer Asiatics who brought knowledge and skill to the new world, can not yet be stated, Mr. Collins says. But it is certain that the Eskimos of historic times have lost a heritage of finer things, as the simpler carvings in the top layers of the mound show.

Present-day Eskimos, possibly direct descendants of the artists, came to the island and helped the scientist excavate. In some cases they were able to enlighten him as to the use of the peculiar articles discovered in the deserted village.

Science (X) Oct. 26, 1928.

Eskimo

Am. Anthropologist, Vol. (ns), no. 3. July 1891.

Society of New South Wales last year,¹ although the names of the sections composing the groups are entirely different.

For the particulars from which I have prepared the tables given in this article, I am indebted chiefly to Mr R. H. Shadforth.

R. H. MATHEWS.

Sinew-working at Point Barrow—Sinew is used by Eskimo men and women of Point Barrow, Alaska, for making all sorts of thread, string, and heavy lines. It is taken from the neck, back, and shoulder-blades, as well as from the legs of the deer, then cleaned and soaked in water. When in straits, the Eskimo will use any sinew he can get. In summer time the back sinew is dried on a board until it falls off; in winter it is soaked and put on a block of ice to dry. That dried on the board is the better. The leg sinew is not spread on a board, but is merely hung up and dried for future occasion.

The back sinew is used for sewing, needle-work, etc. The women shred it as needed, stripping off a filament, drawing the end through the mouth, rolling it on the cheek or on the thigh, after the manner of a shoemaker with his waxed end, threading the needle with it.

The leg sinew is used for a great many purposes; it is first pounded and then shredded into the finest fiber and tied in bunches or hanks. It is plaited in the form of sennit for sewing together the skins that form the boat, and for sewing soles on boots. It is used also for cording watertight seams. They plait it into round sennit like a whip-lash, sometimes as much as eight- or sixteen-ply. A short piece plaited and rove through the hole in the harpoon head forms a four-ply line; then they form a loop, braiding all the eight strands together and making a line often many fathoms long by adding more filaments. For sewing water-proof clothing they use two-ply sinew thread, in making which the woman uses no other implement than her fingers. After twisting and laying up a few feet, she forms a ball which operates as a fly-wheel to twist the rest until she has a ball as large as her head. This twine is used for making fish-nets. Their nets originally came from the Hudson Bay Company.

CHARLES BROWER.

A Sokotra Expedition—In the *Bulletin* of the Liverpool Museums there has recently appeared a report of a biological and geographical expedition to the Island of Sokotra (in 12° north latitude and 54° east longitude), 600 miles southeastward from Aden, under the joint auspices of the British Museum and the Liverpool Museums. It was found that the true Sokoterians are only poorly civilized Mohammedans, living in caves or rude cyclopean huts, and possessing but few

¹ *Journal of the Royal Society of New South Wales*, vol. xxxii, p. 73.

Vol. II, No. II

Nov. 1898

~~atto del pudore. Anomalo, Napoli, 1898, viii, 142-150.—Watson (A.) Sciopodes. Reliquary & Illustr. Archæol., Lond., 1898, iv, 269.—Weber. Ueber die Bedeutung der Degenerationszeichen. Allg. Ztschr. f. Psychiat., [etc.], Berl., 1898-9, lv, 164.—Weingart. Die Spiritisten vor dem Landgericht Dresden. Ibid., 166-170.—Winke. Kindes-~~

~~mord bei Naturvölkern der Gegenwart und Vergangenheit. Globus, Brnschw., 1898, lxxiv, 211-213.—Worcester (D. C.) Notes on some primitive Philippine tribes. Nat. Geog. Mag., Wash., 1898, ix, 284-301.—Zuccarrelli (A.) L'antropologia nell'avvenimento Dreyfus-Zola. Anomalo, Napoli, 1898, viii, 129-141.~~

WERE THE ANCIENT ESKIMO ARTISTS?—Having previously expressed the opinion that, before the coming of the white man, the Eskimo did not etch to any extent upon bone, antler, horn, wood, or ivory, I have lately had this opinion confirmed by examination of a large collection of ancient relics from the island of Attu, which is the farthest west of the Aleutian chain. It does not need more than a superficial glance to convince the student that the artistic expression of the Eskimo, in the line of etching, is exactly parallel to the extent to which he has come in contact with white men; first, with the sailor and the whaler, with their rude and often clever scrimshaw work, and, finally, the Russian and American jewelers with their exquisite tools.

So true is this that at a few points in Alaska the Russian of the last century (having first been in contact with the Sandwich islanders and then with the Eskimo) has succeeded in adding to the native art motives and forms of decoration common to all the Polynesian groups.

The people of Attu are Aleutian islanders, and the women are extremely expert in the manufacture of all sorts of fine needle work and basketry.

The men do not lack talent, because, after the Russian occupancy, their later forms of ivory tools and weapons are exquisitely made and decorated; but on the old objects taken from the graves by Lucian Turner, covering quite a large variety of functions, especially of weapons, there is not a dot, circle, or any other conventional etching, or any attempt to carve the figure of a man or beast. The effort, therefore, to derive the Eskimo from an artistic people on the eastern hemisphere, on account of their later performances, is made at great hazard.

O. T. MASON.



PHOTOGRAPH BY MERRIAM

ESKIMO ALONGSIDE SHIP



PHOTOGRAPH BY DEVEREUX

JOHN ANDREW & SON

PLOVER BAY, SIBERIA



PHOTOGRAPH BY CURTIS

ESKIMO SETTLEMENT, PLOVER BAY, SIBERIA

ELSON, BOSTON



PHOTOGRAPH BY CURTIS

JOHN ANDREW & SON

ESKIMO WINTER HUT, PLOVER BAY, SIBERIA

FIVE THOUSAND MILES THROUGH ARCTIC WATERS

The Annual Cruise of the *Northland*—Fighting the Ice in the Bering Sea—
How America Aids the Alaskan Eskimo

By ROBERT FROTHINGHAM

Photographs by the Author

FULLY equipped for her multifarious responsibilities as judge, jury, policeman, jail, physician, surgeon, dentist, pharmacist, hospital, life-saver, mail-carrier, expressman, freighter, weather-prophet, charterer of unknown reefs, ice-breaker, statistician and supplies-provider, as well as hunter of lost whaling ships, bootleggers, over-due explorers and scientists and fugitives from justice, the U. S. Coastguard cutter *Northland* leaves San Francisco the first week in May on her annual six months' cruise in the Arctic and the Bering Seas, Captain E. D. Jones commanding with a crew of ninety-three men. The *Northland* has been superbly equipped for her particular task. A single-screw vessel, built especially for Arctic service at Newport News, Virginia, in 1927, she has as wide a cruising radius as any vessel afloat: 17,000 miles. Two Diesel electro-drive engines and three auxiliary engines take care of all mechanical activities above and below decks. A welded and riveted steel plate one and one-quarter inches thick extends completely around the hull, three feet above and six feet below the water line for protection in the ice. Her bow, which is cut away below the water line, permits her to ride upon an ice-floe and

break it down with her weight if it resists the impact of her reinforced stem. Three inches of cork insulation line the living quarters of officers and men as a protection from the Arctic cold. Include a modern hospital and a dental hospital equipped with

X-ray service, and three sets of radio of high and low frequency, with four guns mounted fore and aft on both sides of the ship, and it may be said that the *Northland* is in a class by herself without reference to any other vessel either in the Coastguard or the Navy. The *Northland* is the successor to the *Bear*, a veteran oak-ribbed vessel retired after forty years of service in Alaskan waters.

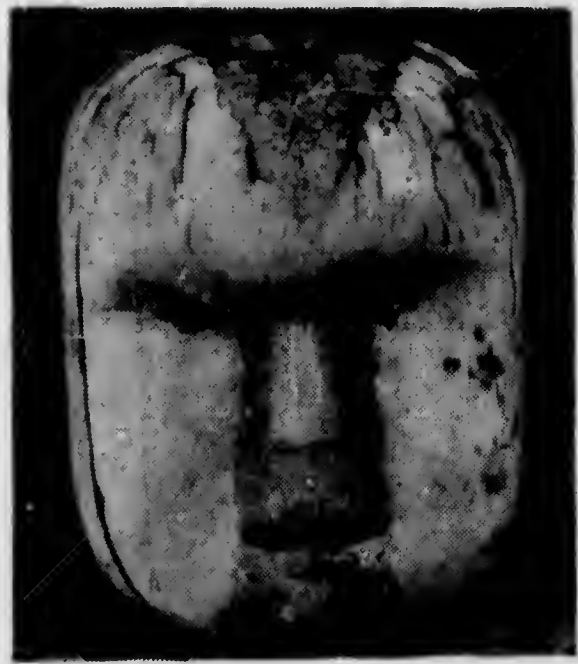
Reaching Seattle on May ninth, the *Northland* took on the usual winter's accumulation of mail for Nome, consisting of nearly seven hundred bags, and points north. Here the writer boarded her for ninety days' experience different from anything he had ever known, after twenty-five years of travel, including a year's holiday encircling the globe.

Our immediate destination being the harbor of Unalaska on Unalaska Island, in the Aleutians, where we were to lie until the Nome roadstead was clear of ice, Captain Jones decided that the Inside Passage was as desirable a route as any to



RETURNING TO KING ISLAND

The tiny settlement of the King Islanders clings to the rocky face of the bleak and inhospitable cliff toward which this oomiak is bound. There are less than two hundred King Islanders but they are among the most interesting and intelligent tribes in Alaska. In their frail oomiaks they make the annual trip of ninety miles in the open sea to Nome.



This amulet is used by St. Lawrence Islanders to ward off evil spirits. Amulets are often placed on a staff and stuck in the ground near places where children are at play.



When he invokes the good will of the spirits the shaman of the Point Hope Eskimos uses a crudely carved death mask. These masks are often hung over graves to ward off evil.

Rockies we were obliged to ship by train—ferry ninety miles from Revelstoke to Golden. This was an easy job, however, and the scenery along the railway continued magnificent. At Golden we drove for twelve miles over perhaps the narrowest, highest, most dangerous bit of grade on the entire trip. It was soon over, but while it lasted we got quite a thrill. We found Emerald Lake enchanting, with its nestling little group of chalets, and stayed there some days tramping over the trails and enjoying that vast wonderland of the Yoho, Field, and the Takakkaw district. Once along the trail we encountered two bears with their young, and also a magnificent mountain sheep.

The roadways through the high Rockies we found in excellent shape. At Banff Springs a brisk game of tennis, a waltz, and a delightful plunge added to the zest of the journey.

On, then, from the eastern edge of the Rockies into Calgary during the Stampede, or rodeo, which was in itself an adventure. Pendleton, Oregon, ranks the rest of the United States in the matter of rodeos, but Calgary's, I think, is even better than that. It is a real show; a genuine bit of the Old West come to life—and a phase of the West that is dying far too fast.

Crossing the open prairies in stormy weather was all that it had been cracked up to be. It would have been more comfortable to have cut far south to the Yellowstone Trail in the United States, but we wanted to prove to some particu-



Courtesy Canadian Pacific Railways

EMERALD LAKE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

Emerald Lake is one of the many beauty spots in Yoho National Park, one of the majestic mountain playgrounds of the Canadian Rockies. At Yoho, Banff and Kootenay National Parks there are panoramas of mountain scenery that are as magnificent as anything to be seen on this continent.



Courtesy Canadian National Railways

THREE SISTERS ROCK ON THE GASPÉ PENINSULA

The long motor trail across Canada ends on the historic Gaspé Peninsula in the province of Quebec. Here Jacques Cartier landed in 1534 and it was in this region that many of the early French colonists made their homes. For centuries the Gaspé Peninsula has been famous for its fishing industry, which began when the Greenlanders and Icelanders came to these shores in the twelfth century. Today, Gaspé's old fishing villages are among the most charming places in Canada. Scenically, the peninsula, with its high cliffs, its bays, harbors and sandy beaches, is as impressive as any section of the Atlantic seaboard.

larly smug people that we could get across Canada in a heavy, fast car. Road information in Calgary was not particularly helpful; in fact, a "bobby" at one of the principal corners of the town answered a query as to how to get out of the city, thus: "I've lived here twenty-three years, sir, but I've never left the city limits."

Near Medicine Hat we ran into our first bit of really bad luck. Here the roads were of natural clay and sand. We tried to race an evil-looking thunder storm, but the slickness of the highway soon changed our minds for us and we spent fourteen hours in a nasty little ditch, out of which many passing flivvers tried in vain to extricate us. Our electrical system went dead in the storm, which was intense, and later, when we had been towed thirty-five miles into town, I learned that all our wiring had been stripped and that the people at the garage "believed" our car had been struck by lightning! I had always heard that this was impossible on account of the rubber tires on cars, but I learned differently at

(Continued on page 66)



WOMEN OF THE ALASKAN SEACOAST

To the casual observer there is very little difference between these three Eskimo women, yet they all come from different tribes and have widely varying customs. The woman at the left carrying her baby on her back comes from Nome. At the right is Mrs. Jimmie Otiyohok, the wealthiest native on St. Lawrence Island. Her cheek is tattooed according to the custom of her tribe and she carries her child astride her neck. In the center, displaying a dish of the highly unpalatable whale blubber, in which the Eskimo delights, is a native of Point Barrow.

the north and much to be preferred to an eight-day run, out of sight of land, as the crow might fly from Seattle. Needless to say, Captain Jones is a man of discrimination and excellent taste. Twenty years' cruising, off and on, in Alaskan waters has not dulled the edge of his appreciation of the scenic magnificence of that matchless waterway, the world-famous Inside Passage.

Through Clarence Strait, past Cape Decision, into Chatham Strait with the towering cliffs of Admiralty and Chichagof Islands on either hand, we found our way out into the Alaskan Gulf; passed Cape Spencer on sixth day, en route for Icy Bay at the foot of Malaspina Glacier, the largest glacier in the world with its fifteen hundred square miles of ice, excepting only the North and South Pole ice-caps. Next morning brought us under the shadow of sky-piercing Mount St. Elias, with its elevation of 18,000 feet. The mountain appears to extend out to the water's edge; actually it is twenty-four miles inland. Thirty miles to the westward of the mountain rises Cape St. Elias, a beetling headland rising sixteen hundred feet above the sea. It is separated by half a mile from a needle-like pinnacle off-shore, projecting itself five hundred feet into the air, like a vigilant sentinel, warning passing vessels from too close an approach to one of the most dangerous spots on the whole coastline.

Proceeding west to the mouth of Cook Inlet, we turned south through Shelikof Strait, past Afognak and Kodiak Is-

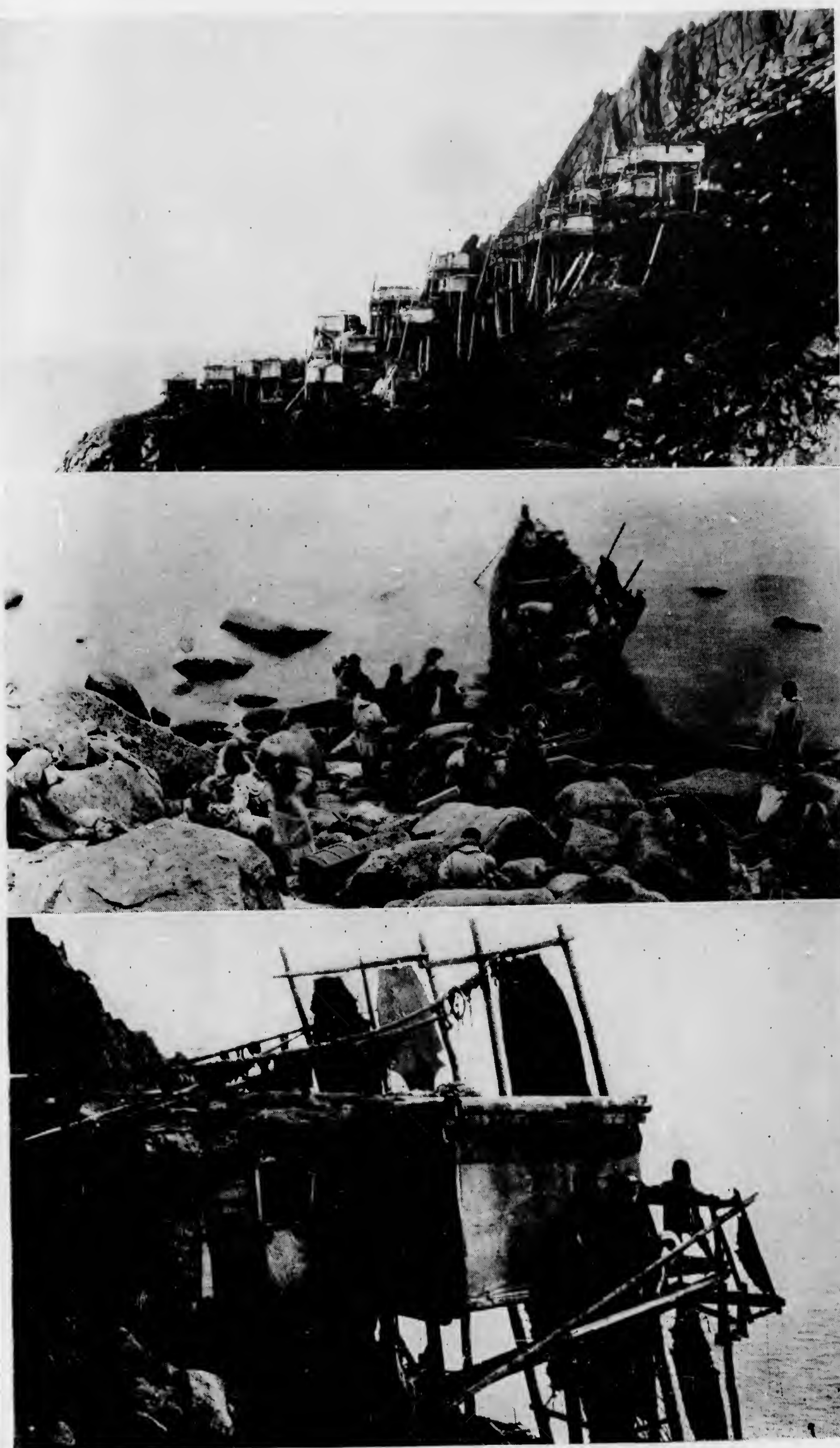
lands, threading our way through the Shumagin group, past lofty Pavlof and smoking Shishaldin volcanoes, through Unimak Pass to the Bering Sea and into one of the most beautiful, land-locked harbors on that precipitous coastline. Here the ancient native Aleut village of Unalaska nestles on a crescent-shaped beach at the foot of a snow-capped range of mountains—population two hundred and seventy-five natives and twenty-five whites. And thus the *Northland* finished her "first leg"—a distance of approximately twenty-three hundred miles in ten days, through summer seas, with an occasional flurry of rain or mist.

No one knows the age of picturesque Unalaska, which the Russians discovered in 1790 and "fortified" with four diminutive brass cannon each about three feet long, still pointing out to sea in mute anticipation of an invasion by a foe Russia had good reason to fear one hundred and twenty years ago. Since the American occupation, however, Unalaska has been an important trading post for the natives of the surrounding islands. It also figured as an indispensable half-way house for belated gold-seekers on their way north in the day of '98, who arrived after winter had set in. Many the frail "sternwheeler" that was built at Unalaska in those tumultuous days and sent up through the Bering Sea to St. Michaels under her own steam, at the break of spring, for service on the Yukon. Some of them never reached their destination.



ESKIMO VISITORS ON THE NORTHLAND

The chief of the Eskimos on Little Diomed Island visited the *Northland* to enter a complaint about Siberian natives who were hiding on their land. The Little Diomed chief, standing second from the left, is talking to Padre La Fortune, a missionary who lives on King Island.



THE CLIFF-DWELLERS OF THE NORTH

The fragile houses of skin of the Eskimos of King Island are built on stilts and anchored to the only section of the rocky island on which foothold can be found. The upper picture shows a general view of the strange little island village and the lower picture shows the homes in which these hardy people pass the cruel Arctic winters. It is a miracle that these flimsy habitations can survive the terrible winds of the Bering Sea. In the center picture, one of the *oomiaks* in which the islanders make long journeys is being put into commission.

The last day of May found us lying in Dutch Harbor, just across the bay from Unalaska, taking on sufficient supplies to last us for the balance of the cruise. June first greeted us with our first fog—a regular, simon-pure Bering Sea product, in which we proceeded under reduced speed northwards with the expectation of raising Nunivak Island sometime the next morning, if the fog lifted. That was our only stop *en route* for Nome, eight hundred miles distant, and the fog broke away shortly before noon, disclosing ancient Nunivak about thirty miles distant to the eastward and somewhat astern. After a short stop at Nash Harbor, we set out once more for our goal, blanketed again by fog. It was not long before we discovered the reason for it: we were directly

in the pathway of a vast ice-field, floating out of Norton Sound on its way south. Strange, dirty-looking ice it was—the offscourings of the vast and shallow Yukon, which had been frozen to the very bottom and “tarred” with its silt. Under reduced speed, the *Northland* steamed through that mighty ice-field all day long, now in fog, now in weak, anemic sunlight, now plowing through thousands of acres of slush, now taking a solid floe, with an area of a city square, head-on with its sturdy stem. When the ice cracked, we would push our way slowly through the channel we had ourselves opened. When the floe proved thick enough to resist the impact of the ship, her bow would slide gracefully up over the edge and the ice would either break or it would not. Often, the ice did not break, with the result that in one instance we spent an hour trying to force our way through a floe of great thickness that resisted every attack until the skipper had to cry quits and work his way around it. From six A.M. until after midnight, that day, the *Northland* logged about forty miles. Scores of seals were scattered over the ice near convenient air-holes, flocks of duck rose from the open leads, clumsy puffins tumbled here and there like wounded birds, winging their way out of the vessel’s course. It was a day of days. The fact that in the ensuing sixty days we did not encounter anything to equal it in the way of ice traffic speaks for itself.

Plowing through a Bering Sea ice-field is not as simple a matter as it would appear. The ever-present danger is that a heavy chunk dislodged from a floe may drift into the propeller, in which event damage is almost inevitable. Then there is that most subtle of all difficulties: a change in the wind which is likely to envelop a ship so completely in the ice that she cannot make headway in any direction. Boatswain Hans Berg of the *Northland*, who served on the cutter *Bear* and who has spent thirty years in the Coastguard, tells with great gusto of the spring the *Bear* was caught in the Bering Sea ice-field and imprisoned there, helpless for over six weeks, being carried about hither and thither until the wind broke through and helped the old veteran out of limbo.

From whatever angle the visitor views the town of Nome, it is bound to be more than ordinarily interesting. Stretched out for a mile along the sea-beach from which 30,000 argonauts placer-mined millions of dollars worth of gold in '98, the Nome of today does not suggest the departed glories of its past. However, it would be difficult to find a more enthusiastic group of people than the thousand inhabitants who make up the city’s population. Inasmuch as successful gold-mining is still being carried on out in the hills through the medium of mammoth dredgers, with no prospect of a let-up, it would seem as if that cheery optimism radiated by every resident, old and young, was justified. Not a “Sourdough” in the town but looks forward with confidence to another strike one of these days, and—running true to form—there isn’t a merchant, a clerk, a restaurant-keeper or truck-driver but has a “prospect-hole” off in the hills somewhere, in the ultimate profit of which he has the most unquestioning confidence. Meantime, he goes serenely on his way doing his daily stint, whatever it may happen to be, with a cheerfulness and independence of spirit that is a constant challenge to pessimistic views.

As in every Alaskan town, Nome’s women are proud to be numbered among those who put their shoulders to the wheel along with their men-folk. There are no loafers in Alaska—male or female. One may sit opposite a well-groomed young woman at a bridge party this afternoon and be waited upon by her in a restaurant the next day. Young marriages are the rule because both parties thereto are already in the class of bread-winners and there are no delays on account of possible lack of funds. Domestic help is rare because each woman prides herself on doing her own work and “tending store” as well, not to mention caring for a youngster or two. Nobody “high hats” anybody else in Alaska—it just isn’t done. The doctrine of “live and let live” is practically universal and the grouch eliminates himself.

The one great event of the year at Nome is the arrival of the

Northland. Notwithstanding a lot of loose, moving ice, there wasn't a local craft in the roadstead but found its way out, two miles off-shore, to roar the heartiest kind of welcome to the first ship from the "Outside," as all the States are colloquially known to the Alaskan.

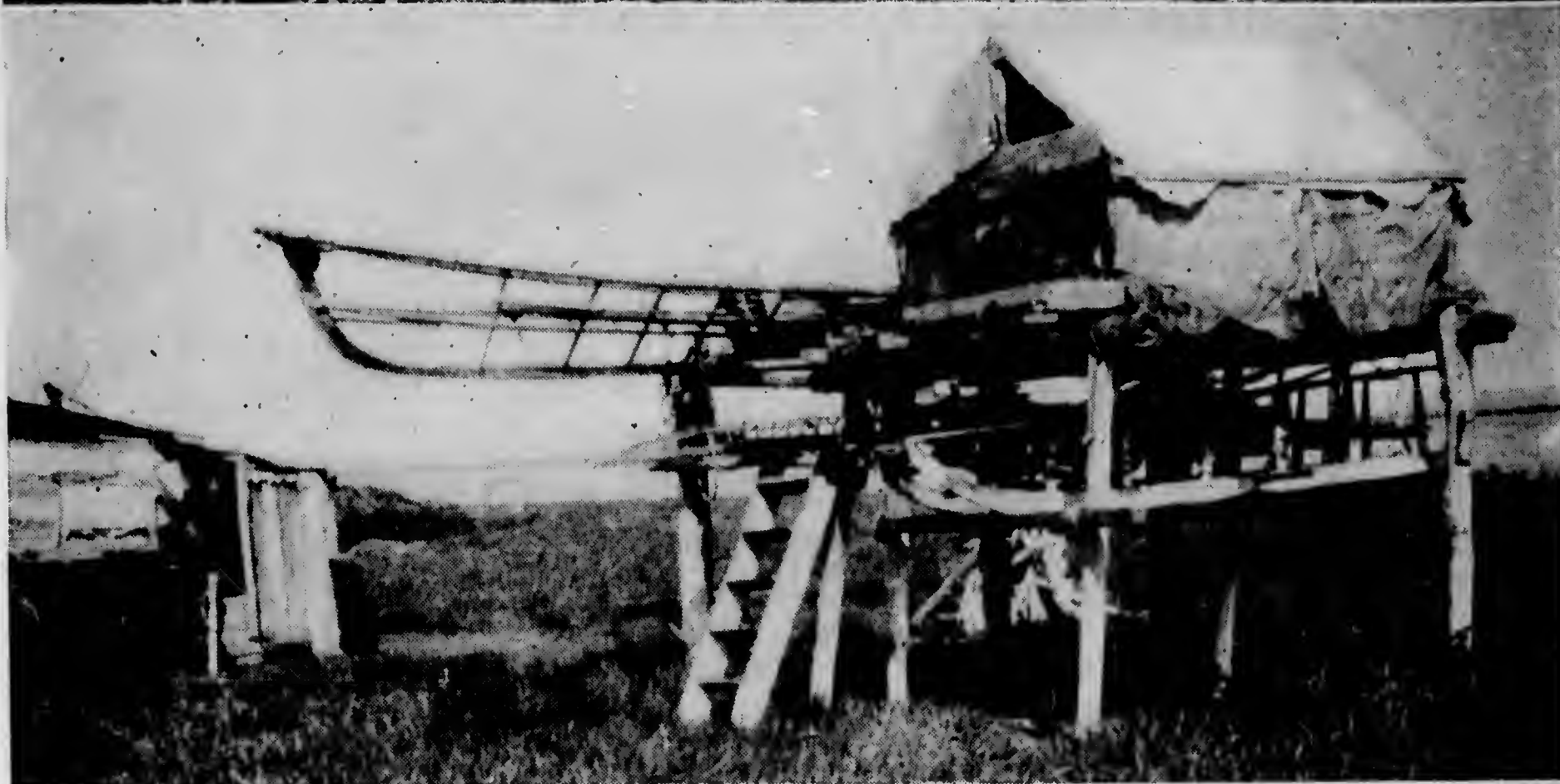
At Nome, the *Northland's* amazing medical service began. The ship's surgeon and dentist, in the course of three months, involving from one to three days each at twenty-five different native villages, rolled up the astounding record of 3,670 treatments to 1,352 people, of which the great majority were natives. The treatments included operations for the removal of tonsils, vaccinations and dental X-rays, covering a general prevalence of tuberculosis, rheumatism and tonsillitis in the order named. The dentist found an amazingly healthful condition in the teeth of the elders, owing to the constant necessity for mastication of whale and seal meat and the absence of sweets and starches. Conversely, he found a correspondingly unhealthy condition in the teeth of the younger generation by reason of the complete change in diet from that of their elders.

The infiltration of white blood among the Eskimos in Nome has just about done away with the swarthy, squat-nosed maiden with high cheek-bones who used to amuse visitors by chewing blubber which she cut off from the main chunk with a native knife, the while she held the other end in her teeth. While she continues the use of her fur-lined parka, or slip-over cloak that falls to the knees, she will seldom be found with the fur-trimmed hood over her head, especially if there should happen to be white folk around. It was strange to see a young girl climb out of a skin boat and up the ship's ladder, in her parka and *mukluks*, disappear from sight behind some dunnage on deck and re-appear, minus the parka and *mukluks*, clothed in short skirt, silk stockings and high-heeled slippers, with a bunch of bobbed hair blowing in the breeze. The eternal feminine! With the exception of denim overalls, here and there, the clothing of the men and boys has altered not at all.

Despite the fundamental changes that are going on, however, wherever the white man's influence is seen, the native population is increasing from three to five per cent annually and the births exceed the deaths all through the Seward Peninsula and in the Arctic as well. Incidentally, one would look a long time for a more attractive and pretty young woman than the Eskimo half-breed. I saw one woman at Point Lay with blonde complexion, light brown hair and blue eyes and two equally attractive babies. It was little less than startling. She was mighty proud of her white husband and the additional fact that her children were more like "white folks" than natives. An odd world; indeed, north of fifty-three.

While the *Northland's* ultimate destination was Point Barrow, she dared not venture that far north until the Polar ice had broken away from the shore-line, which rarely takes place until the latter part of July or early August. Accordingly, she had approximately thirty days to spend in the vicinity of Nome and the islands of the Bering Sea, the most ancient and interesting of which is St. Lawrence. Midnight of June seventeenth, bathed in the effulgent rays of the setting sun, found us bucking a vast ice-field off the Northeast Cape of the island, about twelve miles off-shore, looking for a chance to get in to Gambell, the largest village. A more thrilling scene than a horizon on fire, its flames lighting up the endless ice-pack, can scarcely be imagined. The northern coast of the island was blockaded with ice and we swung southeast accordingly, with a view to encircling it from the south.

Here we had our first sight of walrus, about five hundred in all, disporting themselves on the ice-floes, mostly asleep, in all manner of grotesque attitudes, as they appeared through the binoculars, and utterly oblivious of our presence until the rhythmic beat of the ship's propeller would awaken them and they would roll and slide sluggishly off into the sea. Great, huge, clumsy creatures, weighing from fifteen to twenty-five hundred pounds each, they had been swept down from the Arctic by wind and tide, through



WORK AND CUSTOMS IN THE ARCTIC

The women on St. Lawrence Island, one of whom is seen at work in the upper picture, are very skillful with the skinning knife. They can easily split or flense a twelve-foot square of walrus hide into one twice that size. The center picture shows how the Eskimos dismantle their *kayaks* and *oomiaks* when they are not in use. The curious white streamers dangling from the pole in the lower picture are drying strips of blubber from the white whale. The native holds two of the inflated seal skins that are used as buoys or markers or as containers for seal oil.

Bering Strait. Later they would be carried back by wind and tide.

En route around the southeastern end of St. Lawrence, we passed one of the smallest and most ancient islands in the Bering Sea: Punnuuk, so small that it isn't even given a place on the map, known for its kitchen middens, telling of an occupation anywhere from five hundred to one thousand years ago. Punnuuk, a mere volcanic pin-head upthrust in that waste of waters, afforded a day's interesting sport to a few of us who went ashore on a successful hunt for beach ivory: walrus tusks which have been buried in the sandy beach for immemorial centuries and which are disinterred and washed up by successive storms. Coated with a deposit of lime, they look like so many bleached bones, but a bit of work with a rasp, sand and emery paper brings out a variety of exquisite colors and tints produced by mineral impregnation.

Next day found us anchored off Gambell, with a troop of ailing natives surrounding the cutter in their *oomiaks*, or skin boats—old and young, all with a "misery" of some sort, thankful beyond words for the appearance of the ship that meant so much to pain-racked bodies and toothaches that had persisted for nearly a year. Some of them had to be swung over the side of the vessel in an improvised chair, owing to their inability to climb the ship's ladder. It was a never-to-be-forgotten sight. And they all came aboard with smiling faces and patient spirits, finding a place to sit down on the deck until the doctors got around to them. It

was two A.M. before either of the doctors had his first let-up and the next day they went ashore and ministered to those who were too ill to be moved.

St. Lawrence Island, with its Eskimo population of a scant two hundred and fifty souls, lies but forty miles from the Siberian coast and is believed by scientists to have been one of the stepping stones over which the Asiatic migration of early man to the North American Continent took place. The islanders are descendants of the more aboriginal Chukchis of Siberia, with whom they keep in touch by occasional visits, despite the well-known objections of the Soviet Government. Their superstitious beliefs, devil-worship, primitive fashion of tattooing (which obtains in no other section of Eskimo occupation), folk lore, domestic customs, hut and igloo construction, in which the split walrus hide figures, *etc.*, are precisely after the same methods now in vogue along the Siberian coast. They are intrepid and fearless hunters of both whale and walrus and live a communistic life.

The village of Gambell was founded by an American school-teacher by that name some fifty years ago. Civilizing influences have brought the natives very real benefits of which they have taken full advantage. However, they still adhere to their tribal beliefs with such tenacity that no missionary has ever been able to make any headway among them. Despite their satanic cult, which differs from that of all other tribes, they are more amenable to the white man's way of living than any of their neighbors. Their women are experts with the skinning-knife and can split or flense a twelve-foot-square walrus hide into one measuring twelve by twenty-four feet. They sell their fox skins and



CELEBRATING THE FOURTH AT NOME

Blanket tossing, which is a favorite sport among the Eskimos, is one of the liveliest features of the Fourth of July celebration at Nome. This exhibition is being given by the King Islanders.



A MAMMOTH'S TUSK

A dredger at work near Candle, Alaska, unearthed this huge relic of one of the mammoths that roamed through Alaska in prehistoric times. The tusk measures nine and a half feet in length and six inches in diameter.



LOOPING THE LOOP IN A KAYAK

The King Islanders are amazingly dexterous in handling their fragile kayaks. One of their most spectacular stunts is being demonstrated here. The Eskimo who has capsized his boat will make a complete revolution under water and right himself without losing his seat.

away with the luckless infant or precisely what is done with her no one knows and the matter is not one for comment or asking any questions. This is particularly mystifying because they never bury their dead, believing that disease follows the interring of a corpse in the ground. They enclose the remains in a strong wooden box and place it on top the ground in the village burying ground. But no one has ever found a new-born twin baby so disposed of.

Tattooing of the chin—slightly converging lines from the lower lip downwards—is common among the older generation all over Alaska and indicates a married woman. Except on St. Lawrence, however, the present generation is abandoning the custom. The St. Lawrence Island married woman tattoos not only her chin but her cheeks and the backs of her hands as well.

Next to St. Lawrence, the "cliff-dwellers" of King Island are, perhaps, the most interesting and intelligent tribe in Alaska. There are but one hundred and seventy-three of them and they build their frail skin houses on stilts, anchored to the steep, rocky face of the only portion of that inhospitable and bleak island upon which a human dwelling can find a foothold. They are natural athletes, fearless sailors and hunters and highly gifted carvers and etchers on walrus ivory. The chances they take every year in their tribal pilgrimage in their frail skin boats for ninety miles over the open sea to Nome, would give a white man pause. The whole tribe—men, women and children—with their household goods and food, embark in five thirty-foot *oomiaks*, about July first, and spend the summer on the beach just outside Nome, carving bizarre cribbage-boards, ingeniously decorated by the

(Continued on page 60)

Photo. by Lomen

An Eskimo Pipe.

IN these days when the Arctic regions are so much in the public eye, anything about the North possesses an unusual interest. We hear now, and are likely to hear much about the Eskimo, people whose ways of life while familiar enough to the ethnologist are much less so to the man on the street.

Not so many years ago these Eskimo were genuinely primitive, capturing their food—the wild creatures of their wilderness—by means of primitive weapons—made largely of stone or bone—lances, harpoons, bows and arrows, fishing tackle, and by various traps. Now, like all the other wild people of the globe, they have been corrupted and of late years demand in trade breechloading rifles of modern type. They wish also rum and tobacco. This last is one of

a pipe would not last long, and we may presume that a very few draws would exhaust it. The smoke was of course taken into the lungs.

Below will be seen an engraving of a large and handsomely carved Eskimo pipe of walrus ivory from Northwestern Alaska. On each side of the pipe, that is to say on four more or less long flat surfaces, are pictured scenes from the daily life of the Eskimo. Of these the two sides on the right hand of the pipe, as it is held in position for smoking, appear to represent the period of cold weather, later autumn, winter and early spring, while those on the left hand side of the pipe represent the summer life of the Eskimo.

Taking up first the upper row of sketches which we suppose depict summer life, and reading from the pipe bowl toward the mouth piece, we see a couple of birds, one standing and one

umiak removed from the water as usual and turned upside down and resting on a raised scaffold. Further along toward the mouthpiece seem to be fishing weirs, at which men are at work, and still further toward the mouthpiece half a dozen persons are indulging in a dance. The figure of a dog and three birds end up the scene.

The right hand side of the stem represents a number of the land hunting and trapping operations of the Eskimo. Close to the mouthpiece on the upper section is a drying pole from which hang pieces of meat or fish. A bird is perched on one of the uprights supporting the pole. Further along are three winter houses with persons busy about them. Then come the two trees, which may be a line of division representing a change of scene, and beyond the trees are the head and horns of a caribou, a



WALRUS TUSK PIPE—LEFT AND RIGHT HAND VIEWS.

their especial needs. They smoke and chew it, and men, women and children alike are devoted to its use.

The pipes used by the Eskimo are quite different from those of any other North American race, and in the shape of the bowl more resemble the opium pipes used by the Chinese than anything else. The old pipes were very small in the amount of tobacco that they would hold, for in former days tobacco was extremely scarce and in its use was most carefully husbanded. There was, therefore, a wide flaring margin to the pipe to catch any grains of tobacco that might be spilled in filling it; then there was a hollow which would hold a pinch of tobacco half as large as an ordinary pea and a rather wide hole passing down through the base of the bowl which fitted into the pipe stem. The bowl of the pipe was of ivory, stone, brass or copper. The pipe stem was curved and had a mouthpiece. It is said that the small hole running down through the base of the bowl and into the pipe stem was usually plugged with caribou hair to save any grains of tobacco that might otherwise have passed down through this aperture and so be lost. The smoking of such

flying; a dog following a woman who is carrying water toward the summer house, in which there is a fire and three individuals. Before the house stands a pole on which are hanging fish. A woman with an axe or maul seems to be breaking up a piece of drift wood. Three persons are fishing with hook and line, but in the etching the fish are giants compared with those actually caught in this manner by the Eskimo.

Next we see a great blackfish which has been struck by a harpoon, and at the end of the line attached to the harpoon is a "dan" or float made of an inflated seal skin. Before the blackfish is a boat in which stands a person about to throw another harpoon and holding the float in the hand. Then comes an umiak in which are four persons, three of them paddling hard to overtake a great spouting whale that is swimming away, while a man standing in the bow is ready to throw the lance.

On the lower section of the left side of the pipe stem is shown a group of walrus being attacked by two parties, each of five men in two umiaks. In each case the Bowman is about to throw a lance and holds in the other hand a dan or float. On the shore is a skin boat, or

man with a bow shooting at a flying goose, and a caribou and young being shot at by another person. Another tree is followed by a caribou lying down and another standing, while three more caribou of different ages and sex are running toward two men armed with bow and lance, while over the caribou are six geese in flight. On the lower section of the same side are represented different animals—a fox, a wolf and a bear. Then there is a tree, a weasel and three traps sprung and each containing a small animal. Beyond them a caribou is being shot by a man, while still further along three men are dragging home the carcass of a bull caribou over the snow toward three winter houses near which stand a tree and toward which a woman is bringing water.

The pipe has every appearance of age and long use. The ivory is yellow and cracked and checked in many places.

The Eskimo are known to be extremely skillful in the representation of scenes and objects, while the Indians of Queen Charlotte's Sound and generally all the natives of the Northwest coast of America are famous for their carving in wood and in a black slate.

Wise Dogs I Have Owned.

BABYLON, L. I., Nov. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Several setters and pointers that I have owned at different times have shown an intelligence which I believe will be interesting to the lovers of dogs and readers of *FOREST AND STREAM*.

I was owner of a red Irish setter named Rose who showed reasoning powers in a high degree. I frequently shot over a piece of cultivated land adjoining a heavy piece of scrub timber not far from my home. Quail flushed in the open usually made for this scrub and scattered in all directions. After resting the birds I would send Rose into the timber when she would commence quartering the ground in large circles, covering all the space where the birds might lie. In this manner she seldom failed to locate most of the covey. In December the quail were late in feeding, so my time for shooting was limited, and I shot at any bird I could get a glimpse of. Feathers floating back often gave an indication of a chance hit, when I would send Rose to seek the dead bird. If I had killed clean she would return with the dead bird, otherwise she would return and look at me in a puzzled manner. When the light was poor I would sometimes return after shooting a number of times with only a half dozen birds. She would come to heel and follow me home reluctantly. The next morning I have found as many as three quail on my piazza.

Did she bring them all home at the same time, or make three different trips of a half mile during the night, or why did she place them on my front stoop? So that I could not fail to see them in opening the front door next morning, of course.

Grant was an English setter dog named for the President during his second term. He was a ticked roan belton, a little coarse in coat, but of grand make as to form and eyes which, when on birds, fairly shone and started out of his head. I was shooting for English snipe with a friend who owned a bench show field trial winner, and the dogs were about equal as to pointing, dropping to shot and wing and retrieving. A brace of snipe flushed in front of my friend. He killed the first, but missed the second. I killed this bird high up in the air as it quartered over me to the left. Grant saw the bird fall. Although the meadow was free of all tall grass, he failed to retrieve the snipe. After both dogs had been over the ground we gave the bird up, although it seemed a clean kill. We worked the dogs over another piece of snipe ground, then, to my surprise, Grant started on the back track to the old piece of meadow where I had killed the snipe; no whistling or calls would induce him to return. I saw him cast over the old spot where he had seen the bird fall, then commence to paw the mud on the edge of a hole, when he brought the snipe to the surface and triumphantly returned to me with the snipe in his mouth. I never saw a more satisfied dog as he held up the bird to me, wagging his tail with a look of setter contempt for the bench show winner.

I loaned Grant to a friend who needed a dog for a quail shooting trip to Norfolk, Va. He returned the dog saying he was worthless. I learned that the dog had found nearly all the coveys the first day, beating three other good

dogs. My friend was not in form and missed a number of shots. Grant not being told to fetch dead birds got restless and then began to hunt on his own account, finding and flushing coveys ahead of the other dogs. I asked the man what he did then. "I brought him in and gave him a good thrashing. After that he would stay at heel and would not work at all." I told him the dog had never been whipped before in my three years' shooting over him. It took me some weeks to get back his confidence. This dog on finding birds in thick cover would back out and return to me, then slowly going forward, would lead me to the birds and to a stiff point some five hundred yards away, perhaps in the middle of a thick swamp.

Pete and Pan, red Irish setters, could almost talk. They were, as a brace working together, hard to beat. Pan was a wonderful marker of dead birds and seldom failed to retrieve when called upon to do so. I killed a quail which we both saw fall. He returned without the bird with a woeful look. We both searched for the quail, but without success, so I decided to try for another. Not so Pan; I lost him for a few minutes, then found him pointing with his nose pointed in the air. I found the bird had lodged in the fork of a tree about twenty feet above the ground.

Dash was a setter dog of unknown pedigree, a fine dog in the field, and very clever at doing a number of retrieving tricks for my amusement. He would return and fetch my gloves left on purpose at a friend's house, find my knife, or any article thrown in high grass or stubble, untie a handkerchief from a limb of a tree or top of a picket fence when told to return and fetch it, even though the place selected might be a mile away from my house. He would retrieve any number of eggs placed in a line on my piazza, gently dropping each in my hand without breaking a single one; would fetch my slippers or any article that he was accustomed to bring on command to do so. His reasoning powers were fully developed.

One other tale of dog sense, then I will let some other sportsman brother have the floor. A shooting friend owned a pointer dog which beyond doubt was one of the finest dogs in Virginia. On a cold and rather stormy day my friend flushed a covey of quail on the edge of a narrow but deep brook. He killed a bird which fell on the opposite bank. The dog saw the bird fall, but to the despair of the owner no persuasion would induce the dog to take the trail. His shooting companion said: "Throw him in and he will swim over and get the bird." When thrown in the dog swam over and on reaching the other bank he went directly to the spot where the bird fell, picked it up, brought it to the bank, then in full view of the two shooters, chewed it up and returned to take his punishment. Up to this time he had never been known to mouth a bird or ruffle a feather, and although he has been in the field for the past two seasons, he has never been known to mouth or ruffle a feather since.

I have owned a number of dogs that have shown intelligence in an equally high degree as these here described.

C. D. B. W.

Mixed Bags in Nebraska.

OMAHA, Neb., Nov. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Notwithstanding the fact that the long continued almost phenomenally mild weather which has prevailed throughout Nebraska this fall has militated largely against good wildfowl shooting, many fine bags have been made in different sections; in fact, in some places the birds have not been so plentiful in years. While the ducking has been and is still good, and will grow better during the chill days to come, along the lakes and marshes in the northern part of the State, at Niobrara, Lugenbeel, Cody, Gordon and Merriman, it has been but mediocre throughout the central and southern sections. Along the rivers, the Platte, the Elkhorn, the Loups and the Republican there has been but a meagre flight of birds. The shooting was capital all over the State, however, as long as the locally bred ducks lasted, but it fell off tremendously after these were shot out, and ever since bags have been both infrequently and attenuated. The northern birds in their southward migration stopped along the northern fringe of lakes and as yet but few have come as far south as the middle of the State.

The bluewing teal shooting was extraordinarily fine while it continued, but that was only through September, and just now there is but little real animated sport to be found south of the Middle Loup. But we are all waiting for the late boisterous November weather.

There is bound to be a quick and sudden change before many more days, and when that occurs it will bring the birds down in battalions and the shooting will be great along the legendary old Platte and throughout all the southern part of the State.

So far but few geese have come down. Even the October flight of Hutchins' geese was a slender one, compared with former years, and so far as the Canadas are concerned, they are even more backward. Even a flock along the famous old Platte or the riotous Loup has so far been a rarity, and there is little likelihood of any real sport on these royal fowl before the middle of December. Harry Welch, while at Clarks, on the Platte, last Wednesday, killed six Canadas out of three bunches that came in to his decoys in the early dawn, and one Canada and one white goose in the evening, and that is the banner bag on geese reported to me this season. Sam Richmond, of Fullerton, on the Loup, killed two Canadas yesterday out of a flock of fourteen he succeeded in calling in, but he says—and he is the greatest goose hunter I know—that he does not look for the main body of geese until well into December. As with the Hutchins' geese, so it has been with the white and speckled-fronts; they have been unwontedly scarce. The fact is, however, that the geese are decreasing rapidly with each recurring season, and it will not be many years until they are known no more forever, even along that glory of the geese in the olden days, the sprawling Platte. There are 5,000 men who go hunting now where twenty years ago there was one, and this is not exaggerated in the slightest degree. Despite the higher sportsmanship that is rapidly marking the age, despite our splendid protective laws and despite the feasible propagation possibilities, I expect to see the day—and I am way on the

Ancestors of Eskimos Found In Minnesota Lake Varves

DISCOVERY in Minnesota of an ancestor of the Eskimos has been announced in *Science* by Dr. A. E. Jenks, professor of anthropology at the University of Minnesota.

The skeleton, which offers a new problem for scientists who are trying to find out how long men have inhabited America, was found in the silted depths of an extinct lake, in Ottertail County. The human bones lay twelve feet beneath layered silt, formed at the end of the glacial age. In that remote time, as the ice sheet retreated north, the silt flowed into and filled various lakes in this part of Minnesota. The period when this occurred, according to latest geological estimate, would be 18,000 or 20,000 years ago.

Examining the skeleton of the "Minnesota Man," Dr. Jenks pronounces it that of a youth under twenty years of age. The youth was a primitive creature, who, Dr. Jenks says, "must have been of an American ancestral type." He had markedly protruding jaws, and unusually large teeth. The nose had primitive, even ape-like characteristics, described by the anthropologist in the words:

"The nasal aperture has distinctly simian sill and borders."

From the present stage of measurements and reconstruction, Dr. Jenks finds that the man revealed is more akin to Eskimo than Indian in physical type.

With the skeleton lay a crude dagger of antler, and a large pendant of shell. Each has a hole for a leash, by which the youth fastened the articles to his person.

Rod & Gun in Canada March 1921.

The Code of a Hunting Tribe

GEORGE R. BELTON



THERE are not many tribes of people on the face of the earth now who live entirely by hunting. There may be a few of the pygmy tribes of Africa who though small are mighty hunters and live by the chase alone; but their numbers are few and they are going the way of the animals from which they once made a good living. The pot hunter and the commercial greed of civilised man has made it impossible for such tribes of men to exist in any region that can support the race in modern style.

But there is still a hunting tribe even in North America; in Canada and under the same flag as the Canadian loves. The Esquimo of the north are still a hunting tribe getting their food and their clothing as well as their home furnishings and their utensils of war and peace from their prowess in the hunt. It is reported that of late they are getting high power rifles and taking after the way of the white man in killing for commercial sale and even for "sport." What effect this will have upon them as well as upon the game is a matter for conjecture only. Will they go the way of other aboriginal peoples when this gets too far into their blood? Most people will hope not. Yet this may be a break into their ways and customs that will be fatal to them as communities and even as a people.

They had their stern laws before the white men came to them. One of these has been interfered with directly by the white man, according to their understanding of the case; and though they are wrong in this assumption there may be some trouble in the north among the hunting lodges over the matter.

Ouangwak, an Esquimo, killed two men at or near Chesterfield Inlet. Now I will not tell you where that is; look it up and get some idea of how far

north the laws of your country run. Ouangwak was caught by the Mounted Police after a long hard chase, and was brought to The Pas for trial, for that was the nearest court. But no



Ouangwak, Esquimo hunter

witnesses were brought that long distance for the trial and the authorities ordered him taken back to Chesterfield to be tried under the inspector of the Mounted Police there.

reeling animal,—a rip of a horn, and his entrails were hanging out.

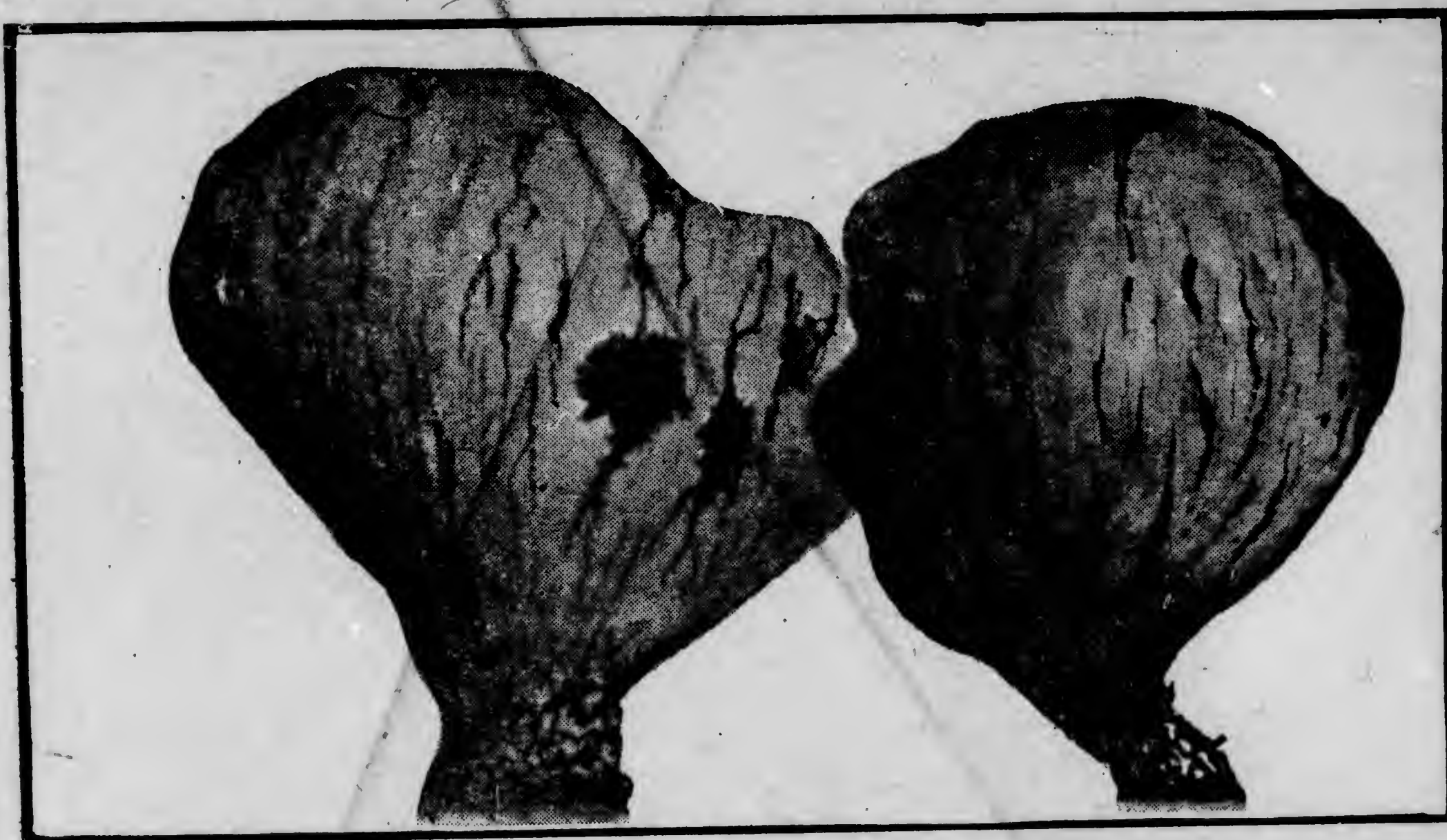
Running with the bunch, the hunter would insert the nozzle of the powder horn into the muzzle of his rifle, let the powder run while he turned the horn once around, then spit in a bullet, cock and fire. Almost at every jump of the horse he would drive home a big lead ball, and his trail far away across the plain was strewn with dying buffalo.

Abandoning the chase when his

ammunition became exhausted, and returning along the line of hunt he would find the camp pitched at the nearest water to the centre of the carcass strewn plain, and the small boys racing around on the colts and cart horses butchering, with fiendish glee, any buffalo that still showed signs of life. Pots would be boiling and fresh meat roasting by the time he got back to camp, and stretched in the shade, by the teepee fire he would gorge till his sides were sore.

Forms and Properties of Mushrooms

T. WARE



Lycopodium cyathiforme (natural size), edible.

I have found this plant quite frequently in stubble fields.

The body of the plant does not rest on the ground as in (*L. giganteum*) but it is somewhat pear shaped, rounded above and tapering below. They are from two to six inches in diameter, white when young or sometimes pinkish, changing to brown then purple. Like all other puff balls they are only fit for food when young and white all through.

The plant has a curious habit of breaking up at the top and when the spores have all been blown away the outer covering is left in the shape of a cup giving it the common name of "Breaker Puff ball."



When Ouangwak came back to Chesterfield there were murmurings of surprise and indignation amongst the Esquimo who felt their ancient exact sense of justice was outraged. They had their own law strict and stern, and by it the council of old men would have met to deal with Ouangwak's case and appointed an executioner to make him pay the penalty. But they had seen the Mounted Police come amongst them with the laws of the land they are adopted into and had left the matter to the "Great White King" for disposal. Now they see the man brought back and they cannot accept the explanation of Father Turquetil, the resident missionary, that he will be tried there and if guilty will be executed. They gave him up to justice and their childlike minds cannot see why he was not killed at once. He had confessed to killing one of these men to get his wife.

Father Turquetil, who recently returned from Chesterfield Inlet to The Pas says he did all he could to explain the matter but fears the Esquimo did not accept his explanation and that the tribe may take the matter into their own hands. They may over-power the little handful of police there and take Ouangwak and deal with him according to the law of the hunting tribes as existing since they were a people in the dawn of human life when perhaps our Saxon and Celt forefathers were under laws and customs similar to those of the Esquimo, hunting in the woods of Britain and Gaul "with their bodies stained by juices" instead of clothes, Caesar says that, after stating Gaul is divided into three parts in opening of Latin troubles for all students.

It will be interesting to see how the hunting tribe ends this matter.

Ontario Game Exhibit

The Department of Game and Fisheries in the Government Building at the Canadian National Exhibition last autumn, brought convincing proof this year that Ontario is the world's sporting paradise. While our neighbors to the south measure their hunting grounds in acres, the province of Ontario measures the vast virgin expanse of practically unexplored territory in square miles.

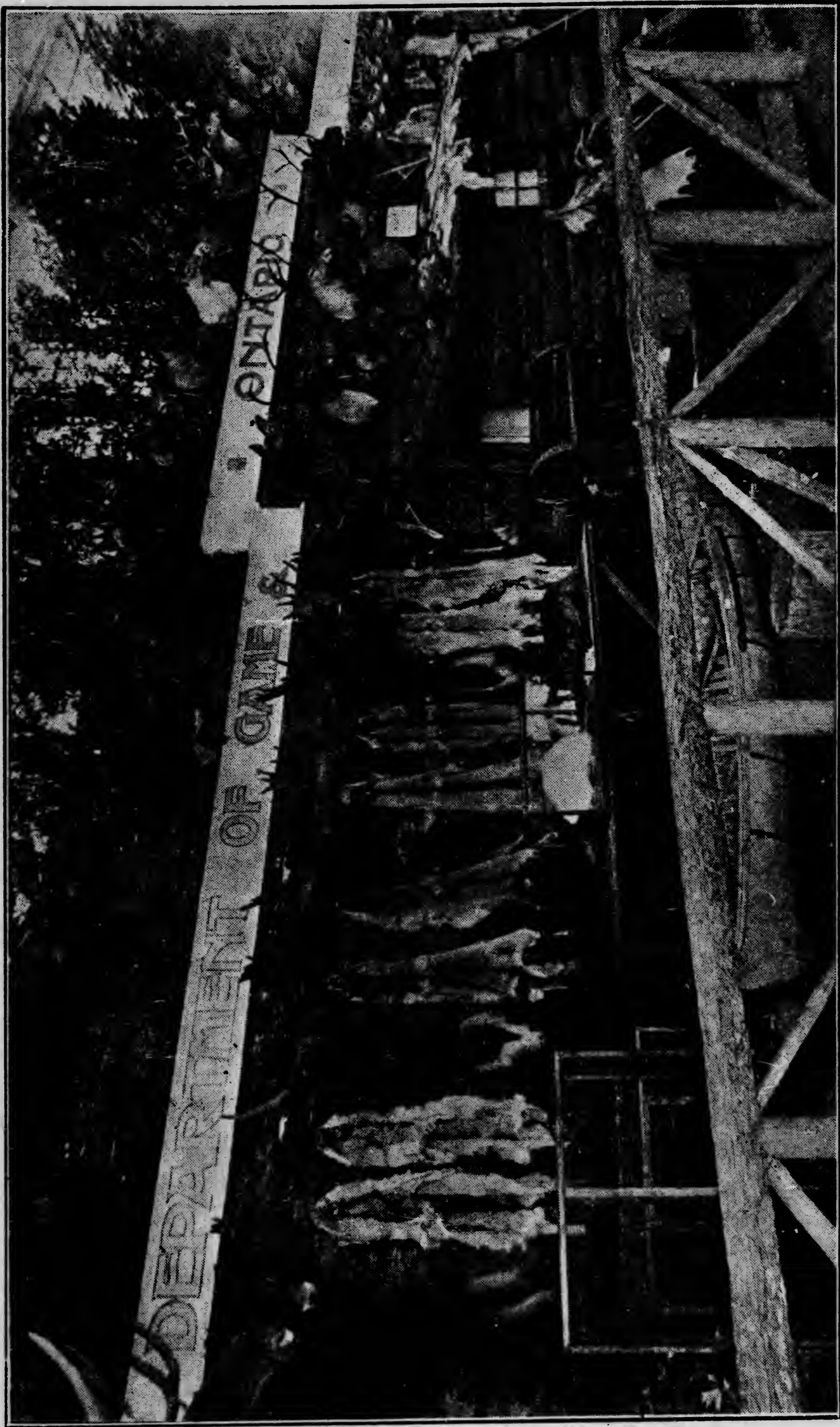
Lord Burnham and Lord Cave, members of the Imperial Press Conference, who visited the exhibit, expressed themselves in words of admiration at the originality and beauty of the display and at once suggested that the Government take steps to bring this display over to Great Britain for the British Dominions' Exposition in London in 1923. This, more than anything else, would bring home to the sportsmen of the whole world the possibilities of Ontario as the greatest fur market and the best stocked fish ponds in the whole world.

The actual demonstration of what the lover of the outdoors may find in a hundred

different districts with rod and gun eclipses anything that could be accomplished in that direction with the aid of books or pamphlets. Among the live animals were also several Canadian black bear and grey and black squirrels. The latter are protected until 1923.

The part of the exhibit that hits home to every resident of Ontario, as well as all sportsmen, was the fish showing. Trout from the famous Nipigon waters, white fish and sturgeons brought alive a thousand miles in the province, brook trout from the Ontario hatcheries and a splendid exhibition of black bass, which made the mouth water of all anglers who looked at it. The work and activity of the Department of Game and Fisheries are well shown in the fact that there are over fourteen thousand trappers and over 1,800 fur dealers in the province of Ontario to whom they sell. It is estimated that furs to the value of three million dollars are annually sold in the province.

Last year there were twenty thousand hunting licenses issued and the number of licenses



Ontario Department of Game and Fisheries Exhibit at Canadian National Exhibition, 1920.

issued to non-resident anglers was 12,000.

This year the department has restocked provincial waters with over seventy million

fish of different kinds, and in the coming year it is proposed to increase this number by fifty million.

Eskimo

Indian Woman Weaves Her Life Into Last Basket

By BELLE DORMER.

THE GOOD OLD BEAR.

Retire the Bear? Send her to the scrap-heap? Let her rot like a pile of worthless junk?

By the great horn spoon, the northern lights, and all of the constellations by which sailors swear, that would be a scurvy trick! Suppose she is a half hundred years old? They haven't learned to make them better and the experiences of those fifty years ought to stand for something.

She's home now. In the past few weeks there has been an argument on, one city and another claiming the Bear. In their pride of her performance they are anxious now to call her their own. But the Bear does not belong to a city; she belongs to the North. To the ice floes, and the winter-gripped communities, to the mail routes, and the business of carrying supplies. She belongs to Nome and Unalaska, to the Kotzebue, the Bering Straits and the broad Pacific. She belongs to tradition.

With two propeller blades gone she made good time under sail and is home in Oakland harbor for repairs. Out of a department in Washington

globe. In the corner were tons of raw ivory tusks, piles of walrus hides, old ivory, brown and golden, piled on tables, and through and over it all an odor of the far north never to be mistaken.

It was Captain Ballenger of the Cut-

"She began to weave them into the intricate pattern she had chosen."



has come the annual story that she is not to go back. Sailormen read the story and grunt.

The Bear will go back to the North, all right. She is built for that job and there isn't a ship that can take her place.

"Junk her?" asks Commander Cochran. "Junk this ship? Not if my recommendation carries weight with the Treasury Department."

THE above editorial from the Oakland TRIBUNE brought to mind most vividly a story told me by Mr. Blackwell in his curio store at Nome Alaska some years ago.

A party of 300 or more tourists just come ashore from the steamer Victoria were "milling" about the place "pawing" over and prying the baskets and other curios with which the store was supplied.

One woman picked up at random, a beautiful basket, examined its sale tag, \$75, and tossed it back on the counter, but not the same counter from which it came.

There it lay, like a golden lily, "shoulder to shoulder with the common herd." Down through a smudgy window came the July sunshine resting full upon its gorgeous coloring, its soft silky fabric, and its exquisite workmanship.

I lost no time in making the rescue. Taking it by the top and bottom as one does a Panama hat, I straightened it out, rolled it softly in my hands and counted out the money.

Blackwell looked up quickly, smiled at me and said, "You recognize the workmanship. Do you know its history?"

I shook my head.

"Come back this evening and I will tell you."

Sitting in the igloo of Happy Jack, a moon-faced Eskimo boy of 20 or 25, in the back room of the big store, watching him as he carved pictures of men in parkas, and mukluks, of dog teams and bears, and flocks of wild birds on shining white tusks of ivory, and listening to the story of the little blind basket maker far away on the wind-swept Attu Island made a picture never to be forgotten.

About us on the floor were grouped a dozen Eskimos in native garb, sweating, whittling, sandpapering and polishing the ivory for Happy Jack, who alone could do the carving that brought the big prices from the tourists who came each year from every part of the round

ter Bear who told Blackwell that on one of his many trips to the Aleutian Islands he had called as usual at Attu Island and had found the natives in a deplorable condition. Cold, hunger and sickness had brought them to the verge of starvation.

The captain did what he could to relieve their suffering and told them when next he visited New York, a city beyond the big water, he would tell a beautiful lady (Helen Gould) of their condition,

THREE THANKSGIVING DAY MENUS.

Thanksgiving is a home day in most families, and the dinner depends upon financial, economical and social conditions, but generally, an old-fashioned feast finds favor.

MENU.

Cream of Tomato Soup
Turkey, Glazed Sweet Potatoes
Boiled Onions Mashed Turnip Celery
Pickles and Cranberry Jelly.
Celery and Apple Salad.
Mince and Pumpkin Pie.

Cheese Coffee Cider

Have the sinews drawn from the turkey legs, boil and chop the giblets for the gravy, and roast the bird on its breast instead of its back, so the juices may run into the white breast meat instead of weeping away in the pan.

For the dinner in small quarters, one must begin beforehand to get things ready if a real home dinner is desired.

MENU.

Salmon Canapes
Roast Boned Turkey, Cranberry Jelly.
Celery Candied Sweet Potatoes
Pickles Rolls Asparagus
Alligator Pear Salad
Plum Pudding, Hard Sauce
Coffee Cider

The salmon comes out of a can. Drain, bone, skin, flake, and moisten it with mayonnaise, juice of an onion, juice of half a small lemon, a little red pepper, a tablespoonful of seeded and chopped olives, and a hard-boiled egg put through the ricer. Mix lightly and spread on fresh toast rounds.

Bone the turkey, stuff and roll it the day before. Boil the bones and trimmings with a vegetable soup bunch and seasoning. Strain, set aside, remove the

and she would send them a shipload of food and clothing. He suggested that on his return trip from the north they should send one of their beautiful baskets to the lady across the big water.

When the Bear had sailed away they called a meeting and talked it over. Among their women were many clever basket-makers, but one artist, and she was old, very old, and blind and feeble. Could she make another basket? They doubted it. But in return for a shipload of food and clothing they could not send an old basket, or one that was poorly made.

On the floor of her igloo, wrapped in

grease, and it is ready if soup is desired or for use next day.

Jelly and asparagus can be gotten canned, as well as the pudding.

Two of the alligator pears make a salad for six people with the lettuce and dressing.

Should the preparation of the turkey be too much for small quarters it is possible to buy one at the delicatessen, or get the baker to roast the bird.

MENU.

Oysters on the Half-Shell with a Relish
Filet of Sole Tartar Sauce
Potato Puffs

Roast Turkey, Chestnut Stuffing

Glazed Sweet Potatoes

Baked Onions Fried Parsnips

Celery, Olives, Salted Nuts

Entrée of Sweetbreads and Mushrooms

En Casserole

Dinner Rolls

Cheese and Tomato Salad

Mince Pie Frozen Pumpkin Custard

Coffee Cider Cup

The finest chestnut filling is made up boiling a pound of large sweet chestnuts after peeling and blanching them. When soft, mash them, add a heaping tablespoonful of butter, pepper, salt to taste, a teaspoonful of sugar, and a gill of sweet cream. Beat very light with a fork. Then add a cupful of chopped raisins, a half-cupful of white celery tops, chopped, the juice of a large onion and dry crumbs enough to firm the mass. Then cut in another heaping tablespoonful of butter, and add a saltspoonful of curry powder. Parboil and dice the sweetbreads, saute the mushrooms. Add seasoning, crumbs, a beaten egg, and a little sweet cream. Bake ten minutes.

fur robes beside the little lamp of burning oil they found her asleep. Gently they awakened her and told her the good news. With brown hands fluttering like autumn leaves, she reached out and found their hands and laughed, and told them how gladly she would make the basket. She loved the work and was anxious to begin. They could gather for her the long, many-colored grass roots that grew in sheltered nooks among the rocks hid away from the tossing of wild waves that beat upon their wind-swept island home.

So it was agreed, and the big basket was brought in and two-thirds filled with broken ice. Rocks were made hot in seal oil fires and placed upon the ice, and when the water was made warm enough the old artist began her work, her hands well under the water.

An Attu basket, like a Panama hat, is never taken from the warm water from the time of its beginning until it is entirely finished.

With young girls seated each side of her, placing in her hands the different shades, pink, green, brown, red, golden and cream, nature's own coloring, that she began to weave them into the intricate pattern she had chosen for this, her last and most beautiful basket.

For many days the people of the little island brought her the longest, brightest-colored, glossiest thread-like grass roots they could find. Young girls gave her the right colors, and instinctively she wrought the pattern her mind's eye could so plainly see.

When she was tired they gave her food, denying themselves, and watched while she slept, fearful that she might die before her task was finished.

And then came the last day. The basket was all but finished. The brown fingers faltered, could not find their way. The gray head drooped, but she smiled at them and finished her work. Then they wrapped her about in warm furs and placed her in the back of her little igloo and with sorrowing hearts went out to tell the others that the little blind artist had gone where there was no more cold and hunger and suffering. They found the air was full of wild shouting, "The Bear is coming. The Bear is here."

The little band of natives swarmed to the water's edge, bringing the basket with them. They told the captain the story of the little blind artist, and how she had worked to make a basket so beautiful that the lovely lady across the big water would surely send her people the shipload of food and clothing to keep them alive during the coming winter.

The captain had a table placed on deck and over it a scarf of purple velvet that the basket might have a proper setting.

And every man aboard the Bear came to admire, and every native on the island came to see for the last time the work of their beloved artist.

The captain, true to his word, carried the basket to Helen Gould and told her the story of its making. And she in turn sent the promised shipload of food and clothing to the natives on the far-away Attu Island.

And this is the story told me by Mr. Blackwell in the Blackwell curio store in Nome, Alaska, as we sat watching the natives cutting and carving the ivory tusks that but yesterday were tossing about in the wind-swept waters of Bering Sea.

"The basket you bought today," said Blackwell, "was made by the same woman before she lost her eyesight."

"Who taught you to do this beautiful carving?" I asked of Happy Jack as I paused to admire his work. For a moment his face took on a puzzled look. Then he smilingly tapped his head and said "Up here," and went on with his work.

A PERFECT LOOKING NOSE CAN EASILY BE YOURS



Trades Model No. 25 corrects now all ill-shaped noses quickly, painlessly, permanently and comfortably at home. It is the only safe and guaranteed patent device that will actually give you a perfect looking nose. Over 57,000 satisfied users. For years recommended by physicians. 16 years of experience in manufacturing Nose Shapers is at your service. Write for free booklet, which tell you how to obtain a perfect looking nose.

Model 25 Jr. for children

Dept. 2244

M. TRILETT, Specialist
Binghamton, N. Y.

Hoopa

Hunxapa. A former Chumashan village near Santa Barbara, Cal. 381 ✓

Huixapa.—Bancroft, Nat. Races, I, 459, 1874.

Hunxapa.—Taylor in Cal. Farmer, Apr. 24, 1863.

Huocom. A former Costanoan village near Santa Cruz mission, Cal.—Taylor in Cal. Farmer, Apr. 5, 1860. 381 ✓

Hupa. An Athapascan tribe formerly occupying the valley of Trinity r., Cal., from South fork to its junction, with the Klamath, including Hupa Valley. 4
They were first mentioned by Gibbs in 1852; a military post was established in their territory in 1855 and maintained

Sally Noble (full blood) ^(Che-mah'-re-ko) and widow
of Steve Noble) tells me that her people
and neighboring Hoopah used to burn the
brush every 3rd or 4th year to keep the
forest floor clean and free from big
fires. This made it easier to gather
acorns and berries. In those days there
was plenty of green grass in the open
places.

Sept. 1920. - cm

Sally Noble's mother died in about 1909.

Sally Noble died Jan 1922.

striking, bruising, or breaking bones, including stones held in the hands, clubs with grips, and hard objects at the end of a line or handle, like a slung shot. The N. Pacific tribes took great pains with their clubs, carving on them their symbolism.

(4) Slashing or stabbing with edged weapons. The Indians had little to do with metals and were given almost altogether to the use of stone, bone, reeds, and wood for stabbing and slashing. Both chipped and ground weapons were used, either without a handle, with a grip, or at the end of a shaft. Every Eskimo had a quiver of daggers for use at close quarters, and so had the Indian his side arms. Edged weapons, however, were not so common as the weapons of the next class.

(5) Hunting with piercing weapons, the most common of all Indian methods of taking animals. The implements include the pointed stick or stone, the lance, the spear, the harpoon, and the arrow (q. v.). Weapons of this class were held in the hand, hurled from the hand, shot from a bow or a blowgun, or slung from the throwing stick. Each of the varieties went through a multitude of transformations, depending on game, materials at hand, the skill of the maker, etc.

(6) The use of traps, pits, and snares (see *Traps*). The Tenankutchin of Alaska capture deer, moose, and caribou by means of a brush fence, extended many miles, in which at intervals snares are set; and the same custom was practised by many other tribes in hunting the larger game. The Plains tribes and the ancient Pueblos captured deer, antelope, and wolves by means of pitfalls.

(7) Capturing game by means of dogs or other hunting animals. Indian tribes, with few exceptions, had no hunting dogs regularly trained to pursue game, but the common dog was very efficient. Fowls of the air, marine animals, and especially carnivorous animals, such as the coyote, by their noises and movements gave the cue which aided the cunning and observant hunter to identify, locate, and follow his game. (See *Domestication*.)

(8) Hunting by means of fire and smoke. In America, as throughout the world, as soon as men came into possession of fire the conquest of the animal kingdom was practically assured. The Indians used smoke to drive animals out of hiding, torches to dazzle the eyes of deer and to attract fish and birds to their canoes, and firebrands and prairie fires for game drives.

(9) Taking animals by means of drugs. The bark of walnut root served to asphyxiate fish in fresh-water pools in the South-

ern states; in other sections soap root and buckeyes were used.

In connection with hunting processes there were accessory activities in which the Indian had to be versed. There were foods to eat and foods tabued, clothing and masks to wear, shelters and hiding places to provide, and not only must the hunter be familiar with calls, imitations, decoys, whistles, and the like, but acquainted with the appropriate hunting songs, ceremonies, and fetishes, and with formulas for every act in the process, the time for the chase of the various animals, the laws for the division of game, and the clan names connected with hunting. Besides, there were numberless employments and conveniences associated therewith. In order to use the harpoon it was necessary to have a canoe, and with every method of hunting were connected other employments which taxed the ingenuity of the savage mind. There were also certain activities which were the result of hunting. Questions presented themselves regarding transportation, receptacles, the discrimination of useful species, and the construction of fences. A slight knowledge of anatomy was necessary in order to know where to strike and how to cut up game. All these gave excellent training in perception, skill, and cooperative effort. See *Buffalo, Fishing, Food, Fur trade, Horse*, etc., and the various subjects above referred to.

Consult Allen, Rep. on Alaska, 138, 1885; Boas, Central Eskimo, 6th Rep. B. A. E., 1888; Catlin, N. A. Inds., I-II, 1844; Dixon in Bull. Am. Mus. Nat. Hist., xvii, pt. 3, 1905; Hoffman, Menomini Inds., 14th Rep. B. A. E., 1896; Mason, various articles in Rep. Smithsonian Inst. and Nat. Mus.; Maximilian, Travels, 1849; Murdoch, Ethnological Results of the Point Barrow Exped., 9th Rep. B. A. E., 1892; Nelson, Eskimo about Bering Strait, 18th Rep. B. A. E., 1899; Schoolcraft, Indian Tribes, I-VI, 1851-57. (O. T. M.)

Huntlatin. A division of the Tenankutchin on Tanana r., Alaska.

Hautlatin.—Dawson (after Allen) in Rep. Geol. Surv. Can., 203B, 1887. **Huntlatin.**—Allen, Rep. on Alaska, 137, 1887.

until 1892; and a reservation 12 m. square, including nearly all the Hupa habitat, was set apart in Aug., 1864. The population in 1888 was given as 650; in 1900, 430; in 1905, 412. They are at present self-supporting, depending on agriculture and



HUPA WOMAN. (GODDARD)

stock raising. When they first came in contact with the whites, in 1850, the Hupa were all under the control of a chief

Miskut, Takimilding, Tlelding, Toltsasding, and Tsewenalding. Powers (Cont. N. A. Ethnol., III, 73, 1877) gave Chailkutkaituh, Wissomanchuh, and Misketoiitok, which have not been identified with any of the foregoing; Gibbs (MS. on Klamath river, B. A. E., 1852), on information furnished by the Yurok, gave Wangullewutlekaüh, Wangullewatl, Sehachpeya, and (Schoolcraft, Ind. Tribes, III, 139, 1853) Tashuanta, Sokeakeit (Sokchit), and Meyemma.

The houses of the Hupa were built of cedar slabs set on end, the walls being 4 ft high on the sides and rising to more than 6 ft at the ends to accommodate the slope of the roof, inclosing a place about 20 ft square, the central part of which was excavated to form the principal chamber, which was about 12 ft square and 5 ft deep. The entrance was a hole 18 or 20 in. in diameter and about a foot above the ground. This was the storehouse for the family goods and the sleeping place of the women. The men occupied sweat houses at night. The Hupa depended for food on the deer and elk of the mountains, the salmon and lamprey of the



HUPA MAN. (GODDARD)

river, and the acorns and other vegetal foods growing plentifully about them. They are noted for the beautiful twined baskets produced by the women and the fine pipes and implements executed by the men. The yew bows they used

to make, only about 3 ft long, strengthened with sinew fastened to the back with sturgeon glue, were effective up to 75 yds. and could inflict a serious wound at 100 yds. Their arrows, made of syringa shoots wound with sinew, into which foreshafts of juneberry wood were inserted, feathered with three split hawk feathers and pointed with sharp heads of obsidian, flint, bone, or iron, sometimes passed entirely through a deer. The hunter, disguised in the skin of the deer or elk, the odor of his body removed by ablution and smoking with green fir boughs, simulated so perfectly the movements of the animal in order to get within bowshot that a panther sometimes pounced upon his back, but withdrew when he felt the sharp pins that, for the very purpose of warding off such an attack, were thrust through the man's hair gathered in a bunch at the back of the neck. The Hupa took deer also with snares of a strong rope made from the fiber of the iris, or chased them into the water with dogs and pursued them in canoes. Meat was roasted before the fire or on the coals or incased in the stomach and buried in the ashes until cooked, or was boiled in water-tight baskets by dropping in hot stones. Meat and fish were preserved by smoking. Salmon were caught in latticed weirs stretched across the river or in seines or poundnets, or were speared with barbs that detached but were made fast to the pole by lines. Dried acorns were ground into flour, leached in a pit to extract the bitter taste, and boiled into a mush.

The men wore ordinarily a breechclout of deerskin or of skins of small animals joined together, and leggings of painted deerskin with the seam in front hidden by a fringe that hung from the top, which was turned down at the knee. Moccasins of deerskin with soles of elk hide were sometimes worn. The dance robes of the men were made of two deerskins sewn together along one side, the necks meeting over the left shoulder and the tails nearly touching the ground. Panther skins were sometimes used. The hair wastied into two clubs, one hanging down on each side of the head, or into one which hung behind. Bands of deer-skin, sometimes ornamented with woodpeckers' crests, were worn about the head in dances, and occasionally feathers or feathered darts were stuck in the hair. The nose was not pierced, but in the ears were often worn dentalium shells with tassels of woodpeckers' feathers. A quiver of handsome skin filled with arrows, was a part of gala dress, and one of plain buckskin or a skin pouch or sack of netting was carried as a pocket for small articles. Women wore a skirt of deer-

skin reaching to the knees, with a long, thick fringe hanging below and a short fringe at the waist. When soiled it was washed with the soap plant. At the opening of the skirt in front an apron was worn underneath. The skirts worn in dances were ornamented with strings of shell beads, pieces of abalone shell, and flakes of obsidian fastened to the upper and of shells of pine nuts inserted at intervals in the lower fringe. The apron for common wear was made of long strands of pine-nut shells and braided leaves attached to a belt. The dance aprons had strands of shells and pendants cut from abalone shells. Small dentalium and olivella shells, pine-nut shells, and small black fruits were strung for necklaces. A robe of deerskin or of wildcat fur was worn with the hair next to the body as a protection against the cold and in rainy weather with the hair side out. The head covering was a cap of fine basket work, which protected the forehead from the carrying strap whereby burdens and baby baskets were borne. Women, except widows, wore their hair long and tied in queues that hung down in front of the ears, and were ornamented with strips of mink skin, sometimes covered with woodpeckers' crests, and shell pendants, and sometimes perfumed with stems of yerba buena. From their ears hung pendants of abalone shell attached to twine. All adult women were tattooed with vertical black marks on the chin and sometimes curved marks were added at the corners of the mouth.

The imagination of the Hupa has peopled the regions e., w., s., and above with mortals known as Kihunai. The underworld is the abode of the dead. Their creator or culture hero, Yimantuwingyai, dwells with Kihunai across the ocean toward the n. A salmon feast is held by the southern division in the spring and an acorn feast by the northern division in the fall. They formerly celebrated three dances each year: the spring dance, the white-deerskin dance, and the jumping dance. They have a large and varied folklore and many very interesting medicine formulas. See Goddard, *Life and Culture of the Hupa*, Univ. Cal. Pub., 1903; *Hupa Texts*, *ibid.*, 1904. (P. E. G.)

Cha'parahihu.—A. L. Kroeber, *inf'n*, 1903 (Shasta name). *Hich'hu*.—Kroeber, *inf'n*, 1903 (Chimariko name). *Hoopa*.—Gatschet in Beach, *Ind. Miscel.*, 440, 1877. *Hoo-pah*.—Gibbs in Schoolcraft, *Ind. Tribes*, III, 139, 1853. *Ho-pah*.—Gibbs, *MS.*, B. A. E., 1852. *Hupâ*.—Powers in Cont. N. A. Ethnol., III, 73, 1877. *Hûpô*.—Gatschet in Beach, *Ind. Miscel.*, 440, 1877. *Kishakevira*.—Kroeber, *inf'n*, 1903 (Karak name). *Nabiltse*.—Gibbs, *Nabiltse MS. vocab.*, B. A. E., 1857 (trans. 'man'). *Nabil-tse*.—Gibbs in Schoolcraft, *Ind. Tribes*, III, 423, 1853. *Nabittse*.—Latham in *Proc. Philol. Soc. Lond.*, VI, 84, 1854. *Natano*.—Ray in *Am. Nat.*, 832, 1886. *Noh-tin-oah*.—Azpell, *MS.*, B. A. E. (own name). *Num-ee-muss*.—*Ibid.* (Yurok name). *Trinity Indians*.—McKee (1851) in *Sen. Ex. Doc.*

4, 32d Cong., spec. sess., 161, 1853. Up-pa.—Hazen quoted by Gibbs, Nabilts MS. vocab., B. A. E.

Huron (lexically from French *huré*, 'bristly,' 'bristled,' from *hure*, 'rough hair' (of the head), head of man or beast, wild boar's head; old French, 'muzzle of the wolf, lion,' etc., 'the scalp,' 'a wig'; Norman French, *huré*, 'rugged'; Roumanian, *hurée*, 'rough earth,' and the suffix *-on*, expressive of depreciation and employed to form nouns referring to persons). The name *Huron*, frequently with an added epithet, like *vilain*, 'base,' was in use in France as early as 1358 (La Curne de Sainte-Palaye in Dict. Hist. de l'Ancien Langage Française, 1880) as a name expressive of contumely, contempt, and insult, signifying approximately an unkempt person, knave, ruffian, lout, wretch. The peasants who rebelled against the nobility during the captivity of King John in England in 1358 were called both *Hurons* and *Jacques* or *Jacques bons hommes*, the latter signifying approximately 'simpleton Jacks,' and so the term *Jacquerie* was applied to this revolt of the peasants. But Father Lalement (Jes. Rel. for 1639, 51, 1858), in attempting to give the origin of the name *Huron*, says that about 40 years previous to his time, i. e., about 1600, when these people first reached the French trading posts on the St Lawrence, a French soldier or sailor, seeing some of these barbarians wearing their hair cropped and roached, gave them the name *Hurons*, their heads suggesting those of wild boars. Lalement declares that while what he had advanced concerning the origin of the name was the most authentic, "others attribute it to some other though similar origin." But it certainly does not appear that the rebellious French peasants in 1358, mentioned above, were called *Hurons* because they had a similar or an identical manner of wearing the hair; for, as has been stated, the name had, long previous to the arrival of the French in America, a well-known derogatory signification in France. So it is quite probable that the name was applied to the Indians in the sense of 'an unkempt person,' 'a bristly savage,' 'a wretch or lout,' 'a ruffian.'

A confederation of 4 highly organized Iroquoian tribes with several small dependent communities, which, when first known in 1615, occupied a limited territory, sometimes called *Huron*, around L. Simcoe and s. and e. of Georgian bay, Ontario. According to the Jesuit Relation for 1639 the names of these tribes, which were independent in local affairs only, were the Attignauquantan (Bear people), the Attigneenongnahac (Cord people), the Arendahronon (Rock people), and the Tohontaenrat (*Atahonta'enrat* or *Tohonta'enrat*, White-eared or Deer people). Two of the dependent peoples were

the Bowl people and the Ataronchronon. Later, to escape destruction by the Iroquois, the Wenrochronon, an Iroquoian tribe, in 1639, and the Atontrataronnon, an Algonquian people, in 1644, sought asylum with the Huron confederation. In the Huron tongue the common and general name of this confederation of tribes and dependent peoples was *Wendat* (Sendat), a designation of doubtful analysis and signification, the most obvious meaning being 'the islanders' or 'dwellers on a peninsula.' According to a definite tradition recorded in the Jesuit Relation for 1639, the era of the formation of this confederation was at that period comparatively recent, at least in so far as the date of membership of the last two tribes mentioned therein is concerned. According to the same authority the Rock people were adopted about 50 years and the Deer people about 30 years (traditional time) previous to 1639, thus carrying back to about 1590 the date of the immigration of the Rock people into the *Huron* country. The first two principal tribes in 1639, regarding themselves as the original inhabitants of the land, claimed that they knew with certainty the dwelling places and village sites of their ancestors in the country for a period exceeding 200 years. Having received and adopted the other two into their country and state, they were the more important. Officially and in their councils they addressed each other by the formal political terms 'brother' and 'sister'; they were also the more populous, having incorporated many persons, families, clans, and peoples, who, preserving the name and memory of their own founders, lived among the tribes which adopted them as small dependent communities, maintaining the general name and having the community of certain local rights, and enjoyed the powerful protection and shared with it the community of certain other rights, interests, and obligations of the great *Wendat* commonwealth.

The provenience and the course of migration of the Rock and Deer tribes to the Huron country appear to furnish a reason for the prevalent but erroneous belief that all the Iroquoian tribes came into this continent from the valley of the lower St Lawrence. There is presumptive evidence that the Rock and the Deer tribes came into *Huron* from the middle and upper St Lawrence valley, and they appear to have been expelled therefrom by the Iroquois, hence the expulsion of the Rock and the Deer people from lower St Lawrence valley has been mistaken for the migration of the entire stock from that region.

In his voyages to the St Lawrence in 1534-43, Jacques Cartier found on the